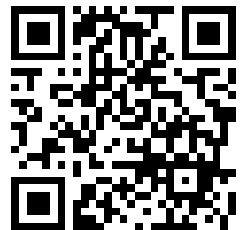

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



P. R.



THE
WORLD OF FASHION
 AND
CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION,
Dedicated to
 HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, FASHIONS, POLITE LITERA-
 TURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERAS, THEATRES,
 &c. &c.

VOL. I.

June 1, to December 31, 1824.



EDITED
 BY SEVERAL LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THEM BY MR. ANDERSON, BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, NO. 184, PICCADILLY.

Whiting and Branston, Printers,

Beaufort House, Strand.



THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 1.

LONDON, JUNE 1.

VOL. I.

THE KING.

IN commencing our work, dedicated as it is to the world of rank and fashion, we might well be considered unparadoxably deficient in taste, judgment, and propriety, did we not devote some part of our columns to the illustrious Monarch, from whose example and patronage that world derives its spirit, elegance, and splendour; not that our feeble voice is needed, to celebrate the many excellencies of his mind and heart, but we wish to show in this, the beginning of our task, how much we honour and esteem them, and are eager that all who favour us with their countenance should know how decidedly and entirely our sentiments are opposed to those of certain persons belonging to the press, who delight daily to pour out their grovelling abuse in the face of Majesty, and endeavour, by their miserable and false invectives, to sully that glory which shines so proudly and so highly above them, and which their mean souls will only allow them to envy whilst they cannot approach. Among the first of these are the sapient writers in the *Times* newspaper, who absolutely, debarred as they must be, by the mediocrity of their stations in life—from any communication with royalty and fashion—have the egregious folly to pretend an acquaintance with the movements, sentiments, and circumstances, of their betters, instead of wisely keeping to the dull prosing affairs of the commercial world, in which alone they can wrangle and debate without exposing themselves to merited ridicule. In its despicable and feeble sneers at all that is great and illustrious, the *Times* is imitated by several daily and weekly papers of inferior note, which take their cue from their master, and follow in the petty road of vulgar malice. As a thousand curs yell together at the moon, so do those obscure scribblers unite in inveighing against that rank and excellence, whose lustre too evidently displays their comparative meanness and insignificance. We will not stay to give them a more particular notice, (almost beneath that we have already bestowed,) merely assuring them that, by their absurd and disgusting attacks upon the sacred person of their monarch, they can only render themselves contemptible in the eyes of every loyal and honourable man.

The generous character and charitable deeds of His Royal Highness the Duke of York would alone render the stings of his frivolous enemies entirely pointless; but he has also the gratification of knowing that the same

hack-writers who ridiculously endeavour to detract from his good fame, are the identical low-minded fellows that strive in paltry fashion to dishonour their King. But the opinion of mankind gives the lie to their assertions; and the many munificent acts which His Majesty is continually performing towards the public, sufficiently prove how impossible it is for his subjects to render too large a homage to his greatness—or too great a degree of admiration to his generosity. His noble gift of the royal library; his intention of relinquishing the rich collection of pictures that adorn his palace; the establishment of the royal society of literature,—and not only these, but ten thousand other encouragements bestowed on the arts and sciences, amply prove how liberal is His Majesty's public spirit, and how great his anxiety to patronise and benefit whatever may conduce to the happiness, improvement, and gratification, of his people.

But, above all, let His Majesty be honoured for the marked favour he displays towards the *native* talent of the country. Many of the leading members of our first circles, we are sorry to say, are much too prone to yield the preference to *Foreign* rather than *English* art, and in doing so are guilty of manifest injustice, as it is the imperative duty of all who hold the power of advancing genius in its toiling march after fame, to employ that power in favour of their own industrious and highly-endowed countrymen, and thus the more effectually benefit the realm at large. Such is the practice of England's King:—the poet confesses his liberality; the painter loves to celebrate his kindness and encouraging attention; the skilful combiner of harmonious sounds is proud of paying due deference to his admirable taste, at the same time that he gratefully acknowledges his boundless generosity; and all men of learning and science experience his patronage and favour. Let the servants and admirers of His Majesty follow this excellent example of their Monarch, and the arts and genius of Britain will then flourish with redoubled vigour.

In closing the willing tribute which we thus cheerfully and proudly pay to our King, let us confess that, however great and powerful may be the country and people over which he presides, there is nothing they have more to boast of deservedly than the illustrious and gifted Monarch by whom they are governed.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY arrived at his Palace, in Pall Mall, on Saturday evening May 15th, about half past six o'clock, escorted by a party of Light Horse, in his travelling carriage and four, from Windsor Castle. His Majesty left the Castle at twenty minutes after four o'clock, accompanied by sir W. Knighton. On Sunday mornings May 16th and 23d, the King, attended by his Household, heard divine service performed at his palace, in Pall-mall, by the Rev. Dr. Blomberg.

The Duke of York, the idol of the army, as well as of every individual who ever had the slightest intercourse with this illustrious prince, has been passing some days at Newmarket; he has since arrived in London, in excellent health, to the great delight of his numerous friends. A more perfect gentleman does not exist; easy and unaffected in his manners, mixing with the nobility and gentry, without pride or ostentation, and returning the bow of the humblest individual.



Atholl, duke and duchess of, in Great George-street, Westminster.

Bedford, duke and duchess, at their house in St. James's-square, from Woburn Abbey.

Devonshire, Duke of, in Piccadilly, from Naples. His Grace arrived about eleven o'clock, Tuesday, May 18, A.M. from Dover, and after alighting for a moment at Devonshire-house, proceeded in an open carriage, attended by several outriders, in deep mourning, for Chiswick. The remains of the late duchess were brought in her own carriage to Devonshire-house, at a late hour in the evening. The arrangements were so privately conducted as not to be known in the neighbourhood.

Grafton, Duke of, from Newmarket.

Leeds, duke of, in Bruton-street, from his seat, Hornby Castle, Yorkshire.

Rutland, duke of, from Newmarket.

Rutland, dowager duchess of, in Sackville-street, from Belvoir castle.



MARQUISES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Bath, marquis and marchioness of, in Grosvenor-square

Bute, marquis and marchioness of, in Piccadilly.

Chandos, marquis, at Buckingham-house, Pall-mall, from his seat, Wootton

Huntley marquis and marchioness, and the ladies Montague, in Lower Grosvenor-street.

Londonderry, Emily, marchioness of, at her house in St. James's-square, from her seat, North Cray, Kent.

Lothian, marquis, from Scotland.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESES.

Abingdon, earl and countess of, in Great Cumberland Place. Aylesford, dowager countess of, and the ladies Finch, in Hannover-square.

Ashburnham, earl of, at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.

Athlone, countess of, at the Admiralty.

Arran, earl of, from his seat, Arran Lodge, Sussex.

Althorp, lord, from his seat, Weston Hall, Yorkshire.

Allen, viscountess, and miss, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

Abergavenny, earl of, in Berkeley-square.

Aboyne, countess of, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

Beauchamp, countess, and lady Emily Lygon, at their house, in St. James's-square, from the Continent.

Belmore, countess, in Harley-street.

Bentinck, countess, in Welbeck-street.

Brownlow, countess, in Cavendish-square.

Bentinck, lord W. from Lynn, Norfolk.

Berkeley, lady Charlotte, lady Mary, and lady Caroline, at Berkeley-house, in Spring Gardens.

Bentinck, lord and lady Frederick, in Fitzroy-square.

Bentinck, lady Mary, in Charles street.

Carhampton, countess of, at her house in Bruton-street, from her seat in Kent.

Caledon, earl and countess of, at the earl of Hardwicke's, in St. James's-square.

Castle Coote, earl and countess of, at Batt's hotel, Dover st.

Clonmell, countess of, and lady Charlotte Scott, in Upper Brook-street.

Cork and Orrery, countess dowager of, in New Burlington-st. Chichester, earl and countess, and lady Mary Pelham, Stratton-street.

Carrington, lord and lady, and the hon. Miss Smith, from their seat, Wycombe Abbey.

Clonbrook, lord, in Clarges street, from Gloucestershire.

Cecil, lord Thomas, at Kirkham's hotel, Lower Brook-st from Lincolnshire.

Cavendish lord G. H. from Newmarket.

Cremorne, lord, in Pall Mall.

Darlington, earl and countess of, and family, in St. James's square, from Cheltenham.

Dynevor, earl and countess, and Miss Rice, in Dover-street.

Drummond, lady Mary, and Misses, in Bryanstone square.

Euston, viscountess, in Grosvenor Place.

Elgin, earl of, at the royal hotel, St. James's-st., from France.

Enniskillen, earl of, at Batt's hotel, Dover-street, from Ireland.

Effingham, lady Howard of, and Miss Mansfield, in Devonshire Place.

Gage, viscount and viscountess, in Albemarle-street.

Gordon, lady Catherine, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

Gosford, earl of, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street.

Gower, lord, lady, and family, at their house, in Albemarle-street, from the Continent.

Galway, viscountess, at Holding's hotel, from Bawtry.
 Grenville, lord, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, from Dropmore.
 Hardwicke, earl of, countess and family, at their house in St. James's-square, from their seat, Wimpole, Cambridgesh.
 Hare, earl, countess, and the ladies Brudenell, in Upper Brook-street.
 Hotham, lady Frances, in Upper Grosvenor-street.
 Kingston, earl of, at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dublin.
 Lisburne, earl of, at Long's hotel, Bond-street, from a tour.
 Lennox, lord F. from a tour.
 Longford, earl of, countess, and family, at the St. George's-hotel, Albemarle-street, from Ireland.
 Lieven, countess, and her two sons counts Paul and George, at Ashburnham house, from the Continent.
 Lennox, lord George, at the Bath hotel.
 Lovaine, lord and lady, from Brighton.
 Lynedoch, lord, at Warren's hotel, Regent-street, from Newmarket.
 Leitrim, countess of, and the ladies Clement, in Great Cumberland Place.
 Mulgrave, earl and countess of, and the ladies Phipps, in Harley-street.
 Manners, lords Charles and Robert, from Newmarket.
 Northek, lord, at the Bath hotel, Arlington-street, from a tour.
 Powerscourt, lady, at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-street, Grosvenor square, from the earl of Darnley's, Cobham hall.
 Rosslyn, earl of, and lady J. St. Clair, at their house, in St. James's-square, from their seat in Scotland.
 Roden, earl of, at Batt's hotel, Dover-street.
 Radnor, earl of, in Lower Grosvenor-street, from his seat, Longford Castle.
 Roscommon, earl and countess of, at Fladong's hotel, Oxford street, from Ireland.
 Rothes, countess, and the ladies Leslies, at the St. Petersburg hotel, Dover-street, from their seat in Surrey.
 Stanhope, earl and countess of, from Kent.
 Sandwich, countess of, in Dover-street, from Hinchinbrooke, Huntingdonshire.
 St. Germain, earl and countess of, at their new residence, in Seymour-street, from their seat in Cornwall.
 Spencer, earl and countess, in St. James's Place, from their seat, Althorp, Northamptonshire.
 Surrey, earl and countess of, at Norfolk-house, St. James's-square, from their seat, Worksop-mansion, Notts.
 Spencer, lord Robert, at his house, in Arlington-street, from his seat, Woolbeding, Sussex.
 Suffield, lord and lady, in Park-lane, from their seat, Gunton hall, Norfolk.
 Townshend, lord C. and lady, at Gould's hotel, Jermyn-street, from their seat in Norfolk.
 Vaughan, lord, at Long's hotel, Bond-street, from a tour.



THE CLERGY.

Litchfield and Coventry, bishop of, and Miss Ryder, at Rickham's hotel, Lower Brook-street, from Litchfield.
 Norwich, bishop of, in May Fair.

Douglas, hon. and rev. James, and Mrs. at the Cobourg hotel, from Sussex.
 Neville, rev. George and lady Harriet, in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.
 Wyatt, rev. F. C. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from Oxfordshire.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Astley, sir Jacob, and lady, in Hereford-street.
 Bromley, dowager lady, and Miss Curzon, in Berkeley-square.
 Baker, sir Edward, and lady Elizabeth, in Stratford-place.
 Brabazon, sir W. at Fladong's hotel, Oxford-street, from the Continent.
 Bloomfield, lady, at Gordon's hotel.
 Blackwood, hon. sir H. from Brighton.
 Bolton, gen. sir R. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from a tour.
 Borough, lady and Miss, in Portland-place.
 Barham, lady Caroline, in Queen Ann-street, west.
 Booth, lady and Miss, at Scaife's hotel, Lower Brook-street.
 Cathcart, sir Andrew, at Gould's hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Cotterell, sir G. and family, at their house, in Curzon-street.
 Chetwynd, sir G. and family, at their house in Curzon-street.
 Crespigny, sir W. de, lady and family, at Champion-hill, Camberwell, from their house in Hampshire.
 Domville, sir Compton, lady and family, at the St. George's hotel, Albemarle-street, from Sussex.
 Doyle, sir Charles, lady and Miss, from Brighton.
 Euston, sir John, at Marshal Thompson's hotel, Cavendish-square.
 Floyd, sir H., lady and family, at the Hyde-park hotel, from Norwich.
 Fitzherbert sir H., lady and Miss, at Fladong's hotel, Oxford street, from Farleigh, near Maidstone.
 Foulis, sir W. in Duke-street, Manchester-square.
 Gardiner, sir James, at the Bath hotel, from a tour.
 Gore, sir J. at the Waterloo hotel, from a tour.
 Gunning, sir R. in Devonshire-street, from a tour.
 Grey, sir Thomas, in Bond-street, from Ramsgate.
 Hobhouse, sir B. and family, in Berkeley-square.
 Inge, lady and family, in Montague-square.
 Ingilby, sir W. and lady, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Ibbetson, sir H. at Batt's hotel, Dover-street.
 Innes, sir James and lady, in King-street.
 Jerningham, sir George, lady and family, at Batt's hotel, Dover-street, from their seat, Copey-hall, Norwich.
 Lopez, sir Manasseh, in Arlington-street, from Devonshire.
 Lascelles, lady Louisa, in Upper Grosvenor-street.
 Murray, lady S. M., in Baker-street.
 Ogle, sir Charles and lady, at Holding's hotel.
 Oakley, lady, at the Hanover hotel, Hanover-square, from the Palace, Lichfield.
 Otway, sir Loftus, and lady, in Regent-street, from Leamington.
 Parker, sir W. at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street.
 Pringle, lady and Miss, in Stratford-place.
 Sawyer, sir H. and family, at the Royal hotel, St. James's-street, from their seat in Devonshire.

Trollope, sir J., at the Royal hotel, St. James's-street.
 Trowbridge, sir Thomas, from his seat, in Sussex.
 Vidian, sir H. at Gordon's hotel, St. James's-square, from his seat in Hants.
 Wilson, sir T. M. at Charlton, Kent, from the Continent.
 Williamson, sir H. at Mivart's hotel, Lower Brook-street, from his seat, Whitburn, Durham
 Wigram, sir R. and lady, in Connaught-place, from a tour.
 Wynn, sir Watkin and lady H. W. in St. James's square, from their seat in Wales.



ARMY AND NAVY.

Austin, col. and Mrs. in Park-lane.
 Aubrey, col. from a tour.
 Archdale, gen. from Ireland.
 Brand, hon. gen. and family, in Upper Seymour-street, from Brighton.
 Boat, capt. at the British hotel, from a tour.
 Berkeley, capt. at Berkeley-house, Spring-gardens.
 Clarke, capt. at Shadwell's, from Italy.
 Cowper, capt. and Mrs. in Queen-street, May Fair
 Dundas, col. at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Egerton, major-gen. in Albemarle-street.
 Ford, col. M. P. and Mrs. Ford at the Cobourg hotel, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, from their seat in Ireland.
 Ferguson, capt. at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Garth, capt., Mrs. and family, at Hyde-park hotel, from Berkshire.
 Hope, capt. at the Royal hotel, St. James-street, from Scotland.
 Heathcote, capt. Mrs. and Miss, at the Hyde-park hotel.
 Hammer, sir Thomas and lady, at Kirkham's hotel, from Flintshire.
 Harvey, rear-admiral and Mrs. at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Holt, capt., Basil, in Bury-street, St. James's.
 Loftus, gen. and Miss, in Wimpole-street.
 Moulsey, capt. from Paris.
 Mason, capt. Mrs., and family, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dover.
 North, major, in St. James's street.
 Ord, gen. from his seat in Hants.
 Scobell, capt. R.N. at Long's hotel, from Portsmouth.
 Stewart, capt. 15th hussars, at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from a tour.
 Tomlinson, major, and the Misses, at the Cobourg hotel, from their seat in Cheshire.
 Tighe, capt. from Paris.
 Talbot, col M. P. in Audley-street, from his seat, Malabede Castle, Ireland.
 Welch, capt. Fletcher and Mrs. at Marshal Thompson's hotel, Cavendish square.
 Wilson, admiral, Mrs. and Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.



ESQUIRES.

Atkinson, J. esq., and Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Allen, J. H. esq., in Portland-place, from his seat, in Wales.
 Brown, Dennis, esq., M. P., and James Brown, esq., at Henderson's hotel, Westminster, from Ireland.
 Benfield, — esq., in Green-street.
 Boothby, — esq., and lady, in Montague-square.
 Burton, Dr., Holles-street, from Oxford.
 Buckle, — esq., and Mrs., at Scaife's hotel, Lower Brook-street.
 Bifer, — esq., and Mrs., at Scaife's hotel.
 Barry, — esq., at Scaife's hotel.
 Becher, W. esq., and Mrs. from their seat, in Ireland.
 Brown, P. esq., at his house, in Devonshire-square, from Bath.
 Burrell, Walter, esq., at the British hotel, Jermyn-street, from his seat, in Sussex.
 Boyce, J. esq., at the British hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Bourchier, S. esq., in Wimpole-street.
 Burton, Dr. and Miss, in Holles-street.
 Brure, C. P. esq., in Devonshire-street.
 Blackett, C. esq., in Gloucester-place.
 Chinery, J. esq., at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Cartwright, W. R. esq., M P., from his seat, in Northamptonshire.
 Collingridge, — esq., and Mrs., at Batt's hotel, from Ireland.
 Crawley, — esq., in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.
 Clive, H. esq., M. P., in New-street, Spring-garçens.
 Coventry, hon. Mr., Mrs., and Miss, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Cray-place, Kent.
 Cavannagh, Thomas, esq., and the Misses, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Curzon, hon. Mr., in Welbeck-street.
 Clermside, Dr., in Somerset-street, Portman-square, from Paris.
 Drummond, Mark, esq., at the Waterloo hotel, Jermyn-street, from his seat, in Scotland.
 Duncombe, — esq., Mrs., and Miss, in Great Cumberland-place.
 Edmonds, — esq., and Miss, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.
 Elliot, — esq., in Orchard-street, from Binfield-park.
 Goulbourn, H. esq., M. P., from Dublin Castle.
 Gooch, T. E. esq., M. P., and Miss, at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Suffolk.
 Gordon, T. D. esq., and Mrs., in Gloucester-place, from their seat, in Norfolk.
 Hastings, Mrs., in Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, from Daylesford.
 Heathcote, G. esq., from Normanton-park, Lincolnshire.
 Heathcote, R. esq., at Fladong's hotel, Oxford-street, from Newcastle-under-line.
 Herbert, W. esq., and Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
 Harrington, E. esq., in Davies-street, Berkeley-square.
 Hanham. — Esq., and Mrs., in Portman-square, from their villa, at Roehampton.
 Impcy, E. B. esq., at Fladong's hotel, from Norwich

Littleton, — esq., in Portman-square, from Teddesley-park, Staffordshire.
 Leeds, J. esq., in Somerset-street, from his seat, in Oxfordshire.
 Meade, — esq., and Miss, in Lower Berkeley-street, from Northamptonshire.
 Mansfield, — esq., and Mrs., at the St. George's hotel, Albemarle-street, from their seat, in Herts.
 Norris, R. esq., at Fertac's hotel, St. James's-street, from his seat, in Yorkshire.
 Pemberton, — esq., Mrs., and family, from a tour.
 Pringle, J. esq., at Thomas's hotel, Berkeley-square, from Scotland.
 Selwin, — esq., and Mrs., at their house, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, from Down Hall.
 Shakerley, C. esq., at the Hyde-park hotel, from Stanford-park.
 Tattam, — esq., and Mrs., at lady Sykes's, in St. James's-place, from their seat, in Cheshire.
 Trevor, hon. H. and Mrs., at the Cobourg hotel.
 Wyvell, M. esq., M. P., at Fenton's hotel, St. James's-street, from his seat, in Yorkshire.
 Wainwright, — esq., in Queen-street, May-fair, from Calcutt-court, near Reading.
 Walker, — esq., and family, from their seat, in Derbyshire.

MRS. AND MISSES.

Astley, Miss, in Hereford-street.
 Barnard, Mrs. and Miss, in Hill-street.
 Barham, Miss, in Queen-Ann-street West.
 Beaucherk, Mrs. C. and Miss, in Chesterfield-street.
 Baring, Mrs. and Miss, in Portman-square.
 Bowles, Mrs., at Montague-house, Portman-square.
 Capel, hon. Mrs. B., in New Norfolk-street.
 Crawford, Miss, at Nerot's hotel, Clifford-street.
 Drake, Mrs. D. J., and family, in Upper Brook-street.
 Dickinson, Mrs. F., in Bulstrode-street.
 Foster, Mrs., at Blake's hotel, Jermyn-street, from Dover.
 Finch, Misses, in Charles-street, Berkeley square.
 Grey, Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
 Garnier, Mrs. and Miss, in Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square.
 Grimstone, Misses, in Upper Grosvenor-street.
 Houblon, Mrs. N., in Devonshire-place.
 Keppel, Mrs., in Pall-Mall.
 Murray, Miss A., in Great George-street, Westminster.
 Pigott, Miss, at her house, in St. James's-place.
 Robinson, Mrs., at Miller's hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Sparrow, Mrs. and Miss, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square.
 Simson, Mrs. and Miss B., in Saville-row.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

HIS MAJESTY left his Palace, in Pall-mall, Wednesday afternoon, about a quarter before three o'clock, in his travelling carriage and four, for Windsor. We are credibly informed, that our beloved Monarch's departure from London was hastened by the advice of his physicians,—the delicate state of his Majesty's health requires country air and exercise, which he is not able to enjoy in the confined situation of Carlton-Palace. His stay at Windsor will be of short duration—it is his gracious intention to return to town with the least possible delay—preparatory to some grand fêtes which are currently reported to be in progress at Carlton and St. James's-Palaces. The presence of our much-loved King always gives life and

vigour to the capital. His absence throws a gloom on the votaries of fashion, of which few can have any idea, unless they mix in the assemblies of the polite world;—we, therefore, ardently and impatiently wait the return of his Majesty to town. The season, in London, is now so short, that whatever can contribute to its prosperity, should not be neglected by the higher ranks. We know no person can regret the necessity of his Majesty's absence from London more than he does himself, but when his very life depends on temporary retirement, and as we said before, country air and exercise, he must be a *most disloyal subject* that would desire, or *even wish*, his presence at any place that *might* be prejudicial to his health and comfort. God preserve his Majesty many years—that he may be able to appreciate more and more the affection and loyalty of his subjects.

Alexander, — esq., from Gerald's hotel, for India.
 Arundel, lord and lady, from the duke of Buckingham's seat, Stowe.
 Ashburnham, right hon. J. W., to the Continent.
 Blount, sir E., bart., to his seat, in Shropshire.
 Bristol, the dean of, for Oxford.
 Brooke, colonel, and Mrs. L., on a tour.
 Burton, rev. Dr., and Miss, from Scaife's hotel.
 CLARENCE, DUKE OF, left town Saturday morning, May 22, and proceeded to Woolwich, where the royal duke went on board the Royal George yacht, commanded by captain Adams. Captain Wolmer arrived the previous day to make preparations for the reception of the duke.—The yacht sailed without delay after his royal highness got on board, with a fair wind, for Plymouth, where she was expected to arrive on Sunday, May 23, in time for the royal duke to dine with the port-admiral, preparations having been previously made for that purpose.
 Cathcart, sir A., and general Romilly, on a tour.
 Cuthbert, Mrs., from Chandos-street, for Bath.
 Coigne, duke and duchess de, for Paris.
 Castle-Coote, lord, on a tour.
 Elgin, earl of, and lord Bruce, for Broom-hall, Scotland.
 Edge, rev. J. W., and Mrs., from Thomson's hotel, Cavendish-square.
 Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Offley, for Christ-Church, Hants.
 Effingham, countess of, for her seat, in Berks.
 Exeter, marquis of, for Newmarket.
 Egerton, Mr. and Mrs., for the Continent.
 Ford, sir F. bart.; rev. C. Ford, from Thompson's hotel, Cavendish-square.
 Fade, col. M. P., Mrs., and family, on a tour.
 Grafton, duke of, for Newmarket.
 Lismore, dowager countess of, for Hastings, Sussex.
 Northland, viscount, for Brussels.
 Norfolk, duke of, for Paris.
 Ogle, admiral sir C. and lady, for Worthey, near Winchester.
 Rothes, countess of, the ladies Leslie and family, for their seat in Kent.
 Richmond, duke and duchess of, for their seat, Goodwood.
 Rivers, earl, for Newmarket.
 Suffield, dowager countess of, for North Cray, Kent.
 St. Alban's, — C. B. esq. for France.
 Sitwell, sir George and lady, and family, for France.
 Sandwich, countess of, for her seat, Ilitchinbrooke.
 Shelley, J. esq. to Horsham.
 Surrey, earl of, for Workop manor, Notts.
 Stewart, sir M. S. for Edinburgh.
 Vernon, Mrs. and family, for Dover.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

HIS MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

NEVER, we may venture to pronounce, was so splendid a scene exhibited to a grateful and loyal people, as the Court held on Thursday, the 20th of May. How gratifying must it have been to the feelings of our beloved Monarch, to behold so great a conflux of nobility and gentry crowding to do homage to his worth, and rejoicing to find him sufficiently in health to undergo a fatigue which must ever attend so thronged a drawing-room. Many, among the old nobility, who have not been *constantly* in the habit of going to Court, were, on this joyful occasion, present; so interested are all in the preservation of His Majesty, so attached to his person, and so anxious for his health. One feeling alone actuated every member of this most august Court; that of party was done away, and the eye of the oppositionist beamed with the same delight at beholding his sovereign, as that of the most staunch ministerialist, as they pressed together towards the throne, with equal ardour, and equal sentiments of loyalty towards their truly PATRIOT KING. Not only was the Court a scene of magnificence, that proved the prosperity and affluence of a nation, happy in its peculiar advantages, but every avenue leading to St. James's was thronged with well-dressed people, who were tempted, by the fineness of the weather, to go forth, in order to catch as near a view as possible of a host of Court beauties, whose charms were heightened and set off by every aid of the toilet, and the most radiant jewels of the east. After a long succession of comfortless days, attended with continual rains, this propitious day was enlivened by a cheering sun, and reminded us of some lines, written by an old poetess, we believe, on the coronation of George I.:

"So fine a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
Shews Heaven's delight to view what man performs."

The windows of the houses, at the Court end of the town, presented a charming *coup-d'œil* of elegance and beauty, in the well-dressed females that were there stationed, and an universal feature of joy and pleasure seemed seated on every countenance.

His Majesty repaired to the Palace on Wednesday night, to apartments which had been prepared for his reception. Thursday morning, he rose, after an excellent night, with a degree of alacrity and cheerfulness, which afforded the highest pleasure to the officers by whom he was attended. After breakfast, His Majesty inspected the new drawing-rooms, for the first time, and expressed himself highly pleased with their gorgeous decorations.

The soldiers, on duty, were all in their new uniforms, and the bands of the Horse Guards continued to play during the day in front of the Palace next St. James's-street.

The gates to the arcade were not opened for the admission of the company till one o'clock precisely; and from that period till after three, the carriages were continually setting down.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE.

The company, on crossing the arcade, entered a long passage, which, with the staircase, is finished with the greatest

simplicity. The walls are distempered of a dead stone-colour, and the floor is covered with plain rush matting. They are lighted by Grecian bronze lights, with moon shades, placed on plain granite pedestals, which have an air of quakerly neatness, quite in unison with this part of the edifice.—The exterior walls, which have recently been coloured or stuccoed, are sprinkled with black and white, in imitation of granite.

On ascending the staircase, the company entered a sort of gallery or guard-room, converted into an armory, the walls of which are tastefully decorated with daggers, swords, and muskets, in various devices, such as stars, diamonds, circles, and Vandyke borders. There are a few specimens of armour, and head-pieces, beautifully burnished, which give a brilliancy to the whole. The floor of this room is covered with plain matting. Here were placed the yeomen of the guards in full costume, with their battle-axes in their hands.

The next room entered was a small chamber, covered with some excellent specimens of tapestry, in fine preservation, from the ceiling of which, hung an elegant chandelier. In this room was the person appointed to receive the cards containing the names of the parties to be presented, with the circumstances under which such presentation was to take place. A duplicate of the card was subsequently handed to the lord in waiting, and every precaution taken to prevent the introduction of improper persons. A similar practice was invariably followed at the drawing-rooms of her late Majesty.

The Presence Chamber is fitted up in a style of matchless splendour. The walls are covered with crimson damask, and the window-curtains, which hang in rich and luxurious folds, are composed of the same material. The cornices and basements are formed of broad carved and gilt moulding, and extend to every part of the room. On entering, the eye of the spectator is first attracted by a looking-glass of unusual magnitude, which reflects, in duplicate, the groups of courtiers as they approach—it extends completely from the ceiling to the floor, and is, perhaps, not to be excelled, in point of size, by any other glass in the kingdom. At the east end of the room, is a painting of King George the Second, in his parliamentary robes, and on the other walls hang two large pictures of Tournay and Lisle. The furniture consists of sofas, ottomans, and stools covered with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace. From the ceiling hangs a superb *or-moulu* lustre, containing two rows of lights of three branches each, and at each end of the apartment are two splendid candelabra, elegantly gilt, calculated to receive twelve lights each.

The next room is fitted up in the same stile of decoration, and contains an excellent full length portrait of his late Majesty, in the robes of his order. On each side of this are two paintings of the celebrated sea-fights, by lord Howe, on the 1st of June, and by lord Nelson, at Trafalgar. The brilliant effect of the whole is considerably heightened by the addition of three magnificent pier glasses, reaching from the ceiling to the floor. From the centre of the ceiling also hangs a delicately-chased Grecian lustre.

The third and last room is that in which the King held his Drawing-room, and which we have described as the

Presence Chamber. This, in point of gorgeous and rich decoration, far exceeds those to which we have just alluded, although the style is somewhat similar. The throne, upon which his Majesty receives the company, is splendid beyond all description, and, in point of size, and magnificence of effect, far exceeds that in the House of Lords. It is composed generally of rich crimson Genoa velvet, thickly covered with gold lace, and is surmounted by a canopy of the same material, on the inside of which, is a star embroidered in gold. There are three steps for his Majesty to ascend, which lead to a state chair of exquisite workmanship, close to which, is a footstool to correspond. Over the fire-place, is a full-length portrait of his present Majesty, in his coronation robes, by Lawrence. On each side of this picture, are paintings of the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo. In the former, the duke of Wellington is the most prominent figure. In the latter, his grace also stands conspicuous. The piers of the room are entirely filled up with plate glass, before which, are some beautiful marble slabs. The window-curtains are of crimson satin, trimmed with gold-coloured fringe and lace. The cornices, mouldings, &c., are richly gilt, and the other embellishments and furniture of corresponding elegance, presenting a *coup d'œil* in every way suitable to the dignity and splendour of the British court.

Behind the Presence Chamber is his Majesty's closet, in which he is to give audience, and receive the members of his own family, foreign ambassadors, cabinet ministers, and officers of state. It unites every thing that is grand, and although smaller than the other rooms, is not less appropriate. It contains a state chair and footstool; elegant writing table, with buhl inkstand, and other useful furniture. The King's dressing or private room is beyond this.

There is another room belonging to this spacious suite, which has undergone a complete repair, but which was not opened.—It was the old ball-room, but has been entirely new-modelled upon the French plan, and is intended as a supper-room for a series of evening entertainments, which it is said his Majesty intends giving; and for which purpose, a communication has been made with the old kitchen. The walls are of white ground, richly gilt in compartments, of various descriptions. It has five *or-mouls* lustres, increasing in magnitude to the centre, and when completed, it is thought, will not be exceeded by any other apartment of the same magnitude in the kingdom.

The company continued to increase every moment; and at length the pressure became so great, that many of the ladies sustained considerable inconvenience. The outer rooms became truly oppressive; and, amidst the general confusion, several serious losses were proclaimed; but these were unavoidable: diamonds, pearls, and other rich and costly jewels, with golden bracelets, armlets, and brooches, were every where trodden under foot, and for the moment were irrecoverable. Many of these valuables, will no doubt, be altogether lost to their owners. Some were fortunate enough to regain possession of their treasures, but others ceased to pursue their search, as hopeless. Similar confusion took place after the presentations, and much irritation was excited by those who became momentary victims to what many of the fashionable world would call "the delightful squeeze."

The gentlemen pensioners, who were stationed in different parts of the rooms, were under the command of the earl of Courtown, and they wore, by special order, the costume which was presented to them at the late coronation. On

the landing of the principal staircase, two of the finest men belonging to the first regiment of life guards were stationed, dressed as cuirassiers. The marshal's men and under porters all appeared in their state liveries. The different branches of the Royal Family, as they arrived, were received by the band playing "God save the King."—The duchess of Kent, and the princess Sophia Matilda, came in state, as did the speaker of the House of Commons.

At twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, his Majesty left his closet, and entered the principal drawing-room. Having taken his place on the throne, he received those entitled to the *entré*, consisting of the foreign ambassadors and ministers, the cabinet ministers, the great officers of state, and others.

It will be expected we should say something of the court dresses. Notwithstanding that great hoops are laid aside, a monotony yet prevails in the *grande costume* requisite on those occasions. The head-dresses, in particular, which are almost invariably found to consist of diamonds and "a forest of feathers." Petticoats of gold and silver lama, and trains less or more splendidly ornamented, form also another kind of sameness.

THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Wore over a rich white satin under dress, a splendid silver lama robe, richly embroidered in columns, at the bottom a fullness of lama, with rich *rolio*, above this a flounce in the style of a drapery, finishing with a handsome border of silver; the body elegantly trimmed with silver, and superb suit of Brussels lace. The manteau was composed of a rich green and silver tissue, tastefully trimmed with lama and *rolio*.

DUCHESS OF CLARENCE.

A tulle dress, richly embroidered in silver lama; white satin train embroidered to correspond.

DUCHESS OF KENT.

A tulle dress, elegantly embroidered in gold lama; train to correspond.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER.

Over a petticoat of white satin, a superb dress of tulle, elegantly embroidered with pearls in wreaths of roses and lilies, interspersed with bouquets of *jacée* and pearl stars; body and sleeves profusely ornamented with pearls, *jacée*, and Brussels lace; rich brocaded white tissue train, superbly embroidered with pearls in wreaths and stars to correspond.

Among some dresses, made by Mrs. Bell, on this joyful occasion, we cannot forbear particularly mentioning that of Mrs. Colonel O'Brien, for the peculiar taste, fancy, and elegance, displayed in this costume, we found it particularly deserving admiration, of which we leave our readers to judge, by inserting a minute description of it.

MRS. COLONEL O'BRIEN.

A superb dress of silver lama, with splendidly figured ornaments, representing the Cambrian plume, embellish the border, and tastefully arranged with full-blown roses and silver wheat-ears, terminating at the bottom with a rich silver rouleau, with a Vandyeke edging of silver; the corsage of silver lama to correspond, handsomely ornamented with a treble fall of blond lace, intermixed with half-blown roses and silver wheat-ears, and finished at the bust with a new silver bouillon called *frivolité*; the train of rich pink satin, ornamented in serpentine chains of silver *frivolité*, with bouquets of roses and wheat-ears; the train fastened at the

waist with a pink satin belt, embroidered with silver, which gives a charming finish to this tasteful dress. The head-dress composed of pink, and white feathers and diamonds.

The presentations will be given in the next Number, to be published on the 1st of July.

LADY HOLLAND'S CONCERT.

Lady Holland entertained the fashionable world on Monday night, May 3, with a musical treat by Rossini. The magnificent residence is on the Terrace, in Piccadilly, near Hyde-Park-Corner. The three superb drawing-rooms, and the saloon on the ground floor were lighted up. The concert commenced at half past ten, and concluded at one o'clock. The following were present:

Duke and duchess of Montrose, the ladies Graham, earl Whitworth and the duchess of Dorset, earl and countess of Plymouth, earl and countess of Delawarr, earl of Cardigan and the ladies Brudenell, sir Charles and lady Cockrell, sir Charles and lady Knightley, the ladies Montague, countess dowager of Liverpool, dowager lady Selsey, lord and lady Ashtown, and lady Dacre.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX

Entertained a splendid party on Monday evening, May 3, at which were present:

The foreign ministers, duchess of Leeds, marchioness of Salisbury, earl and countess Verulam, and marchioness of Westmeath.

LADY BROMLEY'S PARTY.

The dowager lady Bromley had a very charming party on Friday night, May 7, at her residence in Berkeley-square. About two hundred fashionables were present.

LADY DES VOEUX'S BALL.

Her ladyship opened her house in Harley-street, which has recently been furnished in a style of superior elegance, with a most brilliant ball. Dancing commenced soon after eleven, and was kept up with great spirit till a late hour. There were present above two hundred fashionables, among whom were,

Princes Leiningen, Gortchacoff, Sangusyko, and Lodiaslas Sangusyko, duchess of Richmond, marquis of Anglesey and the ladies Paget, marchioness of Waterford, and lady S. Beresford.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S GRAND ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD THE HECLA, &c.

The *déjeûné* given by Captain Parry, on Tuesday, May 4, as a farewell entertainment, was most numerously attended, and a more splendid assembly has rarely been seen on the bosom of "Old Father Thames." At one o'clock the dancing commenced with a country dance, opened by captain Parry and lady Susan Eliot; quadrilles and waltzes succeeded, and were kept up until a late hour. On each side of the vessel the inscription, "Long live George IV." met the eye, and at the head of the ship a transparency, representing the crown with "G. IV." had been prepared. Variegated lamps ornamented all parts of the ship. The ladies were very numerous. If beauty really possesses the fire-kindling powers which poets ascribe to it, the cargo, on this occasion, of the Hecla and Fury might be opposed with no small advantage to the *seas* and *icebergs* with which the daring navigators will soon have again to contend. Between the decks of the Hecla tables were

placed, which were covered with all the delicacies which taste could select to excite appetite.

To make the treat in all respects complete, a numerous party of vocalists were invited; among those who attended were Sir G. Smart, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Leete, Mr. Terrail, Madame Pasta, Miss Paton, and Miss Goodall. Several songs and glees were sung: the following were of the number:

"When winds breathe soft," by Miss Paton.

"Bid me discourse," Miss Goodall.

Glee, "The merry month of May."

"Tu ch' accendi," Madame Pasta.

"Di Piacer," Miss Paton.

Glee, "O, my Love is like the red, red Rose."

The celebrated romance, "Deh, Calma," from the opera of *Otello*, Madame Pasta.

"Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean," Miss Goodall; and

"The banks of Allan Water," Miss Paton.

At a quarter after two o'clock, Captain Parry conducted earl Bathurst and ladies George and Emily to his cabin. They were followed by other visitors of rank, and the company generally were admitted to the tables between the decks. These were covered with wines, jellies, cream, fruit, and innumerable delicacies. Shortly after four o'clock the guests began to take their leave. The gratified throng was too numerous to be soon embarked; and it was long after that hour before Captain Parry and his officers could boast of a *clear ship*.

MR. N. ROTHSCHILD.

This munificent and princely merchant gave a most sumptuous fête at Stamford Hill, on May 7. It was preceded by a dinner, at which was present prince Polignac, and other members of the foreign corps *diplomatique*. The marquis of Huntly, sir Charles and lady Rowley, sir John and lady Hammond, were also present. In the evening there was a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, led by Rossini. The visitants exceeded 150; they were of the highest rank and opulence.

MR. STUART NICHOLSON'S CONCERT.

Mr. Stuart Nicholson gave a grand musical entertainment in Portland-place, on Friday evening, May 7, to about 300 fashionables; among whom we noticed, the duchess of Hamilton, the duke of Wellington, prince de Polignac, marquis and marchioness of Lansdowne, marchioness of Westmeath, prince Gortchakoff, duchess of Montrose and the ladies Graham, lord Stopford and lady Charlotte Stopford, lord and lady Gwydyr, prince Sangusyko, prince Ladiaslas Sangusyko, marquis and marchioness of Bute, and earl of Essex.

THE GRAND ROUT AT NORTHUMBERLAND-HOUSE.

The opening of this princely mansion, on May 8, excited the utmost curiosity among the chosen circle invited to the rout given on the interesting occasion. The domestics were in full state liveries; they were stationed at ten o'clock in the long gallery, or corridor, which is called the entrance-hall. About half past ten o'clock the duke and duchess of Gloucester arrived. At the principal entrance his grace (the host) met the royal personages with two silver-branched lights; after resigning which to an upper servant, he offered his arm, with the manners of a perfect gentleman, to the lady: it was accepted with all that amiability which so much distinguishes her royal highness. The staircase ex-

cited the extreme of wonder and delight. It is said that nothing of the kind can be compared to it.

The idea of this staircase is taken from the tasteful model of the Greeks. A double flight of steps rises from the floor on the right and left, composed entirely of beautiful white marble. The balustrades are entirely of brass, representing a solid mass of Vitruvian scrolls, exquisitely chased, and richly gilt. The scroll terminates in the centre, with the crest of the duke. In front, ascending, there is a beautiful screen of four pillars of *verde antique*, within which is a passage leading to a music-gallery, which was on that night filled with plants: it has a coved roof, from which light is admitted, and this is supported by Corinthian pillars of *verde antique*, the capitals of which are bronze. The lofty walls of Scagliola marble reflected the noble pillared lamps with an effect quite magical.

On ascending the grand staircase, the visitants entered the anti-drawing-room. The hangings of this apartment are of a lavender-coloured silk, striped, and enriched with sculptured mouldings of gold; the chairs, ottomans, &c., are of a very beautiful Brazilian wood, richly carved and gilt, covered to suit the walls; the centre of the ceiling is terminated by a noble chandelier, finished and chased in brass.

In this room there is one of the most unique cabinets in the world, being composed of the finest specimen of ivory carvings, after the celebrated picture of Teniers, the mounting of which is ebony and gold; and this latter alone, perhaps, is not to be equalled.

From this room they proceeded to the state apartments, *i. e.*, the saloon and drawing-rooms, forming an extent of seventy-four feet. The hangings are of a rich geranium damask, framed with broad gold mouldings; the draperies have sumptuous bullion fringes, of great depth; the mirrors are of magnificent dimensions, with pier-tables and frames of the most exquisite carving; the sofas, chairs, ottomans (and particularly one of the latter, which was placed in the middle of the room,) attracted great admiration. This piece of *bijoutry* was entirely covered with gold embroidery, forming all kinds of fanciful devices; and it was whispered to be the production of the fair hands of the lady hostess. One of the glasses was placed in a situation to reflect the whole suite of apartments,—a distance of nearly one hundred feet. There were six pedestals in this room, composed of the finest portions of the yew-tree, with ornaments, shewing what can be effected by talent in carving; they excel any thing of the kind ever attempted, and are richly gilt. Each carries a candelabrum in metal, supporting seven branched lights; these, with the chandeliers, lighted up the apartments most brilliantly. The carpets are of the finest qualities, the colours green and gold, which, with the geranium walls, have a most charming effect.

The suite terminates with the blue-room, a most captivating apartment. The walls are hung with blue and gold satin; the ceiling painted white and gold. A most beautiful screen decorates one side, which ingeniously conceals a door that leads to the drawing-room, and renders the apartment uniform throughout. As a corresponding piece of furniture, a grand pianoforte, composed of Brazilian wood, and sumptuously carved and gilt, is appropriately placed. The chairs, &c., are of the most beautiful designs, with an Axminster carpet, manufactured to finish the *coup-d'œil*.

By a new mode of ventilation the coolness of the rooms was preserved. The company did not leave till three o'clock. The ladies' heads were a blaze of brilliants; the dresses (many of them) were festooned, and looped up with

real oriental pearls. Many of the gentlemen wore stars and garters.

There were twenty-four of their graces' servants in blue and silver, and nearly the same number of the upper household in state uniforms. All the females were likewise in state liveries, dressed in white, with lace caps.

Among the company present were—

Their royal highnesses the dukes and duchesses of Clarence and Gloucester.

Prince Leinenstein.

AMBASSADORS—The Netherlands, Neapolitan, Hanoverian.

DUKES—Athol, Montrose, Wellington.

DUCHESSES—Richmond, Athol, Montrose, Dorset, Dowager Leeds.

MARQUISES—Chandos, Exeter, Downshire, Huntly, Winchester, Camden, Salisbury, Aylesbury, Lansdowne, Graham,

MARCHIONESSES—Exeter, Emily of Londonderry, Downshire, Huntly, Stafford, Camden, Cholmondeley, Salisbury, Winchester, Lansdowne, Waterford.

EARLS—Surrey, Gower, Harewood, Clare, Whitworth, Manvers, Harrowby, Bathurst, Chichester, Wicklow.

COUNTESSES—Powis, Sherborne, Surrey, Gower, Harewood, Pembroke, Galloway, Manvers, Ilchester, Wicklow, Aboyne, Dartmouth, Harrowby, Bathurst, Brownlow, Cowper, Fortescue.

The whole of this magnificent and unique mansion was renovated by English artists; and the whole of the manufacture is the produce of this country.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the second assembly on Friday night, May 14, was more numerous than the first. The same forms and ceremonies were observed. In addition to the apartments we have already described, the tapestry-room was opened. This beautiful saloon becomes doubly interesting from its portraying the architecture and verdant scenery of ancient Greece. Interspersed in several rooms were glazed cabinets, containing miniature portraits of the early branches of the illustrious house of Percy, and around which are a variety of precious gems. Some incalculably droll representations of ancient mysteries sculptured in ivory, drew forth much wit, vivacity, and good humour.

THE COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS' ROUT.

At Cassillis-House, in Privy Gardens, on Thursday evening, May 13, a splendid rout was given, when six spacious apartments were thrown open. The greatest novelty of the night was the grand saloon of Flemish tapestry, which afforded the highest delight. The mansion is altogether magnificently furnished, and the display of taste and munificence could not be excelled. The visitants came at eleven and retired at two o'clock. There were present:

The prince Alexander Gortchakoff, and two other Russian Grandees of the Blood Royal; the Sardinian, Hanoverian, and Neapolitan Ministers; also, Duke of Grafton, Duchess of Leeds, Marchioness of Exeter, the Duchesses of Athol and Ladies Murray.

MR. AND MRS. W. CANAC

Gave a sumptuous dinner on Thursday, May 13, at their house in Mansfield-street, to a select few of the Nobility and leading Fashionables. The taste of this lady is proverbial, and we understand nothing could surpass the style and magnificence of the preparations. The following were some of the distinguished visitors:

The Duchess Dowager of Richmond, Lady Louisa Lennox, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Winchelsea and Mr. Finch, the Earl of Kinnoul, Viscount Folkestone, Lord Thomas Hay, the Hon. John Tollemache, Sir John Beresford, the Messrs. Brisco, &c.

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON'S ROUT.

Her Grace opened Apsley House, on Monday evening, May 16, for the first time this season, when the three drawing-rooms and the library were exhibited. The party met at midnight, and broke up about two o'clock. The apartments were lighted up with more than ordinary brilliancy.

THE HON. MRS. BRIDGMAN SIMPSON'S BALL.

In Saville-row, at the late residence of the Cavendishes, a splendid ball and supper were given on Monday night, May 17. The saloon and drawing-room were the apartments appropriated for the dance, and they were fitted up with much taste; all the recesses were filled with exotic plants. The dancing commenced at half-past eleven; the supper took place at one, and about half past three o'clock the party broke up. The following distinguished fashionables were present:

Duke of Wellington, the dowager duchess of Rutland and lady Elizabeth Norman, duchess dowager of Richmond and the ladies Lennox, earl and countess Manvers, countess of Mountnorris and lady J. Annesley, earl of Scarborough, earl of Shaftesbury, the ladies Ashley Cooper, earl of Cork, lady and Misses Petre, earl of Clare, lady Julia Petre, countess of Dartmouth and Ladies Legge.

MR. HENRY CHAMBERS' GRAND CONCERT.

This lady's concert boasted a combination of talent rarely witnessed at a private house. Rossini never appeared more inclined to display all his powers; and this exertion produced the happiest effect. The saloon in which the concert was held, is an apartment of peculiar dimensions; that and the rooms adjoining resembled an amphitheatre of flowering shrubs, consisting of exotics so rare and fragrant as to astonish and delight the visitants. The hall, the staircase, the anterooms, were all similarly adorned. The concert commenced with a duetto, Mercadante, Remorini, Placci; and ended with a terzetto, by Rossini. Among the company present were:

Dowager duchess of Richmond, prince Gortchakoff, Marchioness of Westminster, countess of Warwick and ladies Greville, prince Sobinsky, lord and lady Dynevor and Miss Rice, lady Ellenborough and Misses Law, lady and Miss Duncombe, lady and Miss Trollope, lord Auckland and Miss Eden, Lady Anne and Misses Beresford, lady Eleanor Lowther, Captain Vernon, earl of Kinnoul, lord and lady Tullamore, the marchionesses of Hertford, and Cholmondeley, the countess of Mountnorris and lady J. Annesley.

SIR WILLIAM ADDY, BART.

THIS gentleman gave a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Monday evening, May 17, at his noble residence in Hill street. The first professional performers were engaged. Present:

The duchess of Rutland, earl and countess of Denbigh, earl of Caernarvon and the ladies Herbert, earl and countess of Limerick, and the ladies Perry, marquis and marchioness of Winchester and lady C. Paulet, lord Clonbrock, and countess of Listowell.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWN'S ASSEMBLY.

At Lansdown House, on the evening of the grand court day, a blaze of fashion and elegance graced her ladyship's party in full costume. On this occasion the magnificent suite of rooms were thrown open for the first time this season; consisting of

1. The matchless statue gallery; 2. The noble library;
3. The grand saloon; 4. The great drawing-room; 5. The banqueting room, wherein the refreshment tables were set out.

The lawn and shrubberies were illuminated; the great hall, staircase, &c., decorated with plants. Card tables were set out, but conversation took the lead; the principal topic being, the drawing-room of the day.

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK'S BALL.

Her Ladyship made her *entré* in the Fashionable World on Tuesday night, May 18, with a ball of peculiar taste in the arrangement, and an elegant supper, at her house in St. James's-place. The two drawing-rooms, the anteroom, the great staircase, and the hall, were profusely decorated with plants by Mr. Stevens of Duke-street. The dancing commenced at eleven o'clock with a new French Quadrille.

Among the company present were many foreigners of distinction; the earl and countess of Sherborne, the earl of Westmorland and the ladies Fane, lord and lady Ducie.

PARTIES PROPOSED AND APPOINTED.

Monday, May 31.—Duchess of Wellington's grand Fete; lady Owen's rout, Portman-square; Mrs. Garnier's Ball, Grafton-street.

Tuesday, June 1.—Countess of Limerick's Ball, in Mansfield-street; Mrs. Cooke's Party, in Upper Seymour-street; Mrs. Chaplin's Ball, in Welbeck-street.

Wednesday, June 2.—Sir George Talbot's Party; Almack's grand Ball.

Thursday, June 3.—Lady Harriet Bagot's Ball, in Great Cumberland-place; Mrs. Camac's Ball, Mansfield-street; Mrs. Atherley's Ball, in Park-lane.

Friday, June 4.—The Duchess of Northumberland's rout; Mr. and the Misses Benyon's Ball and Supper, in St. James's-place; Mrs. Chichester's Ball, in Baker-street.

Saturday, June 5.—A Déjeuné à la Fourchette, at Jenkins' in the Regent's Park.

Monday, June 7.—Prince Leopold's First Assembly at Marlborough-house; Mr. and Mrs. Du Pre's Grand Ball, in Portland-place; Lady Astley's Party, Hereford-street; Mrs. Henry Chambers' grand Ball; Mrs. Watts Russell's Ball in Portland-place.

Tuesday, June 8.—Mrs. Oake's Ball, in Upper Seymour-street; Mrs. Miles will open her house in Hamilton-Place, with a grand Fete.

Wednesday, June 9.—Almack's grand Ball.

Thursday, June 10.—Miss Heneage's Ball, in Albemarle-street.

Friday, June 11.—Lady Trollope's Ball, in Cumberland place; Signor Rossini's Concert, Almack's.

Monday, June 14.—The first day at Stowe. A military spectacle, i.e. the review of Yeomanry of the county; and after which a Fete, in the style of the ancient Romans; Prince Leopold's second Assembly.

Tuesday, June 15.—Second day, at Stowe. The First Grand Entertainment in the House.

Wednesday, June 16.—Third Day, at Stowe. The commencement of the Grand Fete to the Ladies.

Thursday, June 17.—Fourth Day, at Stowe. A Morning Exhibition; preparations for a Village Festival, in a style of pastoral simplicity; evening the celebration of it.

Friday, June 18.—Fifth Day, at Stowe. A Masquerade, in the style of the Carnival at Venice.

Saturday, June 19.—Sixth Day, at Stowe. A Déjeuné of a novel description in the Wilderness.

Monday, June 21.—Seventh Day, at Stowe. Lady Astley's Ball, Hereford-street.

RACES TO COME.

June 2. Epsom. 9, Manchester. 15, Ascot Heath. 23, Edinburgh. 23, Buxton. 23, Leeds. 23, Woolwich. 29, Garsa. 29, Lancaster. 29, Bibury.

HYDE-PARK.

On a fine Sunday during the fashionable season in town, this sylvan scene is completely crowded by strings of carriages, and numerous well-dressed happy-looking pedestrians; even many ladies of birth and title do not scruple to descend from their carriages, and, with a footman following, if unaccompanied by their husbands, they mingle in the motley throng. It is a truly gratifying sight to a good-natured mind to see numbers of young people, who, perhaps, in close apartments in our dark pent-up city, we behold one day in the week coming here to breathe a pure air, and treading the verdant sod; like butterflies, arrayed in all the glowing tints of spring, they enjoy their short summer's day, and cheerfully recommence their tasks on the morrow, looking forward with the eye of hope, that the next Sunday will be equally propitious to their enjoying again the same innocent and healthful pleasure.

Yet it was easy to see, that these pedestrians, who had a long and toilsome walk to perform before they reached their respective homes, looked with an eye of envy also, on those who were seated at their ease in splendid carriages, and who seemed to them forgetful of the past, unmindful of the future, and conscious only of the pleasures of the present. Alas! how many aching hearts were in the elegant barouche, or the coach with two pampered footmen behind; the rushing chariot with four post-horses, raising a cloud of annoying dust, perhaps was carrying a fond mother to a dying child, or an injured husband was endeavouring to forget the scenes of his former happiness by his travels. From the gilded carriage of the peer to the *demi-fortune* of the more humble tradesman, all were vehicles to carry a load of care, disguised in gaudy attire, and wearing the mask of pleasure on the visage. It is not on a Sunday, but on a fine day in the week, usually known by the name of working-days, that we must look among the carriages for those of *highest* distinction.

The superb sitting up of several of the specious apartments of Carlton-house Palace verify the report that has for some time been in circulation, amongst the parties of the nobility and gentry, that it is the intention of our beloved monarch to give several balls there this season. This intelligence has infused much life and spirits amongst our artists, our purveyors for the toilet, and also *other purveyors*, who, if not employed in *adorning* the human form divine, are yet extremely requisite to its preservation,—for neither princes

nor beauties can live on air. We feel much rejoiced at the idea of this news being confirmed: the king's presence, like the sun, cheers and vivifies every object within its influence; and, where the sovereign reigns in the hearts of his people, he is looked up to with an adoration almost equal to that of the ancient Persians towards the glorious luminary of day.

It was our intention to have written some strong remarks on the duel between the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Battier;—we are, however, relieved from the task by the General Order issued by command of His Majesty. The observations are just and proper. That a nobleman of so much courage, military talents, and honour, possessing every quality that is valuable to a gentleman, should have had his life put to hazard from a cause which he had no right personally to defend, has created surprise of no ordinary kind. The military order will prevent similar occurrences: Mr. Battier has been struck off the half-pay list of the army.

A correspondent assures us, that three *ladies* (and he gives their names) have left town without attending His Majesty's drawing-room, in consequence of its having been delayed. Their departure is a subject of no sort of importance to the public in general—but as they have had the *meanness* to refuse taking or paying for the court dresses they had ordered, and which were really made to the time desired, we do not hesitate to give publicity to the contents of the letter sent to us. The dress-maker was to have been paid a large sum for the dresses. The ladies, however, having refused to pay for them, she has been obliged to put up with the loss, in the hope of receiving their future *certain* orders. Is it not probable that His Majesty's last order, respecting presentations, has had some effect on the *ladies*, as to hasten their departure from London? We have heard that many have been *smuggled* into the presence of His Majesty, at the drawing-room, who had no right or claim to such a distinguished honour. The new regulation will make future drawing-rooms much more select—it will not prevent ladies of rank, family, or distinction, from being presented to His Majesty—but it will keep *ladies* away who have not the spirit or means of attending to the elegance of costume required at Court. It is a fact, that many have been in the habit of attending in the most paltry dresses; and which they have been seen in at Willis's rooms, and other public assemblies, with trains made of *dyed silks*. If ladies are prevented, by poverty of circumstances, or any other cause, from having dresses proper to wear in the presence of our beloved Monarch, they should not intrude themselves where all that is elegant, noble, and munificent, alone should appear.

A most extraordinary individual is driving about town, with a female by his side, in a stone-colour dennet, picked out red—a cob-horse, (God help the poor creature,) with a coronet on the harness. This *would-be fashionable*, dresses quite in the *Jehu* style, is of a sallow complexion, and most unhealthy. We have no doubt of his belonging to a noble family—but, really, such a person *aping* the manners of a coachman, should be more cautious when driving through the public streets. He goes *helter-skelter*, through thick and thin, to the great annoyance of His Majesty's subjects—whistling to the horse to urge him forward. If he is learning to drive, and prefers exhibiting in London, we would advise him to be less infuriate, and more humane to the animal. We assure this *bit of fashion*, he is much laughed at for his eccentricities. He has not the appearance nor the manners of a gentleman—it is the coronet on the harness alone that can save him from insult.

A novelty has just made its appearance in London—a landau, drawn by six horses, driven by *three postilions*, in full-dress liveries. We could not ascertain the name or title of the spirited owner. There were two ladies and a gentleman inside the carriage.

Some publications have been ignorantly assigning several gentlemen of rank and distinction to the widow of that much-lamented and opulent gentleman, Mr. Coutts, without any sort of truth for such assertions. It is disgusting and shameful that such *clap-trap* publications should take the liberty to mention the name of a lady so highly deserving of every eulogium that can be paid to her. Her liberality to every class of trade's-people is universally known; and the good she does, exceeds all belief. Her expenditure alone is of so much consequence to several of her trade's-people—that we have heard she has saved many an individual from ruin. There is a lady-like demeanour and kindness in all she does, as to make her universally respected by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

CITIZEN KNIGHTHOOD; OR THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS SPOUSE IN THE DUMPS.

ALTHOUGH the city and its affairs may be considered as rather out of our element, yet we think a casual mention of its illustrious members—their loves and their heroisms—their whims and festivities—cannot fail to prove somewhat amusing to many of our readers, whose luckless fates may have doomed them to a woful ignorance of the proceedings of their turbot and turtle-loving fellow mortals. In this conviction, we beg to relate the following interesting anecdote:

All the world knows, (or, at least, ought to know,) that the once plain *Mr. Peter Laurie*, is now *Sir Peter*, and we doubt not that the worthy knight is as well-deserving of this high title as the high title is of him;—but whether so or not, neither the one nor the other appears to have given satisfaction to his eminence, the mayor; for we understand, that when *Sir Peter* honoured him with a call, in the pleasing expectation of receiving some friendly congratulation on the joyful occasion of his promotion from mere citizenship to absolute knighthood, his worship received the good knight with a stiff demeanour, and lowering countenance, and basely dared to censure him for accepting the title so often conferred by Majesty on its faithful servants. Now, this would not do at all—what! should a knight, a noble and valiant knight, “with all his blushing honours thick upon him,” be insulted and reprimanded by “a popinjay”—a very haberdasher? “The pride of my knighthood forbid!” thought *Sir Peter*, and astonishing the mayor by a gallant and contemptuous frown, he hurried from the *presence* in as chivalrous a manner as can possibly be imagined.

Thus was a fatal blow given to the strict friendship which had long subsisted between these two great men, and another soon followed—for, shortly after this event, *Lady Laurie*, the fair spouse of *Sir Peter*, was at an evening party, where also came her highness, the mayoress, in company with her lovely daughters. On meeting the knight's wife, one and all saluted her by the odious and inappropriate appellation of “*Madam*,” whereas that of “*my lady*,” was indubitably her just right and title: “*Paltry envy!*” muttered the knight's dulcinea, and turned contemptuously to others of the *assembly*; but, even as twenty jackdaws will caw if one of their tribe should happen to set the example, even so did man, woman, and child, of the party, borrow the phrase of my lady mayoress, and her off-

spring, and “*Madam, madam*,” continually rang in the offended ears of *Lady Laurie*, till at length her patrician spirit asserted its new-born dignity, and she quitted the graceless apartment in high and *meritorious dudgeon*.

Since writing the above, we learn that on the Sunday subsequent to *Sir Peter Laurie's* being created knight, he dashed to *Mr. Irving's* chapel in all due state, and on his approach, was saluted by the grateful exclamation of “*Make way for the king of Scotland's carriage!*”—*Knighthood and royalty* in one short month! this is, indeed, too much for weak mortal to bear, and we have sad apprehensions for the perfect security of *Sir Peter's* sober senses.

BATH.

We understand *Madame Catalani*, *Mrs. Salmon*, and *Mr. Braham*, are among the number of vocalists engaged for the Great Musical Festival, which commences June 15.

Bath races are postponed until July 14, and following days, in order that they may not interfere with *Winchester* races, as a number of horses are engaged at both places. There are 30 horses already named for the *Somersetshire* stakes, and great sport is anticipated.

The latest and most fashionable arrivals at this favourite city were:

The earl and countess of Cavan, lord Lowther, sir James H. Williams, sir Wm. Elford, sir G. Benny, sir A. Chichester, sir E. and lady Penrose and family, sir Hugh Palliser, lady C. Howard, lady C. De Willoughby, gen. Hart, M.P. and gen. Mowbray.

CHELTENHAM.

The accession of visitors to this beautiful place, at this early period of the year, by far exceeds all precedent. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more cheerful and gratifying scene than the several promenades, the Montpelier, the Royal Wells, and the Sherborne, present every morning; the Montpelier Walks are much frequented by the fashionable world. A band of extremely skilful musicians is in constant attendance during the hours of drinking the waters, and the *coup-d'œil* is at once most brilliant and animated. The Duke of Buccleugh has been amongst the numerous fashionables who frequent the Montpelier Walks.

Amongst the arrivals were the marquess of Bute, lord Cavan, viscount Adair, lord John Montague Scott, lord and lady Ennismore, dowager lady Audley, lady Crawley, gen. Sir J. C. and lady Sherbrooke, vice-admiral sir Wm. Hotham, major-gen. sir G. R. and lady Bingham, major-gen. and Mrs. Burrows, lieut.-col. Parkinson, lady Caroline Fitzroy, lady Cecilia Brabazon, hon. Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, sir John Hawkins, gen. Shaw, gen. Burton and family, major Mee and family, major Richardson, major and Mrs. Crowder.

BRIGHTON.

There is no change, nor is there any indication of a change, at the Pavilion. No company, for some time past, have been admitted to interior inspections of the splendid apartments at the palace; and the interdiction is still continued.

The following are the last most fashionable arrivals:

Countess of Erne, sir R. and lady Dallas, hon. Mrs. Tollemache, rev. A. Coopes, rev. E. Tower, rev. G. Dixon, rev. H. Rose, major Irvine, major Martin, and Mr. Darby.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

English Dukes.

HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK, PREMIER DUKE AND EARL OF ENGLAND.

Almost every genealogist who has exerted himself in throwing new lights on the origin of this very ancient and noble family, has only contributed his share towards perplexing posterity; and, indeed, there is room to suspect that opinions may be delivered to future ages, without their being properly ascertained.

The first of this illustrious family we find on record, is Auber, count of Passy, in Normandy, who married Adelina, daughter of Hubert, count of Evreux, by whom he had, with two other sons, William Breteville, who succeeded to the earldom, on the death of his father; but dying childless, the honours of his family devolved to Eustace, his second brother, who had one son, named William. The third son of Auber, was Valerin, lord of Vernon, in Normandy, who, with his nephew, attended William the Conqueror into England. The son of Eustace, before-mentioned, was named earl of Gloucester, and steward of England, with a large tract of land: but the unfortunate youth was slain at Cardiff, and, having no issue, the estates devolved to his uncle Valerin, called also Beauson.

His successor, named Roger Valerin, was in great favour with the king, and received many castles and manors, as a bounty from the crown; amongst which, was the castle of Howard, in Flintshire, which gave the family the name of Howard. The first possessor was frequently compelled, in those troublous times, to resort, for safety, to this castle, which occasioned its being called his *den*; and for succeeding ages, and we are informed, to the present time, the place is called Hawarden. This Roger had a son named William, born in the above-mentioned castle; who was in high esteem, in the year 1100, with king Henry I. William married Maud, the widow of the earl of Norwich, who was father to Hugh, created earl of Norfolk, in the year 1135. By this marriage it was that the family became enriched by considerable possessions in Norfolk and Suffolk, which descended to their son, sir John Howard, knt., who, by Helen, his wife, had two sons. Sir John Howard, the eldest, had no male issue. Sir Robert Howard, the second son, married Joan, the daughter of sir Thomas Mere, by whom, he was the father of sir John Howard; who married Anne, the daughter of lord Grandison, and widow of lord Bardolph; their issue was another sir John Howard, who, by Catharine, daughter of sir John Bruss, had one son, sir Henry Howard, who, by a daughter of sir Henry Trusbut, was father of sir William Howard. The life of this sir William was active, and beneficial to the public: he was sent, in the year 1293, with John de Batford, to determine causes on the northern circuit; and he was summoned to attend the parliament, in the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward I.; and the last we hear of this great man was his attending the parliament held the first year of Edward the Second's reign. His portrait was represented, in Judges' robes, with two others, in a window of the church

VOL. I.

of Long Melford, in Suffolk. A copperplate, taken from this, has the following inscription:

"Pray for the good state of William Haward*, chief justis of England; and for Richard Pycott and John Haugh, justis of the lawe."

Sir William Howard had two wives; Alice, daughter of sir Edward Tritton, and Alice, daughter of sir Robert Ufford; by the latter, he had no issue; but by the former, he had two sons, John and William; the youngest of which died childless. Sir John, the eldest son, and heir of sir William, was a man of eminence, even in his father's life-time; in the eleventh year of the reign of Edward II., he was appointed governor to the castle of Norwich, and, in the year 1310, he was sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; an exceeding troublesome and dangerous office in those days. Not long after, he received a command to arm five hundred men, foot-soldiers and archers, with "hactoons, bacinets, and gauntlets of iron," and to conduct them from the port of Orwell, in Suffolk, in order for their embarking against the French.

The service which he rendered to Edward II., was not confined to the person of that prince; for he was loyal and useful to his successor. The favours bestowed on the valiant knight, were a tribute due to his merit, as appears by their continuance in the reign of Edward III., though his death prevented his receiving an equal share from that monarch. In 1328, he was put in commission with Thomas Bigod, earl of Norfolk, and others, to quell some riotous insurrections in Norfolk and Suffolk, which greatly alarmed the Court. He died, three years after. By his wife Joan, daughter of John de Cornwall, who survived her husband forty-three years, he had an only son, sir John Howard, who was constituted admiral of the North Seas, in the ninth of Edward III., and was furnished with a proper navy for such a charge. In the year 1345, he was appointed sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk. He married Alice, sister to sir Robert de Boys, of Fersfield, in Norfolk, to whom she succeeded in that estate. Sir John survived his wife, who died in 1374, and was alive in 1388, when his eldest son, sir Robert, who was born in 1336, died. Of the youngest son, John, there is no account. The above-named, sir Robert, was, in the second year of the reign of Richard II., committed prisoner to the tower of London, for detaining Margery de Hartford from her grandmother, the lady Nevil, with whom, on her petition to the King, she had been appointed to remain, till the divorce that was then pending at the court of Rome, between her, and her husband, John de Brewer, should be properly discussed. How sir Robert procured his enlargement we are not informed.

Sir Robert died before his father, on the 18th of July, 1388, aged fifty-two years. He was married to Margaret, daughter of lord Scales, by whom he had one son, sir John Howard, who became heir to his grandfather. He was twice married; first to Margaret, daughter and heir to sir John Plaiz, of Tofte, in Norfolk; secondly, to Alice, daughter and heir of sir William Tendring. By the former of these ladies, he was father of two children; John, who was also a knight, and

* By this we may see that the original name of this noble family was Haward.

Margaret, married first to sir Constantine Clifton, of Buckingham Castle, in Norfolk, and afterwards to sir Gilbert Talbot. Sir John, the brother of this lady, married Joan, daughter of sir Richard Walton, who received from her father, in dowry, in the ninth of Henry IV., the manor of Ocle. The issue of this marriage was one daughter; Elizabeth, who carried the honours of her father and mother to the Veres, earls of Oxford, by marrying John Vere, at that time earl. The father of Elizabeth, countess of Oxford, died on a journey to the Holy Land, in 1409, in the life-time of his father; and Joan, who had a second husband, sir Thomas Erpingham, of Erpingham, in Norfolk, died in the year 1494.

By the latter wife, sir John Howard, above-named, had two sons, Henry and Robert Howard. The former was married to Mary, daughter of sir Henry Hussey of Sussex. On the death of his father, Henry, pursuant to a will, dated at Stoke-neyland, the 1st of April, 1485, took possession of the manors and other lands in the county of Norfolk, belonging to the Howards. Robert, the other son, was, however, he that continued the line.

We must not, however, omit giving some account, as appertaining to genealogy, of sir John Howard, of Stoke-neyland, which estate he obtained by his wife. On the 2d of July, 1405, the sixth of Henry IV., he was appointed with sir Gerard Braybrooke, to raise and embody all men capable of bearing arms, in order to oppose a French invasion, daily expected; he afterwards made a voyage to Jerusalem, where he died, the 17th of November, 1437. We now proceed to those who first bore the titles of *Dukes of Norfolk*.

Sir Robert Howard, by marrying Margaret, the daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, ennobled this ancient family of the Howards by the title of Duke. This lady was in a direct line, from Edward I. of England, and from Philip, the Bold, king of France. To illustrate the grandeur of the Howard family, it is requisite to set forth her pedigree.

Edward I. married Margaret, daughter of Philip, king of France, and by her was the father of Thomas de Brotherton, who was born in the year 1300, and created earl of Norfolk, at the age of twelve years, by Edward II., his half-brother. This Thomas de Brotherton had a daughter, named Margaret, who married John, lord Seagrave, which Margaret, is mentioned in history, as duchess of Norfolk. Elizabeth, their daughter, married John, lord Mowbray, who had a patent granted him, signed the 12th of February, 1386, of the office of earl-marshal of England, to himself and his heirs. On the 29th of September, 1397, Richard II. advanced him to the dignity of a duke of Norfolk. The eldest daughter of this Thomas, was Margaret, who, when the male line became extinct, inherited a moiety of the possessions of the Mowbray family*.

The children of sir Robert were John, and two daughters, Margaret, married to sir William Daniel, baron of Rathwire, in Ireland, and Catharine, the second wife of Edward Nevil, baron Abergavenny: a match which incurred the censure of the church, and brought on an excommunication, which was taken off by pope Nicolas V., in the year 1448.

John Howard, the first duke of Norfolk, son to sir Robert, and heir to sir John, his grandfather, distinguished himself at the battle of Chastillon: he was deeply engaged, also, in that unhappy struggle for royalty, between the houses of York and Lancaster, on the side of Edward IV. In the second year of

that monarch's reign, we find sir John Howard employed in the naval service; and in the eighth, he was appointed treasurer of the king's household. In 1470, he was made captain-general of all the king's forces by sea, during the commotions raised by the earl of Warwick. In April 22, 1471, he was elected a knight-companion of the most noble order of the garter.

In the beginning of the year 1588, after being of the most important service to his royal master, in several negotiations with France, John, then lord Howard, was sent as ambassador to that kingdom, to remind Louis of the treaty of marriage between the Dauphin and Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. He returned, and confirmed the report of the French king's perfidy; for he saw the lady Margaret of Austria, daughter to duke Maximilian, son to the emperor Frederic, contracted and espoused to the Dauphin, at Amboise, with great pomp. This drew from Edward violent protestations of revenge; which he would, no doubt, have carried into execution, had not death hurried him away in the midst of his hostile preparations.

Lord Howard's fidelity to the house of York, recommended him to Richard III., who, six days after he began to reign, created him duke of Norfolk, and his son, earl of Surry. As duke of Norfolk, he had full power to grant to any person or persons, the office of marshal of the King's Bench, of marshal of the Exchequer, and office of marshal's crier, before the steward, and marshal of the king's household. As a badge of his office, he was impowered to bear a golden staff, tipped at each end with black, with the arms of the king at one end, and those of his own family at the other. He continued to receive the most unbounded favour from king Richard; and the raising this respectable nobleman by such distinguished proofs of esteem, marks the infinity of Richard's plotting genius.

John Howard, first duke of Norfolk, fell in the famous battle of Bosworth-field; but very differently were his remains treated to those of the Usurper. His grace was conveyed, with all suitable decency and respect to Thetford, in Norfolk, to be inhumed in the family sepulchre. He was first married to Catharine, daughter to lord Molines, and Eleanor, his wife. His second wife was Margaret, daughter of sir John Chadworth. By the first lady, the duke had one son, Thomas, earl of Surry, and four daughters. By his second lady, Margaret, duchess of Norfolk*, his grace had several daughters.

The earl of Surry, known for his attachment to the house of York, was looked on with a jealous eye, by Henry VII., he, however, reaped the benefit of preserving a political forbearance; and on the breaking out of the rebellion against Henry, the lieutenant of the Tower offered the keys to the earl of Surry, who rebuked the officer for his infidelity, resolving not to be an accomplice in such perfidy. He was soon called forth from his imprisonment, restored in blood, received into the king's favour, and enrolled among his chief friends: nor did Henry repent his favours, for the duke shewed himself, on every occasion, one of his most faithful adherents.

This Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, had the honour of standing godfather to the eldest son of king Henry VIII., by his queen, Catharine of Arragon, in the second year of that monarch's reign. The retirement of his grace from court, was owing to a violent disgust he had taken to the overbearing Wolsey; and when he waited on the king, at Richmond, to give in his resignation of lord treasurer of England, it was

* The other moiety went with the sister and co-heiress of Margaret, into the Berkely family, by her marriage with James, lord Berkely.

* There are some curious bequests in this lady's will, that we shall notice hereafter.

instantly given to his son, the earl of Surry, who was then amusing himself on the bowling-green.

By the attainder of the duke of Buckingham vast possessions fell to the crown; manors in various parts of Suffolk, with the advowsons of church-livings, which were granted to Thomas, duke of Norfolk and his heirs. His grace, by his last will, dated 1520, desired that his body might be decently buried in the priory church of Thetford, in Norfolk. Among other particular donations in his will, he bequeathed his great hanged bed, padded with cloth of gold, white damask, and black velvet, embroidered with the letters T and A; as also one suit of hangings of the story of Hercules, made for the great chamber of Framlingham, in Norfolk, to his son and heir-apparent. His grace was buried, according to his desire, at the priory of Thetford, and with great solemnity.

This second duke of Norfolk married two wives; first, Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir to sir Frederic Tilney, of Ashwell Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and relict of sir Humphrey Bourchief, knight of the bath: the second was Agnes, the daughter of Hugh Tilney, Esq., of Boston, in Lincolnshire. By both these ladies he had a numerous progeny: by Elizabeth he was the father of ten children; the eldest was Thomas, afterwards duke of Norfolk. Sir Edward Howard, the late duke's second son, was grandfather to Catherine, the fifth wife of Henry VIII., king of England. The other sons of Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, died infants; but the ninth child was Elizabeth, who married Thomas Boleyn, viscount Rochford, afterwards earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, by whom she had issue a daughter named Anne, who, by her husband, Henry VIII., was mother of Elizabeth, queen of England.

By his second wife, Agnes, before mentioned, Thomas, second duke of Norfolk, had two sons and four daughters. The first son was William, ancestor to the extinct earls of Nottingham, and to the earl of Effingham. The second was Thomas Howard, who was committed to the Tower, attainted on suspicion that he aspired to the crown, and, to further his designs, had sought to marry lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to Margaret, queen of Scots, and niece to Henry VIII.; he died in the Tower, November 1, 1536.

The daughters were, 1. Anne, married to John Vere, earl of Oxford; 2. Dorothy, married to Edward Stanley, earl of Derby, till the year 1709, when James, the tenth earl, dying without issue, the title devolved upon Edward, a younger branch of the earl of Derby; 3. Elizabeth, married to Henry Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex; and 4. Catherine, first married to sir Rhese ap Thomas, knight of the garter, and secondly to Henry D'Aubeny, earl of Bridgewater.

[In order to give a clear and succinct account of the various interesting and noble progenitors of the truly illustrious family of the Howards, we are under the necessity of postponing the conclusion of *this* article in genealogy to a future number.]

LONDON.

LONDON! what shall we say of it in only the limited space we can allot to one particular subject—of London, the great, the magnificent, the largest, noblest, and most wealthy, city in the world? How stately is its river, for ever covered by ships ready to convey our riches to all quarters of the globe! How graceful the rainbow-like

arches that form a safe passage over the deep waters beneath! How grand the various buildings that rear their proud heads above the tide! And then, as to its internal qualities—what unrivalled mansions continually present themselves to notice throughout its almost boundless extent! Here (for Westminster and London must be considered as forming but one vast capital) we have the venerable Abbey to remind us of the glory of distant years, and there the grandeur of St. Paul's, looking king-like on all the subject edifices for miles around; and everywhere do we meet with the mingled pride and beauty of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. How various too and multiplied are its public institutions! Some for business, others for instruction, thousands for amusement—hotels, taverns, arcades, assembly-rooms, exhibitions, theatres, greet us on all sides without number. The eye is dazzled with the splendid decorations and riches of its shops, to and from which countless thousands are continually going and returning. Then too, at its western extremity, what an incessant concourse of rank and fashion glitters along in dashing equipages—princes, lords, members of parliament; and, above all, what beautiful women, with the forms and the features of seraphs—eyes all light and, diviner still,

Oscula, quæ Venus

Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbit :

clad, moreover, in costly garments, whose rarity and elegance are alone surpassed by the graceful charms of their fair wearers! Quitting the gay for the busy half of the metropolis, what industrious crowds do we see! all bent on some pursuit or other,—none idle, and every one appearing to have the cares of the whole world upon his hands. What myriads of vehicles throng the streets! some for convenience, others for labour; and the drivers of all assuming an air of the utmost importance.

Though London possesses a due share of the vice and crime that must inevitably attend on all great cities, how much superior in extent is its good to its evil nature. What regularity and order reign within its immense precincts! How active its magistrates, and how praiseworthy its police! How great, too, is the host of virtue, genius, and talent, it contains! Poets, painters, musicians, men of science, statesmen, and patriots, make it the glorious field of their pursuits, and in it reap the gratifying rewards their labours so well deserve. Whilst singing the praises of their eternal city, and speaking of the Britons as scarcely belonging to the world, terming them "orbis ultimos," and "toto divisos orbe Britannos," little surely did the bards of Rome imagine that, when the former could scarcely be said to exist, the latter should in their turn become, as it were, the sovereigns of the earth, and possess a capital so populous and so boundless as this.

Briefly to conclude, we may say of London, and with greater truth, what has been applied to a celebrated city on the continent,—they who have not seen it have seen nothing.

FASHION AT THE COURT OF OLYMPUS.

FANCY having attached herself blindly and inordinately to INVENTION, was with him hurled down from Mount Olympus to this nether world, and commanded by Jupiter never to appear again before the immortals, till she had found her faithful handmaid, TASTE, whom she had lost sight of by following too implicitly the often wild suggestion of her husband; for Hymen, by the consent of Jupiter, had united them, hoping that, after the violence of their affection had, in some degree, subsided, the aberrations of their multiplied ideas might be checked, and that each would aid the other in producing all that was elegant and lovely.

On the descent of this pair to what was to be their future abode, they entered the dominions of REFINEMENT, and were kindly received by VARIETY, the reigning queen. Here FASHION was brought forth, the offspring of Fancy and Invention, for ever new, for ever young, versatile, and delightful. Her infancy was marked by every trait, that afterwards so eminently distinguished her character. Flora caused her choicest treasures to spring up under the feet of this captivating child. FASHION would stop to admire the beautifully diversified and richly perfumed objects; but fond of what could dazzle the eye, she gathered only those that yielded the most brilliant colours; she would have been happy to have given her preference to the rose, but the thorns wounded her fingers, and with her garment filled with every species of flower, and gaily-coloured weed also, that she could collect, she ran weeping to her mother because she could not obtain the most valuable—the rose, without injury. Her mother put on gloves, and cut the roses for her; then she tried to teach her how to arrange the confused collection she had brought.

FANCY grouped the flowers together prettily enough, and FASHION, even in her infancy, felt delighted, and embraced her dear mother over and over again; but she loved her father also, and was always willing to listen to his suggestions, though they were often wild and extravagant. He picked a quarrel with Flora, and determined on teaching his daughter to make flowers, which he christened after his wife, calling them *Fancy* flowers. He picked the blue off the corn-flower, and taught his child to make blue roses, gold violets, and a number of queer-looking blossoms, which never had been seen in any garden. He showed her how to stamp her name on them; and the mark was indelible, because they were found extremely becoming. Flora felt offended, though she knew very well that Fashion would resort to her treasures again.

FASHION soon attained the captivating aids of adolescence: her parents, in the palace of VARIETY, had inubbed such a love of change, that they were resolved to seek a new abode, though no one could be more suitable to them and their daughter than that they at present enjoyed; but they longed to shew her the world, and also to exhibit *her* to that world. They were all three seated one day on the summit of a hill, commanding an extensive prospect over the land of Refinement, when

they fancied they caught a glimpse of TASTE bending her steps towards the portal of VARIETY's palace; they desired FASHION to repose awhile, and they eagerly hastened to join *her*, who perhaps might be the means of their recovering their former exalted station.

Iris at that moment had descended on her painted bow, and the messenger of Jove was charmed with the appearance of the frolic nymph, who was endeavouring in vain to catch at the colours of the beautiful bow on which the goddess was borne. Iris quickly enveloped her light form in the varied mist, and bore her to Olympus.

"The speed of gods time counts not,
Though with swiftest minutes wing'd."

So much of her parent FANCY was discovered in all the varied movements of FASHION, that the celestials were delighted with her. Like a spoiled child, she did just what she pleased, and Jupiter, himself, could not choose but laugh at her sportive tricks. Venus, only, seemed averse to her; she wanted no adorning, yet, she found in FASHION a rival, that not only seemed, in many instances, likely to be preferred to herself, but she already experienced, on her account, the neglect of her son, Cupid, and of her three handmaids, the Graces, who were all busied in decking out the new favourite: Cupid made himself quite a fool for her, and Venus often chastised him severely for it, whipping his godship with roses; but in spite of all his promises, as soon as the smart was over, he again offended: lost his arrows, that Venus had destined for some peculiar mortals; and FASHION, all the time, was only laughing at her little lover; for her chief occupation was the adorning of her person: she would pluck the feathers from Juno's own bird, and ornament herself with them in so charming a manner, that Juno, herself, could not be angry: emboldened by her indulgence, FASHION began to pick the feathers out of the necks of Venus's favourite doves, so that the "mother of the smiles and loves" appeared as if she was drawn by poor, sickly, *earth-hatched* birds, that were moulting: while to add to her vexation, Cupid was so bewitched by this new power, that he was often seen strutting about, laced up in stays, with pantaloons that appeared like full petticoats, or with his hair all in a hurry, scratched up in a high tuft on his head, with an opera hat under his arm, and a coat cut away behind, like a swallow's tail. Venus, all in tears, besought Jupiter to turn FASHION out of Heaven. "If I do," said Jupiter, "I shall give her the finest quarter of the earth for her dominion: it is polished and civilized; and it is where your power is chiefly owned; for the women there do not rely on beauty alone, whereby to captivate the hearts of men." Minerva, whose gravity seldom forsook her, could not forbear smiling to behold Venus in such a taking. "My dear sister," said she, "you have little to fear from FASHION; well-guided, she may be a powerful ally to Love; but has she not sometimes shewn herself so silly and capricious, as to make him often declare, he could not endure her? Leave her, then, to do as she pleases; only give her scope enough; she has been so early tutored by VARIETY, that, though she cannot *destroy* beauty, she will often so dis-

figure it, that your true votaries will not only ridicule, but abjure her power." Jupiter, himself, though he approved his daughter's wisdom, thought her speech too proising and serious for the subject. He knew well the powerful influence that FASHION will ever maintain over refined mortals, and he knew it from the moment when he caused her to be brought forth.

Venus did not much relish what Jupiter had said about bestowing on her rival that portion of the earth, which, ever since she quitted the island of Paphos, she had exclusively marked out as her own. She had recourse to an attendant on her husband, named DEFORMITY, whom Vulcan had brought to Olympus, as a foil, to set off his own uncouth figure. This person set about teaching FASHION what would best become her; and, captivated with every thing new, the versatile nymph easily gave into the snare. Deformity had no hips; she, therefore, suggested the idea of the enormous hoop, and gave it to FASHION, as an article sure to be generally admired, because every one would look alike. Unused to the troublesome disguise, FASHION displaced everything that came in her way; knocked Cupid fairly down, overset the vases, filled with ambrosia, and spoiled Juno's best robe. DEFORMITY, next, squeezed up the fine, easy shape of FANCY's daughter in a pair of hideous, stiff, long stays, so that the poor nymph could hardly stir, and, absolutely cried with pain. Though Cupid, at first, ridiculed, yet he pitied her, and seemed to be coming round again. DEFORMITY having hurt her hump-back against Vulcan's forge, now thought she had best shorten FASHION's slender waist: accordingly, she gave her an enormous Nelson, which, instead of placing in its proper station, to make the folds of the robe hang full and easy from the waist, she put it exactly between the shoulders, and above that a sash, with a large bow, so that FASHION appeared as humpy as DEFORMITY. Next, the malignant power made her adopt the long petticoat, because the ancles of DEFORMITY were of a most capacious rotundity. FASHION, with her little agile feet, and fawn-like limbs, was so embarrassed with this new invention, that she appeared quite awkward; yet she was taught to consider it dignified, and so she really thought it; but she did a deal of mischief; she swept away more than half the little constellations that composed the starry pavement of Jove's court: she never was an early riser, but, if the whim took her of rising with Aurora, she carried off those morning dews with her long skirts, that the goddess had treasured up, to fertilize the earth.

It happened one morning that Flora came to Olympus, to lay before the throne of Jupiter the first beauteous tributes of Spring; the clamour, at that instant, was unanimous against FASHION, who stood like a culprit, her long garments drenched with dew, and her hair decorated with such a profusion of tawdry and ill-assorted feathers, that her head might have been mistaken for a jay perched upon a scare-crow. Flora could scarcely recognise in this figure, the blooming child, that used to plunder her gardens and fields, to adorn, with wild delight, her beautiful tresses. Flora, had, however, this day, made such exquisite offerings, that she was listened to with peculiar

complacency, as she kissed the footstool of Jove: she implored him to grant her the boon she was about to ask. "Speak, my child," said Jupiter, kindly, "say, what is your request?" "O, sire of gods and men," said she, "I ask the pardon of two, once highly-favoured beings, whom you lately banished your presence, to wander over the earth. FANCY and INVENTION have now recovered their faithful attendant, TASTE. O, father, receive them again, exalt them to the station they formerly held." Jupiter nodded assent; INVENTION, FANCY, and TASTE were received, but FASHION, by the undissenting voice of all the gods and goddesses was to be banished from Mount Olympus. Jupiter, however, conscious that their enmity proceeded chiefly from the dread of her future power, caused the punishment to conceal a high reward; he gave to the versatile power, EUROPE, the most refined quarter of this habitable globe; and gave her, also, for constant guides and attendants, ELEGANCE and TASTE, charging her never to lose sight of them: INVENTION and FANCY were, by frequent visits, to aid, by their suggestions, both mistress and maids.

FASHION's favourite abode was situated near the court of VARIETY, whom she finds the same kind and munificent sovereign as before: FASHION finds her counsels often requisite, in pleasing her votaries; but she is at times, too much biased by them; yet, though she has been often prone to follow the advice of a gaudy attendant, belonging to VARIETY, named WHIMSICALITY, it is but justice to FASHION, to assert, that, for several years past, she has been conspicuous for her true attachment to ELEGANCE and TASTE.

VARIELLA.

SONG.

Awhile the sparkling tear-drop laid
Enshrin'd in Beauty's eye;
Then o'er her rosy cheek it stray'd,
But stray'd—she knew not why.

It fell to earth; no more were shed,
And Beauty heav'd a sigh;
A blush upon her cheek was spread,
But spread—she knew not why.

Young Love came by—his cheek was flush'd,
Bright shone his laughing eye;—
He rais'd his voice, and Beauty blush'd—
And blush'd—she well knew why! T.

THE TROUBLES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN yet "*tener in cunis*," I was thought a remarkable ill-favoured child by every one but my mother, who, (good woman!) in the excess of her parental fondness, considered me to be possessed of as much loveliness as any mortal babe of them all. The unfriendly opinion that was thus formed of my infantine beauty, continued to operate against me in maturer years, and, at the age of sixteen, I was scarcely deemed more "*candore nota-*

bilis" than when in my cradle—in fact, various disagreeable reflections were continually thrown out against me—one pleasant fellow, for instance, would vow, that with a small degree of alteration, I should make a most excellent substitute for an Egyptian mummy; whilst another would simper and declare, that were my face only a few shades darker, (it was always dark enough, heaven knows!) he should not be able to distinguish me from a tattooed Indian. My kind, judicious parent, was for a long time the only being who consoled me under these manifold insults, but, at length, some of her acquaintances began to relax from their blunt sarcasms, and (by way of enjoying a different species of joke, as I have since been convinced, by doleful experience,) first one, then another, gave it as a matter of candid opinion, that I was suddenly much improved in appearance:—this delighted me beyond measure, and knowing that

"Qui change une fois peut changer tous les jours."

I sincerely hoped to be in a fair way of shortly becoming irresistible by my personal attractions.

This heavenly delusion, alas! did not continue long. My destiny brought me to the metropolis, where I soon found myself to be as much a butt for ridicule as in my native town: this circumstance considerably diminished my nascent vanity, and it was afterwards completely destroyed by the three following events, which, Mr. Editor, I will now briefly relate for your better edification and amusement.

I had daily to walk through a particular street, somewhere between Mile End and Hyde Park Corner, and daily was I moved to inexpressible joy by the conviction of being invariably regarded, *en passant*, by fair and favouring eyes from the parlour window of a certain house on the way. Bashfulness has always been a constituent part of my character, and it was long, very long, ere I dared to direct a full gaze towards the hallowed window in question; on the contrary, I was accustomed to hurry past, blushing over eyes and ears; and although when at a distance from the object of my thoughts, I resolved to look boldly and straitforward; on drawing near, all such resolutions speedily vanished, and my visual orbs never failed to turn towards the ground as naturally as possible during my hasty transit by the cherished dwelling of my fancied enamourata. How was I charmed at the idea of being beloved—and how often, after suffering from the detestable ridicule of my companions, did I mentally exclaim—"At all events, there is one fair creature whose sentiments towards me are only those of admiration and attachment!" Pity me, then, Sir, when I tell you that having at length mustered a sufficient quantum of courage to cast a steady regard towards the heaven of my dearest hopes, I found—what?—that this radiant being, this angel of earth, this beautiful and constant admirer of my face and person, was (again I entreat you to pity me, Sir,) was—the protuberant corner of a dimity bed-curtain!

A few months subsequent to this melancholy occurrence, there happened another, still more mortifying, which gave a second deadly blow to my vanity, thus it was: During my perambulations, I was once greatly

charmed by the beauty of a female, who appeared to me to be a chambermaid, and so deep was the wound she inflicted on my too-sensible heart, that I was absolutely resolute enough to follow her footsteps, and discover where she resided; after this, I did not fail to take every opportunity of passing the house into which I had seen her enter, and in doing so, my delighted ears were generally greeted by what I fondly deemed to be a smothered laugh, proceeding from the area window. Now, although the action of the risible muscles is as frequently excited by unfavourable as by favourable sentiments towards the person or event that causes it, yet did I never, for a moment, doubt my fair *soubrette* had fallen in love with me, and that she could, in consequence, scarcely retain her joy whenever the object of her idolatry passed by. I was now greatly consoled for the unfortunate affair of the bed-curtain, and, little suspecting the good judgment of my ears, at length took the determination of adopting more decisive steps in the matter—and take them I did, Sir, with a vengeance. Having made myself as much of an Adonis as possible beforehand, I heroically paused full in front of the area to which all my dreams of happiness were linked—and judge, pitying Sir, how those dreams were annihilated, when, looking into the window, and being greeted by the usual apparent half-suppressed laugh, I discovered (the bare recollection distracts me,) that the delightful and long-loved sound—the sound that formed all my joy—proceeded from nothing whatever but the bill of an abominable parrot! I mentally prayed for the power of wringing its detested neck!

One might reasonably suppose that these two circumstances, connected, were quite sufficient to reduce me to the lowest state of humility;—but no, Sir,—yet another was to happen, ere I could be brought to a due sense of my own absurd conceit. A short time ago, I had occasion to pass the day at a country inn, during which, I was again drawn into the rosy (rosy, indeed!) fetters of love, and this by the youthful daughter of the landlady. With what speaking eyes did I regard her whenever she approached me—how did I sigh at every sweet word she uttered, and with what romantic ideas did I retire to bed, after having been waited on at supper by the delectable damsel herself! I doubted not, for one instant, that the conquest was mutual, and about midnight, was confirmed in this notion by the gentle approach of the gentlest footsteps along the passage. How my heart beat—how I leapt from my restless couch, and listened with breathless attention at the key-hole!—the steps came nearer and nearer, and, finally, paused close to my portal: then was my bosom overpowered with delight, for I heard what seemed to me a whisper—an indistinct, hesitating whisper—all my soul was on fire—I opened the door in careful silence, and intense expectation—when (horrible, horrible!) in walked—no doting, charming woman—but a great tom-cat!

Such, Mr. Editor, were the doleful events that reduced to his present state of humility,

Your obedient servant,

PAUL.

SCHEMING.

SCHEMING is now the order of the day, and long may it remain so; it is the spice and seasoning of society, the stimulus of human life, the spring of activity, without which one half the world would have nothing to do, and the other half nothing to talk about. A scheme is a never-failing topic of conversation, in which the wise and the ignorant can take an equal share, and on which every one feels himself qualified to deliver an opinion. I am myself a great admirer of scheming, and have built many a goodly castle in the air for my private amusement, and indulged my excursive fancy in such speculations, and not contented with the projected tunnel under the Thames, actually drew out a scheme for a similar communication across the Atlantic, furnished with iron railways and steam carriages for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise, and had some idea of employing the powerful agent of steam in the construction of a machine for navigating balloons in a voyage to the moon. In this last scheme I had provided the *aéronaut* with a pneumatic apparatus for the manufacture of atmospheric air till he should arrive in the atmosphere of the moon, where he would most probably meet with this indispensable support of human existence. But these and many other schemes equally important, and, in my opinion, practicable, in the present advanced state of science, have never yet been submitted to the public, and probably never will.

Though the schemer may be called, by the cool calculator and sagacious philosophers of the age, a *madman*, and his most important and useful projects ridiculed as impracticable, yet the universal encouragement given to scheming at present proves that he is, in fact, a most valuable member of society, and highly laudable for attempting what no other man would have done. The boldness of his plans, and the fertility of his genius, deserve and receive the most unqualified praise. With a degree of prudence that would do credit to the most finished statesman, he takes advantage of public credulity, and lives on the profits it affords him; for, in this land of speculation, support and encouragement ever await the ingenious; and the public easily catch at any scheme that promises either profit or utility. But why should the innocent and industrious schemer be thus an object of ridicule, while the schemer in foreign securities, who draws others into the same vortex of ruin with himself, escapes without public opprobrium and disgrace? The true schemer, however, luckily for himself and the true interests of the public, has a mind above such petty considerations; he soars above the grovelling opinions of the vulgar, and, trusting to the patronage of an enlightened and generous public, sets all reasonable calculation at defiance. This is the age of puff, profession, and panegyric, and he employs them to their utmost extent. The newspapers teem with his plans, and the monthly periodicals discuss their merits; the schemer and anti-schemer "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;" long is the contest, and zealous the combatants; objections are raised and answered; theories are broached and refuted; but vain is the struggle, the public, and the public only, is

the unprejudiced umpire, and to the public the appeal is made. The schemer, undaunted by sarcasm and unawed by ridicule, has by this time attained popularity; his name is in every mouth, and his scheme the theme of every tongue. He convenes a public meeting, at which he enters elaborately into the minutiae of his long-published prospectus, and points out, in all its relative bearings, the advantages of his scheme over every other. His arguments carry a plausible face of conviction; a host of friends and speculators rise in his defence; the tables ring with applause at the eloquent speeches delivered, objections are made and answered; resolutions framed, proposed, and carried; subscriptions are advanced, a committee is formed, a treasurer appointed; and the meeting dissolves to the mutual satisfaction of the schemer and his audience.

Scheming is, in fact, one of the means of human existence, and perhaps of all others the least hazardous and profitable. It affords a constant employment both to mind and body, and is the fruitful source from whence we have derived many of the public conveniences we now enjoy. The brilliant illumination which now enlivens our streets, was the result of scheming in a private individual, who, after having tried many minor experiments on his own premises, in the course of which he more than once escaped being burnt in his bed, magnanimously extended the benefit of his discovery to his neighbours, and we now enjoy the fruit of his labours in the establishment of companies for the purpose of supplying the town with inflammable air, which may by a further improvement be rendered portable, to the utter destruction of tallow-chandlers and oilmen. Another great schemer was the projector of the National Schools; and to him we owe that dissemination of intellectual light among the lower classes, which has rendered children more learned than their parents, set the servant upon a footing with his employer, and inundated the metropolis with clerks, ushers, nursery governesses, and companions; and I much fear will render an industrious serving man or serving maid a perfect *rara avis*. This I admit to be one of the failures of scheming; and though I never can allow that "ignorance is bliss," and thence infer that "'tis folly to be wise," yet I cannot but deprecate the application of a system that shall bring forward the son of a cobbler, brought up at one of these establishments, before an admiring audience, to answer questions in divinity that would puzzle the brains of the son of a bishop who had matriculated at the university.

Besides the above, who may be called schemers on a large scale, there are others of an inferior description, who, though they depend upon the public for support and patronage, are as inveterate puffers as any I have mentioned; they gull the public, and live upon its credulity. Of this class are all quacks, who of the scheming family are the most ignorant and dangerous. Then there are literary schemers, from whose well-stored portfolios and albums arise the swarms of hebdomadal publications now so much in fashion, and to which the public owe gratitude for some innocent and valuable information, and above all the downfall and, I trust finally, the extermination, of the

radical schemers, whose effusions of blasphemy and treason were fast sapping the national morals. To this numerous fraternity might be added the matrimonial schemer, who professes the most ardent affection for the lady's person when he speculates for her property; the fashionable schemer, who directs all his talents to attain an ascendancy in the court circles, observes all the rules of etiquette, and but too frequently ends his career by submitting himself to the rules of the King's Bench. In short, scheming is one way or other the occupation of all; each has his scheme either of profit or pleasure; and to all it proves, as it cannot fail to do, the only employment by which a permanent interest can be excited, popularity ensured, and the best interests of the public promoted.

T.

SONG IN HONOUR OF VENUS.

Still were the waves when the Goddess of Love
From the foam of their bosoms upsprung;
Bright as the bright moon which smiled from above,
And flush'd with divinity young.

Slowly she rose from the foam of the billow,
Beneath the blue arch of the sky;
Where many a pale star had sought out a pillow,
And slept in its cradle on high

Oh! bright were the skies, and peaceful the earth,
When the Goddess of Beauty was born;
The sea-pymphs sang blithely and loudly in mirth,
The blue tritons wound their vast horn.

The gods of the vale and the sprites of the mountain
Gave praise to the Queen of Delight;
And Nalads arose, from Boeotia's fountain,
To weave her a girdle all bright.

They twined it with love, and they twined it with pleasure,
They bathed it in beauty's sweet breath;
Then hid to the Queen with the new-woven treasure,
And placed it her bosom beneath.

They bound it around her, and bound it in glee,
And magic was blent with the zone,
Which gave all its power to the child of the sea,
And made young hearts for ever her own.

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

THE romantic and trivial cause of this order (being founded on the circumstance of a countess of Salisbury having dropt her knee-string at a ball) is now, we believe, universally discredited. Edward III., who instituted this noble order, was too warlike a prince to attach such importance to so puerile an incident. His chief business was to gain the hearts of the soldiery; and he engaged the best soldiers in Europe. With this view, he projected the setting up of king Arthur's round table and proclaimed a solemn tilting, to invite foreigners of courage and quality to the exercise. This solemnity was fixed at Windsor, on the 1st of January, 1344; and the king ordered that this

entertainment should be held annually, at the same place, at Whitsuntide. The knights, magnificently entertained at his majesty's expense, ate together at a table, 200 feet diameter, which was called the round table. Edward having lately given his garter for the signal of a fortunate battle, took occasion to institute this order, making the garter its particular distinction; from whence that select number which he incorporated into a fraternity, were named the *Knights of the Garter*. By this garter, the knights' companions are symbolically put in mind to act always by the maxims of good faith, sincerity, and religion; to push an enterprise with resolution, but not to undertake any thing contrary to the statutes of the order; not to violate the engagements of friendship, the law of arms, the privileges of peace; nor to do any thing contrary to the articles of probity and honour. This most noble order of knighthood was founded in the twenty-third year of the reign of king Edward III., in the year 1350. The patrons were the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St. George, and St. Edward the Confessor.

To qualify a person for this honour, he should be of unblemished character; and, as the king is at the head of the order, he should not be less than a knight, and he must be one that was never known to abet, in any way, a faction against his prince. He should be a gentleman by name, arms, and blood. No knight that has been convicted of heresy or cowardice, can be admitted into the order: he is likewise subject, after he is chosen, to be degraded at the pleasure of the sovereign, if, by libertinism and extravagance, he wastes so much of his property, as renders him incapable of maintaining his character honourably. The habit of the order upon solemn days, is the garter, mantle, surcoat, hood, collar, great George, and cap. At the middle of the collar hangs the picture of St. George, sitting on horseback, who, having thrown the dragon on his back, encounters him with a tilting spear. The garter, which is blue, was, at the foundation of the order, worn a little below the knee of the left leg, which still continues, having this motto wrought on it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; which was made in French, because at that time our king possessed the greatest part of France, and was at war for the whole; and our laws were then in the French language, which was also universally spoken at the English court.

There is an officer belonging to this order, called garter king at arms, whose business is to manage and martial the solemnities at their installations and feasts.

When the sovereign designs to elect a companion into this most illustrious order, the chancellor belonging to it draws up the letters; which, passing under the sovereign's sign manual, and the signet of the order, are sent to the person by garter principal king at arms, and are to this effect:

"We, with the companions of our most noble order of the garter, assembled in chapter holden this present day, at our castle at Windsor, considering the virtuous fidelity you have shewn, and the honourable exploits you have done in our service, by vindicating and maintaining our just right, &c., have elected and chosen you one of the companions of our order. Therefore, we require you to make your speedy repair unto us to receive the ensigns thereof, and be ready for

your installation upon the —— day of this present month, &c."

When the garter is buckled round the leg, the following words are said:

"To the honour of God, omhipotent, and in memorial of the blessed martyr St. George, tie about thy leg, for thy renown, this noble garter; wear it as the symbol of the most illustrious order, never to be forgotten or laid aside; that thereby thou mayest be admonished to be courageous; and having undertaken a just war, in which thou shalt be engaged, thou mayest stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer."

The elect knight is then brought before the sovereign, who puts about his neck a sky-coloured ribbon, from which depends the image of St. George on horseback, in wrought gold. The following admonition is then given:

"Wear this ribbon about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, St. George, by whose imitation provoked, thou mayest so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished thy enemies, both of body and soul, thou mayest not only receive the praise of this transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory."

Clothed in the rich and splendid habits of his order, the knight goes to the chapter-house, where, disrobing himself of his upper garment, he is invested with a surcoat of crimson velvet, lined with white taffata; during which time the following admonition is given him:

"Take this robe of crimson, to the increase of your honour, and in token or sign of the most noble order you have received, wherewith you being defended, may be bold; not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppress and needy."

Then the sword is girt on, and bearing his cap in his hand, he proceeds, between two knights, to his installation in St. George's chapel; and garter king at arms laying his right hand on the new testament, the following oath is administered:

"You being chosen to be one of the honourable company of this most noble order of the garter, shall promise and swear by the holy evangelists, by you here touched, that wittingly or willingly, you shall not break any statutes of the said order, or any articles in them contained, the same being agreeable, and not repugnant to the laws of Almighty God, and the laws of this realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth; so help you God and his holy word."

When the sky-coloured velvet mantle is given, the following words are used:

"Receive this robe of heavenly colour, the livery of this most excellent order, in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord; by whose power thou mayest safely pierce troops of thy enemies, and be over them ever victorious; and being in this temporal warfare glorious in egregious and heroic actions, thou mayest obtain eternal and triumphant joy."

At the great solemnity of the installation of a knight of the garter, his helmet, crest, sword, banner, and plate, are to be set over the stall in the chapel of St. George at Windsor, as a mark of honour, and are to remain during his being of that order, the plate containing the inscription of his name, titles, &c.

LOVE'S HOME.

Love wander'd from Venus in search of a home,
And stray'd to the haunts of mankind;
From the cot to the palace, and even the tomb,
But still no abode he could find.

At the cot meagre Poverty open'd the door,
Love shrunk from his frown with a sigh;
He never had known a refusal before,
And the tear of regret fill'd his eye.

"I'm a wanderer benighted," he plaintively cried,
"My garments are drench'd in the storm;
The wants of a child may be quickly supplied,
And your cottage, though humble, is warm."

Stern Poverty answer'd, "No lodging is here;
Your tears and complaints are in vain;
I've no warmth of compassion your sorrows to cheer,
My companions are Famine and Pain.

"Besides, I perceive, though you wear a disguise,
That Love is the name you should bear;
From my presence you sought an abode in the skies
And Beauty has nurtured you there.

"But if an asylum you seek with mankind,
Bend to yon gaudy palace your sight;
For there wealth and beauty together you'll find
With pleasure and youthful delight."

To the palace Love hasted, but quickly he found
The portal was guarded by Pride;
She refused to admit him so dripping and drown'd,
Though he sought not his person to hide.

Pride laughingly cried, "You are surely a cheat,
Love is frolicsome, sportive, and gay;
He never came here as a wanderer yet,
Nor till Pleasure had shewn him the way."

Love, disgusted, withdrew, as the shadows of night
Fell dark o'er the glittering dome;
And as the gay landscape was lost to his sight,
He beheld the deep jaws of the tomb.

At the entrance sat Death, and grim-visaged Despair;
Love, trembling, besought a retreat;
Death answer'd, "The living are never found here,
No pulses of pleasure here beat.

"To the arrows of Love faded beauty shall owe
My summons to rest in the grave;
At thy specious smiles while a wand'rer below
To me yield the young and the brave."

Love, frowning, took flight, and to Venus return'd,
Cried, "A wand'rer no longer I'll roam;
By the cruel rejection on earth I have learn'd,
That in Heaven alone is my home."

T.

SUMMARY OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It is not the plan of this work to enter into lengthened disquisitions on new publications; our intention is to direct our readers to works of merit, and to make short and interesting extracts from them.

A work of considerable merit has appeared, entitled *The Wonders of Elora; or, the Narrative of a Journey to the Temple and Dwellings excavated out of a Mountain of Granite, and extending upwards of a Mile and a Quarter, at Elora, in the East Indies*. Elora is situated about 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and about 1000 from Calcutta. It is surprising that, with all the eagerness which British tourists manifest to explore the most distant parts of the world, the wonders of Elora should remain so little known; those excavations which "dispute with the pyramids the first place among those works which are undertaken to display power, and to embody feeling, without being subservient to utility." Captain Seeley, the author, has carefully examined, and ably described, those splendid monuments of forgotten ages. He is of opinion that "no monuments of antiquity in the known world are comparable to the caves of Elora, whether we consider their unknown origin, their stupendous size, the beauty of their architectural ornaments, or the vast number of staircases and emblems, all hewn and fashioned out of the solid rock." We cannot spare room for extracts from this important work. To build the Pantheon, the Parthenon, St. Peter's at Rome, our own St. Paul's, or a Fonthill Abbey, is a task of science and labour; but we understand *how* it is done: but to conceive a body of men, however numerous, attack a solid mountain of rock, 100 feet high, and excavating by the slow process of the *chisel*, like the one we are speaking of, with a mass of sculpture and carving in endless profusion, the mind is bewildered in amazement. We earnestly invite our readers to purchase the work.

A Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the Years 1821-22, is worth perusal, and will be found particularly interesting to those who have travelled. The description of the little village of Brock, near Amsterdam, is amusing. "It is," says the author, "so remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, as probably to be unique throughout the world."

"Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque."

"At the entrance into the village is posted up the ancient *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount, and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question. Such is the purport of the public notice at the entrance into this little miniature town. These, and many other similar regulations, are still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village; and certainly, during my visit

here, I did not see one tobacco-pipe without the required guard, and I may almost venture to say, that I saw as many tobacco-pipes as male inhabitants."

"This village is built partly round the banks of a small circular lake; but these are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest Dutch fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow paint, the favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses. The whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks the most minute attention to neatness; the windows are of unsullied brightness; every thing has a shining air of freshness; and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or a particle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found upon the ground."

"But there is another custom here, which, for its singularity, deserves particular notice. Almost every house in the village has two entrance doors; one is the common and usual entrance, the other is opened only on two occasions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom after the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other to let them out on their way to their last home; a somewhat unsentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for the first time the threshold of her new residence, but quite characteristic of this phlegmatic people."

A very short analysis of "*Trials, a Tale*," will convey a full idea of the contents of the work. "*Trials*" may be divided into two separate tales; for, though blended into one, each distinctly comprises the history of a young female placed in the most trying circumstances. Catherine St. Aubyn's is particularly well told. Her married life is made miserable by unfounded jealousy; her ungoverned temper occasions a breach between her husband and herself, at the very moment when his duty as a soldier calls him to the continent; he falls in his first battle, and leaves Catherine a prey to unavailing remorse. Augusta Belmont, the object of her fears, is a finished portrait of the heartless coquette, trifling with the happiness she is incapable of appreciating, in the cold spirit of sheer malignity. The next heroine that appears on the scene is a young wife, whose prudence and rectitude of principle are vainly opposed to her husband's instability and extravagance. Both go through trials enow. Catherine's are the most severe: there are no miseries like those we make for ourselves.

Capt. Cochrane, the son of the well-known Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, and nephew of the admiral, and cousin of lord Cochrane, has just published his "*Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamschatka, performed during the years 1820, 21, 22, and 23*." It is a work abounding with curious information. His travels were the most eccentric that ever were undertaken at any period; and we think his account of them likely to be more popular than any work of the kind which has been published for many years. The mode of journeying adopted by the author, and the adventures to which it exposed him, are so entirely romantic, that unless we had the certain proof of their truth, we could no more believe them, than we believe the chivalrous *raides* against giants and monsters for the disenchanting of damsels, by

knights-errant of old. These, indeed, had their chargers and squires; but Capt. Cochrane chose to go forth on foot and alone, to traverse strange lands and brave inhospitable climes.

In 1820, when, as a commander in the royal navy, he had nothing to employ his time, and evidently partaking of a portion of that spirit of oddity and enterprise so strongly and variously developed in his family, he offered his services to the Admiralty to explore that grave of European endeavour, the interior of Africa. This offer not being accepted, he turned his attention towards Russia; and, having previously wandered over France, Spain, and Portugal, determined to walk from Europe into Asia, and thence into America by its northern limits!—"a journey of many thousand miles, and over a country considered as next to impassable."

We quote from the Preface the following general statement of the author:—

"I frequently walked, and as frequently rode, and was thus enabled to go over a vast extent of country in a short time; and such is the kind disposition of the Russian character towards a stranger, as evinced in my case, that I feel convinced that, by studying their manners and customs, partaking of their amusements, shewing respect to their religion, and otherwise conforming to their rude notions, the empire of Russia may be traversed by a foreigner in every direction, with much convenience, plenty of food, good lodgings, and even suitable raiment, without molestation, and this for so inconsiderable a sum, that to name it were to challenge disbelief. I shall, therefore, only state that the expenses of my journey from Moscow to Irkutsk (by the route I went, six thousand miles,) certainly fell short of a *guinea*."

In fact, it appears that our countryman not only travelled as a pedestrian, but that he walked and worked his way in *forma pauperis*.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

ON ancient female dress it is difficult to carry the retrospect very far back, without setting the pre-inheritors in a light that might be wanting in that delicacy which we wish ever to preserve in our unspotted pages. It is not easy to say to whom we are indebted for regular clothing: most probably it was to the *Romans*; but the dress most in vogue for several centuries was that worn by our Saxon ancestors. It consisted of a limber kind of stay, called jumps or boddices, a mantle thrown over the head and shoulders, and a light petticoat reaching just below the calf of the leg. The furniture of the feet and legs was composed of dressed skins, open before, and drawn together with lacing, perhaps in imitation of the Roman buskin; this was worn indifferently by both sexes. In the ninth century, by the wise conduct and address of the great King Alfred, peace and regular government became established; in consequence of which commerce began to extend itself, and arts and sciences to flourish. As the members of the world grew rich, and ingenuity prevailed, something new was always presented to oblige and decorate the female sex; they, in return, sought to cultivate

the dawns of good taste, and became studious to render themselves amiable to such kind donors. This naturally made dress a serious care, and engrossed a considerable part of the attention; and we accordingly find that between this period and the Norman conquest the ladies of England were very richly adorned. From the Norman conquest down to the seventeenth century the general manner of the ladies' dress was much the same, as, at this present period, they were particularly emulous of preserving a good shape; and the contours of the waist and arms were unremittingly attended to, their garments and sleeves being made to fit close. A ruff about their necks, and just so much of the bosom left exposed as gave them an opportunity of decorating themselves with a pearl necklace, called a *solitaire*. Their heads were dressed with a black coif, or hood; the hair combed up full before; and a high-crowned hat finished the pretty pyramid. Notwithstanding the portraits of Reuben or of Vandyck, it is a moot point whether this dress was not continued at the Restoration, since it was certainly worn by all the females of the Protector Cromwell's family, whose wife, Elizabeth, and whose grand-daughter, Bridget Bendish, were remarkable for the sumptuousness of their attire on certain particular occasions. Painters often employ their imaginations to render their female portraits lovely, and regard but little the fashion of the age, and this is evident in the works both of Reubens and Vandyck, since we see many women of fashion painted at the same time that they flourished, in the old garb, by other painters; we may, therefore, naturally suppose that those painters had not the fancy of those two great masters, but drew from what was continually before their eyes. Vandyck has shewn us how women ought to be dressed, and meaner hands how they were dressed. There is a real grace in Vandyck's drapery that merits imitation from every age; but the dress actually worn at that period had neither grace nor propriety. The ruff was not only awkward, but it concealed the beauty of a well-made and white throat, and which the most delicate minded female might display without any impropriety.

After the Restoration this thought struck the female beauties, and they imitated every thing in Vandyck's manner of dressing his portraits. Had they been satisfied with this style of costume, they would have handed down to us all that was graceful and elegant; but it was a reign of licentiousness; and the peculiar feature of the times being a too great laxity of manners, the female fashions degenerated into indelicacy. This, however, expired as the succeeding reign became more correct; the turn of thinking among the men was changed,—and, as they ceased to admire the exposure of charms, too common to every eye to be long pleasing to any, the ladies became more correct both in their dress and conduct. But one extreme is sure to produce another; from their shapes being too easy and exposed they now became too stiff and confined. Vandyck was no longer regarded as their model; and having no certain rule to dress by, it was mere accident that governed their choice of dress.

At England's memorable revolution, a war commenced with France; the French ladies took it in their heads to dare the Englishwomen to dress like them; in this pride of

their heart, they invented high-heeled shoes, and erected little castles on the tops of their heads, by these means, raising themselves to the height of our British grenadiers. Advice of this coming by the way of Holland, the British ladies sounded to arms, and in little more than a month, became a match for the Gallie belles. On the peace, the English dames were peaceable also; but they shewed their good-nature by adopting many French fooleries; and, on resuming the war, under Queen Anne, the sprightly French again set their wits to work, and introduced the hoop-petticoat: they have been accused in inventing this wonderful machine, to have been actuated by rather a sinister view; their own climate being somewhat warmer than that of England, they fancied that what might be cool and refreshing to them, would, most likely, give the British ladies the rheumatism. Besides they had been informed, though falsely, that the English women had not good legs, and this fashion would be the certain means of exposing their rivals' defects. The first rotund of this kind, that they got conveyed here, by some smugglers on the coasts, was near seven yards in circumference, and this was done, with an intent that it might be seized, and exposed to public view, which happened accordingly, and it made its first appearance on the lady of a great statesman, who claimed the honour of setting the first fashion of it in London; and making a bold stroke, she wore it first at Court. Next, we imported from France, after the peace of Utrecht, the *sacque*. The handsome wife of an alderman of London, it is said, first wore that dress at a lord mayor's ball: and a good-looking French priest brought in the cloak, with a hood, called a capuchin, which was long in favour: but the hood was not long of use; for soon after, the ladies began to vie with each other in the extraordinary magnitude of their heads: compassion for the multitude, during a scarce harvest, caused the disuse of powder, and the heads gradually diminished in size; a charming Grecian style of dress was adopted; but being carried to excess, the waist was ridiculously short, broad, and shapeless. For several years, the contour of the form has been strictly attended to: corsets have been invented, that closely embrace a fine form, without confining it. Cleanliness, elegance, and tasteful ornament, are the chief auxiliaries, at a British lady's toilet, and it may now be justly deemed an altar erected solely to the Graces.

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.—MAY 14.

A courier arrived in town on Friday morning, with the intelligence of the decease of lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, after an illness of ten days.—On the 9th of April, lord Byron, who had been living very low, exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by his abstinence, and probably by some of the remaining effects of his previous illness, made him unwilling, at any rate he refused, to submit to be bled.

George Gordon, lord Byron, was born in 1788, was the representative of a family which ascends to the Nor-

man Conquest. The peerage was conferred on sir John Byron for his services to the royal cause in the battle of Edge-hill and Newbury, in which he was engaged with six of his brothers.

William, lord Byron, who succeeded to the family honours, in 1736, was committed to the Tower in 1765, for killing his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, fought at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall-mall, by the light of a candle.—A verdict of wilful murder had been returned by the coroner's jury, and his lordship was tried by his peers, in Westminster Hall, and found guilty of manslaughter; but discharged on the plea of privilege, when brought up for judgment. This lord died at Newstead Abbey, May 17, 1798.

The hon. John Byron, his brother, born at Newstead Abbey, on the 8th of November, 1728, is distinguished in our Naval History, for the hardships he encountered in the expedition under commodore Anson, and for the expedition he himself commanded shortly after the commencement of the last reign. The son of this veteran, John Byron, the father of the poet, was born in 1751. He distinguished himself in the annals of gallantry, by the seduction of the marchioness of Carmarthen, whom, after her divorce, he married. On her death, he married Miss Gordon, a Scotch lady of noble descent, an heiress to an estate at Rayne, in the district of Gairwih, in the county of Aberdeen; he died at Valenciennes, on the 2d of August, 1791. His lordship's mother died in Scotland, while he was on his travels, in 1811.

Lord Byron succeeded to the titles and estates on the death of William, the fifth lord Byron, which took place in 1798, when he was only ten years of age.

At the close of the year 1798, he was removed to Harrow, and at the age of little more than 16, he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. At 19, he left Cambridge for Newstead Abbey, and the same year gave to the world his "*Hours of Idleness*."

On arriving at the age of manhood, lord Byron embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and from thence proceeded across the Peninsula to the Mediterranean, in company with Mr. Hobhouse.

On the 2d of January, 1815, his lordship married, at Soham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of sir Ralph Millbank Noel, bart., and, towards the close of the same year his lady brought him a daughter. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated. His lordship, while the public anxiety was at its height, left the kingdom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblenz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the north of Italy, and took up his abode at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse.

His patrimonial estate received lately a large increase by the death of lady Byron's mother, and a valuable coal-mine, said to be worth 50,000*l.*, had been discovered on his Rochdale estate before he left England, so that at his death, he must have been in the possession of a large income.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

THE lovers of the fine arts never had a greater treat offered to them, than that which has been produced by this year's exhibitions. A new collection of the works of eminent artists has been opened in Pall-Mall East, upon a plan of liberal encouragement to genius and to talent. We are happy to witness this proof of a really good and pure taste for the arts; as it gives to a man of rising merit the fair occasion of trying his powers; and to him of acknowledged merit, the ability of "shewing up" his works in a gallery of art, in preference to the solitary exhibitions which have so frequently, of late years, been the sole resource of men of talent, unblest with the addition to their names of even an H.A. We do not pretend to enter into the justice or injustice of the causes which produced those effects, but express our sincere pleasure that *the end is come*. Among the number of excellent specimens displayed here, we could not avoid noticing Mr. Richter's admirable "*Widow*," which is excellently conceived, and ably executed. All the world look at it, and are struck with the remarkable coincidence of two exhibitions on the same subject. Mr. Repingelle's "*Sessions-house*" is also a chaste specimen of art, and does him infinite credit. Mr. Haydon, who has been so long known, and much approved, as an historical painter, has not, however, added to his reputation by the picture in this exhibition.

We visited the Water Colour Exhibition with feelings of the deepest interest. Never was there such a strength of talent brought out; never was there such a display of tasteful beauty, nor subjects more happily chosen. Mr. Barrett's "*Evening*" and "*Sunset*" are exquisite *morceaux*. Mr. Fielding's scene from "*L'Allegro*" does him infinite credit. Mr. Cox has also given us able proofs of the manner in which nature may be delineated, as well as many other meritorious contributors; but the strides with which Mr. John Varley overleaps his competitors are vast and astonishing. Witness the succession of grand and sublime subjects which he offers, year after year, to public observation. His first magnificent work, of the "*Burial of Saul*," upon which we dwelt, in long and mournful gaze, through the deep and sombre foliage of the funeral ground, at a sky lurid and rich, is beyond the conception of an ordinary mind.

Next came the "*Burning of Tyre*,"—a great effort, considering the difficulties to be surmounted in producing the effect of flames upon the water, and also by day-light. His next essay was a scene from one of our once-favourite poets. He who has seen this picture, must think with regret of the fall of him who gave birth to the idea so beautifully embodied by the artist; and he who reads the "*Bride of Abydos*," will rejoice that such a memento exists of the Selim and Zuleica of Lord Byron. Last year came the highly classical picture of "the Tomb of Thomson," whose death we lament anew, in sympathetic feeling with the friend and the painter who have celebrated it. The

Vol. 1.

production of this eminent master in this twentieth exhibition, is of the golden age, called, in the catalogue "*Days of Peace*," which defies criticism, and leaves to envy only a bed of thorns to repose on. Numerous and meritorious as we acknowledge are many other of the exhibitors, we confess there is not one who pleases us like Varley; not one who gives to nature such touching grace, such distinguishing effect.

To those who study the human face divine, the Royal Academy always presents ample food for speculation. Amongst this class, we particularly remarked, with great pleasure, the president's fine portrait of the amiable and graceful Duchess of Gloucester, the interesting Children of Mr. Calmady, and his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. In domestic scenes, we viewed, with our usual feeling, the representations of Wilkie, Mulready, and Leslie; each in himself a host. Mr. Wilkie's "*Smugglers*" and the "*Cottage Toilette*" are exquisite for character and colour; and would stamp his name with celebrity, had the larger efforts of his easel never been submitted to the public. Mr. Mulready has hit off a Widow's courtship in so happy a style; with so just a display of humour, and so rich a tone of colouring, as does him infinite credit, both as a man of discernment and an artist. Mr. Leslie's painting from the inimitable Cervantes, is most charmingly executed. We could not avoid wishing that we had the perusal of this subject in our private apartment; where we might indulge unrestrainedly in the broad mirth that humorous scene is calculated to elicit.

It would extend our limits too widely, were we to individualise every master whose reputation ranks high in the English school of painting: their several works speak their best eulogy. Messrs. Chantry, Flaxman, and Westmacott, have also presented us with subjects in sculpture, in their usual style of beauty; as well as many other gentlemen who study that interesting branch of art.

THE OPERA AND THEATRES.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.

HOR. SAT. 10., l. 1., v. 14.

KING'S THEATRE.—THE only events at this theatre worth noticing have been the appearance of Signor Remorini, in the grand Maestro's opera, *Il Turco in Italia*; and that of Madame Caradori, as Zerlina, in Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*. The first was very successful in his new *débüt*, and promises to be a great acquisition to the establishment. The daily journals have forestalled us in any rapturous effusion in which we might have wished to indulge on Caradori and her performance; they, as usual, revel in all the luxuriance of eloquence, and the exclamations of "divine," "charming," "enchancing," "exquisite," "amiable," and "beautiful creature," are echoed on

D

all sides. Oh! the romantic rogues! However, we will go so far as to say that she sang very sweetly, and received much and deserved applause.

Whilst on this subject, we will venture to express our marvel at the preference shewn by the fashionable part of the British public for foreigners and foreign entertainments, whilst it seems utterly careless of the proceedings of our great national theatres. This may have arisen, or, at all events, been greatly increased, by the hippodramatic mania which has of late days taken possession of the managers of the latter; for no intellectual mind could long experience pleasure in the dull, tedious, and gaudy, spectacles they have lately been so fond of bringing forward; whether this, or whatever else may have occasioned the secession of rank and fashion from the patronage of the national drama, even the sublime effusions of Shakespeare cannot, at present, allure them from other pursuits, and the noblest performance of the noblest tragedy does not appear to possess for them a thousandth part of the charms that exist in the picturesque skip of an opera-dancer, or in the sagacious shrug of an Italian's left shoulder. When will this strange whim be done away with?

Our theatrical department will be conducted on a plan totally different from that of all the other numerous (or rather numberless) periodicals which daily, weekly, monthly, and annually, present themselves before the wondering public. Instead of giving our own sentiments on the various novelties of the drama, we propose to point out those of some of our contemporaries, not omitting to notice the delightful specimens they so frequently furnish us with of the sublime and the whimsical in their remarks. Many have had ability enough to throw light upon the mysteries of nature; but as to the mysteries of dramatic criticism, he must indeed have a genius far beyond that of the sages of Greece and Rome, who could cast even so much as the beams of a farthing rushlight upon that impenetrable obscurity which overspreads the pages of theatrical lore. By pursuing this plan we have every hope to afford our readers much amusement, and also to enable them to form as good an idea of the subjects under consideration as if we had solely adhered to our own judgment, instead of dazzling with the brilliancy of our fellow-labourers' critical exertions. We do not, however, mean entirely to exclude our own sentiments; but shall state them at any time when a fitting occasion offers, or when in our wisdom we may deem it necessary so to do.

Having said thus much, we proceed to notice the principal theatrical novelties of the last month: at the head of which stands *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, revived at Covent Garden, with a complete set of spick-and-span new accoutrements, suited to the times in which the events of the drama took place. With these all the morning-papers express their perfect satisfaction, except in a certain degree. *The Herald*, of Bow-street celebrity, liked not the plumeless casques worn by the heroes of the night; and, as the editor is a man of some taste, we suppose we must hold this objection valid. And now, as to the grand feature of the performance,—the wonderful attraction of the night,—the *Falstaff* of Mr. Charles Kemble! The prosing *Times*, after a very laudable essay

on the character itself, speaks rather favourably than otherwise of this gentleman's new effort; but, at the same time, he makes out, in a very clear manner, that no actor ever represented Sir John as he should be. "Cooke's delineation of him," says the mathematical critic, "was angular!" We would really recommend this acute worthy to add explanatory notes to his comments, and especially to such an one as this: "His (Mr. Kemble's) face looks striking and handsome through the fattening:" for what mortal on earth can otherwise come at the writer's true meaning, excellent in its way as it surely is? The *Morning Chronicle* gives a negative kind of criticism, and sagely asserts that the new knight of vast dimensions was better than some had been, but not so good as others. The difficulty of arriving at such an important conclusion must be incalculable, and we cannot too highly commend it. The *Herald* is quite facetious on the subject, and declares that Mr. K.'s "*exit upon all fours*" produced more mirth and excited more applause than any other passage of his performance;" to which the writer adds, that the actor chuckled too much, and made all his jokes go off like great guns. This critic must certainly be a poet; his comparisons are too happy and excellent for a mere prose writer*. Such are the sentiments entertained by the daily journals of Mr. K.'s personification of the worthy knight of Eastcheap. With Young's *Hotspur* the same three papers do not seem at all satisfied; one calls him long-winded,—another says he pronounces *i* like *e*, and finds considerable fault with his villainous contraction of "I will" into "I'll," which is certainly a very serious matter; and a third damns him with faint praise. Poor Cooper, too, comes badly off in the *Prince*. The *Chronicle* considers him meritorious in the serious parts of the character, but only so in those of a *naïve* description. The *Herald* adjudges his execution of it to have been tolerable; but the *Times*, the barbarous *Times*! vilely says, with all the sang-froid imaginable, "Cooper was very bad in the *Prince*." Ye praise-worthy professors of the histrionic art, be not dismayed by these ill-natured fellows! The antidote follows close upon the poison. Read,—read the amiable pages of the *Post*, where you will all find ten thousands of laurels showered upon your heads. "Thou, Young, art inimitable! Cooper! thou art highly respectable! Kemble! thou dost 'blaze,' sur-

* We were once acquainted with a very worthy elderly lady, who never said any thing she considered to be improper without devoutly adding "Heaven forgive me!" and on our asking her particular motive for so doing, she replied, it was to "wipe off" the offence committed by her preceding words. We suppose the *Herald* acts upon somewhat a similar principle; for a few days after the appearance of its severe and humorous criticisms on the new *Falstaff* it gravely says: "Though we feel obliged to speak somewhat unfavourably of Mr. C. Kemble's personation of *Falstaff*, it is due to that meritorious actor that we should in candour admit that we have met with some good judges who avow that, when he becomes *mellowed* in the part, his performance will rather add to than detract from his well-earned reputation."—What do our readers think of this? Is not this critic one of the kindest souls that ever lived?

passing expectation itself; and," proh Jupiter! the critic says, by way of climax we suppose, that "thy manner of dressing the part did add considerably to its *gentlemanliness*!"—Thus have we brought forward the opinions of these diurnal connoisseurs in theatricals respecting this new revival, to which we only think it necessary to add our recommendation of each, as being quite perfect and sensible in every respect. Let our readers compare one with the other, and form their own decision upon the merits of the case.

A word or two of Miss F. H. Kelly. We are glad to observe that one and all of the above journals agree in the commendation of her performance, as it shews, at least, that they feel some compunction for their late ungenerous conduct towards her, and compunction in critics is far from being a joke. Miss K.'s representation of *Juliet*, is truly admirable, and could only be imagined by the mind of genius. Neglect and envy may for a time obstruct her path to fame; but let her be convinced that sooner or later she will meet with the ample reward her talents so well deserve. She has our best wishes for her success.

Shakspeare's comedy of "*Measure for Measure*," has been revived with but inferior success at Drury-Lane. Poor Terry appears to have cut a sad figure in *Angelo*, and Listen was far from being *au fait* in the top. Macready, as *Vincenzio*, and Mrs. Bunn, as *Isabella*, entirely supported the piece, and shone as diamonds of the first water amid the common-stone-like dulness around them.

At the same theatre, the play-going world lately received a severe shock from being suddenly disappointed in their expectations of beholding a great tragedian in his best character. In the hero's absence, Macready undertook the part of *Richard*, and performed it in his "usual noble and animated style," as the papers observe, in their accustomed pithy and resolute manner.

The Minors continue to be as edifying and gorgeous as ever; whilst Mathews (cruel man!) has yet no mercy upon the sides of his loudly-laughing auditors.

RICHARD THE THIRD IN A HOBBLE;

OR, THE BUSKIN AND PETTICOAT ENTANGLED.

THE "clouds" that were "buried in the deep bosom of the ocean" have re-ascended, and once more "lower upon the house" of poor Richard; one of his buskin buttons unfortunately got connected with the intricate flounce of a petticoat, and the monarch fell accordingly. Oh! Richard, Richard! thou hast belied thine own particular words; and, instead of not being "made for sportive tricks," hast proved thyself by far too friskish for the grave character of a warlike monarch, having been found guilty of gambling in "a lady's chamber," and, for all we know, "to the lascivious pleasing of a lute," thereby woefully "o'erstepping the modesty of nature."—So much for metaphor. But, lest we should subject ourselves to the charge of levity in decanting on a serious subject, we will repeat with becoming gravity what all our readers have, no doubt, read and heard of scores of times previously to our calling

their attention to the matter,—that the far-famed representative of Shakspearian heroes has lately been crossed in a romantic connexion with a young lady of a "*certain age*." The fair creature, we are told, was captivated by that great man's exquisite delineation of the love-sick *Romeo*; his piercing eyes, the graceful tap of his fingers on the residence of feeling, the peculiar and frequent conjunction of his hands and hair, all united and seen together, were irresistible: then the melting tones of his voice as he uttered such soul-moving sentences as these:

"How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"

"There's more felicity

In carrion flies than *Romeo*; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
But *Romeo* may not; 'he is banished!'"

"Silver sweet indeed," repeated the fond woman, with a sigh; and from that moment she became impassioned as the beautiful *Juliet* herself. But alas!

"The course of true love never did run smooth," and *Richard* and his lovely lady *Ann*, have now to mourn over the wreck of their felicity, for with them

"Still 'tis hopeless love and endless sorrow."

Under such galling circumstances, we were not at all surprised at hearing it announced, from the stage, that the hero was so sick and sadly, as to be incapable of undergoing the fatigue of fighting and dying as usual;—we only wondered at the unfeeling audience, who could behave as they did, on an occasion so melancholy and romantic: for our parts, we sat perfectly mute on our critical third seat in the pit, and were amused by the following triologue between three bucks, seated close by us:—"Confound the *Cos-comb*," said one, "'tis all sham!"—"Sham, truly," echoed another, "he is only cooing amongst the *turtles*, I suppose."—"At all events," roared the third, "he is not out of the way for want of a *swift*."—Here the bell rung, the curtain drew up, and the three punsters became taciturn. We really fear the monarch's unseasonable absence must be attributed to the fatal effects of hapless passion, in spite of his *secretary's* elegant and spirited letter, addressed to one of the morning papers, which merely attributes it to common illness.—*Appropos*, what will the world say to the new official situation? Let the secretaries of state look to their consequence, or they will soon be entirely eclipsed by the rank and brilliant talents of this prime minister of *Richard of York*.

BON-MOT OF THE LATE LORD MELBOURNE.

The celebrated Foote, having been tormented for some time by a violent tooth-ache, at length consented to have the tooth eradicated by the late Chevalier Raspini. After it was drawn, notwithstanding its carious state, Foote still lamented its loss, as it was one of those teeth that are of particular use in articulation. Lord Melbourne, who was present at the operation, said, "Pho, pho, Foote! do not be so concerned about the only bad thing that ever came out of your mouth."

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

GRAND COSTUME, OR RECEPTION DRESS.

GRECIAN robe of pink satin, with white facings down the skirt, ornamented with silver frivolité bouillon, and superb silver tassels; round the border of the robe, a rich bouillon of silver frivolité covers the hem, and is surmounted by a row of white marabout feather trimming, the plumes separate and upright. The petticoat is of white tulle, with four rows of puckering of the same material; the puckers confined by diamond work of silver frivolité. The corsage is of the same material as the robe, and is an improvement on the Gallo-Greek style; the antique robings being formed of rouleaux of pink satin and blond; sleeves to correspond. Hans Holbein toque of white satin and blond, studded with silver, and surmounted by a rich plume of ostrich feathers in different directions. Earrings, necklace, and bracelets of diamonds.

SPANISH BALL DRESS.

An Asturias robe of transparent net, faced with cerulean blue, the sides of the robe embroidered in floss silk, or appliqué, with white regal ornaments *à la Bourbon*—bows terminated with silver *aiguillettes*, fasten the robe in front; a rich white satin petticoat trimmed round with a *ruché* of tulle. The body of the robe is tastefully arranged with a rich Vandyke blond-lace, which terminates at the waist. Sleeves of tulle made tight to the arm, surmounted by a short sleeve of blue and white satin in Moorish indentings—sleeves slashed round the arm with blue satin, and Spanish satin cuffs. An Andalusian toque composed of blue satin and white tulle corded with silver, and a silver net, forming one side of the head-dress; ostrich feathers, *à l'Espagnole*—sandal slippers of white satin.

PREVAILING FASHIONS THE LATTER END OF MAY, AND THOSE IN PREPARATION FOR JUNE, 1824.

In addition to our numerous resources, we have been indulged with the inspection of several very elegant articles of female attire, by one of the most approved *Marchande de Modes* at the Court end of the town, whose taste has long been regarded by the greater part of the nobility and gentry, as the criterion of fashion, and classic elegance.

The small Parisian mob or cornette, either of fine lace or blond, according to the time of day, yet reigns the favourite head dress for in-door costume. These little tasteful *coëffures* are remarkable for the beautiful flowers with which they are surmounted; the half wreaths are composed of the most choice species of the frutrix, the single holly-oak blossom, and the small Guelder rose: when the queen of the *parterre*, the rich Provence rose is in the wreath, there are seldom any other kind of flowers, and the damask rose has only its deep tints relieved by sprigs of Portugal laurel, clematis, jessamine, or myrtle blossoms.

The turbans for evening dress are very costly; one in particular, light as well as rich, excites universal admiration: it is of tulle, ornamented all over in treillage work,

of narrow white satin, on which is a row of pearls: a puffing, *en coquilles*, of white satin, forms the front, edged with ruby-colour, and in the centre, over the forehead, is a large star, formed of Glauvina pins. A demiturban, of the coronet kind, is elegantly chaste; it is entirely of white satin, profusely trimmed with pearls; from the coronet part, depend pear pearls, of immense value; a plume of short Marabout feathers, plays above; indeed, any long plumage would obscure the intrinsic appendages of a head-dress that can only be worn by a lady of very great wealth or high rank. The most superb opera hat we have yet seen, has just been finished for a lady of the latter description; it is of peach-coloured tulle, with pink satin ornaments in stripes, underneath, adorned with pearls *à l'antique*; in order to display these ornaments, the hat stands off very much from the face; the crown is profusely scattered over with pearls, and superb pink and white ostrich feathers, with a small plume of Marabouts, at their base, finish this magnificent, and novel head-dress. Fancy, ever on the alert to bring out something new, has produced a very curious and whimsical head-dress, which, nevertheless, wears on its form the stamp of high fashion: to a pretty face, and where there is to be found an *air distingué*, indicative of true style, it can only be becoming. It has the appearance of a triple hat toque, the hat part of pale pink satin, turned up and down in various ways, and united, in a manner, by a transparent caul of white tulle: about, and underneath the various little brims, play white Marabout feathers; these are lightly and tastefully disposed, and the whole forms an *unique* and elegant head-dress for the opera.

A dress of coloured Chinese crape, of a dark lavender, seems much in favour with ladies of rank, either as a home costume, or a carriage out-door dress. It is made partially high, is faced down the front with satin the colour of the robe, and Brandenburgs, with splendid tassels, cross the bust, and are continued on each side of the facing down to the feet; a superb lace colerette finishes it at the throat. A dress of Canary yellow *gros de Naples*, is much worn at social dinner parties; the body is made very plain and simple, *à la Vierge*, and the sleeves are long, with but a slight fullness in the mancherons; the border is enriched by a beautiful ornament of *plûche de soie*, shaded in bias stripes of two different colours, purple and yellow, about two shades darker than the dress; the purple is of a light colour, and that, rather of the Parma violet. Muslin and cambric petticoats, of the most exquisite embroidery, are now much in request, with pelisses of *gros de Naples*, either plain or figured; the latter seems to prevail most in pelisses, but spencers, of the most tasteful and novel kind, are chiefly of plain silks, and better set off the elegant manner in which they are now ornamented; we shall only mention two we have seen, just finished for ladies who rank high in fashionable life. One is of *gros de Naples*, the colour a beautiful pink; it is finished

at the bust, with numerous straps, entwined in each other, and forming a treillage work, that appears to stand out, distinct from the plain part; but it should be seen to be properly appreciated; the mancherons are finished in the same manner; and the trimming at the wrists corresponds, but more lightly and simply. The other spencer was of a fine ethereal blue; and the bust was ornamented with embossed vine leaves, wrought about with tendrils, in brocade embroidery, executed in the most exquisite manner.

The Indian or Japanese rose-red, for pelisses, was still in favour the latter end of May; becoming as it is to almost every complexion, it seems, however, ill-suited to the refulgency of a summer's sun; it is still seen on very distinguished females, but will, no doubt, very soon be laid aside; the pelisses of *gros de Naples*, of this colour, are ornamented with a representation of oriental foliage, worked in narrow rouleaux, across the bust and down each side in front, and give to this out-door envelope a truly classical appearance: the beautiful light and cheerful colours for summer, require but little trimming, and what they have, is extremely simple: the diversity of ornament seems most displayed across the bust and at the mancherons: the collars chiefly stand up and turn down again; but this rule is not without exception; some collars are broad, pointed perceptibly at each corner, and fall over the shoulders. The Cachemire shawls have no longer white grounds; the favourite colours for the ground-work are bright gold-colour, or olive green; the borders are finely variegated, and they are all of the square kind.

A favourite material for carriage bonnets is white tulle over stiffened net: one we find particularly elegant; it is ornamented with a full half-wreath of flowers, representing the Scotch thistle, and sprigs of Highland heath; and these delicate blossoms, as well as the thistles, are all made of feathers; to the flower of the thistle, this material gives a semblance that may be mistaken for nature. Figured *gros de Naples* bonnets are also much in request; they are of various colours, but when of pink, they are generally crowned with full bouquets of roses. A carriage dress-hat, for paying morning visits of ceremony, is of pink *crêpe lisse*, with separate pink feathers of the Marabout playing beautifully over the front. Bonnets for morning exhibitions and the public promenades, are of *gros de Naples*; the favourite colour a light lavender-grey, lined with white; this bonnet is ornamented with blossoming branches of the mezereon.

We cannot forbear drawing the attention of the members of the fashionable world to the unrivalled excellency of the flowers made this season; art is so closely taught to imitate nature, that a superficial observer cannot distinguish them from the choicest treasures of the garden; they are formed of fine cambric, and some, where the texture and appearance of the flower will permit, are of feathers: there are flowers, that like a watch, require several different hands in their composition; the wealthy, therefore, by patronising this delightful art, while they adorn themselves with that ornament, the most appropriate to female beauty, are encouraging and aiding to support, the sons and daughters of ingenuity and industry.

The material chiefly admired for ball dresses, is of tulle

with a broad border of fancy flowers, wrought in coloured beads: the corsages are light, and generally consist of straps of white satin, edged with narrow rouleaux, and laid across the bust over tulle; blond ornaments are added, and sometimes form the short sleeve, which is generally surmounted by a flower or trimming to suit the border on the skirt: where the ball is very splendid, and the ladies in *grande costume*, the favourite trimming is silver bullion, now called *frivolité bouillon*, from the novel manner in which it is twisted.

The colours most approved are pink, Canary yellow, lavender, and light lavender-grey.

NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.

HENRI III., of France, the conqueror of Jarnac, could not see a cat without shuddering.

The duke d'Epemon, who protected the person of a queen, and braved the excommunication of an archbishop, trembled when he saw a hare.

Albert, marshal of France, fell backward in a swoon, at the sight of a pig, that was served up for dinner.

Scaliger, that wonder of erudition, that ocean of science,—Scaliger shuddered at the sight of water-cresses.

Chancellor Bacon swooned away whenever there was an eclipse.

The learned Boyle, who brought the pneumatic machine to such perfection, could not bear the sound of water that issued from the top of a tub or barrel.

La Motte le Vayer could not endure the sound of a violin, while he delighted in the noise of thunder.

Marie de Medicis fainted at the sight of a nosegay of flowers.

I DO MY DUTY.

"I do my duty," says the officer of Police, "in hunting after offenders, and seizing them where I find them."

"I do my duty," cries the soldier, who, in serving his king and his country, displays, in the heat of battle, an heroic courage, mounts the scaling ladder, amidst a charge of artillery, and sees death approach, with his countenance unchanged.

Does not the magistrate, that pillar of social order, "do his duty," likewise, when he holds the threatening sword over the heads of the guilty?

The lawyer, when he defends the accused party, does equally "his duty;" he performs the important part he is called upon to act, and by the persuasive force of his eloquence, he sometimes saves the innocent and wretched from punishment.

"I do my duty," says the faithful subject of the king, "in paying, without a murmur, the taxes, which the exigencies of the state demand."

What a noble use does that man make of his fortune who stretches forth his hand to succour indigent worth? His heart feels gratified with having comforted the wretched, and in the transports of his joy, he inwardly exclaims, "I have done my duty."

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department will contain the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the Continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

INVOCATION.—“*Oh! Thou bright luminary, re-splendent Sun, infuse into our hearts the beams of Hope and Joy!*”—Such was the invocation with which the southern Indian addressed the God of his adoration, the sun; and such has been the prayer, offered up to Phoebus, for this fortnight past, by our youthful Parisian fair. But, alas! scarce do its re-animating rays peep forth, but a sky surcharged with clouds succeeds, and oversets all their plans. What will become of those elegant dresses prepared for the fêtes? Those pretty blouses, made of the finest muslin? Those light straw hats, ornamented by a simple branch of roses or lilacs? And hats, bonnets, and toques, adorned with every kind of flower, to emulate the coming spring?

However, amidst this universal consternation, hope, the last sentiment that remains in the mind of man, is not yet extinct; all is bustle and agitation; the shops the *magasins de modes*, where moveable is likely to be found, are visited: amongst desires and hesitations, the choice, at length, is fixed; and while they trust to chance, they wait the event with fortitude. Why should not the triumph that a pretty woman may obtain by her dress, be allowed the same protection that attends the success of such or such an enterprise? the result of which may be only owing to that chance, which so often decides our destinies.

“See how brightly the sun shines!” said Madame de S—, as she entered my dwelling, last Tuesday morning. “My dear friend,” said I, gravely, “remember that saying of a wise man, *we must wait till the evening, before we can say the day has been fine*. But to dispel the uneasiness that torments you, I must tell you of a wonder, the merit of which exceeds every thing we have seen hitherto. This phenomenon is as new as it is delightful; it will suit every season, and every circumstance—would you believe it, I have seen a CRYSTAL hat.”—“Crystal?”—“Yes, my friend, really crystal. Do not be alarmed at its fragility, for this hat, so far from breaking at a moment of impatience, is worked into so light, so transparent and subtle a texture, that it can be bent to any form, without losing its beauty.”—“But what stuff is this hat made of?”—“Ah! that’s the inventor’s se-

cret: he confided it to me; and shall I betray him? All that I can tell you, is, that according to the temperature of the season, and the aid of your imagination, you may compare this charming hat to those little bubbles that rise on the surface of a brook when a light zephyr agitates its glassy waters; or to those drops of rain, that crystallize on the foliage when the chill air announces the approach of winter; and all these brilliant comparisons will depend on the warmth or coldness you may find—in your own imagination.”

—When a ball is in agitation, every lady is in good health, and she waits for nothing but her hair-dresser. After the dancing is over, every one is more or less fatigued, all have taken cold, and then comes the turn of the physician. There are a great many projects afloat before our fashionables take their departure for the country. Monsieur has his recollections to write down, and is seriously occupied with his literary *début*. Madame intends her saloon to be ornamented with tapestry, and is actually employed in embroidering a footstool; a visitor arrives; the pen is mended, and the needle is ready; but on the morrow, they visit, they chat, they take an airing on horseback; the next day they dine in a large party; and finally, weeks and months pass away, and there is nothing ready either for the printer or the upholsterer.

SOIRÉE DANSANTE.—“Ah, if you did but know the pain and fatigue of assembling such a party, you would pity the fate of the master of the house.” Such was the remark made to me by my friend Mr. B—, who the evening before had given a ball, or rather a *soirée dansante*, as it is agreed to use that term, although any thing but good French.—“It is thirty years,” added Mr. B—, “since I began to entertain friends at my own house. At that period nothing was easier. A single violin was enough for the dance; and the neighbouring tavern-keeper was happy to assist my cook in preparing supper. But how different now-a-days! A ball is a state-affair. Two or three days are scarcely sufficient for the preparations. The workmen are all artists, and Heaven only knows the deference which it is necessary to pay to these gentlemen! They turn the house out of window. First comes the upholsterer, attended by five or six assistants. He takes my doors off their hinges; removes my furniture in order to substitute couches, garlands of flowers, and card-tables; pierces all my curtains with hooks; displaces the portrait

of my aunt, which for forty years had never been touched; and despatches my poor library into the garret. The professor of culinary chemistry, vulgarly called the cook, haughtily declares to me that he cannot operate in my kitchen, which is much too small; and I am compelled to construct a pantry in my coach-house. The director of the orchestra, who no longer plays country dances, but who executes solos, assures me that he should be disgraced if it were known that he consented to be placed on the ground, between two doors; and requires me to build a gallery in my saloon. Finally, at six o'clock in the morning, when all is over, and I want to go to bed, I can find neither my bed, nor my night-cap, and am obliged to bivouac in an arm-chair, on the field of battle, among the fragments of supper, the expiring lamps, and the cards with which the floor is strewn."

— There is still the same fickleness for the handles of bell-ropes as for jewel caskets. It is no longer the fancy to have cut crystal balls, neither gilt balls, with ornaments in bas-relief; but the newest mode is two small vermilion hands.

— When canes and parapluies are deposited in the peristyle on the staircase, leading to the different public spectacles, the numbers that are given in exchange for the objects they receive, are inscribed on a little square of wood; but at the *Theatre Italien* where every thing is in a style of superior elegance, they give an imitation of ivory, on which the numbers are engraved, and deeply indented.

— It is now some time since, that almost all the corners of the streets, formerly occupied by those who sold lemonade and wines, have been succeeded by *Magazins de Nouveautés*—it is the triumph of coquetry over gluttony.

— We have seen a breakfast service in China, where every different article is in the form of a shell. The handles of the cups, &c., are formed of branches of coral. The teacray itself, is one large shell.

— In former times, every one was desirous of having his house in a quiet neighbourhood. Now, as if by speculation, the wealthiest individuals make a kind of bazaar of their houses; there are shops on the façade, the building is heightened, so as to contain a few more inhabitants, and the porter is banished to the lower end of the court.

The following novelty well deserves record. It is a most extraordinary fashion, and has one great advantage; it will never be imitated by the lower classes; it is highly whimsical; and never could have been imagined, except by some Cæsus of Great Britain! You have often seen buttons of polished steel, of plate, and of mother-of-pearl; those that are covered with cloth, silk, and stuff of every kind, are common enough, and you may think it scarcely possible to invent any other: but those have been replaced by buttons of a novel kind; they are not made in any particular manufactory; they issue from the workshops of the state, for it is government only that has a right to make them. These buttons are nothing less than guineas, which an Englishman thought proper to put on his coat; and you may fancy what a pretty price a great-coat would cost with such trimmings. But think what advantages there are in this invention! If a button is missing, you

have only to open your purse and replace it. If your purse is stolen, or you have left it at home, you can take a button off your coat, and pay for what you want; so that your coat serves to garnish your purse, and your purse to garnish your coat. If this fashion takes, we may calculate the fortune of a man by the buttons on his coat. Certainly, [it may expose a man to accidents, but what are they compared with the advantages just named? For example Lord R——, perceived the last time he returned to his house, that all the buttons at the back of his coat had disappeared. "Perhaps," said he "they wished to take a pattern of them," and he ordered that they should be replaced. His vanity was, no doubt, flattered by the curiosity the trimming of his coat had excited. Why not take advantage of this novelty? and make use of bad coin in the same way that this Englishman did of his gold? It would be a means of every one maintaining the rank that he holds in the world. The petty workman might wear buttons of copper; the courier, and the lawyer, without a brief, might risk a twenty sous piece; the heads of the law a piece of five francs; and then only the higher class of society, such as peers, great lords and bankers, may presume to wear a piece of gold. What say you to it, sir?"—My interlocutor walked off, without saying a word; he seemed lost in thought; I think he has got hold of the secret, therefore I hasten to publish these details, to be beforehand with him.

COMPONIUM.—Every succeeding day, this instrument is more and more appreciated by the public; the powers of which are so astonishing, that to believe them, it must be heard. We merely say, to believe in them, since, even after having heard it, we are still at a loss to conceive, how, by the mere fact of its organization, it can produce that infinitude of variations of a theme, which it receives by a procedure belonging to the inventor, and how it can re-produce the divers parts of these variations, which the most capricious imagination might create. To be brief, we will quote the expressions of Messrs. Biot and Catel, from their report of the Componium: "This instrument forms divers parts of its variations; successions so diversified, and brought round by so arbitrary a principle, that even the person, who best knows the construction of its mechanism, cannot foresee, at any instant, the concords that his fancy is about to suggest."

— Women and billiard-players are compared together; the one party dreams only of a blouse, and speaks only of a blouse: the other also, whether awake or asleep, cries incessantly seven's the main.

— In the hotel of a noble, or other wealthy man of fashion, not one inch of the wall should be seen in its natural state; and, above all, the doors, ceilings, and floors, exercise the artist's talents. It is said that several painters *al fresco*, &c., have been employed at General R.'s, at an expense of 60,000 francs.

— In every house where there are young ladies, you see them busily employed embroidering blouses of cambric or clear muslin, generally in four rows round the bottom, worked in coloured worsteds. The labour of Penelope was to unravel at night the task she had executed during the day; but our ladies often seize the opportunity of

adding a little to their industrious exertions, and intrude on the midnight hour.

— A lady of great judgment compares the first introduction of a young person into society to an officer who enters the army in time of war. "A single campaign and a single season of balls and routs," she says, "will form each of their characters better than all the theories and preparatory lessons that can be given to them."

— The bad weather which we have had hitherto has retarded the opening of the new avenue leading from the Italian Boulevard to the Opera-House. It is, however, intended to be opened for public use in the course of this month.

— Almost all the cards of invitation to fashionable parties, which have been issued this season at Paris, are addressed,—“For my last Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday,”—thus shewing the ardent desire the writers feel to be thought on the eve of departure.

— We are constantly meeting in society with men who pretend to judge decisively on the merit of a picture,—the value of a horse, the price of a diamond. In the same arbitrary tone the ladies speak of the quality and beauty of a shawl. “It is middling! it is vulgar! it is worthy of a queen!”

— The restaurateurs most in request have banished from their tables those long printed bills of fare they formerly used, and which were always covered with grease before the dinner was ended. In its place they have adopted a neat and novel plan. In the interior of a small octavo volume, bound in red morocco, they have introduced an alphabetical arrangement of the principal courses, so that you may readily order a dinner without the trouble of turning over leaf after leaf.

— It is vulgar to breakfast here until mid-day; consequently, the dinner hour is seven o'clock. About three or four in the afternoon the pastry-cooks' shops are filled with the most elegant idlers in Paris, who, in default of seats, lounge from side to side devouring cakes and drinking Claret, Burgundy, and Madeira, without distinction. The pastry-cook seated behind her counter, has an eye over all that passes; and, if the *cater's* memory should fail, she takes good care not to lose by *hers*.

— It is a common saying every where, that two persons, who are perpetually quarrelling, agree *like a dog and cat, or like fire and water*. Now, nothing can be more erroneous than the latter comparison, as the restaurateur, Pétron, on the Boulevard Montmartre, can prove, who has united them so closely that they act like two faithful friends. On entering the garden, you observe, in the centre of a basket of flowers, a fountain in play, composed of several branches, which fall like sheaves of corn into a basin, in the middle of which is placed a crystal bowl. When the hour arrives for lighting up the interior of the hotel, they set fire to the gas, which emanates from a pipe placed in the bowl, and by that means the basket of flowers, the liquid sheaves, and the garden, become at once illuminated.

— The variations in the weather during the late season of pleasure occupied our fashionables unceasingly. If barometers could but assure us what weather we should

have on a particular day, no instrument would be so much in request as a *barometer*! However, in spite of uncertainties, Paris presented a scene of most agreeable confusion. Here you beheld on one side of the street a man hurrying to his coach-maker's, to see if his arms were properly quartered; and on the other side was one visiting his tailor, or bargaining for a horse which he would sell on the morrow. The ladies, too, were hurrying away to their milliners, and choosing new articles of dress, with express commands that they only should be seen in such or such a hat on the Boulevards! Notwithstanding this exclusive pretension, two similar hats were exhibited there,—the one in a coach with four horses, the other in a hired tilbury. Did the milliner then presume to break the confidence reposed in her it is asked? No, no; but one of these ladies found the fashion congenial to her taste, and had the address to make a hat for herself like that which was prohibited.

— The lighting of a great tea-warehouse in the Street St. Mark is very ingenious. The gas is brought through the arms of four splendid China figures, two male and two female; and as there are also a great many other Chinese figures in the same apartment, those above-named seem placed in front to do the office of servants to the mandarins and their ladies.

— Morning neck-cloths are fastened at the end by a small eye-glass set in gold, we are continually meeting with people whom we wish to *avoid*, others whom we are *pleased* to see, and some whom it is our *interest* to salute.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.—The finest ornamental bellows are made of citron-wood or ebony, in the form of a lyre. Bell-pulls are covered with an incrustation, resembling mother-of-pearl. Drawing-room curtains are made of lemon-colour silk damask: the emerald green is equally in use for bed-rooms. Small window-curtains are no longer to have *two* fastenings; *one* is now thought quite sufficient to exclude the prying eye of a neighbour. These little ornaments must be made of worked muslin, and trimmed with fringe.

— In ornaments of jewellery we have observed tortoise-shell rings, which bear a cipher, or two golden arrows crossed. This ring is termed *à la Chevalière*.

— Bracelets *à la Cléopâtre* are fastened by engraved stones, surrounded with a wreath of acanthus leaves.

— The Berlin papers present us with an amusing instance of that false sensibility into which some persons in this age are apt to run. It states that the widow of a certain magistrate had a favourite dog, which, when it died, she was anxious to inter near the tomb of her beloved spouse. For this purpose she offered 2000 crowns to the parish officers, who refused her inconsistent proposal. One of her neighbours, in compassion to her feelings, granted her a piece of garden ground at a great expense, and the funeral obsequies were appointed accordingly. The dog was laid out in a mahogany coffin, his head crowned with myrtle, and habited in a satin robe trimmed with lace. Cakes and wine were distributed to the spectators, and the ceremony about to commence, when the tumult became so great that an armed force was called in

to put an end to the ridiculous scene. The dog was, therefore, carried out of the city and privately buried. One would suppose this good lady was deprived of her senses; however, it is observed that no other part of her conduct exhibits any trait of insanity. She visits her husband's tomb regularly every day, and wipes the scalding tears from her cheeks with the same handkerchief which she used to wipe the sweat from his brow in his dying moments, and which has been nailed to the coffin ever since his death.

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

M. PAUL, the most ærial and agile of our dancers, has distinguished himself by a very meritorious action, which is marked by a disinterestedness and a generosity that confers the highest honour on his character. He has given up all the fortune that he acquired by his talents, to save the honour of one of his family, who had committed himself in some commercial affairs of an unfortunate nature. The managers of the opera, touched with the noble and fraternal devotion of Paul, gratified him with an extra benefit, which took place on a Sunday, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The first performers at the opera, Talma, and Mademoiselle Mars, Madame Monbelli, and the best actors of *Les Variétés*, contributed to the splendour of this representation, which was one of the most attractive that has been given for some time. It was composed of the second act of *La Cenerentola*, *Shakespeare Amoureux*, the ballet of *Flora and Psyche*, and the humorous piece of the *Bear and the Pacha*.

The last new dramatic pieces are characterized in the following manner:—*Ipsiböc*, brilliant; *Jane Shore*, horrible; *La Maussade*, witty; *La Penelope*, vulgar; *Et Le Pied de Nez*, too long.

THEATRE L'ODÉON.—The Barber of Seville has been successfully performed at this Theatre, under the direction of M. Castel-blaze, who, in vain, attempted three following years to produce the Marriage of Figaro on the boards of the Theatre Feydeau. His great success in the provincial theatres, aided by a new set of vocalists, bid fair to gain him, amongst the Parisians, all the popularity he merits. It will, doubtless, be remembered, with what care he formerly translated and adapted the pieces of Pergolesi, Cimarosa, &c., to the French stage—we have now the enchanting music of Mozart and Rossini, the *text* unaltered—the pen of sacrilege has not dared to curtail one note. There is, generally, great difficulty in adapting French words to Italian music: but that of the “Barber of Seville” is so pure, so lively, so ingenious, that no one can weary at hearing the entire opera, even with the burlesque verses which M. Castel-blaze has substituted for the witty prose of Beaumarchais. De Pezaro, as the “Barber,” gains great applause, even from those critics who frequent the Italian opera. The orchestra is led by M. Crémont, from St. Petersburg, whose performance there, at the time Madame Fodor was in that capital, was much praised. Some of the amateurs say, “we do not stand in need of foreign music in France; we have plenty

of native talent in the country.” It may be so—but the fine arts are of *all countries*, and while they tend to promote pleasure and hilarity, will be cherished wherever they are to be found. The theatre “Vaudeville” is endeavouring to make up for much lost time. Two new pieces have been performed there; one entitled “the *Curious Woman*,” from a work of Madame Genlis—the other is called “*Leaving School*,”—neither of these pieces are very meritorious. The “*Labourers*” of the “Theatre of Variety,” although of a trifling species, and not very comic, presents a faithful picture. This piece is a curious medley both of dialogue and character—a wise female chocolate-maker figures away with a French shop-boy—a blunt, uncouth, female silk-mercator, with a sentimental tin-man, and a bombastic hatter, who plays the Cæsar, are prominent parts. This humorous little piece combines wit, and bad taste; the most pointed language, followed by words fit only for an artisan's work-shop. The whimsical situations into which the parties are, however, thrown, together with the good acting of the performers, ensure its success.

We regret that we cannot give any extracts from the French Theatrical Dictionary, lately published by Barba. It is said to contain twelve hundred and thirty-three truisms—some of these cannot be very pleasing to the actors and actresses. Spiteful wit, and cutting epigrams, are to be found in abundance. The authors also boldly insert the *origin* of the greater part of this ingenious fraternity. Under this head, also, a great many errors have crept in, which, perhaps, is not the fault of the biographers, who seldom come at *that* truth, except in the records of the parish vestry.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

THE book from whence the succeeding abstract was taken, is entitled—“*The Art of being beloved by a Husband: in an Address particularly directed to newly-married Ladies.*” The author, Mr. Pradel, gives for his motto, these expressive lines:—

“Men make the *laws*;

But women form the *manners.*”

According to Mr. Pradel's theory, nothing is more possible than for a wife to triumph over all the defects of her husband. First he supposes the husband may be possessed of the passion of avarice—he would then have the wife exhibit in her domestic management, the most perfect order and regularity. “This step taken,” he says, “there will not long be wanting opportunities to shew some more decided proof of parsimony than usual, which will allow of a comparison being drawn between that fault and a prudent economy. The wife should never give her advice as *good*, and with an air of confidence, (which is always wounding to self-love,) but by speaking doubtfully of her own judgment, the husband will more sensibly feel its strength, and be better disposed to adopt it.”

For the wife of an extravagant man, Mr. Pradel's secret consists in an habitual resistance of the allurements of profuseness.

"The wife of a passionate man should, by all means, avoid contradicting him. The remedy for this defect, says Mr. P., must be applied by the physician instead of the patient—in which little word, ye find the enigma solved—*Be patient.*"

"Yes; heaven made women
To correct the ferment of our souls;
To soften our chagrins; to mould
Our tempers; and by their
Sweet urbanity, to make
Men better."—VOLTAIRE'S *Nanine*.

Mr. Pradel, after having established it as a maxim, that all men have a great deal of vanity, recommends to wives never to wound that feeling, even in the most trifling instances. "A woman," he says, "may have a great deal more wit than her husband, but should always appear ignorant of it."

For the cure of an inconstant husband, the following advice is offered:—"Love neatness without luxury; pleasure without excess; dress with taste, and, above all, becomingly—a spice of coquetry is useful to women. Vary the form of your dress, and, above all, the colour. If, on a certain day, when disagreeable events occur, (as in every household will sometimes be the case,) the dress should be of a deep decided colour—on the following day, put on a white garment, by which means, a pleasant change will be given to the ideas, and the most agreeable results will be produced. These things appear puerile to most people who do not reflect, but they are of infinitely more importance, in married life, than a thousand other notions, which are too apt to be insisted on. Women are never sufficiently acquainted with the ascendancy they may, if they please, exercise over the mind."

This author, also, shews how greatly a woman deceives herself, who tries to make that man jealous whom she desires to attach exclusively. "No one is ever cured of a passion," he observes, "which has once taken deep root in the heart."

"We are too apt to break out into vehement, reprehension of those married persons, who setting out in life with apparent adoration of each other, begin, at last, to quarrel—to have their separate parties—and flying different ways, finally, lose sight of each other! but the fact is, such persons, have not sufficiently studied their parts. Harmony does not always exist in families—the piano—and the human mind, both require careful tuning."

Twenty-four Hours in the Life of a Woman of too much Sensibility; or, An Important Lesson. By Madame LA PRINCESSE CONSTANCE DE S—. Paris, 1 vol., 8vo.

"Jealousy," Madame la Princesse de S— writes, "is a misfortune so common to women; it has so much influence on their happiness, it makes them commit themselves almost in every way: it offers, however, a useful and important lesson." This little romance is written in an epistolary style, and contains forty-five letters. Foreseeing that her readers would find in these many things

incredible, Madame la Princesse de S— says: "I calculated what time was requisite to write these letters off as quickly as possible. I calculated with care the intervals that must take place between each letter; and I can certify that, though it is not usual to write so many in twenty-four hours, it is, at least, possible."

The first letter is dated *Wednesday, at one o'clock in the morning*. Madame * cannot persuade herself that M. ** can be arrived, as he has not addressed a few lines to her.

The second letter begins as follows: "Good morning, my dear friend; here I am; I have passed a dreadful night. Thy image, and that of this woman, have always been before me. I beheld thee, I heard thee speak; I spoke to thee, dear and cruel friend; and more than twenty times did I awake, my forehead covered with perspiration, and in an anxiety of mind I cannot describe. Shall I try? I know not how. No; woman has in her soul a crowd of sensations that the most tender lover cannot comprehend; they would appear to him as a delirium."

Madame * wishes to know what rendered M. ** so impatient to pay his respects to the beautiful and coquettish Madame B. the moment she entered the concert-room; the kind of attention he paid her; the air of mystery with which he seemed to address her; though his acquaintance with her was but short. "Men are such strange beings," she says, "they cannot refuse any thing to a woman who is a stranger to them; and the one who most merits their regard is generally she who obtains the least of it."

The sixth letter makes known the connexion between Madame * with M. **. She says, "We ought now to be united by indissoluble ties, but we are not; a thousand events may separate us; and who does not know that, for a feeling mind, the bare possibility of so great a misfortune is sufficient to poison the certainty of the sweetest enjoyments? Let a man be ever so much in love, he is always, in some degree, actuated by interest; can a woman of any sentiment even think of it? O cursed money!"

In the seventh letter, Madame * recalls the circumstances of that day when, for the first time, her heart and that of M. ** understood each other.

This is the eleventh letter. "Did you never experience, my dear friend, what it was to be looking out for some one you impatiently expected? A person appears, but it is not the one you wished for; another, no; to a third, the same disappointment. Twenty more succeed: the least resemblance of form, even the colour of their clothes, excite emotion; and, tossed about unceasingly by a thousand contrary feelings, the head becomes giddy, the whole machine is worn out, and the mind at length becomes so irritated that it approaches despair. Such is my condition; yet I endeavour to conceal, even from myself, the excess of my disquietude. The more it appears to have a real cause, the more I seek to deceive myself. Unaccountable fortitude! strange weakness of the human heart! When we are carried away by passion, we create a thousand chimerical fears; we have yet a kind of pleasure in abandoning ourselves to this delirium. It seems as if a secret voice spake, and told us that perhaps it was only

the sport of imagination; but when certainty comes,—when we can say to ourselves, this is so,—we become more reserved, and seek to conceal from ourselves even what we have seen. A few minutes ago, and nothing could stop my conjectures on the delay of this note, which I have so ardently wished for; and now I find a thousand reasons to excuse its not coming. I say to myself, perhaps you are not yet awake,—that some unforeseen business has hindered you from sending me an answer, as if I was not your most important concern. I even think you may be ill. H!—O! the thought is dreadful! but yet I prefer it to those ideas that bring that woe to my mind, whose image unceasingly pursues me.”

In the thirtieth letter, her anxiety is at its climax. Night is come, and not one ligh!—In the thirty-first, she consoles herself with thinking that M.** is not insensible. “She never could have loved him,” she says, “if the fire of sensibility, that divine flame which cannot be confounded with any other had not shone forth in every feature of his countenance.”

The thirty-fourth letter begins thus: “What! shall I again behold you there? Will you place yourself beside me? Shall we again experience those hours of soft delight, that sweet effusion of soul, that delicious silence that accompanies the look of tenderness, and after which the first word, however fond, always appeared to us too cold and indifferent?”

In her forty-second letter, she says to M.**, “You imagine, perhaps, I shall abandon myself to despair. Well! you are deceived. I walk backwards and forwards; I laugh; I sing. Behold me dressed out, glittering with ornaments. Suddenly I say to myself, ‘It is to this festival I must go.’ For the first time in my life, perhaps, I have sought to please by those fleeting charms with which nature has endowed me. I have succeeded; I look at myself, and am dazzled. I hope that when I appear at this fête a murmur of admiration may arise on all sides till it touches thy heart. I shall then step forward in triumph. I shall behold thee by the side of that woman, and shall pass on, after having cast on thee a look of contempt and disdain. Now I am tranquil,—quite tranquil!”

The negligence of a servant in omitting to deliver a note was the cause of all this trouble. M.** informed Madame* that his uncle was about to be married to Madame de B., and that instant he was to set off to be one of the witnesses of their marriage, which was to take place at night in the country. “No one,” he tells Madame* “was to be informed of this private marriage till the last moment only the Baron de G., who, during the concert, was to come and inform me of it from my uncle, inviting me, at the same time, to be at the château de B. at one o’clock in the morning. Judge of my surprise! of my raptures! But this is not all. This day is, in every sense, about to become the happiest in my life. Just as the baron quitted me, heaven and love suddenly inspired me with the happy thought of interesting Madame B. in my behalf, and of obtaining, through her means, what my uncle had so long promised me. It seemed to me that on this day he could refuse her nothing that she asked. In short, my dear friend, all that I have time now to say is

that I found her at home, that she has promised to put an end to-morrow to all our family differences, and that she will procure for me a title and a fortune above what I ever could have expected. One day more only of constraint, and we shall belong to each other by a happy union, when I shall offer you a rank and fortune worthy your acceptance.”

The marriage took place in a week after, and the union was a happy one.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

“We have lost every thing, my dear friend,” said the youthful Emma, the moment that I entered her dwelling last Friday morning; “we have lost every thing! except our honour*.”—“To have invented the most graceful trimming for a dress, that could have appeared this spring,” replied I, as I saw displayed, on a sofa, the pretty dress, intended to be figured away in at the Thuilleries, “and of which, we, this day, shall set the fashion; in effect, nothing can be more simple, nothing can be more elegant, although for these two first days, we have distinguished several dresses as remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours, as for their novelty. How much do robes of different colours, such as rose, blue, lilac, and yellow, predominate over white? But those colours are many of them shot; thus, pale lilac and iron-gray, become opal, and this seems the favourite trimming of the day. Canary yellow, with a slight tinge of pistachio, is called primrose. Ingenious effect of human skill! By the most innocent stratagems, the art is discovered of giving to former fashions all the charm of novelty.”

The *corsage-blouse*, (or drawn body,) is now formed by large flat plaits, which surrounding the waist, seem drawn together by the belt. The collars of pelisses are cut in points, and these points are edged with narrow fringe of puffed beading; at the front of the corsage are two or three flat plaits, which are carried down the length of the petticoat, leaving a space between them about two hands in breadth: on each side of the last plait in front, are placed ribbons, of which are formed large bows, that are set at equal distances down the middle of the skirt.

Pelerines and colerets are round, whether *à la neige*, (which is the name given to those collars which are slashed, and bordered with plaiting of lace or muslin,) they are worn alike over high or low dresses. The sleeves are wide, and a number of little wristbands, very close to each other, ascend almost as high as the elbow. We counted more than twelve of these wristbands on a dress of opal-coloured Cache-mire gauze, lined with slight silk of the same colour; the body of this elegant dress was in flat plaits; at the bottom of the petticoat, about a hand’s breadth apart, were three rows of double quilling, in gauze. There is every appearance of this being a favourite trimming this summer.

The greatest novelty are blouses of Florence silk or of Marceline, with tucks, and a row of embroidery, in silk, between each tuck; the embroidery represents branches of oak, blue-bells, and coquelicots, in wreaths.

Rice-straw is much in favour for hats, perhaps, because

* Memorable saying of Francis I., when taken prisoner by the enemy.—Note by the Translator.

these hats are generally worn by very young or very pretty women. Their form is round, and this shape is the most fashionable, whether the hat is of gauze or *gros de Naples*. The various ways of ornamenting them is a difficult task to explain; we must first undertake to account for the versatility of taste, and the caprice of fashion. The Ipsiboë hat is, indeed, original, whether we regard its shape or the whimsical association of its colour with its ribbons, or the three aigrettes, which surmount it, which are red, yellow, and black.

We have distinguished some beautiful hats of Canary yellow gauze, ornamented with full bouquets of blue-bells; these flowers are spread out in such a way, as to cover a great part of the crown in front, and some of them droop on one side, over the brim. We have remarked, also, some hats of straw, or of *gros de Naples*, where a single flower, with a thousand leaves, is placed in front: this new flower gives to these hats an extreme elegance and grace. Some hats are adorned with all sorts of verdure, in flowers and foliage made of feathers, particularly four little pine-balls, and white thistles.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Except Leghorn hats, which they dare not cut away too much, on account of their value, there is scarce a hat that has any brim behind, and, indeed, very little at the sides; this brim neither stands up nor falls, so that the face remains discovered. The fashion being uniform, it is the ornament above and round the crown of these hats to which the chief attention is paid in our *Magasins de Modes*. Sometimes it is a corded ribbon, in large puffs, placed in bias, from the top of the crown to where the brim commences; sometimes, round this crown, it is a pipe of ribbon, rolled in a spiral manner, with a fringe hanging from it. One of the most distinguished trimmings for a Leghorn hat, consists in a branch of the peach-tree, with its blossoms, and a few little peaches just formed: it is placed in front of the crown, and comes forward a little way on the brim. Some straw-hats are of a square form, and are broad in the brims. The trimmings on Sparterie, or open chip-hats, consist in cockle-shell puffings of taffety, edged with a stripe of Sparterie. Bonnets of taffety, and those of *gros de Naples*, either white lilac, or myrtle-green, are trimmed with puckerings, and are as general as they were last year.

Light coloured spencers of *gros de Naples* are much worn; some are made with loose bodies, *en blouse*, and with very full sleeves; others with strait backs, like a riding-habit; some are ornamented with Brandenburgs, laced across, and have a falling collar. A muslin petticoat, with three bias folds at the border, is worn with spencers.

On blouses of Organdy silk, are seen rose-buds, with leaves of two shades of green; or, sometimes, purple lilacs, with foliage. Others are trimmed with double SS, and have sweet peas between the SS. The manner of placing the SS, depends on taste; some are upright, others incline, others are cross-wise, and the sweet-peas are sometimes round, sometimes long. Green foliage, in embroidery, very often represents the wall-ivy.

From the Journal des Dames.

The colours most admired for silks by the fashionables are American green, peacock's-neck green, and the water of the River Jordan; this latter colour is a dark grey. If a bonnet is of this colour, a plume of feathers float over it, the colour of the tree of Judea, or ribbons of that colour.

The first time *L'Auberger Supposée* was performed there

was a very full audience at the Theatre Feydeau. The most elegant ladies wore white hats, ornamented with branches of the acacia, or dress caps, with heath in blossom. The hats were of cane. A Hungarian plume, made of cock's feathers, of rose colour, lilac, and white, formed the ornament of some white hat, made of cotton.

At the benefit of Madame Barroyer, at *Les Variétés*, we saw a hat of white crape, trimmed with blond; the crown was square, and was formed of white satin ribbons; three curled feathers overshadowed the crown, and part of the brim. A white chip hat was surmounted by a plume of marabouts of three colours, white, pink, and blue. There were several turban-toques of Lyons silk; these were of dark colours, and worked in with gold.

White gowns are yet but little worn, either at the theatres or the promenades. Barège silks, lawn, cirsakas, coloured and printed muslins (principally checked) predominate.

Barège dresses are made in *blouse*; the sleeves of cambric pelisses of jaconot muslin, or of the bark of trees, have one or two pelerine capes, and are fastened with a row of buttons from the top to the bottom.

Half-handkerchiefs of black lace have appeared since the warm weather came in. Silk scarfs also are worn of Massaca brown, or of marshmallow blossom colour. The ends are ornamented by a broad layer of yellow satin.

From another Number of the Journal des Dames.

In the place of ribbons it is now the mode to make use of lappets of crape or gauze to tie down the hats; these are placed underneath the brim, are cut in bias, bound with ribbon, or trimmed round with blond, and terminate by a rosette.

Some hats of white chip are worn turned up on the left side; they are ornamented with a full plume of curled feathers, or a bunch of early roses, and leaves spread out in the form of a packet of feathers.

Hats of Sparterie (a material very much resembling the willow) are trimmed with a very broad ribbon of mahogany brown. The fichu of Sparterie that ornaments the crown of these hats and the front is bound with ribbon. These hats are also ornamented, sometimes with blue gauze plaited like a fan round the crown, and which serves to surround the puffs of a rosette in front.

Several Leghorn hats are simply ornamented with a white satin rosette, placed on one side, the ends of which are fringed.

The crowns of transparent hats, either of gauze or crape, are trimmed round the crown with crape in plaits; the figure of a horse-shoe. These hats are ornamented besides with blue-bells.

On split straw hats large bouquets of various flowers are worn, interspersed with gauze and detached branches of yellow jasmine.

Little dress caps are ornamented with flowers, with red petals, and are black at the bottom of the cup, having either a heart or a black point; these are called *Ouriika* flowers; and every mixture of red and black, or black and red, is now called *à l'Ouriika*.

Some straw bonnets have crowns that are higher on the right side than on the left.

The new dresses and pelisses, which have pelerine capes, have a collar formed of two rouleaux; there is no fulness at the top of the sleeve.

London: Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-Court.



Fig. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.



THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 2.

LONDON, JULY 1.

VOL. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Arrived at his Palace, in Pall-Mall, on Tuesday night, June 8, about a quarter before eleven o'clock: in about twenty minutes after, the servants in the hall were surprised at a peculiar noise that proceeded from the sitting-room; however, they took no particular notice till they heard it again, and then one or two of them opened the door, and a volume of smoke and flame burst forth with alarming rapidity. The whole establishment were immediately alarmed, and His Majesty, on hearing the cause, went for personal safety to a remote part of the building. Sir William Knighton was one of the first on the spot, and took an active part in endeavouring, with the servants, to extinguish the fire whilst in its infancy. The fire was happily confined to the sitting-room, in which the damage sustained is most extensive and irreparable. The ceiling is entirely consumed, and nothing but the girders are to be seen. Four inestimable portraits have been completely spoiled by the heat, and the canvass is so blistered that scarcely any trace of the portraits are visible. They consist of a beautiful full-length portrait of the late Duke of Cumberland, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; another of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, by the celebrated Hoppner; another portrait of Louis XV.; and another of the Duke of Orleans: this was supposed to be one of the finest pictures ever executed by Sir Joshua. A half-length portrait of George II., and a full-length portrait of his Queen, were the only two saved from the devastation. When the loss of the above valuable paintings was made known to His Majesty, he appeared evidently much concerned, as they were highly esteemed by his late revered father. The disaster is supposed to have originated in the following manner:—From the ceiling of the sitting-room, which has of late years been used as a waiting-room, was suspended a superb lustre, and to keep the dust from approaching it, it was enclosed in a large holland bag, which hung below the bottom of the chandelier. Immediately under this bag, stood a small table, upon which were placed some lighted candles, and it is, therefore, beyond a

VOL. I.

doubt, the flame issuing from them caught the bag, and caused the sad calamity.

His Majesty was amongst the most alert, and lent a willing hand in placing the county engine, and getting it to work. In doing this, His Majesty did not escape an effective shove from Smart the engineer, who, unconscious of the rank of his assistant, meant to improve his position without wasting words. When he was informed whom he had made so free with, he begged pardon with due submissiveness; but the King, with his usual good humour, told him not to mind—the quickest way was the best.

We are informed that, during the fire, His Majesty came into the court-yard, dressed in his usual plain manner, and wearing a travelling-cap. Whilst walking about, he was accosted by one of the watchmen of the Palace, who, being unacquainted with his person, told him, "he must not walk there, as no strangers were permitted to walk about that place at that hour." The King took no notice of the mistake, and continued to walk about; but the watchman was not to be driven from what he considered to be his duty, and was in the act of laying hands on his Sovereign, for the purpose of putting him out of the court, when some of the attendants came up, and informed him of the rank of the illustrious "stranger." The poor watchman's consternation at this discovery may be easily imagined: but the King soon kindly relieved him from his embarrassment, by good-humouredly laughing at the circumstance, and telling him to think no more of it.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, who was at a party very promptly arrived in full dress costume; and assisted by the amiable suavity of his deportment, to inspirit the persons employed in extinguishing the fire. The soldiers, and others, who were employed on this occasion, were afterwards regaled with wine, and other refreshments. A party of the Guards paraded the interior of the Palace the remainder of the night.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, from Windsor, in most excellent health and spirits.

Prince Leopold came to town, attended by Baron Stockmar; on the evening of the Duke's arrival, he gave a sumptuous entertainment to several of the nobility.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.—No individual has been more calumniated than this illustrious Prince, by a mean and contemptible race of writers, enemies to royalty, and the government of this enlightened country. We are rejoiced that the day is passed for such abuse, and

E

that all now, with some few exceptions, join heart and hand in loyalty to their King and his family.

The reception of the Duke at Plymouth and Devonport, was of the most gratifying description; every possible mark of attention was paid to the Royal Visitor, who on more than one occasion, must have been reminded of former days, when, as PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, he was stationed there, full of youthful frolic and Jack Tar-like spirit. On his Royal Highnesses' first arrival at Plymouth, in the year 1786, he espied, in the neighbourhood of the Dock-Yard, the Royal Arms over the door of a house in a very shabby street. He inquired "*who had ever lived there?*" "The late Duke of York," was the reply. "*Then so will I.*" "Your Royal Highness will surely not lodge in so disagreeable a place as that is?" said his companion. "*And why not?*" replied the Prince; "*if it was good enough for my uncle, it is certainly good enough for me;*" and he immediately engaged the lodgings. His charities were unbounded; the tale of distress never met his ear unrelieved. One particular subject still exists as a witness of his kind and charitable concern for his fellow-creatures.—A little boy, about five years old, was once playing in the street where Prince William Henry resided, and attracted his particular attention by the manliness of his deportment, as well as by the cleanliness of his ragged habiliments. His Royal Highness was informed that he was the son of a very honest poor man, who had a numerous family to maintain by the precarious occupation of an ostler at a neighbouring inn.—Upon the representations then made to him, his Royal Highness determined to take upon himself the charge of the youth's fortunes—he was put to school, and at a proper period sent on ship-board, at his patron's expense; and by whose continued countenance, the protégé having acquired a very good property, and a very respectable name, has been raised to the situation of a Purser in the navy.

Some years since, whilst his Royal Highness was at Plymouth, a naval officer had seduced a young lady of the greatest beauty and accomplishments, since, however, married to a noble Earl, and by whom she has had several children. The affair made a great noise at the time. The officer had the meanness to circulate hand-bills, stating that the young lady had seduced him—and had brought the misfortune on herself.—Such conduct had its merited reward—the officer was universally execrated—and by no one more than by his Royal Highness, who took an opportunity of evincing his displeasure in a way that the officer and his family have never forgotten. If we recollect right, he was soon after removed from the command of the ship—and never afterwards employed.

On the 9th of June, his Royal Highness arrived at Spithead, in the Royal Sovereign yacht, attended by the Red-wing sloop of war, and Basilisk cutter; he was received by a royal salute from the platform battery, and also from each of the ships lying at Spithead, amounting to seventeen; Admiral Sir George Martin, G. C. B., Commander-in-Chief; Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B., and G. C. H., Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth; and the Honourable Sir George Grey, Bart., K. C. B., Commissioner of the Dock-Yard, immediately proceeded to the yacht, to pay their respects to his Royal Highness, and had the honour to dine with him. On the following morning, he held a levee on board, which was attended by all the officers at present employed there, and also by Captain Sir Jas. A. Gordon, K. C. B. In the evening, the Captains at the port dined with his Royal Highness, and on the morning of the 10th, the yacht proceeded to the eastward.

His Royal Highness, we are happy to state, arrived at his residence in the Stable-yard, St. James's, on Sunday afternoon, June 13, to the joy of his amiable Duchess, and his numerous friends. He landed at Deptford, at twelve o'clock the same day, having left Sheerness at six o'clock in the morning.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Buckingham, Duchess of, from her seat, Southgate.
Norfolk. Duke of, from Paris.
Portland, Duke of, in St. James's square, from Welbeck, Notts.
St. Alban's, Duke of, and the Ladies Beauclerk, from their seat, Gatton, Surrey.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSSES.

Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness, from her seat, North Cray, Kent.
Lothian, Marquess, from Scotland.
Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, from their seat, Hatfield.
Tweeddale, Marquess, from his seat in Scotland.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Anson, Lord and Lady, at the Clarendon Hotel, Bond-street, from Staffordshire.
Anspach, the Margravine, from Naples.
Bristol, Earl and Countess of, in St. James's-square, from Putney.
Clive, Lady Lucy, in Grafton-street.
Clarendon, Earl and Countess of, and the Lady H. Villiers, in South Audley-street.
Chetwynd, Dowager Viscountess, and the Misses, in Portugal-street.
Compton, Lord and Lady, at the St. Petersburg Hotel, from the Continent.
Dundas, Dowager Lady, in Arlington-street.
Derby, Earl of, from the Oaks, Surrey.
Easton, Viscountess, at the Earl of Hardwicke's, in St. James's-square.
Falmouth, Earl and Countess, from Wotton, Surrey.
Fitzroy, Lady Henry and Miss, in Hertford-street, May Fair.
Fitzroy, Lord Charles, at Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley-square.
Gower, Lord T. L., in Albermarle-street, from Staffordshire.
Graves, Lord, Lady, and Miss, in Saville-row.
Gort, Lord, at Nerot's Hotel, Clifford-street.
Kennedy, Lord and Lady, from their seat, in Scotland.
Kerr, Lord H., from Scotland.
Kilmorey, Earl and Countess, from a tour.
Lennox, Lord George, from his seat, in Sussex.
Lieven, Countess, and her son, from Dover.
Mayo, Earl and Countess of, in New Norfolk-street.

Manners, Lord Charles, in Portman-square.
 Portarlington, Lord, at Nerot's Hotel, from Dublin.
 Poslett, Dowager Countess, at Hyde Park Corner.
 Pembroke, Earl and Countess, from Wilton House, Wilts.
 Rodney, Lord and Lady, in Pall-Mall.
 Stradbroke, the Earl and Countess of, in Hertford-street.
 Suffolk, Lord, in Park-place.
 Stanhope, Earl, from a tour.
 Stuart, Lord James, in Whitehall-place.
 Talbot, Earl, from Kent.
 Torrington, Viscount and Viscountess, from Yoles Court.
 Townshend, Lady Charles, in Park Crescent.
 Wiles, Viscountess, in Halkin-place.



THE CLERGY.

Chichester, Bishop of, from Brighton.
 Elphin, the Dean of, Mrs. French and family, from Ireland.
 Kevell, Rev. James, from Croft Castle, Herefordshire.
 Luke, Rev. James, and Son, from Bath.
 Mildmay, Rev. St. John, at Thompson's Hotel.
 Meade, Rev. W. and Miss, in Lower Berkeley-street.
 Petworth, Rev. Dr., from Stowe Market.
 Williams, Rev. Mr. and Mrs., from Dublin.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Bethel, Lady, and the Misses Codrington, in Park-lane.
 Bloomfield, Lady, from the Stud House, Kingston.
 Bolton, Sir Robert, Bart., from his seat, in Hampshire.
 Drake, Sir T. and Lady F. E., from their seat in Devonshire.
 Francis, Lady, in St. James's square.
 Fincherbert, Sir H., from Derbyshire.
 Floyd, Sir H., Bart., from Tunbridge Wells.
 Folliot, Sir W., in Duke-street, Westminster.
 Gerrard, Sir W., at Gould's Hotel, from Paris.
 Lumley, Lady Sophia, in York Buildings, New Road.
 Morgan, Sir Charles, in Duke-street, Portland-place, from Dublin.
 Ongley, Lady, in Cumberland-place.
 Read, Lady, and Miss, from their seat, in Gloucestershire.
 Stoughton, Lady, and Miss, in Portman-square.
 Wombwell, Sir George, from his seat, in Suffolk-street.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Berkley, Capt., at the British Hotel, Jermyn-street.
 Cooper, Lieut. Col. and Mrs., from Bath.
 Capel, Capt., R. N., in Portugal-street.

Cavendish, Lieut. Col., in Old Burlington-street.
 Clayton, R. N., in King-street, Portman-square.
 Callender, Capt., at the British Hotel, from Scotland.
 Dalrymple, Col., from his seat, in Surrey.
 Dalrymple, Capt., at the Waterloo Hotel, from China.
 Davy, Colonel, at Fenton's Hotel, from Bath.
 Drummond, Capt., in Stratford place.
 Elwood, Major. and Mrs., from Newark.
 Elliot, Hon. Capt. R. N., in Baker-street, from Scotland.
 Everard, Col., from Norfolk.
 Egerton, Major-Gen., in Albemarle-street.
 Ellis, Capt., R. N., from Portsmouth.
 Fermor, General, from Brighton.
 Fergusson, Capt., R. N., in St. James's-place.
 Gordon, Lieut.-Col., in Hill-street.
 Grey, Col., from Paris.
 Griffith, Capt., and brother, from Southampton.
 Kelso, Col., and family, from Hastings.
 Murray, Major Charles, and family, in Welbeck-street.
 Madden, Col., and Mrs., from Litchfield.
 McClean, Col., and Mrs., from Hull.
 Rossi, Capt., and Mrs., from the Isle of France.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Arkwright, J., Esq., and family, at Nerot's Hotel.
 Angerstein, — Esq., and family, in St. James's square, from Blackheath.
 Forbes, John, Esq., in Cork-street.
 Fitzgerald, Keane, Esq., from Under Hill, Herts.
 Gordon, John, Esq., in Gloucester place.
 Grey, — Esq., at Kirkham's Hotel, from Dublin.
 Houlton, John Archer, Esq., from Bishop's Stortford.
 Hill, Walden, Esq., and family, from Wales.
 Lumley, Saville, Esq., at Fenton's Hotel, from Brighton.
 Ogle, — Esq., in Dover-street.
 Paris, Esq., in Upper Seymour-street.
 Parsons, — Esq., and family, from Cheltenham.
 Russell, F. Esq., in Curzon-street, May Fair.
 Stanhope, Hon. L., from Surrey.
 Wharton, J., Esq., from his seat, in Yorkshire.
 West, James, Esq., and family, from Paris.

MRS. AND MISSES.

Bailey, Miss, at Thompson's Hotel, from Litchfield.
 Bowles, Mrs., at Montague House.
 Blackett, Mrs. C., in Gloucester-place.
 Cotes, Mrs. C., in Lower Brook-street.
 Cavendish, Mrs., in Stanhope-street.
 Dickenson, Mrs., in Upper Harley-street.
 Doyle, Mrs. and Miss, in Montague-square.
 Fortescue, Hon. Mrs., and the Ladies Fortescue, at Nerot's Hotel.
 Gower, Miss C. L., in Hill-street.
 Gray, Mrs., in Lower Grosvenor-street.
 Maynell, Mrs., in Hanover-square.
 Pardoe, Mrs., in Manchester-square.
 Paget, Mrs. Berkeley, and family.
 Rushout, Hon. Mrs., from Wanstead Grove.
 Robinson, Mrs., from Raby Hall Lancashire.
 Turner, Mrs. W., in Cavendish-square.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

The best of Kings, George IV., left his palace, in Pall-Mall, on Saturday afternoon, June 19th, at half-past three o'clock, in his travelling carriage and four, escorted by a party of light horse. Our Sovereign arrived about 6 o'clock, at the royal lodge in the Great Park, Windsor, accompanied by Sir W. Knighton. His Majesty's pony phaeton was in readiness at the lodge; and shortly after his arrival he drove himself about the grounds, down the Long Walk, and through the Little Park, to the Castle, where the King arrived shortly after nine o'clock; we are happy to add, in very excellent health and spirits.

Ashburnham, the Earl of, for his seat in Sussex.
 Arran, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Arran Lodge.
 Arkwright, J. Esq., and Mrs., from Nerot's Hotel.
 Anson, Lord, for Atherton, Staffordshire.
 Bentinck, Lord and Lady W., by the steam packet, for Calais, on their way to Germany.
 Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, for Woburn Abbey.
 Blackburne, Sir J., M. P., for his seat in Lancashire.
 Cecil, Lord Thomas, for Brighton.
 Coventry, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Streatham.
 Curwen, J. C., Esq., M. P., to Workington Hall, Cumberland.
 Colville, General, from Pall Mall, for Ipswich.
 Compton, Earl, Countess, and family, for Scotland.
 Carrington, Lord, for his seat in Kent.
 Dynevor, Lord, for his seat in South Wales.
 Dodd, Major and Mrs., for Cheltenham.
 Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Riegate Priory.
 Ellenborough, Lord, for Mr. Hope's seat, in Deepdere, Surrey.
 Ford, Sir F., Bart., and family, to the Continent.
 Foley, Lord, for Whitley Castle.
 Gist, Josiah, Esq., and family, to Warrington Grange, Worcestershire.
 Gort, Lord, from Nerot's Hotel.
 Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness of, for her seat, North Cray, Kent.
 Lethbridge, Sir Thomas and family, to Sandhill Park, Somersetshire.
 Lansdowne, the Marquess of, for his seat, Bowood, Wilts.
 Lennox, Lord George, for Goodwood Park.
 Minto, Earl, on a Tour.
 Norton, Capt., R. N., for Plymouth.
 Nugent, Lady, for Stowe Park.
 Pembroke, Earl and Countess, for Wilton House, near Salisbury.
 Paulet, Lord H. and Lady, to West Hill, Hants.
 Portland, Duke of, for his seat, Welbeck, Notts.
 Peacocke, Lady, for Ramsgate.
 Radnor, Earl and Countess, for Longford Castle, Wilts.
 Staunton, Sir George, Bart., M. P. for Belmont, Worcestershire.
 Scarsdale, Lady, and family, for Kedleston, Derbyshire.
 Stanhope, Earl, for his seat, Kent.
 Spencer, Earl and Countess, for the Isle of Wight.
 Stanhope, Earl, for Yorkshire.
 Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, for Hatfield.
 Wall, Mrs., and family, for Hallow Park, Worcestershire.
 Wedderburn, Sir J. W., for Yorkshire.
 Wynne, Owen, Esq., Lady Jane, and family, for France.
 Whitworth, Earl, and the Duchess of Dorset, for Knole.
 Waldegrave, Lord and Lady, for Twickenham.
 White, F., Esq., and family, to Farnham.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE
CHIT CHAT.

HIS MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.

OFFICIAL LIST

OF THE FOLLOWING NOBILITY AND GENTRY WHO WERE PRESENTED TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, AT THE LAST COURT DRAWING ROOM, ON THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1824.

Arden, Hon. Miss, by the Dowager Duchess of Leeds.
 Alexander, Misses Mary S. and Joanna, by the Dowager Lady Saltoun
 Astell, Mrs., by Lady Shiffner
 Astley, Miss Agnes, by Lady Jerningham
 Alvanley, Lady, by the Duchess of Leeds
 Beauchamp, Countess of, on coming to title, by the Countess of Clonmell
 Browne, Mrs. General Thomas, on return from India, by Lady Christie
 Banks, Lady, by Mrs. Wm. Jolliffe
 Byrne, Mrs. Georgiana, by Lady (Sir George) Nugent
 Bosanquet, Mrs. William, on her marriage, by Lady Bolton
 Beauclerk, Lady Caroline, by Lady Frederic Beauclerk
 Beauclerk, Miss, by her mother, Mrs. Beauclerk
 Beauclerk, Miss Georgiana, by her mother, Mrs. Beauclerk
 Brown, Mrs., by Mrs. Scott (of Harden)
 Berkeley, Ladies Mary and Caroline, by the Countess of Bathurst
 Barham, Lady, by the Dowager Duchess of Rutland
 Brudenell, Lady Mary, by the Duchess of Dorset
 Bayley, Lady Sarah, by Lady Harriet Bagot
 Beresford, Lady Sarah, by the Marchioness of Waterford
 Berkeley, Lady C., on her marriage, by the Countess of Euston
 Boyle, Lady Sarah, by Viscountess Barnard
 Byrne, Miss, by Lady (Sir George) Nugent
 Burr, Miss, by her mother
 Barrington, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by the Viscountess Normanby
 Borough, Miss, by her mother, the Hon. Lady Borough
 Brodrick, Miss Harriet, by Viscount Bernard
 Bayley, Miss, by Lady H. Bagot
 Burton, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by Lady Nugent
 Bridgeman, Hon. Mrs. G., by the Hon. Mrs. Courtenay Boyle
 Chambers, Miss, by the Countess of Clare
 Conyngnam, Lady F., on her marriage, by the Marchioness Conyngnam
 Collins, Mrs. Emma, by her mother, Mrs. Charles Collins
 Cardigan, M. Le Comte Charles de, on his marriage
 Cartwright, Mrs. W., on her marriage, by the Countess Pembroke
 Cust, Lady Isabella, on her marriage, by Dowager Lady Brownlow
 Chaplin, Mrs., by her sister, Mrs. Arbuthnot
 Charteris, Lady Charlotte, by the Countess of Wemyss
 Cardigan, La Comtesse Charles de, by Mrs. Tremayne Rodd

- Croft, Mrs. James, by Lady (Sir George) Nugent
 Crofton, Miss Fanny, by the Countess of Galloway
 Crawford, Miss Isabella, by Lady Kerrison
 Christie, Miss Frances, by Lady Christie
 Christie, Mrs., by Lady Christie
 Campbell, Mrs. and Miss, by the Hon. Mrs. Grant
 Cunynghame, Miss, by Lady Saltoun
 Chatterton, Sir W. bart.
 Clarke, Capt. Shadwell, on his return from Italy
 Campbell, Miss, by Mrs. Campbell
 Chambers, Miss, by Miss Blackwell
 Calvert, Mrs. C., on her marriage, by her mother, Lady Rowley.
 Dundas, Miss, by Lady Caroline Dundas
 Dupre, Miss, by the Dowager Duchess of Richmond
 Dawkins, Mrs., on her marriage, by Mrs. Sotheron
 Doyle, Mrs. Frances, by Mrs. Rigby
 Dillon, Hon. Miss, by the Countess of Lestowel
 Davies, Mrs. on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. de Crespiigny.
 Digby, Miss, by her mother, the Countess of Andover
 Denison, Miss Mary, by Mrs. Denison
 Duncombe, Lady Louisa and Miss Harriet, by Lady Charlotte Duncombe
 East, Lady, by Lady Nugent
 Edmonstone, Miss Charlotte, by her mother
 Ennismore, Viscountess, by the Countess of Listowel
 Fraser, Vice Admiral, on his going abroad
 Frankland, Mrs., by Lady Sarah Murray.
 Farnham, Miss Eliza, by her mother
 Fitzgerald, Miss, by Mrs. Fitzgerald
 Frankland, Miss Octavia, by the Hon. Mrs. Bowles
 Fletcher, Mrs., by Lady Imhoff
 Fletcher, Miss, by Lady Imhoff
 Frankland, Hon. Mrs. by the Hon. Mrs. Bowles
 Farquhar, Lady, by Countess Bathurst
 Fludger, Miss K., by the Countess Brownlow
 Forester, Miss, by Lady Forester
 Gwynne, Miss, by the Countess of Coventry
 Gunning, Mrs. and Miss, by Mrs. Ross
 Gifford, Lady, by Lady Colchester
 Graham, Lady Emily, by the Duchess of Montrose
 Gage, Lady Mary Ann, on her return from the Continent
 Gardner, Miss, by Lady Imhoff
 Gardner, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Imhoff
 Hampdon, Lady, on her marriage, by Viscountess Melville
 Heygate, Mrs., by the Lady of the Bishop of Salisbury
 Henniker, Hon. Miss, by the Right Hon. Lady Henniker
 Hanbury, Mrs. on her marriage, by the Countess of Gal-
 loway
 Honeywood, Lady, by the Countess of Sheffield
 Howley, Miss, by Mrs. Howley
 Hislop, Lady, on her marriage, by Countess Bathurst
 Howard, Miss, by Lady Henry Howard
 Hall, Rev. Henry, on his Degree of Doctor of Divinity
 Hamilton, Misses Harriet and Araminta, by their mother,
 Lady Hamilton
 Howard, Miss A. by Mrs. Howard, of Corby
 Halkett, Major-Gen. Sir Colin, on going abroad
 Halsey, Miss Jane, by her mother, Mrs. Moore Halsey
 Ingelby, Lady A. on her marriage, by Lady Rowley
 Irby, Miss, by her aunt, Lady Selsey
 Johnson, Miss, (daughter of Lady Lowe), by Lady Lowe
 Johnstone, Lady, on her marriage to Mr. Weyland, by
 Lady Rae
 Johnstone, Miss and Miss F. by Lady Johnstone
 Jenure, Mrs. and Miss Herbert, by the Countess of Hare-
 wood
 Knatchbull, Miss Anne and Miss C. by the Dowager Lady
 Knatchbull
 Kanton, the Chevalier de, Swed. Chargé d' Aff. to his
 Most Faithful Majesty
 Knatchbull, Dowager Lady, by Dowager Lady Arundel
 Laurie, Lady, by Mrs. Magnay, as late Lady Mayoress
 Lucy, Mrs. on her marriage, by the Countess of Warwick
 Lethbridge, Miss, by her mother, Lady Lethbridge
 Lambert, Lady, on her marriage, by the Viscountess Gage
 Lysons, Mrs., by Lady John Thynne
 Lacon, Lady, by Mrs. John Round
 Lawson, Capt., on appointment
 Lowth, Lieut. R. V. 9th Regt. Infantry, on promotion
 Londonderry, Marchioness, on coming to the title
 Loftus, Mrs. George, on her marriage, by Lady Margaret
 Walpole
 Mayoress, the Lady, by Mrs. Magnay, as late Lady Mayoress
 Mash, Miss, by the Marchioness of Westmeath
 Morse, Miss, by Mrs. Morse
 Madocks, Mrs. W., by the Countess of Coventry
 Martin, Miss Jean Wykeham, by the Hon. Mrs. S. R. Lush-
 ington
 Malcolm, Miss, by Mrs. James Buller
 Macquarrie, Major-General, late Governor of New South
 Wales
 Montford, Lord, on his return from the continent
 Mackenzie, Mrs. Stewart, by the Duchess of Wellington
 Murray, Lady George, by Lady Sarah Murray
 Montague, Lady Emily, by the Marchioness of Huntley
 Murray, Miss, by Lady S. Murray
 Mandeville, Viscountess, by the Marchioness of Huntley
 Miles, Mrs., by the Countess of Ilchester
 Musgrave, Mrs. R., on her marriage, by the Countess of
 Warwick
 Martineau, Mrs. Joseph, by the Hon. Mrs. de Grey
 Moreton, Miss, by the Countess of Denbigh
 Nayler, Miss F., by Lady Nayler
 Nugent, Miss, by her mother, Lady (Sir George) Nugent
 Nevensan, Mrs., on her marriage, by Lady Barrett Lennard
 Norman, Miss Isabella and Miss Charlotte, by Lady Eliza-
 beth Norman
 Nightingale, Mrs. G., on her marriage, by the Dowager
 Duchess of Rutland
 Osborne, Lady Charlotte, by her mother the Duchess of
 Leeds
 O'Brien, Mrs. Col., on her marriage, by the Right Hon.
 Lady Ongley
 Oliver, Mrs. Mansel, on her marriage, by Lady Nugent
 Fellow, Hon. Mrs. F., by Mrs. J. Chaplin, on her return
 from abroad
 Price, Mrs. Robert, by the Marchioness of Waterford
 Fellow, Hon. Mrs., on her marriage, by the Duchess of
 Northumberland
 Pomfret, Earl of
 Parry, Mrs. Charles, by the Hon. Mrs. de Grey
 Paget, Lady H., on her return from India, by the Countess
 of Galloway
 Pringle, Miss, by Lady Pringle
 Pole, Miss, by Mrs. William Stuart
 Phillimore, Mrs. J., by the Countess of Liverpool
 Paulet, Lady Arabella, Lady Henry, and Lady Cecilia, by
 the Marchioness of Winchester
 Peel, Lady Jane L., on her marriage, by Mrs. Peel
 Pelham, Lady Amelia, by the Countess of Chichester

Petre, Lady, on her marriage, by Lady Mary Petre
 Phipps, Lady Lepel Charlotte, by the Countess of Mulgrave
 Price, Mrs. R., on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Waterford
 Reeves, Miss, by Lady Ingleby
 Rice, Miss Charlotte, by Lady Dynevor
 Rolle, Lady, by the Viscountess Barnard
 Riley, Miss, on her marriage, by Lady Brownrigg
 Rogers, Captain W., R. N., by the Lord in waiting
 Raines, Captain, on his return over land from India
 Rose, Miss, by Lady Colchester
 Robinson, Hon. Miss, by Lady Grantham
 Rose, Lady, on her return from Berlin, by Lady Colchester
 Rackham, Lady, by the Duchess Dowager of Rutland
 Rendlesham, Rt. Hon. Lady, by the Dowager Lady Saltoun
 Rowley, Lady, on her return to England
 Rowley, Miss, by her mother Lady Rowley
 Reeves, Miss, by Lady Anicott Ingilby
 Ridley, Miss L., by Lady Ridley
 Rooke, Mrs. and Miss Lucy, by Lady Brownrigg
 Rice, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Dynevor
 Stair, Earl of, on his accession to the title
 Stuart, Miss Elizabeth, by her mother Lady George Stuart
 Strange, Hon. Mrs., by Lady Sarah Murray
 Stopford, Lady Jane, by the Countess of Pembroke
 Scott, Lady Harris, by the Countess of Clonmell
 Stenhouse, Miss, by Lady Bolton
 Swinburne, Miss Elizabeth, by Lady Swinburne
 Simpson, Miss C. B., by Mrs. Bridgeman Simpson
 Stuart, Miss Villiers, by Lady Jane Stuart
 Stopford, Lady Elizabeth, by the Countess of Pembroke
 Stuart, Lady George, by Lady James Stuart
 Sidmouth, Viscountess, on her marriage, by the Marchioness Huntley
 Stopford, Lady Charlotte, on her marriage
 Sherborne, Lady, by Lady John Thynne
 Sieley, the Rev. T. H., His Majesty's Resident Chaplain at Lisbon
 Stanley, Miss Isabella, by Lady M Stanley
 Salisbury, the Marchioness of, by the Marchioness of Downshire
 Strange, Miss, by Lady S. Murray
 Turner, Miss W., on her marriage, and going to Constantinople
 Theobald, Miss Thomasia, by Mrs. Theobald
 Thomas, Capt. F. J., R. N., by the Lord in Waiting
 Tomline, Lady Prettyman, on coming to the title, by Lady Bolton
 Tullamore, Lady, by the Countess of Uxbridge
 Townshend, Lady Charles, by Lady Margaret Walpole
 Trotter, Miss, by Mrs. Lindsey Betteaire
 Tisdale, Miss, by the Countess of Sheffield
 Thompson, Hon. Mrs. Beilby, by the Hon. Lady Glynne
 Voex, Miss dea, by Lady des Voex
 Wheatley, Miss, by Lady Brownrigg
 Wilson, Mr. W. Rae, on his going abroad
 Wedderburne, Sir James W., on his return from Italy
 Whitshed, Miss and Miss Harriet, by their mother
 Wynn, Miss C. H. W. by the Duchess of Montrose
 Wheatphales, Lady, by Lady Strange
 Worsley, Mr., Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry, by the Lord in Waiting
 Williams, Miss by Lady H. W. Wynn
 Young, Lady, by the Countess of Belmore

THE KING'S LEVEE, AND COURT.

Wednesday, June 9, his Majesty held a Court and Levee at his Palace in Pall-Mall. The usual attendants were at their stations between twelve and one o'clock. The Grand Hall was lined by the Police. Two of the tallest men of the Life Guards, upwards of six feet high, dressed as Cuirassiers, were stationed in the Great Hall also. A detachment from the King's Guard marched into the Court, with their band in state uniform, soon after the gates were opened for the admission of the company.

A detachment of the Life Guards, dressed as cuirassiers, arrived in Waterloo-place at two o'clock, when their numerous and superior band played alternately with the band of the Foot Guards.

His Majesty entered the State Rooms soon after two o'clock, where the Field Officer in Waiting, accompanied by the Colonel of the Guard, made a report to the King of the effective state of the three regiments of Foot Guards.

The King entered the Royal Closet, when the Earl of Lauderdale was admitted to an audience, and delivered the Orders of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George of the Ionian Islands, worn by his late brother, Sir Thomas Maitland.

The Marquis of Lothian had the honour of an audience to deliver the Badge of the Order of the Thistle, worn by his late Father.

The Bishops of Bath and Wells, and Chichester, were admitted into the Royal Closet, and did homage before his Majesty upon their Election to their Sees.

His Majesty was surrounded by several of his Royal Relatives and Officers of State: among them were the Duke of York and Prince Leopold, who came in state—his Royal Highness's suite in two carriages.

OFFICIAL LIST

OF THE FOLLOWING NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN WHO WERE PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.

Arabin, Mr. Serjeant, by Mr. Secretary Peel
 Arenschild, Major General Baron Victor, on his return from Portugal
 Anson, Major, on his promotion, by Sir J. Anson
 Aplin, Lieut. R.N., on his return from Service
 Barry, Mr. on his appointment of Gentleman to his Majesty's Privy Council Chamber
 Best, Lord Chief Justice, upon his appointment
 Bourdillon, Mr. B., by the Lord in Waiting
 Burton, Rev. Charles, on appointment
 Burford, Lord, by the Lord in Waiting
 Bunbury, Colonel, on his appointment, 1st Rifle Corps, 60th Regt.
 Baretto, Major, on his return from India
 Boothby, Sir W., on his succeeding to the Baronetcy
 Borough, Mr. on his return from the Continent, by Sir R. Borough
 Best, Mr. by his Father, Lord Chief Justice Best
 Broadhead, Mr. W. A. 7th Hussars, by the Lord in Waiting
 Bateman, Capt., on his arrival from Ireland
 Blackwood, Capt., R.N., by Lord Dufferin
 Buchanan, Lieut. A., R.N., from a tour of Europe
 Barron, Cornet, 17th Lancers, on his appointment
 Barne, Cornet, 4th Dragoon Guards
 Buller, Cornet, E. R., 7th Dragoon Guards
 Bentinck, Capt. Lord George, by the Duke of Portland
 Carrick, Mr., on his return from the Continent

Clements, Lieut.-Col., Grenadier Guards, on promotion
 Chichester, the Bishop of, on his preferment
 Crawley, Mr., M.P., on his marriage
 Craven, Mr. Charles, by the Lord in Waiting
 Charleville, Viscount, on his return from the Continent
 Carrington, Mr. G. Colonial Agent from Barbadoes
 Clowes, Capt. R.N. on his promotion, by Mr. Croker
 Cotton, Capt. C. on his promotion, by Admiral Sir George Cockburn
 Calvert, Captain, on his appointment, by Col. Townshend
 Clerke, Capt. Shadwell, 57th Regt. on his return from Italy
 Cathcart, Ensign, the Hon. A. F., 25th Regt. on his appointment
 Devon, Mr., by Sir George Cockburn
 Devon, Mr., on his marriage, by Sir George Pooke
 Davis, Mr. Russell, on his marriage, by Col. Sir R. Steele
 Deuton, Sub-Lieut. 2d Life Guards, on his appointment
 Eliot, Lord, on his return from Spain
 Edwardes, Hon. Geo., 17th Light Dragoons, by Lord Kensington
 Eden, Sir W., by General Eden
 Floyd, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry, on promotion
 Fletcher, Capt., R.N., on his return from abroad
 Fead, Capt., on appointment to the Pylades, by Sir George Cockburn
 Flodger, Lieut. F., Grenadier Guards, by the Earl of Brownlow
 Graves, Mr., by Lord Graves
 Germaine, Earl of St., on succeeding to his title
 Gilly, Rev. W. S., to present his Book "Researches among the Vaudois"
 Griffin, Lieut., R.N., by the Lord in Waiting
 Gordon, Lieut., R.N., by the Earl of Aboyne
 Hamilton, Hon. G., on his return from abroad, by the Lord in Waiting
 Hialop, Lieut. Gen. Sir T., on going to the Continent
 Hall, Gen., on his appointment of Colonel of the 99th Regt.
 Hunter, Col., Grenadier Guards, on his return from the West Indies
 Horsley, Adm., by the Lord in Waiting
 Hanbury, Mr., on his marriage, by Lord Graves
 Hall, Mr., on going abroad
 Hough, Capt. W., Bengal Army, on his return from India
 Hotham, Capt. R.N., by the Lord in Waiting
 Herbert, Capt., R.N., on his return from foreign service
 Heath, Lieut. M., Royal Engineer, by the Lord in Waiting
 Jervis, Mr., on being appointed his Majesty's Second Justice of Chester
 Johnstone, Sir J., Bart., by the Lord in Waiting
 Jervoise, Mr. T. C., by his father, Sir S. C. Jervoise
 Jerningham, Mr., on coming of age, by Sir G. Jerningham
 Knight, Capt. C., R.N., on his promotion and return from Africa
 Keith, Lieut. the Hon. W., R.N., on his appointment to the Blonde
 Leeke, Capt. H., on his appointment to the Herald
 Littledale, Mr. Justice, on his appointment, when he received the honour of knighthood
 Lefray, Mr. E., Judge at Surinam, on his return to that country
 Lacy, Mr., on his marriage, by the Earl of Clonmell
 Locke, Mr., from Dublin, by the Lord in Waiting
 Lawson, Capt. T., Queen's Royals, on his appointment
 Locke, Capt., 17th Lancers, on his appointment
 Lowth, Lieut., 9th Regt. of Infantry, on his promotion

Maynard, Viscount, on coming to his title, by Sir Edward Kerrison
 Meade, Gen., on his appointment to the 13th Regt.
 Macneil, Col., 2d Life Guards, on his promotion
 Martin, Capt. G. B., R.N., on his promotion, by Sir G. Cockburn
 Nolan, Mr., on being appointed a Welsh Judge
 Noleken, Baron
 Nicolay, Gen., on being appointed Governor of Dominica
 Naylor, Sir G., Garter, on receiving the Insignia of the Portuguese Order T. and S.
 Naper, Mr., on his marriage, by Lord Sherborne
 Ongley, Mr., Grenadier Guards, on appointment
 Price, Rev. Dr., upon his departure from England
 Price, Mr. Robert, on his marriage, by the Earl of Egremont
 Praed, Mr. J. B., on his marriage
 Praed, Mr. W. T., by the Lord in Waiting
 Perring, Rev. P., on being appointed Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge
 Parkins, Mr. J. W., on going abroad
 Reade, Sir J. Bart., on his return from the Continent
 Reid, Sir J. Rae, on coming to his title, by Mr. Canning
 Robinson, Mr. L. H., by the Lord in Waiting
 Raines, Capt., on his return from India
 Rose, Lieut. G. P., 15th King's Hussars, on his promotion
 Rose, Lieut., H. H., 19th Regt., on his promotion
 Scott, Mr. H., by Mr. Scott
 Somerville, Mr. W. M., by Sir M. Somerville, on his going abroad
 Spankie, Mr., on his return from India
 Suffield, Lord, by the Archbishop of York
 Saunders, Rev. James, by the Lord in Waiting
 Stourton, Hon. J., by his father, Lord Stourton, on coming of age
 Spinks, Major, 92d Regt., on promotion, by Viscount Downe
 Sibby, Capt., R.N., on his return from foreign service
 Saumarez, Capt. K. S., on his promotion, by Sir G. Cockburn
 Suasso, Capt., on his return to England
 Shore, Lieut. Hon. H. D., 4th Dragoon Guards, by Lord Teignmouth
 Smith, Ensign Carrington, 99th Regt., on his appointment
 Streatfield, Major, 87th Regt., on his return from India
 Twiss, Mr. Horace, on being appointed Counsel to the Admiralty
 Thornton, Col. H., 40th Regt., on his departure for New South Wales
 Townsend, Mr., by Lord Sidney
 Wise, Mr., Consul-General for Sweden, on his return to England
 Warburton, Mr. R. E., by Major-General Egerton
 Weymouth, Viscount, on his return from the Continent
 Walden, Lord Howard de, as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs
 Woodcock, Rev. Dr., on being appointed a Canon of Christ Church
 Wallace, Col. Maxwell, on appointment to the 5th Guards
 Wilson, Sir J. M., by Lord Selsey
 William, Sir James, on receiving the honour of knighthood
 Woodmass, Mr. Charles, by Sir D. Ogilby, Bart.
 Weguelin, Lieut. Col., on his return from India
 Wilson, Capt. T., R.N., by Admiral Sir R. Stopford
 Wetherall, Capt., on his return from India, by the Marquis of Huntley
 Yarborough, Lord, on coming to his title

INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

After the Levee his MAJESTY held an Investiture of the Order of the Bath. The Members of the distinguished Order having been robed in the Royal Robing-room, moved in grand procession through the Grand Hall and State Apartments to the Royal Closet, in the following order, SIR GEORGE NAYLER, the Genealogist of the Order, carrying the Order and Ribbon on a crimson Velvet Cushion; Mr. PULMAN, Principal Bath King at Arms, attended by the following Members of the Order, in their full robes:—

The Marquis of Huntley, Sir John Malcolm, Sir George Cockburn, Viscount Exmouth, Sir Henry Calvert, Sir John Doyle, Sir Richard Strachan, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Alured Clarke, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

An Investiture being formed with the usual ceremonies, his MAJESTY was graciously pleased to invest Sir JOHN OSWALD, with the Order of a Knight Grand Cross, in the room of the late Sir THOMAS MAITLAND.

THE KING.

It was generally remarked, that when Bonaparte left the Thuilleries to review his troops, however wet and unpleasant the morning, *the sun shone the moment* he was about to mount his charger to pass the lines in review. The same heavenly greetings have lately been observed on all recent occasions when OUR BELOVED and HIGHLY-GIFTED SOVEREIGN has honoured and graced the public with his presence on gala days. The mornings were lowering during the Ascot Races, with rain, fogs, and disagreeable weather, which continued almost to the hour appointed by his Majesty to go to the race-course; but the moment had scarcely arrived, when the sun with all its bewitching splendour appeared, and dissipated the gloom. The *happy period* of our beloved Monarch's reign is now come, when all ranks, high and low, rich and poor, vie with each other in ardour of affection and loyalty to the best of Kings. It is truly said that a more finished gentleman does not exist than George IV. There is a dignified grace and manlihood in all his movements that no King ever surpassed; certainly, no monarch of the present day can be compared to him. Long may our amiable King live to reign over his generous and noble-minded subjects.

The presence of his Majesty at Ascot Races gave life, spirit and gaiety to the vast assemblage of fashionables. London was almost without a person of rank or fashion during the days of the races. The King was on the course every day, generally accompanied by the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Dorset, and the Marquis Conyngham, in an open carriage drawn by four bay horses, with postillions and outriders dressed in scarlet and gold; the remainder of the visitors followed in open carriages. His Majesty was every where greeted with acclamations. He gratified his subjects by making his appearance at the window of the Royal Stand, where his Majesty took refreshments, consisting of potted meats and fruits, and about five left the Course for the Castle.

Tuesday Evening, June 15, his MAJESTY gave a grand dinner. Among the company were—

The Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Dorset, the Duke of Richmond, Earl and Countess Scarborough, Earl and

Countess Warwick, Count Lieven, Lord and Lady Gwydyr, Lord Manners, Lord Clarendon, Lord Graves, Viscount Apsley, the Marquis, Marchioness, and Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham, Sir W. Knighton, Sir E. Nagle, Mr. Deline, and many other distinguished characters.

The Band of the Royal Horse Guards occupied the Orchestra, and entertained the company until a late hour.

The Duke of York also entertained a select party at Frogmore, consisting of—

The Duke of Rutland, Earl Verulam, Earl Darlington, Lord Cavendish, Lord Foley, Lord Clarendon, Lord Egremont, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. Udney.

The different races at Epsom were closely run, finely contested, and produced the expected gratification. We were happy to see four new grand Stands erected, two of which are patronized by the Earl of Derby, and we hope to have to announce a better regulation of the Course, which now and for a considerable time has been most shamefully neglected, and productive of considerable danger. The company was generally of the best classes. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were there, and a host of fashionables.

General Bosville, Mrs. Bosville, and their beautiful and highly-accomplished daughters, are in the utmost grief on account of the death of Lord Macdonald, a nobleman possessing all the amiability, goodness, and gentleness of heart, for which his noble family have been so long distinguished. One of the Miss Bosvilles is a perfect resemblance of the late Princess Charlotte.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

There are vermin that find their existence in the destruction of things infinitely superior, both in excellence and beauty, to themselves,—and there are men who, despicable as the reptiles they imitate, obtain profit and livelihood by exercising their scandalous malice upon those by whom they are surpassed in every qualification that can add lustre to rank, or dignity to virtue. In this tribe, the DRIVELLING EDITORS of the *John Bull* newspaper stand conspicuous. From the time of their first appearance before the public to the present hour, they have been noted for uttering falsehoods, not only of the living, but even of the defenceless dead. During a long period, however, their scurrilous invectives were evidently the work of a masterly, though evil hand; but latterly, they have added dulness and stupidity to maliciousness and insult, and all who have had the patience to peruse the late numbers of their journal, must have laughed at the fools, whilst they utterly despised the men. At no time have they given greater proof of the degraded state of their *wit*, than on Sunday, the 13th of June, in their paper of which date they have actually been so incredibly absurd as to publish the following senseless paragraph:—

“ ‘ Brest, Brest!’ said his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester to an humble friend (who shall be nameless) ‘ where’s Brest?’

‘ In France, Sir,’ was the answer.

‘ That’s odd, very odd, that they have sent him there,’ said his Royal Highness, and he put his elbows on the breakfast-table, and began to think as much as he possibly could.

‘ Who, Sir?’ timidly inquired his Royal Highness’s companion.

taste was never displayed than in the interior decorations. The three capacious drawing-rooms were illuminated for the promenade and the dance; the hall, the great staircase, and the noble rooms on the ground, exhibited a blaze of light. The Ladies Charteris led off the quadrilles, with the Marquis Graham, Lord Kennedy, and Mr. Grey.

THE FESTIVITIES AT STOWE.

Tuesday, June 15.—The company which had been invited was so numerous that the accommodations at Stowe House were insufficient for the purpose of lodging the guests; and, consequently, the Cobham Arms Inn, at Buckingham, and other houses, were taken by his Grace. Among the fashionable assemblage of Nobility and Gentry who dined each day with his Grace were the following:

Lord Andover, Lord and Lady Arundel, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Braybrook, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, Mr. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Lord and Lady Carysfort, Lord Clanricarde, Mr. H. Cholmondeley, Mr. George Dupre, Mr. and Mrs. East, Sir Edward East, Lord and Lady Fortescue, the Ladies Fortescue, George Fortescue, Esq., John Fortescue, Esq., Lady Fremantle, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Lord Glenorchy, Lady Glynn, Sir Stephen Glynn, Lord Geo. Hill, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Irby, Mr. and Mrs. Chandos Leigh, the Misses Leigh, Lady Littleton, Lord and Lady Nugent, Lady George Nugent and Miss Nugent, Mr. Nugent, Mr. and Lady Jane Neville, Rev. Geo. and Lady Charlotte Neville, Miss Neville, the Ladies Proby, Lord Sheffield, Lady Williams Wynn, Miss W. Wynn, Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Williams Wynn, and the Misses Williams Wynn, Major Pigot, &c.

The dinner-table of the State Room was spread for between 80 and 90 persons. In the centre was a massive ornament, silver gilt, having at the corners four figures representing the principal rivers of Europe, and in the middle the figure of Britannia supporting Fame, so heavy as to require four men to place it on the table. The dinner was served on silver plate, and the desert on gold; a rich service of English porcelain, having his Grace's arms tastefully executed in the centre, was also used. In an adjoining room the table was laid for 40 or 50 persons.

At four o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Marquis of Chandos, and their noble visitors repaired to the village church, where the ceremony of christening was performed by the Rev. Thomas a'Beckett Turner. He was christened by the name of Richard Plantaganet Campbell Nugent Chandos Grenville Temple. The sponsors were Lord and Lady Breadalbane, the Hon. Mr. Grenville, and Lady Williams Wynn. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Hallelujah chorus was sung, accompanied by the band of the Bucks militia, and the family left the church.

After the christening the tenantry and yeomanry were conducted to the ball and tea-rooms. Supper having been finished, the immense silver bowl was placed on the table, filled with punch, and his Grace entered the room. Having advanced to the upper end of the table he desired them to charge their glasses, and proposed the health of the Infant Earl, who was the occasion of their meeting; this was drunk with loud cheering. He then addressed them nearly as follows:—

"Fellow Countrymen and Yeomen—Happy as I always am to meet my tenantry and yeomanry, I am more than ever pleased to meet them on the occasion of christening my grandson. May he and his descendants enjoy the happiness of being at the head of a yeomanry and tenantry equally honest

and respectable as those I now see before me, and may they evince the same zeal in defending the Constitution and laws of their country. Gentlemen, I drink your health, and hope you will enjoy yourselves as well and as long as you can.—God bless you all."

Loud and repeated cheering followed the address of his Grace, who directly left the room. The Marquis of Chandos took the place which his father had resigned, and said, he would propose a toast which he was sure they would drink with enthusiasm—"The Duke of Buckingham." It was drank with great enthusiasm. His Lordship having quitted the chair, the health of the Duchess of Buckingham and the Marquis of Chandos and Lord Nugent were drank.

The Second Day was appointed for trials of skill and speed. The races were excellent, and afforded much amusement. The Third Day, the gardens were thrown open for trial of skill in archery. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Arundel first entered the lists; they were followed by many others of the ladies and gentlemen, who shot alternately, but at length Miss Wynn, the daughter of Sir W. W. Wynn, and Mr. Nugent were declared the fortunate winners of the prizes, which were two silver arrows. The lady was then lifted on one of the targets and carried a short distance being loudly greeted by the spectators; the gentleman was borne to the house on a target, preceded by a band playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." He was also loudly cheered. The ladies and gentlemen followed in procession, two and two, each carrying an arrow. In the afternoon they amused themselves by sailing on the sheet of water in front of the house.

In the evening, that all might be partakers of the amusements so liberally provided, a ball was given to the servants of the house, and of his Grace's visitors. About ten o'clock the exhibition of fire-works commenced.

A Grand Fancy Ball was given the last day, at which all the Nobility and Gentry, mentioned in the account of the first day's entertainment, and those residing in the neighbourhood, were present.

PARTIES PROPOSED AND APPOINTED.

Thursday, July 1.—Lady de Clifford's Ball; Mrs. Green Wilkinson's Ball, in Upper Wimpole-street; Mrs. Angerstein's Ball, in St. James's square; Lady Ravensworth's Ball.

Friday, July 2.—Mrs. Spencer Stanhope's Ball, in Langham-place; Mrs. Gordon's Ball in Baker-street.

Sunday, July 4.—The Fourth Meeting of The Coterie, at Lady Salisbury's.

Monday, July 5.—The Countess of Sefton's Second Fête.

Tuesday, July 6.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry's Party; the Hon. Mrs. West's Ball, in Upper Grosvenor-street.

Wednesday, July 7.—Almack's Grand Ball.

Thursday, July 8.—Mrs. Mitchell's Second Ball; Mrs. Blackwell's Ball, in Baker-street.

Friday, July 9.—The Marchioness of Waterford's Grand Ball, in Mansfield-street; Lady Barratt Lennard's Party.

RACES TO COME IN JULY.

1st, Knighton.—6th, Winchester and Ipswich.—7th, Totton.—8th, Tenbury.—12th, Newmarket.—13th, Preston.—14th, Bath and Ludlow.—19th, Wells.—20th, Nottingham and Beccles.—21st, Cheltenham.—22nd, Bridgnorth.—27th, Knutsford and Derby.

MRS. CHAMBERS'S BALL.

The pleasure anticipated by this lady's fashionable friends was realized on Tuesday evening, June 8, to a numerous party of persons of distinction attracted on the occasion. The decoration of the refreshment-room, viewed from the vestibule, excited admiration, being ornamented in a peculiar style, with a great variety of shrubs and flowers, nearly reaching the ceiling, which produced an enchanting *coup d'œil*.

MR. AND MRS. DU PRE'S BALL.

In Portland-place, on Monday evening, June 7, a very magnificent ball and supper were given by Mr. and Mrs. Du Pre to an elegant circle, exceeding 300 persons. The suite of apartments were illuminated in a style of great splendour by Grecian chandeliers and Buhl lamps. The dancing commenced with quadrilles in the grand saloon at a quarter past eleven o'clock. The supper was announced at half past one. Spanish and Polish dances were introduced after supper. The party broke up at four o'clock.

MRS. WATTS RUSSEL'S PARTY.

This lady, at her residence in Portland-place, entertained her friends with a concert of vocal and instrumental music on Monday evening, June 7. The house is magnificently furnished, and the entertainment, given on this occasion, corresponded.

THE HON. MRS. PELHAM'S SECOND ROUT.

At this lady's residence opposite Hyde-Park, and Connaught-place, a great proportion of the leading persons in fashionable life graced her party on Thursday evening, June 10. The three very fine and spacious drawing-rooms were thrown open at ten o'clock, also the library communicating with the conservatory, which was filled with plants of peculiar fragrance. The party did not break up till near three o'clock.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S FIFTH ASSEMBLY.

The drawing-room suite of apartments in: his superb mansion were opened to a select party of her Grace's friends, on Friday, June 11. The company began to arrive soon after ten o'clock, and were conducted, by the grand staircase, to a scene of enchantment, enriched with the utmost liberality that wealth and dignity could bestow. The amiable Duchess received her guests with that charming affability which diffuses pleasure to all around. The ladies looked divisely, from the fine glow of light shed through the apartments, and the contrast of the silver moon illuminating the garden, when seen through the windows, produced the most delightful effect. Refreshments were most plentifully provided in the supper-rooms, the light from which, on entering the court-yard, had a very splendid appearance.

MRS. COUTTS'S GRAND DINNER PARTY.

This amiable and accomplished lady gave on Monday, June 21, a most sumptuous dinner to the following noble and distinguished guests:—

His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany, the Duke of Wellington, Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Marquis and Marchioness of Huntley, Marchionesses of Bute and Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Harrowby, two Ladies Ryder, Lord Bristol and two Ladies Hervey, Countess of Guildford and Lady Susan North, Miss Gifford, Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Jekyll, Col. Cook, &c.

The repast was of the most rare, costly, and magnificent description. The utmost liberality and the most exquisite taste were evinced in providing the entertainment. It must

afford the highest gratification to Mrs. Coutts's numerous friends to know that the party consisted of the most illustrious characters of the country, and of noblemen and gentlemen of acknowledged talents. To see the high-spirited and noble-minded Duke of York gracing the party with his presence, shows that he possesses a most amiable nature;—and the presence of the Duke of Wellington, the hero of the age, must have been gratifying in the extreme to the delightful hostess. To expatiate on the highly-gifted noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, would much exceed our limits. We are happy that Mrs. Coutts is again mixing with the fashionable world—and that her mind is relieved of a portion of her grief for the loss of her worthy and inestimable husband, Mr. Coutts. She is a lady worthy of her large fortune—she has talents, and a disposition to disperse it—and in doing so makes thousands happy.

The grand suite of rooms were opened, and for the first time since the lamented death of the late honoured and respected Owner. The dinner was served up in the principal dining-room, and the tables appeared almost to groan under the weight of every delicacy the season had afforded. The wines, we need hardly report to be of the finest description, and in the greatest variety. Some of the Madeira, Port, and Hock, had been in Mr. Coutts's possession more than fifty years.

In the evening there was a little music. Sir Geo. Smart and Mr. Attwood alternately presided. Miss Stephens, Miss Tree, and Miss Goodall gratified the company with a rare exhibition of what may be accomplished by native talent. While such a delectable treat is attainable by means of our own sweet warblers, Mrs. Coutts will not find it necessary to call in the aid of foreign ornament. Miss Stephens in some of her Scotch ballads, almost electrified the company; the Royal Duke was most complimentary, and appeared willingly detained by the fascination of the Hostess and the concord of "sweet sounds" till past midnight.

MRS. MITCHELL'S BALL.

A ball, of peculiar attractions, was given by this lady, at her house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, on Tuesday evening, June 15. The four drawing-rooms, and two below, were illuminated at ten o'clock. The dancing commenced at eleven, and ended at four o'clock, with Polonaises, French, Russian, and German waltzes. The principal part of the supper was laid on side-tables; but for the four Northern Princes, the Countess St. Antonio, Baron and Baroness Werther, Duke and Duchess of Atholl, the Marquis of Hertford, &c., covers were laid on a separate table, in a divided room. Here a party of sixteen sat down to every luxury the season could produce, with wines of rare vintages. *We hope the other part of the company had something better than bread and cheese and small beer. We think it very invidious to invite a company, and then make so marked a distinction.*

GROSVENOR-HOUSE AND ITS ASSEMBLY.

The delightful scene which this superb and noble mansion presents, when lighted, the imagination can form but a faint idea of. On Thursday evening, June 17, it presented a *tout ensemble* captivating in the extreme, for therein were encircled all the fashion and beauty of high life. At the hour of one, 642 persons had arrived. The crowd was prodigious.

THE COUNTESS OF WENTWORTH'S BALL.

In Stratford-place, on Thursday, June 17, a brilliant ball was given to a circle exceeding 350 fashionables. More

has been married to Madame la Marquise de Choiseul, in Paris. The Lady was a widow; her mother was a very rich heiress: her brother is the present Lord Ranelagh. The marriage ceremony was performed in great state, and the bride was presented in form at the Thuilleries.

THE ECCENTRIC MAN, A REAL CHARACTER.—He is well known by sight at the West end of the town, by his gallantry to the ladies. Although a young man, his manners savour much of the old school; he never takes the wall of any woman; he never passes a carriage whilst the ladies are getting in or out (this may be considered selfishness instead of politeness, because he is a great admirer of an elegant woman, and having great taste in dress he wishes to judge if they are truly fashionable); but his principal motive is to have the honour of handing them into the carriage; some are so little used to that sort of politeness from a stranger, or perhaps from timidity, decline the assistance, but often has he had the honor of having his attention accepted, and the reward of an angel's smile, and has walked on with pride and delight at having met with a real gentlewoman.

He walks into all the fashionable shops, especially when he observes ladies in them, and to encourage trade admires aloud any thing that is tasteful and elegant.

He has a great aversion to carelessness and nonchalance, with which the present race of young men treat the ladies. It appears as if they were only thinking of themselves, and had not a drop of warm blood in them. As he endeavours to act like a man he does not care for the opinion of the world, and to show his contempt of prejudice, he walked up Bond-street the other day with a toasting fork in his hand, to the great annoyance of pug dogs, poodles, and dandies, without the slightest intention of annoying any of them—he went into a shop for an ice, and having placed his fork on the counter, while he ate it, he observed three delicate-looking gentlemen, with stays on, look very seriously at it, and turn their eyes frequently towards the door—they soon got fidgety and marched off. He supposed they took him for Neptune in disguise, with his trident. He generally dresses *à la militaire*, with a choice flower in his button-hole. So eccentric are his habits, and so quick his movements, that he is often on the banks of the Thames at six o'clock in the morning, and, on the same day, all over Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, Paddington, the City (for he does not mind the vulgarity of the thing), and finishes the day in the fashionable streets and the Parks. He goes into the cellars of the poor and the distressed; visits prisons, like the philanthropic Howard, and when he discovers abuse in any quarter, never ceases till he has remedied it; he has been seen fencing at a post till he got a crowd round him, and heard people say, poor man; what a pity that such a fine young man should be in such a state of mind; but, as he suddenly turns round and laughs at them for their credulity, he opens their minds by saying "you must never judge by appearances." He is perfectly aware that had he been rich, his avaricious connexions would have endeavoured to have deprived him of that blessing—liberty, which has been the cause of great good to many. He is perfectly acquainted with all the sciences, and wishes to promote arts, manufactures, and commerce; and only asks the public not to be alarmed if he should walk about the street, with a fire-shovel in his hand, or a warming-pan, and probably one of these days he may be seen in Bond-street with a wheelbarrow, which he will take pretty good care to turn out of the way of every Lady, but most assuredly he will make every Dandy turn out for it.

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Tuesday, June 1, the Duke of Sussex gave a grand entertainment at his residence, in the King's palace, Kensington. The dinner party consisted of—the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Clarence, the Princess Sophia Matilda, the Prince of Leiningen, the Princess Feodore, the Prince and Princess Lovenstein and their daughter, &c.

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK'S BALL.

Her Ladyship had a brilliant assembly in Mansfield-street on Tuesday evening, June 1st: the four spacious drawing-rooms, the grand staircase, the great hall, and the corridors, were illumined with a refulgence equal to that of a meridian sun. Card tables were set out in the *boudoir* and other apartments. The visitants exceeded four hundred.

THE COUNTESS BATHURST'S PARTY,

To meet the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Countess Bathurst had a grand assembly on Tuesday evening, June 1, at her house in Great Stanhope-street, Mayfair, to meet the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands; but her Majesty was prevented attending from severe illness. We understand they have caught the measles. The whole interior of the house was fitted up with great taste and elegance, and was most brilliantly illumined. There were present between two and three hundred distinguished fashionables.

THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN'S PARTY.

Her Ladyship gave a grand concert on Wednesday evening, June 2, at her house in Dover-street, which was elegantly and numerously attended.

MRS. W. CAMAC'S BALL.

Mrs. W. Camac gave a splendid ball and supper at her residence in Mansfield-street, on Thursday, May 3. The three drawing-rooms, furnished with crimson satin and gold, were appropriated for the dancing, and they were most brilliantly illumined. Collinet and his band attended. Refreshments were laid out in the blue satin drawing-room and Turkish tent. Supper was served up at one o'clock on the ground-floor. The banquet consisted of all the delicacies of the season. After supper, dancing recommenced, and was kept up with the greatest spirit until four o'clock.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday night, June 7, His Royal Highness gave a grand entertainment at Marlborough House, which was brilliantly illumined on the occasion. In the principal drawing-room at the west end of the house, in which the Prince received his distinguished guests, a grand concert was given of vocal and instrumental music. The whole of the royal banquet was most superb and splendid. Most of the ladies had new dresses for the occasion, and the display of jewels was extremely brilliant. The concert concluded soon after one o'clock.

LADY ASTLEY'S PARTY.

Her ladyship's first party took place on Monday evening, June 7, at her house in Hereford-street.

'Miguel, Miguel, the Infant of Portugal,' was the answer. 'Quite proper, I think, Sir, with submission,' replied the humble companion, *jocosely*, 'nothing can be more natural Sir, than to send an infant to *breast*.'

'Very true,' said the Duke, *seriously*, 'I did not think of that before.'

His Royal Highness is not a person to be joked with."

We should not have disgraced our pages with such wretched trash for any other purpose than that of drawing down merited contempt on the hollow head of its author. Were our readers ever sickened with a more miserable attempt at wit? Why, the merest whipper-snapper apprentice about town would be ashamed to give utterance to so wretched and so pointless a pun. The fact is, the *witty gentlemen* in question have for some time found that their journal is weekly decreasing in circulation, and they eagerly seize every opportunity of endeavouring to recover their lost ground, whether by foul means or fair, to them is of no manner of consequence. But the amiable task of inditing the abusive department of their journal has, to all appearances, fallen into inferior hands,—to the care of persons, who, although as much the malignant abettors of untruth as their predecessors, do not possess the ability and power which the latter invariably displayed even in the most grovelling of their unprincipled effusions.

With regard to the subject of the paragraph which we have thought it our duty thus to hold up to public ridicule, little requires to be said. It in every way bears a lie upon its face, for all who know His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, (and who is *not* acquainted with him, from the exemplary and excellent tenor of both his public and private life?) are well aware, that neither he himself, nor any one whom he might consider worthy of his high patronage, could ever commit so egregious an offence against common sense as is the jargon above quoted, which can only have proceeded from the ineffable folly of the jolt-headed scribblers attached to *John Bull*.

We would advise the conductors of this paper to look to their proceedings, as we shall at all times be ready to administer the lash whenever their continual falsehoods and absurdities may render its application necessary.

HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Hyde Park, in spite of dust and noise, was the favourite Sunday lounge of fashionable pedestrians during the last month, and the beautiful Gardens at Kensington were entirely deserted until last year, when the latter took their turn of favour, and the park was forsaken. This season, however, it would appear that things are to resume their old course, for the gardens are empty in comparison with their rival promenade, and the ladies seem equally fickle in loving and in walking. However, Kensington has lately boasted company sufficient and stylish enough to lead us to hope that its delightful grounds may yet have the preference over the monotonous path in Hyde Park, exposed as the latter is to all the tumult and dirt proceeding from the neighbouring carriage way.

About three o'clock on Sundays, wet or dry, the after-dinner folks make their appearance in shoals. Cranbourn Alley in fact broke loose—for the varied tints of the rainbow cannot exceed the brilliancy of colours displayed in the ladies' dresses. Table flowers were in abundance—the pions and the sun-flower took the precedence. The Duchess of Richmond's carriage has been seen occasionally in the Park—her equipage is elegant, and her white liveries like

herself chaste and elegant. There has been another ducal coronet in the park turning with the line of carriages,—the livery blue, with yellow small-clothes (or inexpressibles), three or four elegant ladies in it, but preceded by two glass coaches, (which every one of common discernment might swear to,) for the coachmen had shabby hats, and were unaccompanied by footmen—the contrast was remarkable. The ladies in the glass-coaches had very much the *tournure* of Whitechapel belles. Several queer-looking vehicles of the gig species with four inside, and the only outside passenger the horse—for he had been working all the week, and his master, to reward him for his exertions, gave him a holiday on Sunday, by taking him twenty miles with his family.

The Lady Mayoress, much to our surprise, has not been there: it is extraordinary, as every one knows the shops are shut on Sunday; but probably it may be accounted for, as information was given by a fishmonger at the west end of the town, that a quantity of fish had been bought for a large dinner party at White Chapel, at four *precisely*. It is natural to suppose, that a person cannot be at two places at the same time. Or probably his lordship having received a bale of silks, required her ladyship's assistance in measuring the quantity *per bill* of parcels.

We are glad to see that *gentlemen* begin to leave off glass eyes, for nothing can be more ridiculous than to see a man stick a quizzing-glass in his eye; it looks as if nature had not given him sufficient brains to stop up the vacancy which supports the glass in his skull; besides, common sense proves it affection—for unless he shuts one eye, the glass cannot operate on the optics.

We can scarcely believe that Mrs. Hughes Ball, better known as Mercandotti, the Opera Dancer, was encouraged to hope that she would be admitted at Court. She could have no right or claim to such a distinction—and therefore we are happy her friends had the good sense to dissuade Mr. Ball from persevering in the intention. It must have been Mr. Ball himself, that could have suggested the idea of introducing his wife into the presence of his Majesty, with the hope of afterwards taking her into the company of the Nobility and Gentry. What a monstrous idea! If gentlemen will marry opera dancers, they must endeavour to *preserve* them, as they would *their game*. The company of French dancers may be agreeable to some young bucks, and to them alone they must confine themselves.

At Prince Leopold's musical party it was observed that many gentlemen had *canes* or *sticks* with *quizzing glasses* on the top of them. We wonder they did not walk into the rooms, quaker fashion, with their hats on.

At More's botanical garden, a most beautiful and new geranium has been patronized by that amiable lady Mrs. Coutts, whose sense, judgment and liberality are universally acknowledged. It is appropriately called the *Contsea*. The following plants at More's garden are also well worth inspection:—

More's General Mina—a lovely plant.

—Pavonia Triumphans, a magnificent specimen of the Geranium.

—Igresseus Grandiflora, an extraordinary and beautiful specimen.

THE PRINCE POLIGNAC.—At last the mystery is developed. His Highness left London so suddenly, because he was "going to be married, and could not stay." The Prince

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort ; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion].

BATH.

THE arrangements in the Abbey Church, aided by its own antique beauty, rendered it, in every respect, most eligible for the celebration of the Grand Musical Festival. That noble composition of Haydn, the *Creation*, commenced the performance, which, in the hands of Messrs. Phillips, Sapio, Hawes, Wesley, Braham, Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, and the noble chorus, received every effect that the highest musical ability could afford.

The Bath Theatre has closed.—A season by no means prosperous.

The last most fashionable arrivals at this favourite place have been :—Lord and Lady Cavan, Earl Manvers, Sir A. and Lady Hood, Lady Audley, Lady Hanney, Lady Smith, General and Mrs. Popham, Colonel and Mrs. Bulkley, Col. Conolly, Sir A. and Lady Elton, Sir R. Vaughan, Hon. W. Wickham, Judge Daly, Sir J. and Lady Kaye and family. Major-Gen. Sir J. Elley, Dr. Benny, Dr. J. Russell, Dr. Urbahart.

CHELTENHAM.

Notwithstanding the wanton misrepresentations of individuals, who are interested in depreciating the high estimation in which Cheltenham is justly held, and who are obviously ignorant of its flourishing state, it affords us more gratification, than we can well express, to witness its still rising prosperity.—We have never known this town so full—or seen assembled here so great a concourse of personages of the first distinction in the world of fashion :—to enhance this certainty of a prosperous summer—prosperous beyond all example—we need only add that not a day passes in which several letters are not received, requesting the friends of parties about to come here, to provide apartments for their reception. The increasing extent of the town is beyond all conception ; whilst in the numberless improvements that are every where springing up, like the wonders of a fairy land, the beauties of the surrounding scenery are not only preserved but heightened.

MONTPELIER EVENING PROMENADE.—The delightful walks attached to the Montpelier Pump-Room are objects of peculiar attraction to the *beau monde* on every Wednesday evening, when the performance of one of the first bands in the country, gives an inexpressible charm to the beauties of landscape so lavishly adorning this favoured spot.

Our limits preclude a long list of fashionable arrivals at this most delightful spot ; among the last are His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Lord Dycevor, Lady Glyth, Lady Lindore, Hon. and Rev. Francis and Miss Knollis, Sir John Hawkins, Bart., Sir Christopher Bethel Codrington, Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley and family, Sir A. Agnew, the Bishop of Meath and family, Admiral and Lady Lucy Foley, Lady Carden, Lady Carn, Sir J. K. James, Sir John Packington, Sir G. Robinson and sons.

VOL. I.

BRIGHTON.

The arrivals in this delightful town have very much increased—the larger inns generally have been in full play—and very many of the best lodging-houses have received fashionable tenants for lengthened periods.

The Steyne and Marine Libraries appear gay every evening ; rank, elegance, and beauty have shed their restless attractions on the loo and music pastimes at each place.

Lucombe has resumed his evening loo and music *mélange*, with flattering success ; and in which he will speedily be followed by his contemporary Tuppen. It is by such events, that a multiplied fashionable population, whose numbers are not to be counted, is first manifested ; for, without amusements, the gay world would be, as traders are without business—listless to the scenes about them, seeking a change, and with too much reason to be dissatisfied with every body and every thing.

As a proof that the fashionable population is greatly on the increase, the subscribers to Donaldson's more than double the receipts in that way, during the similar period of last year. The reading-tables of this truly elegant, brilliant, and well-furnished lounge, are constantly surrounded by *ton* at all hours of the day and evening.

The spacious Colonnade Library of the indefatigable Wright, is thriving, as it merits. "*Lodgings to Let*," placards have disappeared—and good houses, in the best approved and expensive situations, are, at this time, in pleasing requisition.

A new Swimming-Bath has been opened here, at the Battery-House, at the bottom of Great East-street. The basin or reservoir is circular, and with a diameter of 53 feet, by a consequent circumference of nearly 162, contains 100,000 gallons of water ; the descent, by steps, is safe and easy ; the first depth from the latter is three feet six inches but which gradually increases to five feet six inches at the periphery southward. In the centre, a fountain rises, which flows 50 gallons in a minute, is constantly supplying the basin with water from the sea, while its surplus is as constantly carried off, by visible and imperceptible drains. The action of the fountain is such, that a ripple, similar to what is produced by natural causes on the sea, animates the surface of the bath, the contents of which, by the means described, are so often renewed, that a freshness is imparted to the liquid remaining precisely equal, at all times, to that of ocean itself. Light is derived from the ceiling and englazed cupola. Ten dressing-rooms, suitably furnished, open to the steps of the bath, entirely private and distinct from each other.

The races, on the celebrated old course, will take place towards the end of July—it is supposed they will commence on the 27th.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.

This summer retreat, situate just without the fortifications of Portsmouth, is fast rising into repute, as a watering-place. During the late war, the inhabitants were fully employed in finding accommodation for the great influx of naval and military officers who were continually rendezvousing here, waiting for embarkation, or employed on the station ; but, when peace returned, their attention was turned to visitors of another class, and the first public act was to erect Reading-rooms and a Library, on the beach, by subscription ; these have been, for the last three years, in the hands of a spirited individual, who finding the number of visitors greatly increased, has, during the present Spring, erected a very ele-

F

gant promenade-room, which was opened, for the season, with a ball, on the 7th of June, and, within one week, upwards of one hundred and forty families had entered their names on the subscription list, which, compared with previous seasons, promises a very full one.

The situation of the rooms, near the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour, is very beautiful, always affording a change of scenery, and that of a very animated description: the preparations that are now making for the annoyance of the Algerines, creates a bustle in the Royal Navy, and the "Note of War," that is continually sounding, brings to mind the glorious deeds of former days, and a positive proof is afforded that

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

Among the entertainments of the Summer, the annual Regatta is intended to take place about the latter end of August, which, in a port of such magnitude as Portsmouth, is sure to produce a rich treat to the lovers of aquatic amusements: The Messrs. Sibby have also announced a grand Oratorio to take place, about the same time, at St. Paul's Church, Southsea, for which, the inimitable Catalani is engaged.

It is expected that the Royal George yacht will shortly be brought forward, for the purpose of conveying His Majesty across the channel; it being understood that the King's physicians have held a consultation, and have advised His Majesty to try the baths at Carlsbad, which they are of opinion would prove highly serviceable.

IRELAND.

It is with very sincere pleasure that we take upon us to record the conduct of the citizens of Derry—whose honourable manliness of character has led them to a justification of their venerable diocesan, against the base and malignant accusations of men, totally destitute of all principle. An address, voted by three hundred persons of repute—and presented by a deputation, consisting of the Dean of Derry, the Roman Catholic Bishop, the Presbyterian Minister, and several very respectable gentlemen, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hay, in the tone and language of true Milesians, who were anxious to rebut the calumny so undeservedly thrown upon their Right Reverend Prelate. Our limits will not permit us to be more diffuse on the subject, or we should be most happy to subjoin the address alluded to; but which we cannot forbear to repeat, is a most valuable testimonial of the characters of the accused, and his defenders.

"No might
Nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny,
The whitest virtue strikes."—RICHARD II.

Delicate Affair.—Two most respectable families, resident in a north-west county, have lately been plunged into a state of the deepest distress, by the elopement, within the last three weeks, of a Lady dearly and nearly allied to each, and upon whose fame and character heretofore malices had never dared to cast the shadow of a stain. By the death, some years since, of a most amiable Ecclesiastic, and subsequently that of his widow, three very agreeable and accomplished daughters were left at their own disposal with considerable

fortunes, resident at the family mansion, which is situated in rather a retired and lonely part of the county aforesaid, and distant about three miles from the residence of those respected connexions, whose regrets we now so deeply deplore. Little, very little, was it expected that this retirement, which was said to be the scene of benevolence and charity, should ever witness the abandonment, the disgrace of one of the sisters in question, the more particularly as they had arrived at that age when it was imagined the blood begins to run through cooler channels, but such it is our painful duty to describe. About six months since, the elder and younger of those Ladies, from indisposition, found it necessary to consult more sanative sons of Esculapius than their neighbourhood afforded, and for that purpose they departed for the metropolis, leaving the second, at her own desire, to superintend and arrange matters at home till their return. It was during this unlucky absence that fate, which seems to laugh at all distinctions of station, brought to Miss ———'s door the itinerant *Minstrel Boy*, who is the subject and cause of this lamentable transaction. It is said, "music has charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak," and so it appears in this instance—for she, who had dared and overcome the blind god for forty summers, yielded herself at last into his power, without even a siege—so ravished and intoxicated were her senses by the *Pipe* of this modern Orpheus. What passions cannot music raise and quell? Let it not be imagined, however, that she alone was enraptured; the *Troubadour* was the most interesting and sentimental of lovers; though young, he was not deficient in *playing a part* so likely to elevate and aggrandize him; so he vowed he loved the Lady for herself alone, and she him because he killed her melancholy. Thus, in the sweetest endearments on both sides, time flew unperceived, until a letter arrived which announced to the enamoured pair the intended return of the valetudinarians. At first, report says, there were some conflicts in the tender bosom of the *Inamorata*; but the woman who hesitates is lost, and Miss S. was not above the failings of her sex; so a flight from her once happy home and country was suggested, agreed to, and accomplished. The sequel we need not attempt to picture, neither the sorrows of the sisters, on their arrival at ———, or that of the friends. Pursuits would have been in vain.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND.—Lord George Seymour; the Hon. E. Trefusis, and servant; the Hon. Mr. Mossey; Earl of Roden, and family; the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton and family; Captain Chaplin; the Hon. Major, and Lady Georgiana De Roos, and suite; Sir George Rich; Mrs. O'Brien; Marquis of Carmarthen; S. White, Esq., M.P.; Colonel Patrickson.

ANECDOTE OF ROUSSEAU, OR THE THREE THINGS NEEDFUL.

J. J. ROUSSEAU always regarded gentleness as the first quality in a woman. Whenever he heard any one boastingly detailing the qualifications, talents, and charms of any young female, he used to place a few ciphers one after the other, and then concluded by asking, "Is she gentle?" If the reply was in the affirmative, he then placed it before the number of ciphers, according with the value he attached to this quality. Sometimes he should ask, "Has she the three things needful?" His friend well knew these three things, on which he set so great a value; they were a sweet voice, a sweet temper, and a smooth skin.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

English Dukes,

HOWARD DUKE OF NORFOLK, PREMIER DUKE AND EARL OF ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 18.)

In our last number, we gave the genealogy of this illustrious family, as far as the third Duke of Norfolk, and, on the 21st of May, 1524, on the death of his father, the Earl of Surrey became Duke of Norfolk. At this time, Cardinal Wolsey issued a decree, to levy through the kingdom, one-sixth of all lay revenues, and a fourth of the clergy's effects. This produced an insurrection in Suffolk. The Duke of Norfolk, who was appointed Judge on this occasion, was most lenient and moderate to the offenders: on the 16th of October, 1529, his Grace was joined in commission with the Earl of Suffolk, to demand the Great Seal from Cardinal Wolsey: and the Duke of Norfolk made use of Thomas Cromwell to signify to the Cardinal, that his retiring from the see of York would prevent his opponents from proceeding any further against him. That his Grace was deeply concerned in the downfall of this churchman, all historians are agreed; but, the death of his father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, was a recent, and powerful stimulus for revenge.

On the 11th of October, 1532, the Duke of Norfolk accompanied Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn to France: but, in 1535, he was appointed Lord High Steward, on that unfortunate trial, wherein the Queen was adjudged guilty and beheaded.

Early in 1536, the Duke brought about a reconciliation between Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England, and her father, Henry VIII. In the thirty-first year of Henry's reign, the Duke of Norfolk purchased from the Abbot and convent of Sibton, the site of the religious house and lands belonging to it; and secured his purchase by an act of Parliament.

The Duke was one of the nobles sent down to the Commons, to declare the King's marriage with Ann of Cleves void; but the marriage that followed afterwards with the King and Catharine Howard, the Duke's niece, instead of aggrandizing, proved the destruction of his family: it was extraordinary that a nobleman, who had ever shewn himself so zealous a defender of his Sovereign, should be disgraced, and committed to the tower; and still more that this disgrace should also fall on his son; (of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter:) the commitment of the father was loudly disapproved by the people; it is supposed that his own Duchess, from whom he had been separated many years, was the chief instrument of his degradation.

Bills of attainder were brought against him; and the Duke remained in the Tower till Mary came to the throne; his Grace being one of six that were excluded from general pardon on the accession of Edward VI., during whose reign he was still kept a close prisoner.

In his old age, his Grace had the satisfaction of being in high favour with the Queen; and a thorough restitution of the Norfolk estate was made by the crown to the injured family. He had lived under eight successive sovereigns, and

died at Kenning-Hall, on the 25th of August, 1554. His Grace married two wives. Anne, one of the daughters of Edward IV., King of England; by this lady, he had only one child, Thomas Howard, who died on the 3d of August, 1508, and was buried at Lambeth.

His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had two sons, Henry and Thomas; and one daughter, Mary, married to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry VIII., by Elizabeth, relict of Sir Gilbert Talbois.

Henry, the eldest son, continued the Norfolk line; and Thomas, the Duke's second son, married three wives; first, Elizabeth, second of the two daughters of John, Lord Marney, and Christian his wife. By this lady, he had two sons, Henry and Thomas, and one daughter. The second wife of Thomas, created first Viscount Howard, was Gertrude, daughter of Sir William Lyte, of Carey, in Somersetshire; his third wife was Mabel, daughter of Sir Nicolas Brown, of Carshalton, in Surrey, by whom he had issue, one daughter, Frances, who was successively married to Henry Pranell, a citizen and vintner of London, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, and Ludovic Steward, created Duke of Richmond, by James I., of England.

The history of Henry Howard, commonly called the Earl of Surrey, the late Duke of Norfolk's eldest son, has a romantic feature attached to it, for the love he bore to the fair Geraldine. The growing power of the Seymour family, had made the Earl's father desirous of providing for his own safety; he, therefore, projected a match between his eldest son, and the Earl of Hertford's daughter, and another between his daughter the Duchess dowager of Richmond, and the Earl of Hertford's brother, Sir Thomas Seymour: but neither the Earl nor his sister would comply. This was the first foundation of enmity between those great men, which, in the end, cost the Earl of Surrey his life. The Norfolk family, was, unhappily, divided against itself: the Duchess of Richmond hated her brother; and a Mrs. Holland, the Duke's mistress, fomented the differences, and became an informer both against the father and son. The Earl had been, as we before observed, committed to the Tower, with his father, for reasons of state; and Sir Richard Southwell appeared against him, and accused him of want of fidelity to the King. The Earl denied the charge, and desired permission to fight the accuser, in his shirt: this demand availed him nothing; a jury, which was a common inquest, (not of peers, because the Earl was not a parliament lord,) found him guilty, and he was beheaded on Tower-Hill on the 19th of January, 1546. He was one of the most elegant and learned of the English nobility: his love for the fair Geraldine was a youthful passion; he celebrated her beauty in some charmingly written sonnets*, and, according to the rules of chivalry, he published a challenge at Florence, from whence the ancestors of Geraldine came, in honour of her beauty, and was victorious†.

* Vide Mr. Campbell's erudite and interesting work on the English Poets.

† The shield given by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on that occasion, was long in the possession of the Earl of Stafford's family.

The Earl of Surrey married Frances, daughter of John Vere, Earl of Oxford; this lady did not live long enough to witness her husband's sufferings; she bore him two sons and three daughters. Jane, the eldest daughter, married Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and, by her grandfather's will, had a fortune of *one thousand pounds*. Catharine, the second, married Henry Lord, Berkely, and Margaret, the youngest, to Lord Scrope, of Bolton.

The sons were, Thomas, the *fourth Duke of Norfolk*, and Henry who was, by Elizabeth, Queen of England, restored in blood: but all this profusion of royal bounty, only made him more ambitious, and the great share he had in favouring the Catholic religion, though professing himself a protestant, rendered him an object of dislike to the reformed. Northumberland-House, at Charing Cross, was built by him, and then called Suffolk-House. He died on the 15th of June, 1614, unmarried.

Thomas, the *fourth Duke of Norfolk*, succeeded his grandfather, at the age of eighteen. He was early married to Mary, daughter and heir to Henry Fitz-alan, Earl of Arundel, by whom he had a son, born at Arundel-House, in the Strand. This son was named Philip, in compliment to the King of Spain, Queen Mary's husband. The joy at the birth of an heir, who would thus blend the honours of the Arundel family with those of Norfolk, were damped by the death of his mother, on the 25th of August following, in the year 1557.

Queen Mary died on the 17th of November, 1558, and the Duke of Norfolk found means to ingratiate himself into the favour of Elizabeth. Scotland was in a state of distraction, owing to the severities of the Queen Regent, who was wholly in the interests of France: the real Queen, the unfortunate Mary, was then only seventeen years old. The Scotch were obliged to sue to Elizabeth for advice and assistance; she made use of the memorable saying of Valentinian, "Choose the French for friends, but not for neighbours." It was resolved then to drive the French out of Scotland, and the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Berwick, to treat with the Lords of the Congregation. His Grace settled a peace between England, Scotland, and France; which was favourable for the whole island of Britain.

In 1568, Mary, Queen of Scots, who had, successively married, after the death of the King of France, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell: the latter having gone into exile, took refuge in England. The Duke of Norfolk had ever been zealous for Mary's succession to the crown of England; he, therefore, contracted a friendship with Murray, the Regent of Scotland: the Duke was upright in his intentions, and void of all suspicion, when the subtle Regent availed himself of the open frankness of his temper. He proposed, to the Duke, a match with Queen Mary; to which his Grace modestly answered, "that it was full of danger; nevertheless, as far as he could, with honour, saving his allegiance to his prince and country, he would not fail her."

In 1569, the Duke's misfortunes began, which only terminated with his life. It was strongly reported, that he was soon to be married to Mary, and in reality, the affair had made some progress. The Duke was sharply reprimanded by Elizabeth, for having attempted such a marriage, and commanded to desist. On that very day, she refused to admit the Scotch ambassador, who came to solicit the deliverance of his Queen, from captivity; and Elizabeth was heard to say, in great wrath, "Tell the Queen of Scots to rest contented, else she may see, ere long, those on whom she most depends, hop without their heads."

His Grace, apprized of the Queen's threats, retired to Kenning-Hall, in Norfolk, where he was so universally beloved, that he might have raised a formidable army in his defence from thence. He was conveyed, soon afterwards, to Burnham, three miles from Windsor; his coffers searched, and his papers seized; and, on the 7th of September, 1571, he was committed to the Tower, denied counsel, and obliged to manage his own cause. After a long trial, he was brought in guilty, and on the 2nd of June, 1572, was beheaded on a scaffold, on Tower-Hill.

After the decease of his first Duchess, his Grace married Margaret, widow of Lord Henry Dudley, the younger son of John, Duke of Northumberland, and daughter to Thomas, Lord Audley, Chancellor of England, by whom he had three sons and two daughters. Philip was his only son, by Mary his first wife; though Earl of Arundel, a jealousy prevailed in the cabinet, and he was debarred the honours of his father. The unhappy Earl remained in custody, and on the 14th of April, 1589, was arraigned of high treason; but as nothing could be proved against him, except his adherence to the Roman Catholic religion, the Queen would not sign his death-warrant, being resolved, as she always said, not to devote any one to death merely for being a papist. He was, therefore, *indulged* with imprisonment for life, and languished in prison till the 19th of November, 1595, when he died, aged 39 years.

His Lordship married Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and by her he had a son, Thomas, born 7th of July, 1592: this nobleman was educated under the direction of his disconsolate mother, who was a Roman Catholic; a pattern of virtue, prudence, and goodness. Notwithstanding the sufferings of the House of Howard for the Queen of Scots, James I. suffered him to lose all the honours to which his descent entitled him, by the late attainer. The Earl of Arundel, however, when very young, married the Lady Althea Talbot, third daughter to Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom he received an immense fortune; he was made one of the privy council, and James stood, in person, as godfather to his son. In consequence of an ill state of health, the Earl made a foreign tour, and on his return, in the ninth year of King James's reign, he was made Earl of Arundel and Surrey. His name will be ever dear to literature and the fine arts; in the latter he excelled, while that knowledge was yet but in its infancy in England. Upon the accession of Charles I., he was appointed Earl Marshal at his royal father's funeral. When Princess Mary, daughter to the King, was married to the Prince of Orange, on the 2nd of May, 1641, she embarked, with her mother, at Dover, under the care of the Earl of Arundel. After this, his Lordship never saw his native country again: he expired at Padua, the 4th of October, 1646, in the 55th year of his age.

He had six sons, the eldest, named James, died unmarried and was succeeded by Henry Frederic, his brother, who, in the second year of Charles I., married Lady Elizabeth Stuart, one of the daughters of Esme, the second Duke of Lenox; and this marriage being contracted without the King's consent, the new-married pair were confined at Lambeth: they were however soon set at liberty, and the Earl leaving the study of politics as soon as he could, consistently with that allegiance he owed his Sovereign, retired to enjoy the peace of domestic life, at Arundel-House, where he lived three years and a half; and expired on the 7th of April, 1652.

The Earl had issue eight sons and three daughters. The sons were,

First, Thomas, } successively Dukes of Norfolk.
Second, Henry, }

Thomas, the fifth Duke of Norfolk, son and heir to Henry Frederic, Earl of Arundel, was not concerned in public affairs, but was esteemed by all who knew him. Ninety-one of the principal nobility signed a petition to Charles II., that he might be put in possession of the noble title and demene belonging to his progenitors; the King consented, and a bill was brought in at Westminster, on the 8th of May, 1664, and an act passed for his restoration to the title of Duke of Norfolk.

His Grace enjoyed his family honours near thirteen years, and died on a tour into Italy, at Padua, on the 1st of December, 1677, unmarried.

Henry, his brother, the sixth Duke of Norfolk, was born on the 12th of July, 1628. He signed the above-mentioned petition, and not waiting the event, set off for Constantinople. His Lordship returned to England in 1665—and on the decease of his brother, took his seat in the House of Lords, as Duke of Norfolk, on the 5th of January, 1678. He died on the 11th of January, 1683. He married two wives, and had a numerous progeny; his sons, by his first wife, Anne, daughter to Edward Somerset, Earl of Worcester, were Henry and Thomas; the elder of which, succeeded him, and became (Henry) seventh Duke of Norfolk.

On the accession of James II., his Grace was one of those who signed the order for proclaiming him King of England. His Grace was a protestant, and joined the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and five other Bishops, in that famous petition inviting over the Prince of Orange; he accompanied that Prince to St. James's, and among the Lords spiritual and temporal, he reminded his Highness of his declaration to call a free Parliament. In the year 1677, his Grace married Mary Mordaunt, daughter of Henry, Earl of Peterborough; for family reasons, he separated from her in 1685, and ten years after, he moved for an act of Parliament to disannul the marriage; this proved fruitless; but in April, 1700, he obtained a divorce. His Grace departed this life, in St. James's-Square, on the 8th of April, 1701, and was succeeded in his honours and estates by his nephew, Thomas, eighth Duke of Norfolk, the eldest son to Thomas Howard, brother of the late Duke. He claimed the honour of finding the King a right-hand glove, and supporting his right-arm while he held the sceptre. His Grace was strongly attached to the Romish religion, which rendered him a favourite with the King. He was appointed to succeed Roger Palmer, Earl of Castelmair, as Ambassador to Rome; in his return to France from Ireland, he was shipwrecked, and drowned, on the 9th of November, 1689. He married Elizabeth Maria, daughter of Sir John Savile, of Copley, in Yorkshire, Bart., who died on the 10th of December, 1732. The issue of this marriage was five sons and one daughter; the third son, Edward, was

Ninth Duke of Norfolk: he married, during his brother's life, on the 6th of November, 1797, Mary, second daughter of Mary Blount, of Blagdon, in Devonshire, Esq., whose ancestor, Robert le Blount, at the time of William the Conqueror's survey, was possessed of thirteen lordships in Suffolk. His Grace died childless, September the 20th, 1777.

Charles, the second son of Charles Howard, of Greystock, in Cumberland, became the tenth Duke; he married, November the 8th, 1739, Catharine, daughter and co-heir of John Brockholes, of Cloughton, in Lancashire, who died November 21, 1784, he had one son, Charles, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, and three daughters; Mary, born in

June, 1742, who died unmarried; Catharine and Winifrede died infants: His Grace died August 31, 1786, and was succeeded by his son, Charles, the eleventh Duke, who died in 1815.

His Grace was a great encourager of improvements in agriculture, and other useful arts. In his political principles, he constantly adhered to those of his friend, the late Mr. Fox; he died without any legitimate issue, and is succeeded by Bernard Edward Howard, descended from Bernard Howard, Esq., brother of Thomas and Henry, Dukes of Norfolk, and Charles Howard, great grandfather of Charles, late Duke of Norfolk.

This present Duke, the twelfth of Norfolk, was born November the 21st, 1765. On April the 23rd, 1789, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, second and last Earl of Fauconberg, which marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament, in 1794. The Duke had issue Henry Charles, Earl of Surry, born August the 9th, 1791, married December the 27th, 1814, to Charlotte, daughter of George Granville Levison Gower, Marquis of Stafford, and has issue, a son and heir, born November the 1st, 1815, and other children.

The titles are Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshall, and Hereditary-Marshall of England; Earl of Arundel, Surry, and Norfolk, &c., Premier Duke, Earl, and Baron of England.

The motto of this noble and ancient family is, *Sola virtus invicta*.—"Virtue alone is invincible."

REDGAUNTLET.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By the Author of "*Waverley*."

This work is ushered into the world without preface, or epistle dedicatory. Redgauntlet is the name the author has chosen to give to an old Scottish family, whose head was a supporter of the Rebellion of 1745, and for this, lost his head at Carlisle, as many others did for the love of the name of Stuart. The story is laid somewhere about 1765 to 1770, when the Pretender was supposed to be framing fresh plots in this country, to gain his grandfather's crown. In order to form his story, the author has brought upon the stage a greater diversity of characters than in any of his latter productions, and has connected the general course of his tale with historical allusions and recollections. The early part of the narrative gives one of the best "*auld world stories*," which his pen has produced; indeed, it constitutes the germ, as it were, of the fabric he is about to raise. This *diablerie*, if it may be so termed, is introduced by a blind fiddler, named *Wandering Willie*, who is drawn in the author's best manner, after Wilkie. The next, and, perhaps, the most delightful character in the novel, is a poor *daft* body, named *Peter Peebles*, long well-known in the Parliament-house (*Anglice*, the Westminster-hall of Edinburgh,) as an unsuccessful litigant in a suit which turned poor Peter's brain. These are two of the low characters; another of the same class is *Nantz Ewart*, the skipper of a smuggling cutter, who is done to the life. The great character of the piece, and the most powerfully sustained, is *Mr. Herries*, of Birvenswork. He is the great plot-

ter, the prime mover of every thing. Redingault bears a great resemblance to Guy Mannering. The story possesses the same degree of interest. Many of the characters are drawn true to nature. Redingault engrafts a beauty unknown even to the popular novel to which we have compared it. The author has tried the experiment of making his first volume epistolary, and the last two, narrative; but it is in the force and contrast of his *dramatis personæ*, that the great merit of this publication consists. None of the females are made very prominent in the work. *Green Mantle*, the heroine, is not the most prepossessing lady that could be imagined; and the rest are no more than mere necessary parts of the household furniture—though they vary from the Fiddler's wife to the popish sisters, Miss Arthuret's; and include a fair Quakeress, and a buxum Fisherman's wife,

UNEQUAL ALLIANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.

SIR,

As I am now able to write a tolerable letter, thanks to a kind master, and still kinder husband, I hope you will allow me to give relief to my heavy heart, by confiding some of its sorrows to you: yet, the woman, with a carriage, servants, and an ample allowance of pin-money, raised to all these luxuries from the humble *spear* of a servant, (you see I know how to express myself,) no one would think, could be dissatisfied: but, indeed, Sir, I am miserable.

I went, in the twenty-fifth year of my age, to live, as cook, at the house of the rich Mr. Bartholemew Barrickmundus; (I declare, that which is now become my own name, puzzles me more in spelling than any thing else.) My master was an old bachelor, about sixty-three; and, as I said before, very rich. Well; I gave great satisfaction in my place; I had good wages, and I was as happy and as merry as the day is long. Ah! I shall never see such times again; when the maids used to laugh at my funny stories; and I taught them all manner of tricks, to plague the coachman and footman, little imagining I should, one day, command them. Mr. Barrickmundus was, I think, of Dutch *distraction*, (I do not exactly know if that word is right;) he had a favourite niece, the daughter of his only sister; this niece he was crazy to see well-married; but nobody would have her, though she had a very large fortune; for, whoever wedded her, must take her name, and that was BLOCKHEAD. Now, where could a man of any kind of gentility be found, who would like, for the sake of a very ugly, deformed girl, to be called BLOCKHEAD; or to produce a race of young BLOCKHEADS, how little soever they might deserve to be so called? Miss, therefore, could not get a husband; she died young, and left all her riches to my master. Now, Sir, I must tell you, that Mr. Barrickmundus, if he *confiscated* the greatest part of Miss Blockhead's fortune, had no occasion to take her name; and there being an old third cousin of his own family, a Baronet, to whom

he would succeed, he thought Sir Bartholemew Barrickmundus sounded better than Sir Bartholemew BLOCKHEAD. This old cousin being very infirm, my master thought it time to look out for a *hare*; (pardon me, Sir, I was thinking of the last we had spoilt by a bad cook—I know how to spell it,) I mean *heir*. The young ladies of his acquaintance had so plagued him, and laughed at him, and played him so many tricks; God forgive me: for they often got funny cooky, as they used to call me, to help them, that he resolved to play *them* one, in return; for he was as rich as a Jew; and, if he had made any one of them a serious offer, the mamma would have snapped at him. But who should he cast his eyes upon, but me!—my stars!—I was a very likely, fresh-coloured, rather bouncing young woman; I am very fat, now, indeed; but I pleased *his eye* as well as my cooking had pleased *his palate*; he married me! and I knew not, for a long time, whether I stood on my head or my heels. He shewed a great deal of patience with me, and though I have disappointed him of his *hare*, (I *must* spell it the old kitchen way,) he does so still: he not only taught me how to behave myself, but how to spell, and other things fit for a lady to know: I could read and write a little before. I must say, at first, I behaved shockingly at table; I have still a very red hand, and the washes I have used to whiten it, and sleeping in gloves *has* made me quite ill, at times: at first, I used to cut my bread and cheese on *my thumb*; and, as to the silver forks, I knew not what to do with them; it was much handier for me to take up the gravy clean off my plate with the point of my knife, or sop it up with a bit of bread: then I would get up two or three times in the middle of dinner, with a large piece of meat on my fork, to stir the fire; and stood by it while I nibbled the meat away, for we cooks often take our meals standing. The footman grinned, my husband smiled, and very good-naturedly told me of my faults over the dessert; at which I generally made a hole in an orange to suck it, and then gracefully threw the rind under the grate; sopt my biscuit in my wine, then put it to my mouth, then into the wine again; and finished by drinking off all the water in my finger-glass. In the midst of this blundering behaviour, comes the baronetage; and I am now my Lady! In about two years, I had learnt to behave myself well enough for my husband to invite some of the nobility and gentry to a grand dinner. They were civil enough to me when we happened to meet, while I was only Mrs. Barrickmundus, but now they were brinful of spite and envy; I could see it, but I kept up my head as high as any of them. At my airs of consequence, which I suppose, did not set very well upon me, they tittered and whispered: I was quite overpowered, at first, with the sound of *your ladyship*, and *my lady*; now it sat as easy on my husband as if he had been a "Sir," all his life. I had one poor aunt living with me, who did *so be-lady* me; she would say, "Its *my lady's* desire that *my lady's* bed-room door should be kept open till *my lady* goes to bed; that *my lady's* chamber may have the air. *My lady's* cloak must be ready to put on *my lady's* shoulders, before *my lady's* carriage draws up, to take *my lady* to the play." Now, I am told, that among the really high-born, the

term, *my lady*, is less used by the members of their own family, than by any one else. However, my aunt's pride did me some good; for it accustomed me to the title, at which I first used to start, and look frightened. But, O, Sir, at our grand dinner, a young mix of quality sat near me, and a gentleman told me she was very clever, and wore *blue stockings*; I did not know what that had to do with her cleverness; however, I offered to help her to some ragout, that stood next to me, assuring her it was excellent. "Oh, then," said she, "I'll certainly take some, *my lady*, on your recommendation, for I know you must be an excellent judge of *cooking*." She looked very impudent when she said it, and threw her bold eyes round. Some of the men drew down a long face, as they gave me a side leer; and the ladies put their handkerchiefs before their mouths; though I could see by their eyes they were laughing. My husband looked hurt, and his face was the colour of a roaring kitchen-fire: Ah! dear, hot as it might be, I had rather be standing over it, than endure what I often do.

There is one old lady, very rich, and of high family, who always pretended to be my friend; and she would sometimes come and chat away a whole morning with me; but she took an opportunity of mortifying me before a set of high-flown visitors. Quite forgetting myself, I happened to say to a lady, who had recommended me a new cook, my last having married, that she would not do at all for us; the old lady very abruptly asked, "Is she honest? Is she sober?"—"Perfectly so, ma'am," said I.—"O dear, then, if I was *you*, I should never heed her ignorance, because your ladyship is so well qualified, yourself, to teach her all that belongs to *cooking*." "My wife, madam," said Sir Bartholomew, with spirit, "shall never go down into the kitchen, to teach a cook her business."

Since that day, I have never seen this woman, except in Hyde-park; when a few Sundays ago, we stopt close together, there was such a crowd, before we could move. I was admiring a very fine-looking woman, who looked at me with very good-natured eyes, as I thought; but handsome is, that handsome does; I suppose she wanted to shew her wit, at my expense, for she said, loud enough for more than me to hear: "Oh! his cook, was she? Well! the carriage looks like a *tub of kitchen fat*!"

Now, if I had made such a comparison, how vulgar I should have been called! and it was very cruel, because I am really fat enough to fill the chariot, which, I must say, is of a very clumsy shape; and happier should I be over the profits of my kitchen-stuff than in my carriage.

They have been, of late, very busy in making alterations in the marriage act; I wish there was one, that would prevent those who have any claim to nobility from making unequal alliances. I do not mean that wealthy young noblemen should be forbid marrying the daughters of gentlemen, who, perhaps, may not have a sixpence; all that is very right; it divides the riches of the land better; and the young lady, who must be well-beloved by the gentleman, builds up a future house, and renders the state of matrimony one of happiness, because she is his equal in birth, or family, and is a fit companion for him to introduce to his noble acquaintance; who are not

ashamed of her, because money is, in itself, nothing but dirt, and may be gained, (I could tell the witty lady who made her jests on our tub of a carriage,) even by *kitchen-stuff*.

There is no inequality between the respectable commoner's unportioned daughter, and the most distinguished peer, sufficient to cause a prohibition against unequal marriages. But there surely ought to be something done to stop the degradation of a nobleman marrying his mistress; and another, from marrying her who was one of his mistresses' acquaintance! Surely, such conduct is even worse than that of a wealthy man of family, who expecting every hour to be made a Baronet, marrying his cook-maid,

SUSAN!!!

A COUNTRY DANDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.

SIR,

I HAVE read your promised work with a great deal of pleasure; and as not only myself, but all my acquaintance think me a *choice one*, I conceive I should cut no bad figure as a *man of fashion*. Those who know me well, think I am a *confounded fool*, and those who do not, say I am *devilish clever*; and all agree that I am a great oddity: so there's one chief step gained to becoming a man of fashion. By-the-by, Sir, I do believe I am a *queer one*, for I drink with the *Squire*, kick up rows with the *choice spirits*, smatter French with the travelled gentlemen, talk divinity with the *Vicar*, and law with the *Attorney*, politics with the *Corporation*, and scandal and nonsense with the *Ladies*. You see, therefore, I am a *monstrous* accomplished, as well as an odd fellow. Some call me a *queer genius*, some a *wit*, some an *odd fish*, and others a *madman*. Now, Sir, having a large fortune, and, thereby, licensed to do what I please, I will just give you a sketch how I pass my time. Every Monday I breakfast in bed, get up in the afternoon and dine; walk in the fields with a lantern, till one in the morning, when I smoke a segar, and drink a strong tumbler of real coniac and water, and according to the custom here, of all rich men, go to bed *muzzy*. Tuesday, I get up and breakfast by ten; dine at two, enjoy company till four, read till seven, then drink tea, and peruse the London newspapers, sup at nine, and go to bed, *sober*, at eleven. Wednesday, I rise at six, ride till eight, saunter about till three, dine with a friend, play at cards till twelve, sup, get *groggy* by two, and go to bed at four. The rest of the week, I spend in playing with my dogs, talking about the weather, moralizing on the depravities of the age, and condemning the uncertainty of our climate. Sometimes I talk Latin to my barber, and jabber French to the waiter, at an inn; and when I do use hard words in English, it is always to those who do not know their meaning. This makes some people think me *vastly clever*, and some, *vastly otherwise*; for those who do not understand me, think me *very larned*, and those who do, call me *woundy foolish*. As for you, Mr. Editor, you may think what you please; if you honour me, by inserting this letter,

you will oblige me ; if you do not, you will affront me.
Believe this ; and remember that I am, *bonâ fide*, your
sincere well wisher,

AN ECCENTRIC COUNTRY DANDY.
Cumberland, June 18, 1824.

STANZAS.

LADY, fair Lady, there is not a star,
That rides in the blue arch of sky,
Not a splendour that beameth about the moons's car
More bright to my hope than thine eye ;—
Than thine eye, which for ever upon me doth beam
In day's sober hour, and in night's fairy dream,

Lady, fair Lady, there is not a rose,
Which the bee, dainty gatherer sips,
Not a sweet plant that blossoms, a flower that blows
So red and so sweet as thy lips :—
And the hue of the peach do thy dimpled cheeks wear,
And soft silk tresses turn'd do thy ringlets appear.

Lady, fair Lady, the stars they will fade,
Their splendour all vanish away,
And chill winter shall come with its withering shade
When the rose bud must drop to decay ;
And the worm it shall hollow the fruit for a grave,
As the hollow winds blow, and the autumn blasts rave.

Lady, fair Lady, then in thy dark eye
Let modesty still love to dwell,
And thy ripe lip and fair cheek, when vain ones are nigh,
Be defended by modesty's spell.
Then Lady, fair Lady, thy fame it shall bloom,
When thy form shall be wasted, thyself in the tomb.

J. F. STUART, JUN.

TO MARY

" ———— Ay, thou art wed,
And all the swelling hopes of former days
In that one word are buried—ruined—lost !
I could perchance endure it didst thou frown ;
But smiles—thy smiles—do truly shipwreck quite
Virtue, and hard forbearance. I am gone!"

OLD PLAY.

I've gazed on thee till oft I've deem'd
A perfect bliss attain'd,
And wild with wildest hopes have dream'd
A Paradise regain'd—

An Eden in my dazzled sight,
Seem'd then the only world,
As erst it was ere sunk in night,
To darkness man was hurl'd.

But out alas ! such lik'nings prove
Like that fair garden's tree,
For heart, and hand, and cheek, and love
Are all forbid to me !

Despairing o'er the troubled waves,
Fit emblems of my breast,
I go—lest smiles should prove the graves
Of virtue and of rest.

I dare not gaze on charms as bright
As Eden used to wear,
Lest uncurb'd thoughts should change me quite,
To be the *Serpent* there.

Away, away, the unconscious wind
Alone receives my sighs ;
My heart, my faith I leave behind.
O bring them to the skies !

Cheltenham.

J. F. STUART, JUN

SONNET.

PROUD as we are, I know that we should be
Much more than Man, or less, to shed no tear
When pale and lifeless on an early bier
The innocent and beautiful repose
Like withered lily, or wind-rifled rose,
That sprung and faded in its infancy,
Just opening its fair buds, again to close ;
Good as we may be, there is not an eye
So heavenward rais'd, it shall not rain soft dew
When drops a scion of the virtuous few ;—
There's not a heart from earth so wean'd away—
(When youth is call'd to blossom in the sky)
That sighless views the child of hope decay,
Though fled on angels' wings to brighter day.

Cheltenham.

J. F. STUART, JUN.

THE GROANS OF MY UNCLE.

GOOD MR. EDITOR,

However some of your Correspondents may crack their jokes upon speculation, and laugh at Chain Bridges, subterranean Tunnels, joint Stock Companies, and other follies of the day, to me they are a cause of ceaseless alarm and uneasiness. Did the evil only fall upon the public at large, and was the intention of these mad-brained gentry only to pick the people's pockets, I could join the laugh as heartily as any body ; but, Sir, they have done more ; they have formed a conspiracy against me ; yes sir, I repeat it, *a conspiracy*. Now Sir, I know no earthly reason why I should be thus singled out as their victim.— Their families are unknown, and their lineage obscure, but Sir, I am proud to say that my descent is to be traced from the ancient Lombards, whose arms of Three Golden Balls I have ever borne, and which I always conspicuously display in front of my habitation. Yet this unquestionable antiquity of family is pleaded in vain. Their animosity and malevolence are directed against my very existence, and they have maliciously determined to crush me, and take my ancient and honourable possession into their own hands.

In point of usefulness, I may challenge competition with the members of every profession; the physician may save the body, the lawyer may save the property, and the divine may save the soul,—but Sir, it is my proud prerogative to preserve all by my own power; as but for me, thousands would starve or be driven by their distresses to the commission of crimes, that would load the gallows with more victims than Jack Ketch could dispose of during the term of his natural life. In this respect, I have done more towards the preservation of good morals than the Mendicity Society, and have in my time saved many worthy but distressed ladies and gentlemen from jumping into the New River, treating themselves with a dose of laudanum, or by some other summary means of shuffling off this mortal coil. These, Sir, are public services, and for these I am now doomed to be branded with the opprobrious title of a usurer, be disfranchised of my ancient rights, and my name blotted from society.

My compassion is as eminent as my usefulness. I ever listen to the voice of distress; and my hospitable doors are ever open to the unfortunate. However ragged the applicants they never are known to sue in vain, but their requests are always complied with, without delay. Common prudence however requires me to take some *pledge* for repayment, with which their sense of honour always induces them to come provided; and for this I give them a *duplicate* of acknowledgment as a security for its return. As I run some risk in thus dealing my bounty to total strangers, I am bound in justice to myself to make it worth my while; but in this respect I am very moderate and conscientious, charging them only 20 per cent. upon my advances, for the return of which I never trouble them, but with a generosity worthy of a better fate, content myself with the possession of their pledges, the accumulation of which constitute my principal riches. I am a general merchant, dealer and chapman, in articles of every description, from the jewels of a duchess to the jacket of a dustman. But such is the admirable order of my store rooms, that every article, however minute, is ready for return at my call, and by the peculiar mechanism of a *spout* is delivered to the owner without delay.

I am the kindest *relation* in existence, as all my friends can bear witness; I never treat their applications with sour looks and long lectures upon economy, so common to uncles in general, or was I ever known to tax them with needless extravagance, but am ever both ready and willing to lend the *ready* upon good and ample security. But as I adhere to the excellent old maxim, that “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” I never advance money upon bills or bonds, as I consider it not only the most intangible but the most ruinous of all systems. No, Sir, mine is always the *bonâ fide* security of goods, and these I receive without either scruple or inquiry, for I should consider it derogatory to my character to hurt the tender feelings of my friends by the display of officious curiosity; and as they know the deposits, however valuable, are in perfect safety, they intrust them to me with the utmost confidence. This is a most important advantage to many, particularly to the young of both sexes, who are enabled by my assistance to gratify their appetites

without discovery, and avoid a cold refusal from some pretended friend, of whom, I am sorry to say, there are but too many, or the still more awkward predicament of being asked for the money, when perhaps they never had the least ability or intention of repaying it. It has, I know, been often asserted that I have been guilty of compounding felony by receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be such; but this I now beg leave to state on the honour of an uncle, that if in any case it has been so, it has been entirely without my knowledge, as I never make any inquiries; which renders it impossible that I should be privy to the transaction, nor would it become me to suspect when so much confidence is placed on my integrity.

In the exercise of these acts of benevolence I have been employed for many years, and lived in general good credit and respect. My character has been untainted save by those malicious rumours to which philanthropy is ever subject, and I doubt not but I should still have continued my unremitted exertions to lessen the sum of human misery, had not the fashionable rage for speculation disturbed my repose, and stimulated certain individuals who are possessed of a large floating capital to form a most wicked and unmerited conspiracy against me. Now, Sir, as I am conscious of no misdeeds, but such as are common to all trades and professions, namely, that of fleecing the public, which I consider to be a proof of their weakness and my wisdom, I cannot refrain from thus pouring forth my complaints in your pages.

These accumulated injuries make me “groan in spirit;” for in the above conspiracy I see not only my own ruin, but also the ruin of those unhappy individuals who have so long lived upon my bounty, and applied to me as a sure friend in all their distresses.

Your faithful but persecuted Correspondent,
MY UNCLE.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

The thoughts of Love, the thoughts of Love,
Oh! they are sweet as Hybla's dew;
And sweeter dreams than those of Love,
The dreaming poet never knew.

The minstrel's gentle song of Love
Is sweeter than his strain of war;
He sings of fame, he sings of Love,
But Love than fame is happier far.

CHORUS.

Love governs all! in might he reigns,
And slaves and kings before him kneel;
Source of alternate joys and pains,
To all that think, to all that feel;
Love is a god, all gods above—
The universe is rul'd by Love.

Beauty is the loveliest flower
That blooms beneath the skies;
And oh! there lives a heavenly power
On Beauty's lip, in Beauty's eyes!

CHORUS.

Bard loquacious, saint austere,
Ever yet held Beauty dear;

Beauty's eye and Beauty's cheek,
Peace of sage's heart can break,
And mighty Love,
All else above,
Doth bid the Conqueror's bosom beat—
See, see—he kneels at Beauty's feet.

T.

THE MISERIES OF COURTSHIP.

'He best can paint them, who has felt them most.'

"DID you ever go a courting," Mr. Editor, as the servant maids calls it; that and being married are very different sort of things, as I can vouch—If you ever did, you may form a slight conception of the miseries I have endured, particularly when I tell you I am a modest man. What an ordeal to pass through is courtship; but never mind, 'tis but a preparation for what follows, "out of the fry"—I beg pardon for quoting any thing so homely, or, more properly speaking, any thing that comes so near home. As soon as it was made known that I was after all the "happy man," it seemed to be the sole purpose of all mine own, and "my intended's," relations, friends, and acquaintances, to convince me I was not such. "Well, Barnabas—fortunate dog—'pon honour—devilish fine girl—pretty fortune—capital expectations—good thing to be you." I only wish, as a punishment for his lying, one of them for a short time had his wish gratified.

And there were my female acquaintances, and my wife's female friends—I should have spoken of them first by rights, although Mr. Lindley Murray is ungallant enough to say that *we* (the masculine) are the *more worthy* gender. "Well, Mr. Barnabas, you are the fortunate man! Dear me, I should not have thought it, after Mr. Heavyside, the great bear on 'Change—and Counsellor Mum-at-Court—and Mr. Lionel O'Thunder, with his estate of two thousand a-year on the banks of the Liffey—had all been refused—really you are a happy man, Mr. Barnabas!" Happy man! it was a *misnomer*, as the lawyers say, to call me such.

Could there be any thing more terrifying to a modest man, than what I experienced the night after my proposals had been accepted. It was at "my intended's" parents, where a whole coterie of her friends, brothers, and sisters, had assembled to canvass over the length of my purse—the breadth of my merits—the most of my expectations—and in fact, the long and short of all I was worth in the world.

I am a man of quick feelings, and was always very sensitive on entering a room; on this eventful evening I felt more than my usual tremor—I seemed like some iniquitous dog who has been convicted of a despicable act, and I sneaked into the room with my eyes on the carpet. To comfort me there was a vastly ill-bred titter in circulation, and "quizz," I found to be the order of the evening.

In groping for a chair, after making a few hurried obeisances, among which my dearest was quite overlooked, her mother exclaimed to a young officer of the Light Dragoons, who was doing "the agreeable" to her amiable daughter, "Captain Bronze! you have Mr. Barnabas's

seat." To my utter dismay, he instantly vacated the chair in my favour. With my cheeks suffused with blushes, and not daring to look up, I took possession of the enviable post, with the satisfaction of knowing that every inquisitive pair of eyes in the room was upon me.

And how do you think my wife that was to be deported herself? To my utter astonishment she seemed perfectly cool and collected, while I was completely bewildered in a labyrinth of shamefacedness.

No eastern sultana could have enjoyed her power with more satisfaction than when she put in force the attentions which, as a matter of right, she expected from her unfortunate suitor, or by *misnomer* the "fortunate man," who of course was bound to perform

—"as was my duty;
Honour to the shadow of her shoe tie."

Her handkerchief, or her reticule, was dropped every five minutes, while each alternate one was employed in wielding her fan, to the great recreation of every malicious soul present. The reader must be told that I was never cut out for what is termed, a "lady's man." I am somewhat about six feet high, thick set, with hands whose appendages might serve a sculptor as a fit model for the Digitals of Hercules. I am reckoned tolerably expert at throwing a quoit, or sending a racket or cricket ball into the air, but know nothing of "*doing the zephyr*," as one of the little girls prettily called my exertions.

What was my horror when the tea equipage was brought in; here I felt was the "tug of war;" and no disheartened general ever felt more relieved at the close of a fierce engagement, than I did when the saucy-eyed footman removed it. My "intended" (will the reader excuse the frequent repetition of this word; I have an *objection* to that of "WIFE"—) whether from a motive of kindness in seeing her heart's choice in training for a beau; or whether from a humane wish for affording amusement to the whole of her friends, determined to keep me well employed. I never saw her consume so much bread and butter *before*, or, what is more surprising, *since*. Her cup either wanted replenishing every five minutes, or there was too much or too little sugar; or there was not near enough milk, or else a great deal too much: so by one mishap or another, I made no less than five and forty journeys to the tea-table and back; on these occasions, one hand was usually employed with *her* cup, and the other with *my own*, for I could not find a resting place for the latter, except upon one occasion, when I left it on my chair; which circumstance I unfortunately forgot on returning to it, and had actually seated my ponderous body before I had discovered my carelessness. You may suppose, Mr. Editor, I did not remain long in igno-

* I have often thought that there was a great deficiency in the English language in not having a proper expression for so interesting an object; sweet-heart is only current among apprentices and chamber-maids, and *lover* is only applicable to the male sex. To be sure we have got *mistress*, but that term at the present period would perhaps convey *more* than was intended, if applied to a virtuous young lady.

rance—in less than a second a dreadful crash took place! the fate of the cup reminding me in every way of a quotation from Hamlet, that it was—

“More honoured in the BREACH, than in the OBSERVANCE.”

The decorum of the company could no longer suppress the mirth that had been forming at my expense the whole evening; it burst like a huge volcano, the lava of ridicule streaming everywhere about me, and I left the room in precipitation and dismay. I leave the reader to guess with what sort of feeling I re-entered the room which contained “all that on earth was dear.” I will not dwell on the many smothered smiles, and malicious inquiries, respecting “how I felt myself, after my accident?” which some “d—d good-natured friend” was continually popping in; nor paint my feelings when I discovered the ceremony of tea was not concluded; neither were my miseries; for my mistress handed me once more her cup, with the spoon composedly lying in the saucer, affording a gentle hint that it was to be replenished.

My walk—my air—my figure—my action—was all criticised;—it may be necessary to inform the reader that I always had a great aversion to that class of beings yclept Dandies; but on this unfortunate evening, I was weak enough to be persuaded to borrow one or two of their attributes, and accordingly my throat was incarcerated in a wire stiffener, which appeared like iron to my tender skin; and an odious whalebone-stuffed thing, called a hunting belt, metamorphosed a most respectable stomach into the prototype of an hour-glass. Thus encased and environed, I moved and acted with about as much ease and elegance as a raw recruit. For my own part, I could not move my head neither right nor left; and as for seeing any thing that was not parallel with my eyes, it was a useless attempt. But I am running away from the errand which my kind mistress employed me to perform—which was to get her cup filled—(not emptied)—“as I well remember.” Well! having the treasure in my right hand, and my handkerchief in my left, with due precision and slow steps, (like a serjeant at a funeral,) I marched towards my adorable’s throne—(a chair with a horse-hair bottom.) I had that morning received a lesson from Monsieur Zephyr, who teaches grown gentlemen to dance, and whether to make up for my former awkwardness—or to display my newly-acquired “airs and graces” in a fatal moment, (curse on my vanity,) I determined to put them in practice. I forgot, at the moment, the stock—and the belt—and my brother-in-law’s (that was to be) tight inexpressibles, which, for an obvious reason, I did not before mention—but only thought of Monsieur Zephyr’s instructions—“right foot out—knees preserved straight—back gently bent, and head inclined forwards—left arm by the side, and right inclined towards the object”—when, as my unlucky stars would have it, that part of my person, which the ancients supposed to carry with it so much honour, and which had before contributed so plentifully to the entertainment of the evening, was a little protruded beyond any other; and as my right arm was extended with the waiter towards my deary, a clumsy, or else a malicious footman, who was handing the toast to

another fair, either by design or accident, gave the offending part *such a brush*, as totally to destroy the equilibrium of its owner—the cup on the waiter, as if influenced by an amiable rivalry, simultaneously jerked off, and deposited its contents in the lap of my intended, as plentifully as Jove showered the gold into Danae’s.

The patience, the good-humour, of my fair tormentor, at once fled; she could no longer restrain her anger; she darted at me, *such a look*—“Clumsy!” was all she said; but, bless my soul, with what an emphasis! before I could look round, she had left the room; every part of her dress flowing like a Naiad or some other goddess of “the watery deep.” I remained for a few minutes, struck with horror and confusion, and as soon as I could recover the possession of my faculties, showed I could make the best use of them, by seizing my hat, and leaving the house as fast as my legs could carry me.

The reader will think I had enough of Courtship—indeed if I had regarded it as a foretaste of what I should hereafter encounter, I should have till this day remained single, and, therefore, *as a matter of course*, HAPPY.

But the fates were against me; and after a tedious courtship, my fair one consented to abate the rigour of her first charitable determination, and in her merciful goodness consented to name the day which was to make me “the happiest of men.”

I will not dwell upon the miseries of my wedding day, suffice it to say, I went through the purgatory of congratulation from my friends, the inquisitiveness of my neighbours, who poked their heads out of their windows, on my going to and returning from church—the impudence of the rabble, who insulted me with marrow-bones and cleavers—and the saucy leers of the foot-boys and chamber-maids where we were to pass the honey-moon.

This moon, I found like all other moons, to be very *variable*—it rose and set in a very short time. Since which, if patience will endow a man with a fee-simple in “Elysium,” I flatter myself, I am secure. I will not tire my readers with my domestic affairs; those who are married would not like such a repetition; and for such as are single, I will not spoil by anticipation what they will meet with in reality; but merely advise them to think a second time before they propose as a toast, “*the single married*,” without adding to it, and “*the married happy*.”

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

DARK Spirit of the Tempest! who dost shroud
Thy form of grandeur in the unblest sky,—
Speaking thy moody wrath in thunder loud,
Thy laughter the mad lightning—tell me why
Thou triumph’st thus?—And have the young stars how’d
Before thy terrors from their thrones on high,
And own’d thee for their conqueror—glad to fly
For shelter to the bosom of each cloud
That frown’d along the air! I love thee, Spirit!
Thou waker of the Ocean! and thy brow
Is what I worship, for my thoughts inherit
A portion of its darkness—the wild flow
Of thy deep music hath a tone divine:—
I love thy nature, Spirit! for ’tis mine!—

H. W.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR JULY.

EVENING DRESS.

POLISH robe of lilac *gros de Naples*; the petticoat enriched at the border, with a full, and broad puckering of crape of the same colour, on which are laid flowers of lilac satin, representing the Iris, or purple *fleur de lis*. The tunique part, *à la polonoise*, trimmed with three rows of bias folds, each fold headed by a narrow rouleau. The sleeves short and full, and ornamented on the outside of the arm with one outspread Iris. The corsage made plain, with Bouffont drapery of lilac crape at the bust, confined in the centre by a white antique ornament, and near to the hollow of each arm by a white *fleur de lis*. A lilac belt with narrow white blond on each side, simply encircling the waist, in which belt is stuck a fan, with the outside sticks exquisitely wrought in filigree gold. A drapery of lilac gauze and silver lama, beautifully twisted, round the hair with a rosette on the left side, the ends lightly fringed with silver. Ear-rings and necklace of amethysts, or rubies, set in gold. Bracelets of gold filigree worn over the gloves, and fastened with one large ruby or amethyst, to suit the necklace and ear-rings. White satin sandal slippers.

BALL DRESS, OR GRAND FULL DRESS PARTY COSTUME.

Dress of tulle over white satin, with double rouleaux stripes of satin in bias down the skirt. Border consisting of a broad puckering of tulle or gauze, on which are laid large leaves of satin edged by rouleaux, and in the centre of each a blue flower; two rouleaux of satin above this border, on which are full and spiral bouquets, richly clustered, of the convolvulus. Corsage of white satin, trimmed across with blond. The hair dressed short at the ears, and arranged on each side of the face in clustered curls, and at the summit of the head, inclining towards the right side, in long bows; the same side ornamented with a diadem of pearls and precious gems, and the hair elegantly entwined with a drapery of celestial blue gauze, and a plumage of white feathers on the left side. Ear-rings and bracelets of diamonds. A necklace *à l'Egyptienne*, forming a serpent of gold, with the tail in its mouth; the eyes of the reptile of brilliants. Regal mantle cloak of celestial blue *gros de Naples*, finished beautifully, with cape and trimming of swan's-down; the cloak fastened with silver chain, *cordon*, and tassels. White satin sandal slippers.

FASHIONS IN PREPARATION FOR JULY, 1824.

Every artist employed in the various articles of decoration for female beauty, is now sedulously occupied in giving the most elegant versatility to the suggestions of taste, and imparting to them that splendour, so requisite

to be observed amongst the titled, wealthy, and distinguished assemblage that now graces our metropolis.

The carriage bonnets are peculiarly beautiful and becoming; one, in particular, struck us by the chaste association of its colours, and the elegance of its form. It is of lemon-coloured crape, lined and ornamented with pink; the crown is adorned in drapery, *aux fers du Cheval*, with pink fancy flowers of unrivalled delicacy, between each interstice. A white satin hat is also well adapted to the morning exhibitions, or paying carriage morning visits; it is *à la Reine Marguerite*, the white of the pearl colour kind, and is finished round the crown, with gauze puffs edged with blond and white satin rouleaux; a quilling of blond, so contrived as to lie on the hair, gives the appearance of a cap under this tasteful hat. A white crape bonnet, also, is expected to be much in esteem this month, for the carriage: round the crown are puffings of gauze, interspersed with branches of lilac, and round the edge of the brim are lighter puffings, between each of which are little sprigs of lilac. Hats are in great favour; they are in the shape of *La Reine Marguerite de Valois*.

The pelisses and spencers remain, at present, much the same as last month; some slight innovations have been made in the latter, which we cannot regard as improvements; some of these lace behind, and thereby destroy the effect of an article so useful and appropriate to summer costume, especially for the young; the back looks ill, and the bust is, by no means, improved; others have a kind of fichu, of the same material as the spencer, into which the arms are slipped, and the point before and behind fasten under the belt; we must mention the incongruities of fashion as well as her beauties; it serves also to shew the infatuation of many members in high life, who prefer the skill of French dress-makers to that of their own countrywomen: we speak this from proof; as we are well assured these changes in the spencer, so infinitely for the worse, are fabrications of a foreigner.

The summer pelisses for this month merit an individual description. They are of the most tender and delicate colours; the one we saw, was not quite finished; but when completed, it will certainly be one of the most elegant out-door articles that ever came from the hands of an English *Marchande de Modes*. The colour was that beautiful blooming tint of the summer-rose of June; down the sides in front, is an ornament that represents a long ostrich plume; the feather part is formed of very narrow satin rouleaux, most exquisitely wrought, being all done in a frame; the pipe part, up the centre of the feather, is formed of one well-wadded rouleau; the collar, bust, and mancherons, are finished in a light, elegant, and truly correspondent style.

Small dress hats are worn at the opera and at evening parties, with indented brims, and white plumage tower-

ing over them ; from the summit of the crown, hangs, on one side, a singular, but yet what forms a very beautiful ornament ; it is a bunch of capsicums, made of white satin, tipped with silver ; the brim of the hat is also edged with silver cordon ; but this becoming head-dress looks best when finished with pearls. The *toques à la neige*, discovering the hair between in open work of intrinsic gems, are every way calculated for full dress ; they are rather lofty and bind across the forehead, but not too low ; their height is added to, by a fine plumage of white feathers ; we saw two of these truly dignified head-dresses, finished for ladies who class amongst the highest order : one was composed of pearls and emeralds, which latter gem represented a row of green foliage on the summit of the edifice ; the other was of Turquoise stones and pearls ; but these, instead of being wrought into foliage, represented flowers. The Ceres turban is another unique and elegant head-dress ; it is of white satin, entwined with pearls, and is ornamented with Marabout feathers, interspersed with ears of corn of a bright geranium colour, and others of gold. On the right side, just over the ear, are two broad leaves of white satin, one leaf standing up, the other depending ; these are fastened by two gold ornaments, representing spears, which have each an oval head of coral and gold. The *Cornette à la Nympe*, is a charming head-dress for receiving friends at home ; it is of tulle and blond, with a wreath of delicate blush roses : some of these home head-dresses, have a small ornament on the summit of the crown, like a little hat à l'*Arcadie*. Coloured gauze caps, with white blond next the face, and lightly ornamented with flowers of suitable colours, are much in favour for home costume.

Amongst the new silk dresses, the greatest novelty in the manner of their trimming, is with a border of divided points, forming a kind of foliage, upright and reversed ; the division in the middle of this ornament is fluted satin, put on *en limaçon* : this dress was made low, and was of corn-flower blue ; with it was worn a most elegant fichu of blond, with an indented ornament falling back, richly trimmed with white satin rouleaux and blond ; each indenting confined by satin strap rings, of close and very narrow rouleaux. Another dress was of Pistachio colour, and was ornamented with antique rosaces ; both these dresses were of *gros de Naples*. The morning dresses are of printed muslin, which is at present, more in favour than white ; we speak merely of *dejeuné costume* ; silks are worn at all hours of the day, and India muslins, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with lace, are worn with spencers and pelisses, for white is indispensably requisite for those envelopes.

Ball dresses are superbly bordered with flowers, either in coloured beads, pearls, or polished steel, relieved by a splendid embroidery in coloured ribbon-work, the beautiful red lilac colour of the marshmallow blossom. When the tulle is embroidered with pearls, the corsage worn with it renders it a most chaste and beautiful attire. This corsage is of white satin, made in front à la *Grecque*. The part that represents the robings is open, and has tulle let in, edged round with pearls, which are relieved by the openings being edged with pink satin : on

VOL. I.

each side of these, next the front of the stomacher part, is an embroidery in pearls, representing the Scotch thistle. The sleeves are of tulle, with straps to answer the open part of the stomacher ; the body is finished round the bosom with net, *en tire bouchons*, entwined with pearls.

The most approved colours are the rose of June, Pistachio, lemon colour, and lilac.

THE OPERA AND THEATRES.

—Reidiculum acri

Fortius et melius—plerumque sccat res

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

KING'S THEATRE.—We merely mention the appearance of Madame Pasta in Rossini's Opera of Tancredi, for the purpose of asking our erudite readers if they can inform us what the Critics mean by a "*delicious performance*," an epithet especially patronised by the *Chronicle*, which concludes its remarks on this lady's personification of Tancredi by the beautiful phrase of—"and a very *delicious performance* it was!" These gentlemen are always dreaming of the good things of this world we suppose, and, being, moreover, metaphorically inclined, apply the terms suited to a dish of turtle or venison unto the "fair enchanters" of the stage as they are often wont to term them*

On Thursday the 27th May, Catalani took her benefit at this theatre in the character of Susanna in Mozart's fine work, *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She sang as became her high reputation, and received a due meed of applause—but we cannot say that she reminded us of Hercules handling the distaff, which was curiously enough, the case with the imaginative critic of the Bow-street Journal, who also says, that she flung out her matchless tones over the other performers." What a strange fling, to be sure, must that have been. How dexterous are these critics at *bold, blooming* language, and none more so on the occasion above mentioned, than he of the *Times*, whose eloquence we think it our duty to bring forward whenever an opportunity offers ; imprimis, then :—The house, saith he, was "excessively crowded, and presented an animated and brilliant appearance."—Next he tells us, in the sweetest manner imaginable, of Catalani's "easy buoyancy," and "playful grace," which was "absolutely enchanting." Afterwards he vows she sang

* The learned Connoisseurs in colouring go still further in their tropes and figures, and actually call any painting that may charm their critical fancies, "*a delicious bit*."—A delicious bit ! Oh, Gentlemen, gentlemen, do you really pretend to the honour of being in your sound senses?

† The *Herald* calls it "*That most charming of all operas*," and of the particle *that* doth this rare journal seem particularly enamoured ; "*that admirable singer*," "*that excellent actor*," "*that enchanting actress*," are its favourite exclamations on the various occasions upon which it *deigns* to do its best *gratis* towards benefiting the well-deserving comedians on their benefit nights.

G

in "a most captivating style," and concludes his *glowing* tribute to her many incomparable excellencies by assuring us that "encore followed encore in *merciless* succession." This is a specimen of the grand—but we now come to the soothing part of the affair, where, in speaking of Ronzide Begnis as the Countess, the critic expatiates in a divine strain on 'her lady-like and elegant demeanour'; on "the tender (what a lovely and pathetic word!) and lamenting airs," whose "delicacy and sweetness lost nothing in her execution of them," and "were given with a pathos and feeling that *thrilled through the heart*"; then he rhapsodises upon her "plaintive simplicity," which, saith he, "told more than words a *tale of ill-requited affection*." Our readers must allow all this to be what the critic in his own excellent manner would call "consummately beautiful," otherwise we pity the inferiority of their tastes. Madame Biagioli as the Page, and Begnis as Figaro, did credit to their respective parts.—Porto, in the Count, was altogether beyond our comprehension, but the character might have had a worse representative, we think, in spite of the cruel invectives of our *gentle* fellow critics.

With the exception of a well-conducted Concert, under the superintendence of a Mr. Cutler, and the appearance of their Sandwich Majesties in the boxes, nothing further of interest has occurred here, benefits being the order of the day, as is usual at this season.

DRURY LANE.—Among others, Madame Vestris and our old friend Munden, have both taken their benefits at this theatre, the former on the 28th, and the latter on the 31st May, when he appeared for the last time before the public. The performance on the first of these nights was the *Tempest*, in which Madame Vestris appeared in the beautiful Ariel. Many and many were the pretty things we had intended to say on this occasion, but are effectually prevented from so doing by the usual monopolizing qualities of the *Herald*, which has put forth a specimen of pure eloquence on the subject beyond all praise, and we are confident that in transferring it to our pages we are bestowing great pleasure on our readers, and on ourselves immortal honour. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*—"But the charms of the whole was, as on this occasion it ought to have been, the Ariel of Madame Vestris. If we say that this charming actress and vocalist surpassed on this occasion not only our expectations, but everything we have yet witnessed in this character, we shall do no more than mere justice. The songs introduced and inherent were sung with the exquisite ease and expressiveness instinctive to this delightful warbler, and the dialogue was delivered with a tasteful attention at once to the sense and the harmony of the poet. But it was to the eye—(prepare yourselves to be put into extasies, ye happy readers of this our quotation!)—still more especially that the character was realized. The fine limbs and beautiful form of this actress seem peculiarly adapted to the part she assumes, and never could have been exhibited in a costume more calculated to exhibit all their charms, (oh!) while the great variety of action and attitude seemed so completely consonant to the functions of this 'fine spirit,' this 'delicate' agent of a benignant magic, as to realize to the senses this

most beautiful of the creations of poetical imagination."—We never before met with such a magnificent flow of language; could poor Demosthenes, could Roman Cicero peruse this, well might they be ashamed of their own insignificance, and even our own eloquent Canning must confess that he is at all events second to one, and that illustrious one, the Critic of the *Morning Herald*! If any thing can eclipse the latter, it can only be the poetry of the Princess Olive of Cumberland, and that indeed is more than astonishingly fine; for proof of which we refer our readers to the "valuable" pages of the *Journal* just mentioned. Oh! we delight to stick to the *Herald*—it is a sort of Don at criticism, and makes a dead set at it on all occasions.

By our troth, we have been so carried away by this torrent of eloquence in one of our cotemporaries, that our honoured friend Munden had no small chance of being entirely forgotten by us—we have, however, with great difficulty, recovered ourselves, and are now able to state clearly that his farewell characters were Sir Robert Bramble in the Poor Gentleman, and Old Dozey in the farce of *Past Ten o'Clock*—after performing which in admirable style, he took leave of the Public.

The only thing of a novel nature, in the way of authorship which has been brought out at Drury-Lane, is what Mr. Elliston terms a "new, grand, magnificent, and romantic melo-drama," (*The Revolt of the Greeks*), which met with the usual degree of success attending pieces that are only fit to attract the eyes of the lofty occupiers of the one and two shilling galleries.

COVENT GARDEN.—Covent Garden appears to be entirely eclipsing its rival in the way of novelty. It has produced what the play-bills called *A Comedy in three Acts*, yclept "*Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch*," which met with a very good reception, and will, doubtless endure for as long a period as all dramatic effusions have done of late years; we need scarcely add, for one season. The piece is a translation from the French of one Duval, the translator no other than Howard Payne, Esq., Gent. What straits do the poor Managers seem reduced to! they not only are constrained to borrow from their more inventive neighbours on the other side of the channel, but absolutely lay themselves under obligations to the *detested* Minors, at two of which this piece (with a trifling difference) was performed months ago. Seriously and in good faith do we counsel the conductors of our large theatrical establishments to hire a French writer at once, and keep one of English parentage to translate his productions *instantly* for their boards; then at all events the good public would have the pleasure of seeing what none had beheld before them, whereas "quite the reverse," as Matthews has it, is now the case. But we digress. The principal characters were these:—

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| The King, | KEMBLE. |
| Rochester, | JONES. |
| Capt. Copp, | FAWCETT. |
| Edward, the page, | DURUET. |
| Lady Clara, | MRS. FAUCIT. |
| Mary, (Copp's Niece,) | MISS M. TREE. |

The story is soon told.—Ned is smitten with the charms of Miss Mary, alias Copp's niece, apparent, (for she eventually proves to be Rochester's) and, very unwisely, the enamoured stripling makes a confidant of his hair-brained patron, Rochester, who tells his Majesty of the affair by way of a joke, and the joke-loving Monarch resolves to visit the young maiden at the "Grand Admiral" Wapping public-house, kept and conducted by her ostensible uncle, Capt. Copp. Here an amusing scene takes place, (despite the feebleness of the dialogue, which the *Times*, wise for once, justly calls, a caricature of the only excellence of the Court of Charles the Second,) which ends in the roguish peer picking his liege master's pocket, cutting his cables and taking himself off. The reckoning is called for—Majesty is moneyless and all confusion—leaves his watch by way of pawn with my uncle Copp, who suspects him of having stolen it, and gives the horror-struck monarch in charge to the potent constables—young Ned and his dear Molly; the King exerts his eloquence, gains on the soft heart of the lady and escapes to his palace, where Copp and his crew (having discovered the suspicious article to be royal property) arrive to restore the watch to its rightful possessor. Here they of course make every due discovery, and the lovers are rendered happy in the usual comedy-becoming manner.

The acting was certainly more than good, and "The Merry Monarch" stands every chance of revelling on the boards of Covent Garden theatre, until the appointed period of his natural death.

Another novelty has blazed forth at this theatre, tastefully denominated "The Castellan's Oath."—It was said to be a melo-drama, but seems not to have been considered by the critics as worthy of so illustrious a title; they appear to treat the affair in a very contemptuous style, and we therefore who only profess to be their humble imitators, will make very little fuss about it—merely begging leave to quote the well-framed sentence passed on this ill-starred production by one of those good-natured gentlemen.—

"A new melo-drama, or attempt at melo-drama, called 'The Castellan's Oath,' has been produced at Covent-Garden theatre. We have not had much that is good in this department of stage entertainment of late; but the present attempt exceeds in absurdity any thing that it ever fell to our misfortune to sit through. The action of the piece lies chiefly in the hands of Mrs. Faucit, whose cue seems to be the commission of as many follies within a given time as possible. In the first scene, she suffers a prisoner (for no reason) to escape; in the second, she is within an ace of getting her husband hanged, for the captive's defection. These misfortunes, of course, drive her out of her senses during the remainder of the play; and, in conclusion, she (a Countess) disguises herself as the ghost of a friar! It would be tedious to go farther into description of a piece which has nothing at all to recommend it, either in the composition, or the acting; it would have hard work to be endured in a second-rate minor house; and if the managers are wise, they will avoid any further exhibition of it."

Here indeed is a Philippic for those who love imitations of Demosthenes—terse, vigorous, and *multum in*

parvo, in the most unlimited signification of the phrase.—God help the poor author, whoever he may be.

In addition to the above, a new farce, called "My own Man," and a gentleman, named Kent, have both made an unsuccessful appearance at this theatre; where, also, another Juliet, in the person of a Miss Nesbitt, of Bath, has gratified the public eagerness for novelty, and met with a very favourable reception from that *bellua multorum capitum*—the audience.

HAY-MARKET.—This well-conducted little theatre is at length opened, and heartily do we wish it a successful campaign. Several new actors, and one or two lately-manufactured farces have appeared, but neither the one nor the other possess sufficient merit to require particular notice.

ON LAUGHTER.

The Dictionary of the French Academy defines laughter to be a certain movement of the mouth, caused by the impression excited by something that pleases us. The ancients distinguished two kinds of laughter; one caused by a movement of joy, the other, without any cause at all.

A plant, that grows in Sardinia, is said to have produced a convulsive laugh, the result of which was madness and death, and from thence came the expression of a *Sardonic laugh*.

If historians may be credited, Phocion was never known either to laugh or to weep. Cato laughed but once in his life: it is true that he then laughed *long* and *violently*, so that the Romans used to call a long and violent fit of laughter, a *Catonian laugh*.

Socrates always appeared with a sneering smile on his countenance; and every one has heard of the laughter of the philosopher Democritus.

When Cardinal Richelieu, worn out with the toils of greatness, fell into that stupor and weakness, which is generally the prelude to serious illness; his physician wrote the following prescription; *Accipe Bois-Robert*. Bois-Robert came; his facetiousness and repartees restored the all-powerful minister to cheerfulness and health. He was cured by laughing.

"Gretry, in his *Essays on Music*, says, a man may be known by the way he laughs, that is to say, his laughter, his smile, and his very hearty laughter. He adds, "Certain men, look *yellow* when they laugh: they are prone to *deceit*; others *green*, and they are *envious*; others *red*, they are *honest*, and *unsuspecting*; others *blush* a little when they laugh, they are *candid*; others look all manner of colours, and those people are the most dangerous of all."

I laugh in my sleeve, when I hear a coward boasting of his valour, and a coquette of her virtue.

Pain and pleasure, triumph and defeat, success and failure, are but too often separated by very short intervals, whence came that proverb that Racine places in the mouth of Little John:

Toi qui ris Vendredi, dimanche pleurera

He who laughs on Friday, may weep on Sunday

G 2

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department will contain the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the Continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

— THE Thuilleries, just now, are all the rage; all that is elegant in Paris, is to be found there. The charming verdure of that spot renders it far preferable to the Bois de Boulogne, where there is so little shade. At two o'clock, we behold, at the Thuilleries, one of those young mothers, who appear in a morning *deshabille*, because they are conscious that it becomes them better than being much dressed. The *darling child* is with her; and it is requisite, as people who live in style, that it should be accompanied by two *nursery governesses*, whose dress and carriage are as fresh, and correct as that of their mistress. At three o'clock, the *haut-ton* makes its appearance, the fashionables of either sex rival each other in elegance; it is then that the modish dame draws universal admiration for her taste, by the pattern of her printed muslin dress, or by the trimming, or embroidery of her India muslin. While the young men give the *ton*, by the colour or cut of a great-coat, by the shade or stripe of a pantaloon, and by the whimsical pattern of their cravats.

— Last year, all the carriages were lined with striped cottons. This year, they make use of figured chintzes, either marbled, with Chinese figures, chequered or sprigged. Blue, green, lilac, or a rusty yellow, and brown, are the favourite colours.

— The ladies now seem disposed to divert themselves again with *Pantins*: they have little punchinellos on their fans, which have one leg sculptured in ivory, or mother-of-pearl; this leg serves as a handle, and the point of Punch's wooden-shoe, the hook to it.

— Four brides were lately invited to a ball. The marriage of the eldest had only taken place a fortnight before. The four brides had all formed a determination, that their husbands should dance only with themselves. At length, they changed one with the other, but yet did not violate their promise. They waltzed only together; they chatted only with one another, and these eight persons formed a separate colony in the ball-room. If this example should be followed, balls, in future, instead of being the crowded scenes they were formerly, will exhibit only *tête-à-têtes*.

— On Sundays, the quantity of carriages at the Bois de Boulogne, is considerable. They are filled with ladies,

who encounter the heat of an ardent sun in open carriages; white dresses are more general, and straw-hats very prevalent. Many ladies, who are past their youth, wear large straw-hats, *à la Bèrgerie*, simply tied down with a ribbon.

— At eighteen, a young man leaves college; he is somewhat diffident, and he takes, as a model, one of the most extravagant male fashionists of the day. At twenty, he thinks he knows every thing, and, perfectly satisfied with himself, certain of succeeding in his efforts to please, he gives himself up to all his fancies; at five-and-twenty, he ceases to give the *ton*; and, as he is restored to himself, he finds how much he has been mistaken; he marries, and finds happiness in a state, which, but a few years before, appeared to him insupportable.

— Though there are several families in Paris, who have female negroes as nurses for their children, yet they are never to be seen in the gardens of the Thuilleries. Those who have made this remark, and are surprised at it, do not know that the most ample wages will not compensate a negress for her being obliged to go out with any other head-dress than a Madrass handkerchief; all that could be obtained from her, would be to let her substitute a white handkerchief for a coloured one. In the next place, a woman, with only a handkerchief bound round her head, even if she had a child in her arms, would not be admitted into the Thuilleries.

— There is now a certain taste of economy prevailing, even in the most trifling instances; it is very rare to see young men, on the Boulevards, seated on more than two chairs.

— Self-love and vanity have crept into every class of people, and made rapid progress even among servants. Lately, a notary wanted a valet de chambre, a coachman, and a footman. Their wages were agreed upon, and they were engaged; when, on a sudden, objections were started. The valet de chambre had never worn a livery, nor waited at table, not even at breakfast; and, certainly, he should not begin now. The coachman forewarned his master, that he should never quit the box, to open the carriage door to any one: and, lastly, the footman told his master that he should retain his brown coat, as he could not wear *his* livery, having just quitted the service of a Duke, and he could not think of degrading himself.

— The fashionables have not yet departed for the

country; they are occupied with the fine arts; they have had their portraits painted, for the exhibitions; and they have had views of their country mansions and parks, in perspective. This year there is a greater number of small pictures at the Louvre, than there were last year.

Every Tuesday, when the weather is favourable, some young ladies at N——, who have formed themselves into a society of pedestrians, have walking matches. They wear the following uniform; a short petticoat, pantaloons, fastened up above the ankle, a belt of blue or red Morrocco, to distinguish the candidates, about two inches in breadth; head-dress like the Bearnese females, or in the Spanish style. The prizes consist of books, music, or different articles in dress.

Ladies who reside at their country houses or châteaux during the summer, and whose chief pleasure was in receiving their acquaintance, begin to complain of the fashionable style of dress that every one seems to wish to introduce in the rural scene. In the morning, they are content to wear a Leghorn hat, and Nankin half-boots; but, at night, however few the guests, they dress as they do in town, that is to say, they have a hat ornamented with feathers or flowers, and silk shoes. By the same rule, the servants are never seen without their dress liveries. The gardeners wear a kind of helmet, instead of a cap; the servant maids wear colerettes, and the shepherds have their plaited shirt-frills. A nobleman lately made the following remark on this subject: "You will soon find, that to please my good friends at Paris, I shall be obliged to have my cows washed with soap, and my Merino asleep combed."

— One of the prettiest brides that has been seen at Paris for a long time, made her appearance lately at the altar, with a bouquet of Orange-flowers, made of very fine pearls.

— Some statues are about being erected at Nancy, by voluntary subscription. On the Place Royale, an equestrian statue of Louis XV., is to replace the pedestrian statue, which stood there before the Revolution.

The pedestrian statue, in bronze, of Stanislaus the Beneficent, will occupy the centre of the horse-shoe, that terminates the Promenade, called Le Carrière. The other pedestrian statues will represent the Dukes of Lorraine, Leopold, and René.

— If we look well into the means whereby certain individuals have acquired their celebrity, we should often find ourselves astonished at the quackery from whence such splendid reputations drew their origin. One of the most renowned physicians of the present day, may serve as an example in support of the above observation, if his real talent had not long ago obtained for him the most unequivocal success; but, when, while yet very young, having scarce finished his studies, Monsieur already enjoyed that reputation which he felt he must one day merit; he did not hesitate to make use of stratagem, while he was waiting for truth to do justice to his merits. Often while retired in his laboratory, the young physician waited for a feeble protector; one of his friends, disguised in the rich livery of a footman, presented himself at one of the most distinguished houses in the capital, and with well-feigned

haste, inquired if Doctor ** was not visiting some one there? He did not fail to add, that the Countess of such a-one, or the Princess, &c., had sent all over Paris to seek for him. This trick soon rendered his name, heretofore unknown, famous; and every one conceived a high idea of a man so universally sought after; and would have no other physician than Mr. **, who, in a very few years, acquired a celebrity, which is certainly now due to his incontestible skill.

— Some new playing cards have been executed at Frankfort, which are very beautiful. The costume of the Queens is particularly striking. The *Queen of Spades* is dressed in the newest French fashion; she wears a satin hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers; and under this hat, is a little lace cap, tied under the chin, with a bow on one side. A dress of slight silk, trimmed with bouffants of gauze, and bows of satin; the sleeves remarkably short; long gloves, half way up the arm; a pearl necklace, and a *fichu* of point lace.

The *Queen of Clubs* wears a hat adorned with two *esprit* feathers; under this hat is a *cornette* of blond; a pelisse of *gros de Naples*, trimmed across the bust with satin straps, forming Brandenburgs, with a Cachemire shawl, falling from the shoulders, in graceful drapery.

The *Queen of Diamonds* has a Leghorn hat, and a Morocco belt round the waist, with a cane-zou body, and a *fichu*, carelessly tied round the neck.

The *Queen of Hearts* has a white silk hat, ornamented with ears of corn and marabouts; her dress made to fold in drapery over the bust. A pearl necklace and a scarf, striped with gold at the ends.

— The handles of knives and of carving-forks are now of sculptured ivory, representing an epicure employed busily in eating, or a votary of Bacchus quaffing off a bumper.

— For these last two months, the country-houses in the environs of Paris let at double prices. Every one feels a distaste at the bustle of the town, which will last till next winter. They purchase in Spring what they sell again in Autumn. They *idolize* one day what they *despise* the next.

— *Le Café des Mille Colonne*s is yet in all its splendour; neither the *or molu*, nor the white veining are tarnished. The drapery before each window, and on the opposite pier-glasses, is of green and orange-colour. The elegant staircase, that leads to the billiard-rooms, situated on the highest story, has a boldness and lightness of design that merit the warmest eulogium. This staircase, alone, cost from fifteen to sixteen thousand francs; and the whole expense of erecting the coffee-house cost one hundred thousand. Yet, who would believe it? when it opened, a few months ago, a veteran, placed at the bottom of the outer steps, could distinguish the cap of the sempstress, who was not to be admitted, from the little dress-cap, &c., &c., &c. We may now find there the caps of the commonest clear-starcher: we have even seen a maid-servant, with a white apron, and a large pair of pockets.

— Every day, fashion and taste are found inspiring our artists to vary the paintings on those beautiful

table-lamps of transparent China: the form is either that of a bee-hive, a hut, or a tower. Here, under the vaulted roof of an old ruinous tower, we perceive a cave filled with barrels and bottles. The dim light which appears to penetrate this subterranean recess, throws a light on harlequin and pantaloons, who are employed in emptying the flasks of good wine. The effect of the light is truly magical. Above, are a few poppies, surrounded by morning vapours of silvery clouds. On one of the sides of the lamp, the light, (the effect of the rising sun,) sheds its rays on the flower which is known by the name of the Day-lily. On the other side, the flicker light of the moon rests on the Night-shade. This lamp has been sent as a present to one of the most beautiful women of the present age; it has for its device a motto, in German characters, inscribed on the flowers above-cited:

"By day, as well as by night."

ANECDOTES.

— When Louis XV. lay ill at Metz, one of his physicians who was in attendance, presented a draught to him, to which the King shewed great repugnance; the doctor insisted on the absolute necessity of his taking it, but the monarch always put the cup from him. The physician, rendered desperate by this resistance, boldly said, "*I insist on your taking it!*" This expression roused the King from the stupor in which he was plunged; and looking up at the physician, he said, "*you insist!*"—"Yes, Sire, *I insist*; I must be *your* master, for a day, in order that you may always be *ours!*"

— A poor German romance writer went, some time ago, to a bookseller at Dantzic with a manuscript, covered with dust. "What will you give me for this work?" said the literary man. "Ten crowns," said the bookseller. "There, it is," replied the poor author; "my wife is in child-bed, and I will go and take her the money." The celebrated Saxon academician R*** happened to be there. "What would you pay me for a manuscript of that size?" said he, to the bookseller. "You, Sir," replied the bookseller, "twelve thousand francs." "Then it is mine," said the academician, writing his name on the manuscript; "count out twelve thousand francs to that good man." The bookseller counted out the money, and the poor author retired weeping, and blessing the academician for his good deed.

— A rich merchant having some business of importance that had called him to Palermo, was about to return home, and consequently obliged to pass the mountains; he, therefore, thought it prudent to take every precaution possible. He went, as is often the case, to seek out the agent of a band of robbers, in order to ensure his safety. He was desired to declare what he had about him: he opened his pocket-book, and loosened his belt, under which he had concealed considerable sums, in paper, as well as in gold. The agent consulted his book of notes, and the merchant paid what was demanded for insurance; he then departed, with a confidential person,

who was deputed to attend him, and who was answerable for every accident on the road.

The first day past, without any thing vexatious; but the following morning, in a narrow pass, two thieves presented themselves, who demanded of the merchant all he had about him. His guide took upon himself to expostulate, and assured his comrades that the traveller was under proper regulations, that he had paid his insurance; and, in short, shewed them a passport, which had been delivered to him by the agent of the band. The brigands, who were half-drunk, would not listen to this, and held their stiletos to the merchant's breast, who recommended himself to the protection of his guide. But how great was his despair, when he saw him join the others, and menace him with death, if he refused to satisfy them! He unfastened his belt; the guide took it, opened it, and strewed the ground with pieces of gold. The two thieves precipitated themselves to the earth, to scramble for them; when the guide darted on them, like lightning, and shot them both through the head. The merchant, trembling, knew not whether he had anything to fear or to hope. "Take back your gold," said the bandit, to him; "those wretches dishonoured our calling; I have punished them. What would become of our bank of insurance, if a traveller could not depend on our word?" The remainder of their journey passed quietly enough; and the thief, after having seen the merchant safe home, requested he would give every possible publicity to this adventure, for the future security of commerce.

— A young student, who was learning rhetoric, and had no money, was very desirous of going to the theatre; he, therefore, placed himself at the door, crying out, as loud as he could, and with a very angry air; "Let me pass; I am the son of the thunder; the eldest brother of the thunderbolt; the cousin to the lightning; the parent of hail and snow; the friend of hurly-burly; the nephew of Charon; the son-in-law of the Furies; the father-in-law of Proserpine; the husband of the Fates; the great grandfather of the gods, demi-gods, and fourth parts of gods." The door-keeper, astonished, and almost deafened, opened the door for him, with the condition that he would be silent, and not interrupt the performance.

— The manners of Russia offer a most whimsical picture of contradictions; barbarism and civilization, are there incessantly in hostility; in the mean time, they accord in some instances, for they have both one common character, corruption. Between the Boyard and the Serf there exist the same connexions; approaching nearly to those which once existed at St. Domingo, between the colonist and the negro.

The little, trifling Parisian lady of fashion would be a prodigy of rationality; of strength of mind, and equanimity of temper, when brought in contact with the Muscovite lady; nor would it be difficult to decide which of the two would be superior in grace, in talents, in seductive endowments, or in exquisite sensibility; but, for caprice, fits of anger, or nervous irritability, St. Petersburg can match Paris. The reason is obvious; the Boyards' ladies have their slaves, and Frenchwomen have

not ; at least they do not give that name to those who wait on them.

The Princess of T——wa, we are told by a traveller, passed her whole life in reading romances ; stretched on an ottoman, and supported by cushions ; her feelings were so exquisite, that the least emotion made her faint away. She doted on her children, though she saw them but seldom, and left them to the care of their nurses and her slaves. If she heard them cry, she was directly seized with a nervous attack ; and her first care when she came to herself, was to order the bastinado to be given to the nursery-governess, or even to the preceptor who had inflicted this trouble on them. She often used to repeat the following phrase, "What a fatal present from heaven is a mind of too much sensibility !"

A young Russian nobleman, travelling in Germany, struck a Prussian postillion, who was a sorry driver, with such violence, that some one cried out, "Take care ; you will be the death of him."—"If I am, I am rich enough to pay for him."—We wonder how much a postillion is worth, in that country ?

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VARIETES.—*M. Pique-Assiette.*—M, Pique-Assiette is not an epicure without money ; but one who has accustomed himself to dine always at a friend's table in town ; so, he says, when, by chance, I am obliged to pay for my dinner, that costs me something. This day, he has not received any invitation. He enters the house of a restaurateur, not to undraw the strings of his purse, but to draw closer together the ties of some former friendship, for he hopes he shall meet with some of his acquaintance who will invite him to take a seat at their table. Soon after, the fathers of two newly-married couple, arrive at the *Feu Eternel*, (the sign of the restaurateur,) and inquire if their dinner is ready? Pique-Assiette immediately draws a pair of white gloves from his pocket, steals a nosegay from a vase of flowers on the counter, and fastens it to his button-hole, so that he passes for one of the guests. But while he is disposing his couplets for the dessert, a young officer arrives, who fancying Pique-Assiette to be his rival, asks him to give him satisfaction. An explanation renders them the best friends in the world. The officer offers him his dinner ; the wedding repast is almost over, therefore, Pique-Assiette accepts it. He writes a line to excuse himself to the newly-married couple, and, at the same time, sends them his verses. He is just about joining his new acquaintance, when a lady, to whom he is paying court, and to whose dwelling he has not been for some time, arrives, and recollects him ; a fresh obstacle for a second dinner. This lady, to whom he becomes reconciled, engages him to sit down to table with her. All the wedding-guests run in to reproach Pique-Assiette with the last verse of his song ; for he had made a mistake, and given some against matrimony. The officer, and the lady, reproach him with having let them eat a good dinner alone ; but an arrangement succeeds ; the officer marries the niece of the lady,

to whom Pique-Assiette is united ; and, as the authors of the piece have requested him to sup with them, he begs of the audience not to let him go supperless to bed.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.—*Jane Shore*, a melo-drama, in three acts.—Boileau's ideas on melo dramas are, that they astonish many ; but though the melo-drama is a bastard, it, nevertheless, belongs to the family. It is under the protection of the legislature of Parnassus, as well as its other sisters. The three authors of this piece, should have recollected this precept, and they would have avoided placing two actions in their work, namely, the conspiracy against the sons of Edward IV., inheritors to the throne of England, and the misfortunes of Jane Shore, and her good husband. This last personage does not suit the French stage. In England, when a husband is betrayed by his wife, he is pitied and cherished by every body ; in France, he becomes a laughing-stock—it is a country that delights in mockery. The greatest part of the spectators, especially those who frequent the Boulevards, are ignorant of the customs of the different inhabitants of this globe ; and if the scene had been in China, they would have seen nothing but Frenchmen. Racine was so persuaded of this, that he gave a French colouring to all his characters. It would have been easy to have made a very interesting drama of Jane Shore. Our limits will not permit us to say how. The managers and actors have done their parts to make the drama succeed ; we cannot say quite so much for the authors.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

A NEW collection of *Thoughts or Maxims*, has lately been published. Without having the dryness of those of Rochefoucault, or the formality of those of Montaigne, these maxims are full of moral truths, and are presented with grace and precision. We extract a few, which will serve to give an idea of the merit of this little collection.

"War against error, but Peace with illusion."

"We may sometimes repair the ill we have done ; but never that which we have spoken."

"The wit would have you listen to him ; the amiable man listens to you."

"Take from some people their ridiculousness, and you cannot perceive that they are alive."

"The learned are sometimes fortunate enough to solve a difficulty ; the ignorant know not any."

"The woman who has a tyrant for a husband, has always power enough to obtain for herself what she desires."

"Experience is a dark lantern, the light of which is at least useful to him who holds it."

Poésies Religieuses, (Religious Poems.) By Madame CERRE-BARBE.

THESE poems are not on those frivolous subjects, which serve to dissipate the weariness of an evening party, neither are they those vague and sentimental elegies,

which obtain a smile of approbation, without touching the heart. Here every thing is great and serious ; and demands long and important reflection. Certainly, those persons who devoted to the world only seek life in its agitations,—and those too, who are possessed of brilliant talents but frivolous minds, will only skim the surface. Poems that treat on death and eternity, will not offer to them either salutary or profitable lessons. What are the sublime conceptions of genius to them ? What the noble harmony of an inspired lyre ? The brilliant airs of a light Vaudeville, or the tinkling music of the ball-room, are to them far more striking, because it is not requisite to have souls to admire its beauty. The sounds of harmony were not invented for the *deaf*, neither for the *cold-hearted* does the profound literati meditate, and trace out his beautiful compositions : but there are yet in the world a few noble, great, and generous characters ; there is, as they may be termed, a certain *family* of elevated and superior minds, who enjoy an existence among themselves, superior to that of common men. It is for such, the divine poet must think and write ; to gain their suffrages such writers must disdain the vapours of a reputation too easily obtained, and the vanity of a rapid celebrity. It is for this end that Madame de Ceré-Barbé has composed her pious poems. This collection may, perhaps, be slow in its success ; for this kind of work is not known sufficiently on its first appearance, but the success will be permanent.

Description and Representations of Birds in the King's Gardens ; from the Collections of Natural History in the Museum at Paris. Paris, 1 vol. 4to.

THIS work is in numbers ; every number composed of eight pages of letter-press, and four figures of birds in lithography, coloured.

Besides the four engravings of birds, there are in some numbers a plate, on which are the figures of nine different bills, or nine claws.

This gallery forms a work much more extensive than the Ornithology of Buffon ; because, for the last thirty-five years the Cabinet of Natural History in the King's Garden, has been considerably augmented. The author renders by this publication a real service to those persons who seek amusement in the painting of birds. A very clear description accompanies the designs, which are beautifully executed.

It is well known that the Nightingale arrives in France unaccompanied, lives alone, and departs alone. M. Vieillot attributes this aversion to society from jealousy ; because the Nightingale fiercely disputes the possession of the female with his antagonist ; but Montbeillard says, that, instead of jealousy, it is the simple precaution of ensuring for the dam a safe place wherein to hatch, by her having a sufficient extent of ground ; the nests being much nearer to each other where there is abundance of food.

Wild in the fields, the Nightingale becomes familiar in

captivity, at least with the person who takes care of it. M. Montbeillard says, it attaches itself with difficulty, but when once the acquaintance is made, it distinguishes the steps of the person before he sees him, and salutes him by a cry of joy ; when it is moulting, it will weary itself in useless efforts to sing ; and supply by the liveliness of its motions, by the soul that it throws into its looks, the expression that its little throat refuses.

The *Rose-coloured Cockatoo*, a parrot, the colour of whose plumage has been so long in favour with the French ladies makes a part of this gallery. M. Vieillot says, "Cockatoos seem willingly to mix in the society of men ; they may be said to seek it, for they build their nests on the rustic cot. Their motions are full of grace and sprightliness ; they love much to be caressed."

There are several *Toucans* in the gallery ; the feathers on their necks are much used in female dress.

In this gallery is also a *Blue Tom-Tit* : it is a little bird, with blue stripes on a white ground, and so regular that it looks like the effects of art.

Another bird of this kind, is the *Tom-Tit* ; so common in Holland and England, but very rare in France. "If," M. Vieillot says, "we may judge of the bird in liberty by what it is in captivity, we should not hesitate in according to the *Tom-Tit*, the most mild and sociable manners. The male and female evince much attachment to each other, and display those kind and natural attentions which we see in Canary birds. At least that is the way all those have behaved which I had in my aviary."

Speaking of the common *Tom-Tit* in a state of liberty, M. Vieillot makes the following remark :—

"Of all the little birds, these are the most fierce and capacious ; they shew their anger by the ruffling of their feathers, their violent attitudes, the precipitancy of their motions, and the reiteration of their cries. Naturally quick and petulant, the *Tom-Tit* is always in action ; he is seen flying from one tree to another, perching alternately on every branch, and suspending his weight on the most fragile twig ; putting himself in all manner of postures, often with his head downwards, balancing himself, without letting go, pulling to pieces the just bursting buds for his food, and running round the trunk, routing into every little hollow place and crevice in the bark. The *Tom-Tits* form, after their young are fledged, bands composed of one or two families, that call to each other, without ceasing ; unite in a moment, separate, to unite again. They seem to fear as much being too far from each other as too near.

M. Vieillot regards the *Black and White Raven*, as the fiercest of all Ravens. "This Crow," he says, "differs from the black that are variegated with white, and which are to be found in the north of Europe, by a plumage regularly marked with these two colours, and by a larger size and stronger beak. Its length is, at least, twenty-four inches ; and its thickness is about that of a common hen. It often preys on lambs ; and will even attack rams, and other animals, during the winter when it can find no other food."

The *Magpie of Acahé*, common at Paraguay, is more

vary the sameness of this fashion, which last year had become general, many of these straw hats are of the most whimsical form; we have seen some, the brims of which were formed of large flutings, made of Sparterie.

White chip hats are the reigning mode; the crowns are generally ornamented with a wreath of moss-roses; and a bud of the moss-rose is placed in front, on the brim. Some white chip hats have marabouts placed on them, in a spiral manner; and under the brim, on one side, which is slightly lifted up, is placed a little tuft of marabouts; instead of these kind of feathers, it is sometimes those of the ostrich, well curled, and of three different colours. Hats of white Gros de Naples are trimmed with bows of striped Gros de Naples; generally white, striped with mahogany brown, and this striped silk also lines the hat.

A ribbon, which is now very fashionable, either for hats, bracers, strings, sashes, &c., is of a colour called the *flame of Mount Venus*. A kind of sautoir is made of this ribbon, when very broad; it is pointed behind, the ends crossed over the breast, and brought under the sash.

Almost all the hats are *bouillonnés* with *crape lisse*, gaufrée. Upon the crown is a star, a cross, or a rosette of satin edged with blonde: this ornament is repeated, in miniature, under each side of the brim.

White bonnets of sarsenet, or of Gros de Naples, are ornamented with a kind of honey-comb trimming of myrtle-green, lilac, or other fashionable colours.

The trimming on Barège dresses, that are shot, and that of striped lawn, the stripes coloured and shaded, have five bias folds, put on archwise, and forming draperies, sustained by buttons of the same material as the dress; three bias folds are sometimes repeated three times, and separated by a narrow flounce, caught up under the third bias.

With a pelisse of Gros de Naples, with a Pelerine cape, a scarf is never worn, but a collar falling over, is adopted, of embroidered tulle, and a scarf of Cashemire is hung over the arm. The favourite colour in Gros de Naples is a dark walnut-tree brown.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Last year, it was the reigning mode to go in the same dress to a marriage as to a funeral; so much was black the order of the day. It is not so now; a man newly-married should wear a blue coat, with gilt buttons; a quilted under waistcoat, or one of white velvet; small-clothes of black kersey-mere; silk stockings, with open clocks; shoes and buckles; his shirt frilled and ruffled, with lace laid in plaits like those of cambric; a muslin cravat, tied in the English manner, with the ends floating, fastened by a large diamond pin.

The tailors now make the great coats very full next the top of the arm, and tapering off scantier to the waist; (this is the kind of sleeve that is called *engigot*), but the gentlemen's sleeves are not so full as those worn by the ladies. The collar is hollowed out in the English fashion, and falls forming a kind of shawl.

There are now to be seen many boots and shoes of black deer's leather.

Violet is now the prevailing colour; coats, great coats, pantaloons, under waistcoats. In the mean time *componium*

colour, or auricular brown, is fashionable for great coats among men of *ton*; white satin under waistcoats, quilted in diamonds; they are also worn *entolinette*, in light grey, with very narrow stripes of pale pink. The form of *gilets*, or under waistcoats, is that of a shawl, and both sides alike.

The pataloons form a gaiter, and are hollowed out at the ankle, but almost imperceptibly. Linen, with satin stripes, is the newest article for pantaloons. White beaver hats begin to be worn.

The riding-dress of a gentleman is green, with gilt buttons. velvet collar, and the coat cut like a hunting-dress. The hats are round, and have low crowns and narrow brims: those who are addicted to anglomania, wear the crowns rather pointed, and the brims of a moderate size.

Venetian pantaloons are much admired, they are of woolen manufacture, and are striped with the same colour.

Grey beaver hats, silk beaver, or straw, are worn in the morning.

Boots, with white pantaloons, loose, and not fastened under the foot; with these, shoes are often preferred.

Very few pantaloons of nankeen, but ticking and striped cotton, the ground white, and the satin stripes very narrow, generally blue or yellow, with a little cloud of lilac

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The World of Fashion is open to the Communications of the Higher Ranks, who may be aspersed by calumniators. They will always find us their champions in every circumstance where character is defamed; and the libellers castigated to the full extent of their delinquencies. This Publication is intended to be a vehicle for the particular use and amusement of the Fashionable World, and therefore we invite information of every fact that may interest.

The Hints of R. C. shall be attended to, and his Number exchanged, if he will send us his Address. What he complains of must be accidental.

Fashionable Life has been so much engaged during the last Month, and we have so much to insert on the subject, that we must beg the indulgence of our numerous Correspondents. We shall have more space in our next for the numberless humorous Articles we have received; and which will afford much information and amusement to the World of Fashion and the Admirers of Poëte Littérature.

The long lists of Presentations to His Majesty at the late Drawing-Room at St. James's Palace, and at the Levee at Carlton Palace, have occupied a very great space of the work. We intend this Publication, being the only one dedicated to the Fashionable World, to be a record of all the most important fashionable occurrences that can possibly be collected. The lists of Presentations to His Majesty are, in our estimation, of little less importance than many official Government Documents—it is with that persuasion we have been induced to give the names of the highly distinguished Nobility and Gentry presented to his Majesty.

Persons who reside abroad and may wish to be supplied with this Work every month may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, and at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal; and to France & Holland, by Mr. COWIE, No. 22, Sherborne-lane, London.

London: Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-Court.

hung three inches over the brim of the hat. This fashion is very general. The strings fasten on one side, and form a bow.

Some hats of rice straw are in the shape of a jockey cap; about the crown, which is entirely round, are placed rouleaux of satin, at equal distances.

At a performance given at the theatre de la Porta St. Martin, for the relief of the indigent, there were a great many hats of white chip. Some of these hats were crowned with a plume of white curled feathers. Others were bound with ribbon of a very conspicuous colour; either yellow, blue, or *ponceau*, with rows of the same coloured ribbon round the crown, and feathers of the same colour. Several hats of white Gros de Naples, camel's hair brown, or tree of Judea, had the crowns made lower on one side than the other; they were ornamented with a very large cockade of pinked silk, placed in front. Leghorn hats were ornamented with white and red roses. Ladies who wore the pilgrim's hat, in straw, very large, wore their hair arranged *à l'Enfant*: round the crown was only a simple white satin ribbon.

Spencers of silk are much worn for walking; they are many of them made in the blouse style, both in front and at the back.

Though blue is the favourite colour for riding-habits, yet there are several ladies who choose to distinguish themselves by more conspicuous colours. At the beginning of the month, a habit was remarked in the Bois de Boulogne, the petticoat of which was black, and the body white; another lady had a nankeen petticoat, with a red body.

The prevailing fashion is a white gauze veil, fastened round the crown of the hat, and thrown back. White cotton and chip hats, or those of rice straw, have besides flowers and ribbons, rouleaux, formed by what they call *lavées*, (a technical term,) made of the same material as the hat. The pilgrim's hat, of Leghorn, is so immensely large, that the brim entirely covers the back and shoulders: a rosette of very broad ribbon, the colour a mahogany brown, walnut colour, or tree of Judea, is placed on the left side of these hats; and the puffs of the rosette are, at least, eighteen inches long. On some hats, instead of a rosette, is an aigrette, composed of seven or eight stalks or sprays, that resemble the quills of a porcupine. These stalks are striped, small as they are, with black and red, or rose colour and black, ethereal blue and white, or white and rose colour, emerald green and white, mahogany brown and white, blue and white, and jonquil and white. The small early cinnamon rose, yellow roses, and very large Provence roses are much in fashion. The dresses, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred, have all *corsages à la Blouse*; the sleeves very full, the upper part enormously so, two or three pelerine capes, and trimmed with four or five rows of bias folds, or flat tucks.

Dresses for the evening are made of Chinese crape, with flowers like those on the Cachemire shawls; they are trimmed with flutings bound with narrow ribbon, called *à la Bayadere*, which name is given to all colours in crape.

The most famous Marchandes de Modes have made some white hats of Gros de Naples, which have round the crown, three bias folds of tulle gauze, or crêpe lisse, (called stuff by

the French). These folds are fastened by three gold buckles. There are also hats of watered silk, with very large brims, trimmed with puckerings and bouillons: both these kind of hats are ornamented with marabouts or plumes of curled ostrich feathers. The new hats of split straw are in the form of a man's hat: but they are entirely round, and the brim is bent down over the forehead and behind. A large cockade of white ribbon, cut in coxcombs, is the only ornament.

The fashionists place on their fine leghorn hats, pæonies, which they entwine with a band of straw, about three fingers in breadth: this band is turned round and round the crown; and sometimes is carried even to the summit. Some Spanish hats of white chip, have, round the crown and on the brim, puffs of Gros de Naples or of ribbon, edged with blond. Beneath one side of the brim, a band, the same as the hat, forms three buckles, which are also edged with blond. These hats are surmounted by a plume of feathers tied close together.

Walnut-tree brown, is a colour just come into fashion. We have seen some hats of this colour, in Gros de Naples; they were trimmed with bows and puffings of mahogany brown. Bonnets of white crape, and others of lemon-coloured crape, or lilac, have such large brims, that the chin and lower part of the face are entirely concealed. Besides the binding that borders them, is a curtain veil of blond: these bonnets are ornamented with the flowers called snow-balls, or with yellow roses.

Several dress-makers make use of coloured muslins for blouses, on which are printed bouquets of flowers: according to the light in which they are placed, these muslins appear either pink, lilac, or blue: they are named *destrompeuses* (deceivers).

Amongst the embroidery in colours, may be distinguished the American berry. These berries, which are of a bright red, have, at one end, a black spot; the berries are embroidered on a line, but separate from each other, and these lines are divided by bias folds.

There are collars *à la Chevalière*, which have two points, very decidedly marked out. Some collars are of embroidered muslin, with a letting-in of lace; these are cut in five or six points. At the public spectacles, some very fashionable ladies have been seen, with two broad ribbons, of very striking colours, sewn together, and crossed over their necks, at the chest from whence they spread from right to left, like straps, the ends being concealed under the sash.

Ipsaïboù muslins prevail for blouses, Gros de Naples of a dark shade for dress gowns; the figured silks are striped crosswise, shaded or Scotch plaids: the latter is much esteemed in half dress. Almaï half handkerchiefs are worn as a *sautoir*, over the gown; but square white shawls, or sometimes black, of Cyprus or Chinese crape, are beautifully soft: they are embroidered richly in patterns of large flowers, with a medallion in the middle of the shawl, surrounded with a border.

The skirts of blouses are laid in small plaits, like those on the frills of men's shirts.

Gauze ribbons, figured in a pattern of large palm leaves, have succeeded to the plaid ribbons; lately so much in vogue.

Hats of split straw are yet worn in the round form, called *Bolivar*; there are some of this shape in Sparterie: but to

"When we look back," M. Quatremère de Quincy says, "on the period when Raphael flourished, we truly see all the principal parts of painting, as well as the qualities and gifts of genius that correspond with them, divided, by nature, into so many distinct lots, between four privileged and contemporary artists, who brought them to the highest point of excellence. Thus, no one has ever equalled Michael Angelo in design, Titian in his colours, Corregio in the charms of his pencil, and in *claire-obscur*, or Raphael for invention and composition.

"But when we come to compare these four great painters with each other, it must be owned, that Raphael has no more approached the perfection of his three rivals in what consists *their exclusive* merit, than either of them has equalled Raphael in those peculiar excellencies wherein his pre-eminence is indisputable."

Raphael died on the 7th of April, 1520, aged 37 years. His death was universally lamented: the writer of his life, thus speaks of that mournful event:

"How many *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, are lost to the admiration of after-ages! What sublime and beautiful ideas, ready to burst forth, are sunk into darkness! All that has life; all that nature produces; seasons, years, generations, people, and empires, succeed each other; genius, alone, has no successor; ages will pass away before any one can oppose, or even be brought into comparison, with a painter such as Raphael."

Raphael had a countenance regular and delicate, his head small, and his figure slim; but all his movements were graceful; and his dress announced elegance, a knowledge of the usages of polite life, and he had what is called the air of a courtier. Nothing could equal his kindness in teaching the principles of his art, which rendered his school the most numerous attended at that period. Several monarchs invited this great painter to their courts, particularly Francis I., but the Popes gave Raphael too much employment.

Raphael found himself so liberally rewarded for his painting of St. Michael, which Francis I. had ordered, that in gratitude, he sent him his work of The Holy Family. Those two paintings, and several others, formerly in the possession of Francis I. are now in the Royal Museum at Paris.

After what M. Quatremère de Quincy says of Raphael, as a painter, he considers him as an architect.

The following letter was written by Raphael to his friend Castiglioni; when he was appointed chief architect of the building of St. Peter's at Rome:—

"Our holy father has loaded my shoulders with a heavy burthen, in charging me with the construction of St. Peter's. I hope I shall not sink under it. What gives me great comfort is that the model I formed is approved by his Holiness, and is admired by many other able men. But I aim at something higher: I want to find out the beautiful forms of the antique edifices. Will my flight be like that of Icarus? Vitruvius can, no doubt, give me great light on the subject, but not exactly what I want."

Vitruvius was, at that time, the guide and oracle of all the architects; but Raphael, who wished to soar higher, sent artists into Greece. There is no proof that Raphael

handled the chisel, but tradition gives him a share in the formation of some statues. "Perhaps," says M. Quatremère de Quincy, "Raphael might be ambitious enough to endeavour to rival Michael Angelo in sculpture. We may also presume, that according to the taste of his designs, the style of his sculpture would have much more resemblance to the antique, than those of Michael Angelo."

Flanders, in the time of Raphael, was in possession of some celebrated manufactures of tapestry. Leo X. wished to procure some, and added to this luxury, the inestimable value of Raphael's inventions; whence followed those grand compositions, known by the name of Raphael's Caroons. A part of these are now in England.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Several ladies who set the fashions, and young persons, wear *fichus à la neige*. The denomination of these fichus took its rise from Madame Pradher, in the third act of *La Neige*, where she wears a *fichu-pelerine* of muslin, cut all round in long and sharp points.

In the morning, in *negligé*, our fashionables wear also, *pelisses à la Neige*; these are of muslin, trimmed with lace down the sides in front, and round the border. The sleeves of these pelisses are made *en blouse*, and trimmed with lace at the wrists.

At the theatre Buffa, the first representation of *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, several fashionables wore turbans, the cauls of which were of silver brocade, and the rouleau or turban part of striped rose-coloured gauze; the plaits of the turban were laid very regularly. The hair elegantly arranged, was also seen, with a drapery of white or *ponçeau* for ornament, forming a diadem in front, and floating on each side of the head and shoulders, like the lappets flying loose, belonging to caps or bonnets.

Blouse dresses of India muslin have five rows of embroidery, representing the blossoms of the tree of Judea, and four bias folds; on the body are three rows of embroidery.

Among the new materials for dresses, are *moos muslins*, and *Ouriha* muslin dresses, in open work; these light articles are particularly appropriate for blouses. All the Summer dresses except those of worked silk, are made in the blouse form; however, they begin to leave off the dull uniformity of large plaits, and the trimmings of these dresses vary like others. We have remarked several which were trimmed with three narrow flounces, set on upside down; the falling part of the flounce standing up, with the plaits tacked to prevent their falling. The bands that formed these flounces, were cut in bias, and doubled. The greater part of printed muslins are striped, as are the slight summer silks.

Hats are of striped gauze, rose-colour, lilac and white: round the crown is a puffing of satin ribbon; which being at some distance from the brim, and bending towards the border, appears like open basket work. We have seen a pretty hat of white striped gauze, surrounded with this puffing in lilac. On one side was placed a branch of lilac, on the other a bow of lilac satin ribbon, the ends of which

beautiful than ours, but its manners are less gentle ; it robs the nests of all those birds who are too weak to defend their young ; and when chickens wander from their mother, this Magpie pounces upon them, and pierces their skulls, to suck out their brains. This bird has a black throat, a black crest, a white belly, and the tip of the tail is, also, white ; the rest of the plumage is of a barbel blue.

A Jay, entirely blue, comes from South America.

Of Gulls there are a great many kinds ; M. Oudart has painted several ; not only unknown to Buffon, but some that were not to be seen in the King's Cabinet of Natural History, till very lately.

The traveller Levaillant has distinguished a *Starling* by the surname of the *Splendid*. M. Vieillot proves the justice of this denomination in the following manner :

"A beautiful emerald green prevails on the summit of the head and neck ; at the bottom of that part it is terminated by purple and gold, which are faintly seen tinging the scapulary feathers ; these are of a copperas green, as is the breast and belly ; a beautiful blue, like that on polished steel, prevails on the little downy feathers of the wings, and those upon the tail ; the tail is the colour of the drake's neck, shot with purple and violet ; a white bar separates the green where it changes : the bill and claws are black, and the size that of a common Starling."

A Starling of another kind, is called the *Slave of the Palm-Trees* ; and is, from its peculiar habits, an object of curiosity. "The instinct of these birds," M. Vieillot says, "is so social, that several pairs make their nests on the same branch of palm, and construct them on little stalks, which serve to support the seed ; they place them very near to each other, and build the new ones on the old ; so that these nests, so contiguous, and composed of sticks on the outside, being united to the stalks, form a circle round the tree, representing a mass of little branches tied up and packed together, with an ingenuity and labour that it is very difficult to destroy."

Annual Archives of Normandy, Historical, Monumental, Literary, and Statistical.

Among the various articles that this volume contains, we cite, as extremely curious, an account of the Chêne-Chapelle d'Allonville, in the Pays de Caux.

"The circumference of the Oak of Allonville, is thirty-four feet, above its roots ; its height, by no means answers to its thickness, which continues as high as the top. Enormous branches, proceeding from the trunk, at seven or eight feet from the bottom, spread horizontally in such a manner, as to cover an immense space with their shadow. The trunk, from its roots to the summit, presents a form decidedly conical, and the interior of this cone is hollow, all the way down. Several openings, of which the lowest is the most capacious, afford entrance into this cavity. All the central parts have been long destroyed ; it is only by its exterior saplings, and by its bark, that

this ancient child of the earth exists at this day, still full of vigour, adorned with exuberant foliage, and loaded with acorns."

In 1696, the lower part of the cavity of the Oak d'Allonville, was transformed into a chapel, which is about seven feet in diameter ; and over the chapel was erected, at the same time, a little apartment. This chamber has a roof of shingles, and is surmounted by a steeple : the crevices, which are found in the trunk of the tree, are also protected by shingles.

M. Marquis observes, that after forty years, an oak grows but slowly. M. Bosc, in his *Treatise on Oaks*, among others of the Institute, in 1807, mentions this oak as follows :

"The Oak d'Allonville presents, in the middle part of its trunk, a diameter of more than eight feet, we may imagine it to be above 800 years old, even supposing, which is not probable, that it has continued to grow a foot every century. Certainly, this tree arrived at a state of decrepitude, whose top, heretofore, majestically piercing the clouds, is lowered and compressed, in every sense of the word, has not increased, in a proportionate degree, for a long time. We may even take upon ourselves to believe that its growth has been almost imperceptible since the 125 years that it was converted into a chapel ; it must then be from 8 to 900 years old."

Monsieur Du Bois speaks of a cope, of oriental manufacture, which has existed from time immemorial, in the treasury of the cathedral church of Bayeux. The volume before us, gives a very circumstantial account of its texture, and also a description of the ivory casket which contains the cope, and which is thought to have been brought into France during the Crusades. This casket is oblong ; and is 1 ft. 3 in. and 7 nails in length, 10 in. 5 nails in breadth, and 4 in. 8 nails in height. It is sculptured, in relief, in Arabic characters, and, in the formation of these characters, birds are disposed in pairs, the tails of which are turned round in such a manner, as to unite with the various figures of the principal design. The two sides of this casket are chased with silver, gilt, which contributes to its solidity. Our limits will not allow us to say much of the lock, which is particularly curious. When the cover is put aside that is over the key-hole, an inscription is discovered, that M. Hammer, a learned orientalist, at Vienna, has thus translated, and sent to Bayeux : "*In the name of an all-forgiving and merciful God, whose justice is perfect, and whose mercy is infinite.*"

M. Du Bois has rendered his volume of Archives as pleasant to general readers, as it must be to those who are given up to the study of literary researches only.

History of the Life and Works of Raphael, by M. Quatremère de Quincy. Paris, 1 vol. 8vo.

Three centuries are passed away, since the death of Raphael, and no painter has yet appeared that could ever come in competition with him.



Evening Dress
Invented by W. Bell 52, Abchurch Lane Street

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, July 1824.



Evening Gown.

See Costume No. 100, made by M^{rs} J. W. & Co. of Wm. & Co. of New York.

Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, July 1884.

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND
CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 3.

LONDON, AUGUST 1.

Vol. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

Our highly esteemed and most excellent King arrived at his Palace in Pall Mall, on Friday Afternoon, July 9.

The idol of the Army, and of all who have the honour of his acquaintance, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, reached town, on Thursday, July 15, from Newmarket.

Prince Leopold has been backwards and forwards from Claremont.

The other branches of the Royal Family have so varied their movements, that we cannot particularise what they have been doing.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Bedford, Duke of, from Cashiobury Park.

Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, from Brighton.

Spieho, Prince and Princess, at the Pulteney Hotel, Albermarle Street.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Chandos, Marquis and Marchioness of, from their seat Wootton, Bucks.

Landdowne, Marchioness of, from Bowood Park, Wilts.

Worcester, Marquis of, from Paris.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, VISCOUNTS AND VISCOUNTESSES, BARONS AND BARONNESSES.

Bentinck, Lord George, from Berks.

Bentinck, Lord Henry, from Oxford.

Cremorne, Lord and Lady, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from Brighton.

Cavendish, Lord G. H. and Lady, from Newmarket.
Carberry, Lord, from the Earl of Arran's, Surrey.
Elliot, Lord, at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street.
Lievens, Count and Countess, from Deepdene, Surrey.
Meath, Earl of, at Scarfe's Hotel, Lower Brook Street.
Nugent Lord, from Lilley's, Bucks.
Westmoreland, Countess of, from Italy.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Anstruther, Lady and Miss, in Conduit Street.
Bacon, Sir Edmund and Lady, from Raveningham, Norfolk
Frederick, Sir John, Bart. at Read's Hotel, from Berwood House, Surrey.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Edwards, Colonel, at Blake's Hotel, from Paris.
Ward, Colonel, at Blake's Hotel, from Paris.
Harvey, Admiral, M. P. from Rolles Park.
Barrington, Colonel and Mrs. from Paris.
Mc Neal, General, at Gould's Hotel, from Bath.
Wyndham, Capt. at the Clarendon Hotel, from a tour.
O'Brien, Colonel, C. B. from Cheltenham.
Stewart, Capt. from Newmarket.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Dingwall, Esqr. and Mrs. in St. James's Street, from their seat in Surrey.

VOL. I.

Dicke, W. Esqr. from Maxtoden Castle, Warwickshire.
 Hatton, D. F. Esqr. from his seat in Northamptonshire.
 Reed, Esqr. and Mrs. from High Wycombe, Bucks.
 Thornton, Butler, Esqr. and Mrs. from the Continent.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

His Majesty has resumed his apartments at the Cottage in Windsor Park. Here it is the King enjoys exercise and privacy; for the instant he mounts his low phaeton, he enters the private walk, in the Green Park. Two servants precede his Majesty to open the gates, no other menials are in attendance. A second carriage, drawn by four ponies, in which are either the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Mount Charles, and one or more of the Marquesses beautiful daughters, follow the carriage at some distance. Windsor Park embraces, a circumference of nearly 27 miles; and the private rides, now solely confined to the Royal retinue, from their many windings make the circuit greater than 27 miles. His Majesty has purchased about 18 acres of land, at Bishopsgate, for seven thousand guineas; it is situated very near the great entrance to the Park, and to the Royal Lodge. The King is reported to have presented the cottage to Lord Maryborough, and here the noble Lord is to keep a pack of harriers, to hunt three or four times a week, for the diversion of the Court.

The King is fully occupied in directing the operations of the improvements both at the Castle and in the Lodge, being resolved, as his Majesty observes, to leave the former in the state it was originally, and the latter fitted for all the comforts of domestic life. Sir H. T. is the entertaining *Antiquary* of the Castle, and is constantly amusing the associates of Royalty with extraordinary tales of other times relating to this Grand Palace. The profound and learned Theban describes the exact position of the rooms in each department of the Castle, where Henry and John of France, and Jamie the First of Scotland, and our own sweet poet, Surrey, were respectively prisoners. The stories about the gigantic size of Oliver Cromwell's Porter, and the siege this Castle sustained during the civil wars, are related by the worthy Baronet with all the eloquence and minuteness of the author of Waverley. This well-informed Antiquary points out the marks on one of the walls of the Castle by which the size of the Protector Oliver's Porter, so well known in history, is accurately defined; and many other particulars, equally amusing, and not generally known, are dilated upon to the amusement of the mortals as well as the Nobles of the Court.

It is the King's intention to erect an equestrian statue of his late father, on Snow-hill, which is at the extremity of the long walk, at the summit in the Great Park, which, when the new private carriage-way is completed, will be a prominent object from the Castle. His Majesty intends to change the position of the statue of King Charles, and place it at the opposite point of the court, with the Monarch and the horse's backs towards the Round Tower, and their heads looking on St. George's Hall, and the apartments at present occupied by the King. All the paltry little huts, the ale-house, the guard-room, and other inconvenient buildings within the Castle, are, to be levelled with the ground; and the *Acop*, which surrounds the main Tower, will be entirely cleared. The apartments in which his late Majesty died, and the large space, which, by him, was destined to contain the Royal Library from Buckingham-house, now given to

the people, but which the Collector of the books intended to affix as an heir-loom to the Castle, are likewise included in the changes the interior of this Princely Palace is destined to undergo.

Althorpe, Lord, for Earl Spencer's seat in Northamptonshire.
 Anson, Lord and Lady, for their seat in Staffordshire.
 Blount, Sir Edward, Bart. for Mawley, Salop.
 Beville, Esqr. and Mrs. for Calcot Park, Berks.
 Beauchamp, Ladies, for Hall Place, Berks.
 Beutnot, Lord H. for Welbeck, Notts.
 Bolton, Sir R. Bart. for Oxfordshire.
 Bedford, Duchess of, for Tavistock House, Devonshire.
 Chetwynde, Sir G. Bart. M. P. and family, for Staffordshire.
 Coventry, T. Esqr. and Mrs. for North Cray Place, Kent.
 Calvert, John, Esqr. M. P. for Albury Hall, Herts.
 Carrington, Lord, Lady and family, for High Wycomb, Bucks.
 Clare, Earl, for Ireland.
 Cassilis, Earl and Countess, for their seat, St. Margarets.
 Chetwynd, Lord and Lady, for Woodstock.
 De Grey, Countess, for Bedfordshire.
 Dartmouth, the Dowager Countess of, for Blackheath.
 Delap, Colonel and Mrs. for their seat in Surrey.
 Dymavor, Lord and Lady, for Woodstock.
 Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Ryegate Priory.
 Ely, Bishop of, and family, for Ely Palace, Cambridgeshire.
 Eastcourt, T. G. Esqr. for New Park, Wilts.
 Forrester, Lord and Lady, for Willie Park, Salop.
 Gage, Lord and Lady, for their seat, in Sussex.
 Gilbert, Esqr. for Hall's Place, Berks.
 Hervey, Esqr. and Mrs. for Englefield Green.
 Harvey, Sir E. M.P. Lady L. and the Misses, for Roll's Park.
 Inniskillen, Earl of, for his seat, in Ireland.
 Isherwood, G. Esqr. and family, for Laurel Lodge, Herts.
 Lismore, Dowager Countess of, for her seat, in Berks.
 Lansdowne, Marquis and Marchioness of, for Bowood, Wilts.
 Lonsdale, Earl and Countess of, for Lowther, Westmoreland.
 Londonderry, Emily Marchioness of, for North Cray, Kent.
 Langford, Lord and Lady, for Ireland.
 Lievens, Count and Countess, for Deepdene, Surrey.
 Leeds, Duke of, for Hornby Castle, Yorkshire.
 Nugent, Lord, for the Lillies, Bucks.
 Pembroke, Earl and Countess, for Wilton Park, Wilts.
 Peploe, Esqr. and Mrs. for their seat in Herefordshire.
 Robinson, Hon. Mrs. for Darnford, near Salisbury.
 Stanhope, Earl and Countess of, for Cheveney Park, Kent.
 Stafford, Lord and Lady, and family, for Cossey Hall, Norwich.
 Stopford, Lord and Lady, for Ireland.
 St. Vincent, Viscount, Viscountess and family, for Switzerland.
 Smith, Mrs. G. and family, for Cheltenham.
 Stourton, Hon. P. for his seat, in Yorkshire.
 Stanley, Sir John and Lady, for Alderley Park, Cheshire.
 St. Helens, Lord, for Knowl Park, Kent.
 Scarborough, Earl and Countess, for Sandbeck, Yorkshire.
 Salisbury, Marquis and Marchioness, for Hatfield.
 Thorp, Mrs. and Miss, for Chippesham, Park.
 Tavistock, Marquis and Marchioness and family, for Oakley House, Bedfordshire.
 Waddington, Sir T. Lady, and Captain, for Stanford Court, Worcestershire.
 Wombwell, Sir G. Bart. for his seat, in Suffolk.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE
CHIT CHAT.

Kensington Gardens are still the favorite lounges; they are daily crowded by fashionable visitors. The band of the Life Guards attend and plays most delightful airs; which attract all sorts of company. We are fearful that the interruption and annoyance produced by the *canaille* will soon force the gay world from the Gardens.

Hyde Park is no longer a fashionable promenade. A few carriages have been seen on the usual road, but they have been few indeed; the favorite drive is to Kensington Gardens.

We very much regret the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. It was the intention of our own amiable King to have received them with some marks of distinction. The immediate cause of their death was inflammation of the lungs. Every possible respect has been paid to their remains, which have been deposited in a vault under the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields until arrangements are made for their being conveyed to the Sandwich Islands. The King was only 28 years of age; he will, it is expected, be succeeded by his brother a very young man.

Few cases of *Crim Con* have excited greater interest in the Fashionable World than that of "Henry Baring, Esqre. MP. v. Captain Webster," and few have ever been attended by more aggravating circumstances as regards both the seducer and the seduced. Of all those whose criminal propensities render their possessors blots, as it were, upon the face of human nature, there cannot be one more unpardonable than he who deliberately supplants a husband in the affections of a wife, and the guilt of such a man is increased to its height when the mean seducer has been long hospitably treated at the board of his confiding friend, and esteemed and honored by the very children whom he relentlessly deprives of a mother. Such was the case with our amiable Captain—in the bosom of a family, who always treated him with every kindness, he has proved himself little better than a villain, by artfully destroying the dearest source of that family's happiness and pride—and yet, he is a soldier! A member of that profession which is esteemed, and ought to be, the very hot-bed of honor! his ingenuity might have found many ways of sullyng each laurel acquired on the field of battle, but none more effectual than by becoming the vile seducer of his friend's wife.—Not even the specious defence of the common Sergeant can gloss over the enormity of Captain Webster's conduct. A seducer is always to be loathed, but the more especially when his victim is a wife and mother, and above all in a case like the present, where so many considerations ought to have intervened and dissuaded him from the perpetration of so base a deed. Far, however, are we from saying that blame is only to be attached to the defendant; on the contrary, we think with his counsel that, "such an attempt is out of the reach of youth and passion themselves, unless the wife and the mother forget the husband and the children, and make overtures to which the impudence of ambition would never have aspired." Be this as it may: let the lady be allowed her full share of criminality, let all Mr. Denman's assertions respecting the relaxation of affection between the husband and wife be taken for granted, however false, let her have been married fifty times previously, not one of these considerations not the whole of them connected, can in the least serve as a mitigation of the defendant's criminality in be-

coming the destroyer of a good man's honor, in turning a traitor to the cause of friendship. Well did Mr. Brougham say with his usual eloquence, that, "the Captain, as a man of honor, should have shunned the charms of the wife of his friend; he should have remembered that these charms formed no excuse for his unlawful attachment, and could not be pleaded as any palliation of his crime. He should have remembered what he owed to the sanctuary of a husband's house, that husband being his host and friend. He ought to have remembered that this lady was the wife of his friend, and the mother of that friend's children. If her age could be pleaded by the defendant in any attempt at palliation, it should be recollected how that very age augmented the sufferings which the plaintiff must now endure. He had lost, not the society of a wife recently acquired, but of a lady whose intercourse with him had been hallowed by the endearing recollection, now turned into gall and bitterness, of more than twenty years of ardent attachment." Ah! hearts, we are sure, will beat in echo to the sentiment conveyed in these words. The sacred names of friend, husband, wife and children, were no obstacles to Captain Webster in the attainment of his criminal desires, and the gratification of a sensual passion was considered by him to be preferable to all sentiments of virtue, to every feeling of honor. We leave him to his own thoughts which must eventually be sufficient punishment for his guilt; only regretting, for the sake of society at large, that the Jury did not think proper to visit his offence against the laws of rectitude and decency with a verdict more adequate to the extent of the crime committed.

The man that manages that farrago of nonsense and folly the *John Bull Newspaper* thinks his paper never complete without insinuating the higher ranks by some scurrility. The comparing a gentleman of rank and allied to the first family of the country, to the Duke of Wellington's porter is an absurdity, scarcely worth noticing. That a person in a smoking hole, in a dirty court, in Fleet Street should have the impudence to make such comparisons might be expected. The higher ranks should not allow such a journal to enter their houses.

A late number of the *John Bull* has the following paragraph amongst its Notices to Correspondents.

"The editor of the *Courier* is informed, that the joke about *Di no dum*, which he sported last night as new, appeared a few months since in *Bull*!"

The editor of "*Bull*" is informed that the joke about *Di no dum** is as old as Methusalem and was one of the first things we learnt at School.—So much for John's claim to novelty!

DANCERS AT ALMACK'S—Dancing, we all know, has been called "the poetry of motion," and there is no place where this rather fanciful species of poetry is displayed to greater perfection than at Almack's. Here youth, beauty and nobility all mix in one glorious assembly; listen to music charming as themselves, converse in what bards call "*silver tones*," (we beg to note, *en passant*, that we never could ascertain the precise nature of the tone, which these crazy fellows dub "*silver*,")

* *The Gerunda.*

When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was *Di-do-dum* (*dumb*.)

H 2

and bound along with a step of infinite lightness. To be sure, there are a few exceptions: for instance, Lord A——r will tear three flounces nightly; the Hon. Mr. U—— realises the *poetry* of motion in its fullest extent, and capers round with his feet quite *en vers*; the Misses B—— run into the other extreme, and, discarding altogether the poetry of the affair, pay no regard whatever to *measures*. These, however, are merely deviations from a general rule, and many are the elegant and perfect performances that take place in the course of a night at Almack's. The dashing Miss F—— and the gentle Lady G—— move around, the very personifications of harmony and melody; and we have seen the fair Miss B—— career between half a dozen dowagers so delightfully, that we could not avoid comparing her to a line of poetry, in the middle of a long parliamentary speech. Sir G. B—— hath a most graceful demeanour and nimble foot, but stares so horribly at his fair partner, whoever she may happen to be, that he reminds us of a knight, a friend of ours, who was so addicted to a similar habit, that he was once known to ogle a wolf out of countenance. It would be tedious were we more particularly to notice the rare exploits of these votaries of Terpsichore: we will, therefore, conclude by expressing our admiration of the whole collective body, assuring our readers that, if they wish to see rank and loveliness shine forth in all their brilliancy and grace, they should go to the unrivalled assembly at Almack's!

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LATE LORD MACDONALD.—The deep regret experienced by all who were acquainted with the worth of this distinguished nobleman, can only be alleviated by contemplating the virtues of his successor, his late lordship's brother, Major General Godfrey Bosville; and who unites to the amiable qualifications that embellish private life, the distinguished bravery that belongs to his profession. This Barony is of *Slate*, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland; and the present noble family descends from the Kings of the Isles. In 1424, Sir Donald Macdonald's ancestor sat as Earl of Ross in the Parliament of Scotland: after nine baronets, Sir Alexander Macdonald was created a peer on the 17th of July, 1776. He married Elizabeth-Diana, eldest daughter of Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Gunthwaite, in Yorkshire, (by Diana, eldest daughter of Sir William Wentworth, Bart. of Brelton) by whom he had issue, Alexander Wentworth, the late Lord, and Godfrey Bosville, the present, born October, 1775, with several other children, many of whom died young.

The late Lord Macdonald was amiable in private life, and eminent for his public virtues. His Lordship entered the army early in life, and had the honor of serving for some years in the 10th, when that regiment was under the command of his present Majesty. He afterwards raised a corps of fencibles, of which he continued in command as long as that description of force was judged necessary for the defence of the kingdom. He likewise represented the borough of Saltash in Parliament for several sessions, during which he was one of the most zealous and disinterested supporters of the principles of Mr. Pitt.

But it is from Lord Macdonald's patriotic labours, for the improvement of his vast estates in the Hebrides, that an estimate of his character is to be formed. Convinced that the first step to improvement is to render a country accessible, his Lordship made, with the assistance of government, upwards of 100 miles of public road on his own property,

in the islands of Sky and North Uist; subscribed largely towards the formation of roads in districts leading to those Islands, and built two handsome piers at Kilcakin and Portree, not only to promote the trade of those villages, but generally as a protection to shipping in a tempestuous sea. As an inducement to himself and his successors to live on their own estates, he began a magnificent castle at Armadale, according to a design by Gillespie, and carried it on so far towards completion, and embellished it with so much taste, that it is now one of the greatest ornaments of the north. His Lordship's constant endeavours also to improve the manufacture of Kelp, and introduce the culture of hemp, to drain the marshes and cultivate wastes, to erect churches, mills and bridges, and by every means to provide food and employment for the lower orders, will cause his memory to be long cherished in the hearts of a grateful population.

While other landowners were banishing the people from their properties, in order to introduce sheep, it was Lord Macdonald's boast that, of a population of 24,000, not a man had been compelled to emigrate from *his*. And to add one remarkable circumstance more to this short sketch, such was his kindness to his tenantry, that, notwithstanding their numbers, and the general distress for the last few years, *not one* had his goods sequestered from the time his Lordship came to his estates.

The present Lord and Lady Macdonald have a numerous family. They are all extremely handsome—the sons manly and of noble and generous dispositions—the young ladies remarkably beautiful, and highly accomplished. Lady Macdonald is proverbially amiable, and notwithstanding having had a large family, she has so youthful an appearance as to be frequently taken for one of her daughters. There cannot be a more delightful family.

MRS. COUTTS'S PARTY.—A weekly newspaper, in its zeal to attract attention, catches at every trifle, and deals out its invectives, regardless of the pain the slander may produce. Whatever effect a bold and impudent assertion may have on the mind of the individual attacked, is not considered, provided the abuse causes the *obscure* journalist to *sell a few extra papers*. The whole career of Mrs. Coutts's life has been employed in doing good. In her early years, when her income was small, she ever dispersed that little to many deserving persons. A more generous lady does not exist, nor one more worthy of the wealth she possesses, nor the honors that are paid to her by Royalty, and also by the Nobility and Gentry. If the news-monger expects to increase the sale of his trash by slandering his superiors, he will find himself mistaken. He may print his abuse, and read it himself, few will be found to agree with him in opinion that such satire will extend the sale of his spiritless nonsense. He adopts every manoeuvre to bring his paper into notice, by taking the title of a journal of a large circulation, to make the public think the proprietors of the *Daily Times*, have an interest in the *Sunday Times*. He issues false statements of the circulation of weekly newspapers to procure advertisements for himself; in short, there is no *trick, artifice, slander, or malice* he will not adopt to support his tottering rhapsody. His scurrility to the Bath visitors has caused his paper to be *kicked out* of decent society. We should not have noticed the follies of so weak and pointless a journalist, had he not attacked the noble and illustrious guests who were at Mrs. Coutts's party. That a person in such obscurity, and with such

miserable talents for writing, should have the impertinence to comment on the nobility and gentry, who were at a private and select party of friends, shews a mind capable of giving an insult to rank and worth, whom he knows will not condescend to notice his vituperations. Prince Leopold does not escape his venom. He talks of his "*parchment grant*;" few have property without its being settled on parchment. The writer surely has no property but his paper, if that is a property, but which we very much doubt. To speak of *dukes* being in *waiting*, is another specimen of his *foolery*. Is being at a rich and generous lady's party to be called *in waiting*? If that is the case, no person can be visited without an improper construction being given to the object of the guest, and few would attend any entertainment if they should be liable to have their visits attributed to interested motives. We have, however, bestowed too much space on such a writer. If he continues his nonsense and does not improve his manners, he will find us ready to answer and correct his follies.

Sir William Curtis is arrived at Ramegate from the Mediterranean in his own schooner. No sooner was it known that he had reached the shores of England, than every preparation was made to receive him with the highest marks of public respect; every thing put on an air of gaiety and hilarity, boughs of trees and flags were fastened across the streets, and the inhabitants dressed in their best array, linked three and three, formed a procession to meet the worthy baronet, who landed amidst the firing of cannon, and the cheering of the populace.

There is something so disgusting, particularly in a married man, attempting to seduce a female, that too much publicity cannot be given to such an offender. The brother of an *Earl*, and a *married man*, has been using every manoeuvre to *inveigle* the affections of the daughter of a highly respectable tradesman in the town where he resides. His conduct has caused the greatest uneasiness to the young person's connections, and has excited the disgust of his neighbours, and particularly as he is the *father of grown up daughters*. The powerful influence of his family, in the immediate vicinity of the female's residence, *aves* the inferior inhabitants, and, therefore, any decided measure might involve the poor girl's family in distress. We trust, however, that the *great man* will receive his *chastisement* from the young man who is paying his addresses to the female, if others have the *courardsie* not to defend her against the intrusions of a person however opulent, he ought to be an example to his poor neighbours particularly, and not employ his leisure in attempting to seduce their daughters. Away with such a man, however opulent and rich his family! His wife should teach him better manners, and the country people should cast him in the first neighbouring horse pond.

The conceited, opined, and GREAT Italian composer, who was to eclipse every body, and every piece of music, has lost his popularity with the nobility and gentry. His *lawyer* has absolutely *turned him out of doors*. Few have been mad enough to give him *fifty pounds* to assist at a concert, and *ten pounds* for a lesson of half an hour. The demand has met its just reward—that of disgust and neglect. It is said that he shewed, when at Brighton, a sort of *nonchalance*, not very agreeable to the illustrious host,

and that his presence has not been again required. His behaviour to some musical Professors, when invited to dine at the Freemason's Tavern, was quite deficient of amiability and good breeding. He was offered a carriage and a deputation to accompany him—Oh! no! he could not, nor would not dine with a set of English Musicians; they were not company for him. It is a pity so *great* and self-opiniated a master did not stay in his own country. We are heartily glad that the Nobility and higher ranks have dispensed with his *wonderful* talents.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.—TWO ORIGINALS.—If a painter desired to personify content, we would recommend him to copy Mr. F.—Prosperity seems depicted on his countenance; how fresh coloured, and open it appears! it really does one good to contemplate his glowing cheeks, his coral lips, half open discovering his white and even teeth; it would make an invalid feel better to look on such perfect health.—He will give himself up for an hour to the most hearty laughter; but ask him *why* he laughs? he cannot tell you; it is an overflow of joy, and must have vent.—He never can stay long in the same place: he is in and out of a room, gets up, and sits down again, without any motive for so doing: he begins a sentence, interrupts himself in the middle of it, by striking the keys of a piano, if there is one in the room; or humming an air, he finishes his music by a *pirouette*; he shakes one person by the hand, slaps another on the shoulder; pinches your fingers, till he makes you scream again; while he feels himself the happiest of mortals!—When he rises in the morning, he never takes the trouble to read any political paper; and when he goes out, he does not take three steps, without some one pressing him earnestly to breakfast; another intreats his company to dinner, a third to supper; and their best endeavours are exerted to secure him.—If he lends money, he is sure to be repaid; though he speculates continually in the lottery, *he* is not ruined.—Mr. F. is reduced to the same extremity in which Philip of Macedonia was once placed: he implores of heaven to send him some trifling misfortune, that he may, at least, know what it is.—To prove, (*says a satirist*) how much he is the spoiled child of dame Fortune, he became, in one year, heir to the estate of three uncles, and a widower! Such accidents could only befall such an one as Mr. F.—He will make speculations that would ruin thirty other men; he will gain, perhaps, by them, ten thousand pounds. If every thing was in devastation around him, he would remain standing.—But Fortune has him by the throat; he is choking with prosperity, he has his fill of happiness, and he will soon be unable to contain it.

LADY * * * *—This is a poet and a learned lady; of all the women that the love of romance distinguished, no one, we believe, ever possessed a mind so capable of *receiving impressions*, as that of Lady * * * *. Nothing can equal the susceptibility of her heart, or the delicacy of her nerves. Not anything can be compared to the subtlety of her wit, nor the elegance of her style. The melancholy imprinted in indelible traits on her visage, can only be compared to the delicate language of her frame. Her ladyship swoons with grief at a tragedy. One page of Lord Byron's pathetic poems makes her ill for a week; the reading of Paul and Mary causes her to shed torrents of tears; and the *sorrows of Werter* bring her to the brink of the grave.—She has it in contemplation to write a

work; but before she takes up the pen, she says it is requisite for her "to see a great deal and to feel a great deal."—Her tender care extends itself to every thing around her; she lately saw a child, pursuing a butterfly; and just as he was on the point of seizing it, she cried out: "Oh! you cruel child, who now will cross the Rose?"

Lady * * * sometimes has a few of her romantic friends to breakfast with her; and highly favoured are those who are admitted to these sentimental parties. "Do take, some of these veal cutlets," said a lady to her one day. "I assure you they are particularly nice and tender."—"Alas!" replied the noble maiden, with a deep sigh, "the more unhappy then, are they." At this answer, which every one, however, thought borrowed, they all gave a shout of admiration.

Lady * * * is no longer young, but she is not *too old* to marry; and it is thought that the Honorable Mr. S.—though younger than herself, will be the man of her choice; he is pensive, and, like herself, romantic.—What will all those poets say, who now form her court? They will write *elegies* to celebrate her happiness; and will scarce find sighs sufficient to express their sorrow. The boudoir of Lady * * * will become the vale of tears! Oh! my Lady, can you ever support this heart-rending spectacle!

Calais was so full on the arrival of the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, that her Ladyship was obliged to lie on a bed placed on the floor, or she must have sat up all night.

MODERN SERVANTS FITTED.—A Gentleman, well known in fashionable life, being one day in a hurry, ordered his coachman, inadvertently, to bring him a *jug of water*. The coachman not having been hired to bring his master jugs of water, told the first person he met to take it; and she happened to be the cook; but to carry water to her master was no more the cook's place than the coachman's; and so no water was fetched. The master being impatient, and seeing the coachman before his window, enquired why he had not brought him the jug of water? "I told the cook to fetch it, Sir," said the coachman. "And why then did not the cook bring it?" said the master. "Because, she said, Sir, it was not *her place* to do it," replied the coachman. The master, therefore, ordered the carriage to be got ready; which being the coachman's business, he immediately did as he was ordered, and the coach was at the door in ten minutes. "Now, said the master, "be so good to drive to the kitchen door, and carry the cook in the carriage, to the pump, and manage to bring between you, after your morning's excursion, a full jug of water, or else both of you quit your places directly."

Anecdote of the sixth Duke of Somerset generally designated the Proud Duke of Somerset.

Many anecdotes are told of this nobleman's excessive pride, particularly the subjection in which he kept his Duchess, and that every servant was obliged to go out of the room backwards, that he might not turn his back upon his grace. An artist of the name of Seymour was famous in his delineation of that most beautiful animal, the horse; and the Duke sent for him to paint some of his favourite horses. His grace condescended one day to keep the artist to dinner, and, as he raised a glass to his noble lips, he smotheringly said,

"Your health, *Courte Seymour*. The bitter manner of the Duke, nor his secret were not lost on the painter, who quickly replied, "Why, my Lord Duke, since you remind me of it, we, really, are of the same family." The Duke bridled his rage, till dinner was over, but soon after he told Seymour he had no further occasion for him. His Grace sent for another painter to finish the horses; but the artist, though eminent in his way, had too much modesty to finish what Seymour had begun, and took his leave declining the honour the Duke had conferred on him, in thinking him capable of mixing his work with that of so great a painter. The Duke, inwardly vexed, yet felt himself obliged to send to Seymour to finish what he had begun. The painter only returned the following laconic reply,

"My Lord Duke,

You may now be convinced that I am really a relation of yours, when I tell you *Grass*, that I positively will not come.

"SEYMOUR."

MISERIES OF LIFE.—How great soever the number of Chapters that have been published on this interesting subject, it is one so important to every possessor of mortal existence, that we make no apology for specifying the following additional "Miseries of Life," which have not, we believe, been previously noticed by any of our contemporaries.—

1. Washing your hands—having an ill-measured wrist-band slip down upon the soap and water in the midst of the other-ways delightful operation.
2. Seeing a beautiful maiden at a distance and determining to employ all the artillery of eyes when nearer—having a cloud of dust introduced to your visual orbs at the moment of her approach, and hearing her gently laugh at your misfortune in passing by.
3. Reading aloud and being just arrived at the finest passage for the exertion of your oratorical powers—having a barrel-organ and bag-pipes commence squeaking in concert under the window.
4. Telling a long and, in your opinion, an excellent story to a friend—seeing him suddenly fall asleep in the midst of it.
5. Going to bed on a cold winter's night, and having placed yourself comfortably in—finding you have forgot to put the candle safely out.

CURIOUS BILL.—We cannot take upon ourselves to vouch for the strict veracity of this account, but we believe it to be not, altogether, void of foundation. An English young widow of beauty and fortune, had, for some time, encouraged the addresses of a gentleman her countryman, who was endowed with every personal gift, but his income was very mediocre. On an excursion last Autumn, the Lady met with a Colonel, a distant relation of her late husband's, who was living, on his half-pay; he was a handsome daring Highlander, and very soon after her arrival by a bold *compromis*, he received the Lady's vows at the altar. The discarded gentleman cruelly piqued, but dissembling his mortification, on the return of the several parties, is said to have sent her in the following account of his expences incurred for her sake, requesting her to settle it as soon as possible, without giving him the trouble to have recourse to law. The bride is much chagrined at this conduct, and knows not how to act; as she dreads the exposure of her many tender letters, should she refuse paying the young man's expences.

| | £ | s | d |
|---|-------|---|---|
| To new suits of clothes, and other articles of wearing apparel..... | 250 | 0 | 0 |
| To a chariot, servants and liveries..... | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| To a tour to Brussels..... | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| To that unfortunate trip to Rouen where Mrs. — first met the colonel..... | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| To public diversions in, and about Paris..... | 220 | 0 | 0 |
| To Mademoiselle Pauline, her waiting maid, six pair of fine cotton english stockings, two lace veils, and ten louis d'or..... | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| To five men to watch, and inform me of all her male visitors..... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| To a diamond ring..... | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| To the famous french fortune teller, Mademoiselle Lenormand, who, falsely, told me I should marry her..... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| To a new pair of pistols to fight the Colonel.... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| To loss of time and fretting (at least)..... | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| | £1060 | 2 | 0 |

The Duke and Duchess of BUCKINGHAM are proceeding on a geological survey of the Highlands of Scotland. His Grace's yacht is in waiting at Glasgow, to convey the noble tourists through the lochs, &c.

THE CELEBRATED LORD PETERBOROUGH AT BATH, 1725.—“ Lord Peterborough is here, and has been so some time, though, by his dress, one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at the market, he carries home for his dinner.”

The distressing situation of a Noble Lord, with a family of thirteen children, and an income of barely £200 per annum to sustain his rank in society, has been very generally considered. A private subscription has been commenced by several Noblemen, with a view to enable the Noble Lord to maintain the appearance in the world which is expected from his name and rank.

Stagnation and filthy Habits of the present King of Naples.—On the day before Christmas-eve it is the King's custom to go a-fishing, and on the following morning his delights to exhibit himself, dressed in a white night-cap, and all agree round his waist, in the fish-market, selling his fish to the best bidder. There the Royal fishmonger may be seen surrounded “to all his glory,” by the Lazzaroni, giggling, and eating bread and onions out of their filthy hands, and carrying on with them a conversation in their vulgar jargon, of which he is a perfect master.—His Majesty used occasionally to walk on the beautiful beach at the Chiaja, when he would suddenly seize one of the Lazzaroni, and throw him with great violence into the water, and, on the instant, jump in after him, and bring him safe on shore. It was this freak of his Neapolitan Majesty, which gave birth to Canova's two figures of *Hercules flinging Lichon into the Sea*.—On the last night of the Carnival, the King usually goes to the Theatre of St. Carlo, and having ordered a dish of macaroni to be brought to him, scalding hot, mixed up with oil, cheese,

and beef-gravy, being in one of the upper boxes, when the pit is crowded with spectators, all attentive to the opera or ballet, his Majesty will throw the greasy mess, by handfuls, on his loving subjects; and those who wish particularly to be noticed by the Monarch, will tumble head-over-heels and scramble to pick up some of it to eat. The King, on this occasion, always appears to laugh most immoderately at those who are evidently vexed at beholding the unctuous marks of Royal favour on their holiday suits.—*Venice under the yoke of France and Austria.*

EXERCISE.—The more luxuriously you live the more exercise you require. The *bon vivant* may depend upon the truth of the advice which Sir Charles Scarborough gave to the Duchess of Portsmouth: “You must eat less, or take more exercise! or take physic, or be sick.”—Over feeding is the chief cause of the diseases which torment all those who are not absolutely among the lowest order of the poor.

CLERICAL CREDULITY.—A Reverend Gentleman, lately lost his mare, and after waiting, a few days, becoming quite uneasy in not gaining some intelligence of her, came to a determined resolution to have some conversation with the wise man, Mr. Isaac Atkinson. What can the world think, when a parson is so credulous? Well might the unthinking girl go to the same place to get her fortune told, when the parson of a parish goes to get some information of his lost mare.—

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

THE CALEDONIAN BALL AT ALMACK'S,

ON Friday June 25, took place too late in the month for us to notice it. The Rooms never before contained so large an assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty.

There were present, at midnight, *eleven hundred persons*, dressed in the costume of every country; and the brilliancy of the scene (from the quantities of diamonds with which almost every female dress was bedecked) was perhaps unequalled even in this the richest country in the world. The white plumage of the English belles formed a striking contrast to the sombre feathers worn by the wives of the Scottish Chiefs. At half past nine the Duchess of Richmond, and many other leading women of rank, arrived; from that hour till half-past eleven, arrived Mr. Canning and the other Cabinet Ministers, all in the Windsor uniform, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchesses of Argyll, Somerset, Leeds, &c. The leading Noblesse remained in the banquetting room, on the ground floor, until the arrival of the Princess Augusta, Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and Prince Leopold. The Duke of Argyll, as the head of the Highland Chiefs, attended the Royal Ladies, preceded by the ancient and renowned Piper, who came all the way from Gordon Castle to preside on this occasion; he marched up the stairs playing the reel of “*Tullochgorum*” with that degree of animation so peculiar to himself and the Highlands; all the ladies of rank followed, together with the Gentlemen. The dancing commenced at a quarter past twelve with a quadrille *à la Polonoise*; danced by two sets of tall, young, and beautiful women, called “*The Ladies of the White*

Rose,"—The *Rose of Charley Stuart*, carried by the ladies in the right hand, for the first time since the years *fifteen and forty-five* (was a novelty).

'*Tullochgorum*' was the next dance, followed by '*Colonel Mac Bean*,' '*Moneywash*,' and '*Through the Wood to Davis*,'—about three o'clock the dancing had a pause, but about four it was partially revived; at five the music wholly ceased; at six the rooms were cleared.

The Duchess of Argyll wore a dress of massive golden tissue, her raven locks, and a prodigious plume of feathers of the same colour, producing a contrast with her diamonds, equalled only by

The Duchess of Bedford's jewellery which astonished all by its glitter, made a prodigious display indeed. Independently of the necklace, which cost at least fifty thousand guineas, chains of diamonds, with amethysts in the centre, decorated her Grace's dress from the black velvet Spanish hat to the girdle or cestus below the stomacher.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope was a moving firmament; and it was said that the cost in brilliants alone, in a dress of sombre magnificence (crimson) exceeded seven hundred thousand pounds!

Mrs. Montague and Miss Leeds' dresses were universally admired.

ENTRÉ OF THE PRINCESS POLIGNAC.

On Thursday night, July 1, Princess Polignac opened her house to 400 persons of distinction. The suite of state apartments, furnished in a style of great magnificence, were hung with silks of French manufacture, and tastefully decorated with flowers. The manners of the illustrious hostess were at once of the most elegant and amiable description.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD'S BALL.

In Mansfield-street, on Thursday evening, July 1, was attended by about 300 distinguished fashionables. The rooms were very elegantly fitted up, and the dancing displayed all the life and spirit of the family. The ladies Bedford gave an animation to the scene quite surprising. The dancing commenced at midnight, and concluded at half-past six in the morning.

MRS. ANGERSTEIN'S BALL.

In St. James'-square, at the late residence of the Earl of St. Germans, a ball was given on Thursday evening, July 1. It was the first of the family, and it began under very favourable auspices indeed. The hall staircase resembles an alcove, for producing which effect a wagon load of plants arrived from the *Woodlands*, the celebrated seat so called, on Blackheath. The dancing was kept until five o'clock.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY'S SPLENDID BALL.

The first at that spacious mansion, formerly called Holderness House, a *fête* was given on Thursday evening, July 1, in a style of extraordinary magnificence and taste.

The visitants entered a very fine hall from Park-lane, and ascended a staircase, branching off to the right and left, after passing the first flight of steps. This staircase is after an Italian model, and occupies a very considerable space. At the top, the first room is the anti-chamber, in the centre of which stood a superb specimen of the skill of Canova—a statue of one of the heathen deities, on a circular pedestal, composed of the same material as the figure, i. e. the purest white marble. The right led into the grand saloon, the ceiling of which, by Italian painters, is exquisitely fine,

and represents tropical birds of all kinds, the instertices filled up with sunken rosettes. The furniture consists of the richest cabinets, executed in the time of Louis XIV., tables of the richest mosaic marble, ottomans and chairs covered with the most admirable embroidery; at the top of the room a whole length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, an admirable likeness; at the opposite end another and more elaborate production from the chissel of the immortal Canova.

Every apartment was illuminated with girandoles, or side-lights, except the first, which contained an *ormolu* chandelier of great dimensions. All the interior was illumined with wax candles. At eleven o'clock the company began to arrive: the dancing commenced half an hour after with quadrilles, and ended with waltzes. A regular supper was set out in the old banquetting-hall at two o'clock. Covers were laid for fifty, and the tables were replenished six times; on the whole 300 supped, which was the extent of the party. The dancing was afterwards resumed, and kept up till five o'clock.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON AND LADIES HERBERTS' ROUT.

Given on Tuesday night, July 8, at their noble mansion in Portland-place, was most fashionably attended.

THE HON. MRS. WEST'S BALL.

In Upper Grosvenor-street, on Tuesday evening, July 8, affords another proof how much the French quadrilles are now in vogue. The dancing commenced in two rooms at eleven o'clock, and ended at four in the morning. The supper was given in the usual style at that lady's *fêtes*—it was excellent. There were present about two hundred persons.

MRS. COUTTS' FETE AT HOLLY LODGE HIGHGATE.

This amiable and munificent lady gave on Tuesday, July 8, one of the most splendid *fêtes* that has been seen this season, to a numerous assemblage of rank and fashion; His Majesty even could not have had more noble and distinguished guests. The most exquisite taste was displayed in every *iota* that was intended for the comfort and gratification of the company. In the list of visitors, we subjoin, there will be seen the names of some of the most illustrious characters, the pride and ornament of this favoured country. Fortune has blessed this liberal and highly gifted lady with riches to gratify her ideas of what ought to be done with large resources. Her expenditure must be very considerable, but it is wisely and judiciously dispersed as to be of incalculable service to many deserving persons. There were about seven hundred ladies and gentlemen present of the first rank and fashion: they began to assemble soon after twelve o'clock, and continued increasing till six.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, and Prince Leopold: Princess Leiningen, and Gortchakoff.

DUKES—Wellington, St. Alban's, Leinster, De Guiche.

DUCHESSES—Richmond, Leinster, De Guiche.

MARQUISES—Hertford, Tavistock, Winchester, Waterford, Huntly, Tweeddale.

MARCHIONESSES—Stafford, Winchester, Waterford, Tavistock, Dowager Lansdowne.

EARLS—Lauderdale, Gower, Grey, Rosslyn, Bristol, Besborough, Morley, Carysfort, Dartmouth, Rochford.

COUNTESSSES—Guilford, Morley, Essex, Bristol, Charlemont, Poulett, Carysfort, Harrowby, de Real.

LORDS—Holland, Glenlyon, Stormont, Deerpur, Graves, Arch. Hamilton, Beauchamp, Rob. Seymour, Bingham, Ho-

them, Hervey, Vallerot, Garlin, Muncester, Sey and Sele, Geo. Bentinck, Childs, Carleton, Cranston, Duncan, Arthur Hill, Gen. Hill, Rossmore, Petre, Rosehill.

LADIES—D'Ameland, Robert Seymour, North, Perat, Harvey, Ryder, Caroline Barham, Gower, De Grey, Katherine Stewart, Bloomfield, Lennox, Charlotte Lindsay Fitzroy, Beauchamp, Proby, Tierney, Holland, Farquhar, Caroline Stuart Wortley, Janet St. Clair Erskine, Burroughs, Strachan, Ann Holroyd, Andover, Stanhope, Sey and Sele, Townsend, Farquhar, Baker, Beresford, Cawdor, Conyngham, Crichton, Louisa Dunscombe, Elcho, Essex, Fitzpatrick Stewart, Graves, Headcombe, Dashwood King, Dower, Hinto, Morgan Neave, B. Pousenby, Mary Ross, Robert Spencer, George Stuart, Louisa Stewart, Stepney, Salton, Sheffield, Strunge, Harcourt, Hamond, Knatchbull.

The Vice Chancellor, Baron Garrow, Count and Countess St. Antonio, Count Vendramini.

SEAS—Francis Burdett, Philip Roche, David Dundas, Cms. Doyle, Thomas Stepney, Alfred Clarke, Thomas H. Farquhar, Robert T. Farquhar, Charles Morgan, Edmund Andrews, William Chatterton, J. D. King, Edward Baker, Walter Stirling, G. Althorpe, George Beaumont, William Cayugham, Charles Hastings, George Rose.

GENERALS—Bligh, Phipps, Meade, Bayly, Fitzroy, Ramsay.

COLONELS—Gibbs, Robbins, Davies, Keste, Lindsay, Detrynck, Lawton, Gordon—Major Davidson.

CAPTAINS—B. Hall, Digby, Villiers, Madocks, Crawford, Peyton, Home, Cox, Tighe, Lloyd, Marjoribanks, Greville, Coaroy.

MAJORS—Holmes, Hinchcliffe, Stewart Nicholson, Mill, Garner, Blackshaw, Pigou, Barham, Willett, Knight, Bathurst, Townsend, Angerstein, Andrews, Bowden, Barrow, Brook Greville, Trotter, Hugh Lindsay, Marjoribanks, Talbot, Wortley Wellesley, Mure, Wardrop, Davison.

MISTRESSSES—Hinchcliffe, Stewart Nicholson, Miles, Garner, Moore, Davenport, W. Tighe, Mellish, W. Neave, Lloyd, Lindsay, W. Madocks, Paget, Angerstein, Andrews, Bowden, Beauchamp, Hugh Lindsay, Broadhead, Barrow, Iremonger, Knight, Shuttleworth, A. Wellesley, Cms.

MISSSES—Hinchcliffe, Garner, Tierney Seymour, Fitzroy, Knight, Barham, Cms, Gifford, Townsend, Tisdall, Burdett, Broadhead, D'Eate, Knatchbull, Rose, Marjoribanks, Fraser, Willett, Barry, Mure, &c. &c. &c.

In the rear-front of the villa was erected a stupendous temporary room on floor cloth. The interior was decorated in a very beautiful style with pink, white, and blue stripes, hanging in deep festoons from the roof, and forming fluted columns, surmounted by what are called *Turk's caps*. The walls were hung with *gloriet* in pink calico. Within about sixteen columns, tables were laid, four in number, for fifty-four each; and these tables were five times replenished; the first three with every thing served on china, and the last two on massive pine.

In the house the great saloon, the large drawing-room, and another apartment were appropriated for the accommodation of 300 persons; add the pavilion, and then the whole was summed up. The banquet was of a peculiar description; and the effect, particularly in the long room (the temporary one), was peculiarly grand, from the richness of the set out, in which we ought not to forget the *empress display* in dress, the matchless beauty, and the playful *bedding*,

of the scene, which was heightened by the rare and excellent wines.

At seven o'clock COLINER's Sagolet struck up its enlivened strains in the room called the Conservatory.

The dancing was led off by the Ladies LAMMOX, Lord GLENLYON, &c. It was kept up with spirit till nine o'clock, and did not wholly cease till the hour of ten. Carriages were then ordered, but the departure of a few being protracted, a happy thought struck the hostess—a *petit souper* was ordered to be knocked up in a trice. It was over at eleven, and then Mrs. COURTTS herself quitted the scene for London.

The fore-front of the house has a long vista to the left, which reaches to a romantic road. From the esplanade there is an easy descent on the right, through walks and wildernesses, which lead to the state marquee, where the platform was placed for dancing. Two other tents were erected for serving out refreshments in, but owing to the state of the weather neither were used. One of the most pleasing objects was the *Bed of Roses*—literally a bed of roses—occupying a large space between the terrace and the valley. The visitants surveyed the contrasted colours around with great delight, when the occasional gleams of sunshine would permit the native charms to unfold themselves. Rising up the hill, the sight was lost in woods; but below, the perspective was one continued garden.

This unique retreat, which is not inaptly called "*a piece of Bijoutry*," has more claims on the pencil and the pen than this faint effort can give an idea of. It has so many advantages and decorations, both of nature and art, as to render it a very pleasing and elegant retreat. The villagers call it, "*The Garden of the Hill*." The military bands, stationed on the lawn, consisted of no less than seventy performers, all in full dress, consisting of the Duke of YORK's and Duke of GLOUCESTER's.

The bugles played in the woods, which added novelty to the effect.

There were three waggon-loads of plate used, and forty well-dressed attendants, out of livery.

Another judicious arrangement:—To every servant who came with the guests a two-shilling ticket was given, to be expended in refreshments in the neighbouring villages—Hampstead, Highgate, and Holloway. About 600 of these vouchers were issued.

Our correspondent observes, "I never saw a better regulated thing, in and out of doors, in the course of my life; and I have been present at not a few fashionable *fêtes*."

THE DOWAGER LANSDOWNE'S FANCY BALL.

This Fête was given in the first style of elegance and taste. The drawing-rooms were for the *Conversations*—the apartments below for the Ball. The Marquis of Mortford was a Generalia Châtelain, he presented a most terrific appearance; for never was mountain marauder better personified.

There were an infinity in the habits of Spanish Grandees; and not a few in that of a Polish Warrior, or Swiss Peasant. Lady Strachan looked highly interesting as a gypsy fortune-teller.

PUBLIC BREAKFAST AT HALL PLACE, BERKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR GILBERT EAST, BART.

A magnificent *déjeuner* was given at Hall Place on Monday, the 12th instant, by Sir Gilbert and Lady East, to all

the distinguished families in the neighbourhood. The company were received at the grand entrance by the worthy Baronet and the lovely and accomplished Lady East. A select band from London was stationed in a marquee erected for the purpose, which played martial and other beautiful airs, as the company arrived. Twenty servants in splendid state liveries lined the hall, and from the magnificence and oriental sumptuousness which every where abounded, it seemed as if the Tales of the Arabian Nights had been consulted, and realised by the beautiful *coup-d'œil* which presented itself.

SIR JAMES BURGESS'S BALL.

In Queen Ann-street West, on Tuesday evening July 13, a splendid ball was given by this highly-esteemed gentleman to a party consisting of two hundred fashionables. The two drawing-rooms were formed into one: the dancing commenced at eleven and ended at four: the supper was served up in the dining-room and the library.

MRS. MITCHELL'S BALL.

The above fashionable Lady gave a splendid Ball and Supper on Tuesday evening July 13, at her residence in Charles-Street, Berkeley-Square, which was very numerous and fashionably attended. Dancing commenced at eleven, and was kept up with great spirit till five o'clock.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS VERULAM'S PARTY.

In Grosvenor-Square, on Wednesday evening, July 14, a dinner was given in a style of more than ordinary taste and splendour to the Duke of Gloucester and a party of seventeen.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S DÉJEUNÉ.

Thursday July 15 a large party of fashionables went up by water in the steam-boat, others in barges, and a few by land, to Queensberry House, at Richmond, where a sumptuous *déjeuné à-la-fourchette*, was given at six o'clock, in the grand saloon. There were two military bands of music in attendance. It was a most attractive spectacle.

MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY'S CONCERT.

At Cholmondeley House, on Friday evening, July 16, four drawing-rooms out of a suite of seven apartments, on one floor, were thrown open at ten o'clock. The saloon for the *Conversazione*; the black velvet room for the Concert. Italian, French, and English airs were sung. The music commenced at eleven and concluded at two o'clock. The party, which was not numerous, broke up at the hour of three. The refreshment tables were amply supplied with ices, fruits, and confectionary, wines of rare qualities, and Roman punch. The servants all wore their state liveries, and a great degree of splendour was preserved throughout.

LADY ELLENBOROUGH'S PARTY.

Her Ladyship gave a Grand Supper at Cambridge House, on Friday evening, July 16, after Vauxhall. The Garden was illuminated, and the Band of the 1st Life Guards attended and played during Supper.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S CONCERT.

The mansion in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, was opened for the first time on Monday evening, July 19,

with a Concert of vocal and instrumental music, at which assisted most of the leading performers of excellence; but the great object was to exhibit a new style of interior decoration, and certainly the Noble Marquis (whose taste is universally known) has, in this instance, excelled himself. The visitants ascended one of the most magnificent staircases ever beheld, blended with the most perfect simplicity; the hand rail of mahogany; the pillars of brass. The gallery led into the most superb saloon the eye ever beheld, to which there were four doors of communication; the roof a cove, enriched with ornaments in white and gold; and supported by fluted pilasters, having in their interstices solid plates of looking-glass, twenty-six feet in height. The length of the room is 76 feet by 40, and it was lighted up by an English chandelier carrying 26 burners, which is decidedly the finest specimen of workmanship after the style of Louis XVIII. yet exhibited in this country; in fact it was executed by one of the first designers in Europe. This unique apartment is furnished with the richest crimson damask silk, executed in Spitalfields. Four other rooms, almost equally sumptuous, led into the bow room next Piccadilly; for the grand room is at the rear front of the house. Every one was struck with their peculiar grandeur and taste; and from other judicious arrangements, particularly the matchless mirrors, gave the whole an appearance of enchantment. It was three o'clock ere the party broke up. The company began to arrive as early as nine. About four hundred and fifty persons were present.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.]

BATH.

"The gaiety of Bath has lately equalled the days of Beau Nash. There have been fancy balls, dramatic fêtes, and a splendid masquerade. The goddess of pleasure appeared to have established her residence here. The grand musical meeting is just over—Braham, Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, and all the stars have shed their brilliant lustre on us. The abbey and theatre were not so well attended as it was hoped: but the performances were highly gratifying to our harmonic city."

Great dissatisfaction has been expressed by many of the promoters of the Musical Festival, on account of the small sum left for the charity. The general idea is, that about £2,000 were received. Now let us see how the following items will appear:

| | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| Catalani, from London | £500 |
| Salmon, ditto | 200 |
| Braham, ditto | 200 |
| Sir G. Smart | 150 |
| Loder | 150 |
| Misses George and Love | 150 |
| Total | £1350 |

| | |
|--|--------|
| Sapio and Lindley, £50 each..... | 100 |
| Phillips and Robe, £30 each..... | 60 |
| One hundred vocal and instrumental performers..... | 300 |
| Trumpeter, trombones, double drums, &c..... | 100 |
| | £1,890 |

The above is independent of printing, which must have been considerable: exclusive of the erection of the orchestra, galleries, &c. at the church and rooms, and without allowing a farthing for servants, porters, refreshments for the principal performers, and so on.

| | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| Supposed receipts..... | £2,000 |
| Supposed expenditure..... | 1,820 |

Remainder for charity, printing, orchestra, &c.. £180

To the above it may be fairly added, that, had Catalani been able to sing at the three first performances, there would have been at least £500 more in the net account.

The most particular arrivals at Bath, have been: Admiral Scarle; Lieut.-Col. Johnson and family; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Newton; Earl of Cork, Lord Dungarvon, Baroness Raleigh, Hon. Misses Strutt, Sir Thos. Tyndall, Dowg. Lady Rivers, Lady Sylvester, Lady Thompson, Col. and Mrs. Palmer, Col. O'Neill, Col. Strutt, Col. and Mrs. Woodford, Major Munday, Major Philips. Rev. Messrs. Casbard, French, Gully, Thompson, Wood-forde, Captains Brine, Hamilton, Millard, Parish; Lieut. and Mrs. Ship.

BRIGHTON.

This delightful place is becoming extremely gay—there are a number of spirited London visitors already sporting their equipages about the town. The Pavillion is prepared for some of the Royal Family who are expected.

The *Lee and Music Divertissements* at the Libraries, Tupper's and Lacombe's occasion a crowded attendance: at the former a new male singer made his *entrée*; he is a foreigner, and is engaged to sing nightly. He has been in the habit, we understand, of singing at concerts of the nobility in London, but is unknown to the theatres. His attempts are various: Italian, German, English, and French. During the lighter amusements at the above places, the reading tables of *Emulation* are difficult of access, owing to the fashionable crowd, with whom literature and news are the magnet.

New Pump Rooms are about to be erected at spots where mineral waters have been found. These will assist to make Brighton attractive all the year.

CHELTENHAM.

The accession of company has lately been very considerable. We feel warranted in anticipating that, during the present summer, this town will be honoured by the presence of the most distinguished visitors; including several ministerial personages.—The promenades, at all times objects of attraction, now present throughout the day a scene of animation and gaiety that is quite delightful. The recent improvements which have been made in the Assembly Rooms, render them equal to any similar establishment in the kingdom. The Royal or Original Well continues to experience the most flattering patronage. The Sherborne Well and the walks are much admired and frequented by visitors of the first distinction.

ARRIVALS:—Duke and Duchess de Guiche, Sir W. Cunningham, Sir A. Wood, Lady Barker, Lady E. Lowther; Generals Ambrose, Bradshaw, Campbell, Darling, Jeaffreson, McNeill, Peachey; Colonels Clayton, Fraser, Plenderleath, Roch; Lieut.-Col. Woodhouse, Majors Hervey, Richardson, Tandy; Archdeacon of Lismore, Rev. Dr. Gardiner, Rev. Dr. Kelly, Mrs. Beattie, Cholmeley, Deson and family, Kelby.

WORTHING.

Although a long continuance of unpropitious weather has had a tendency to put a considerable check upon early arrivals; this place is now filling very fast. The improvements in the town since last year are very great. The Esplanade is now in very fine order; it has been widened several feet, as well as some parts of the carriage road which runs in a parallel line with it.

ARRIVALS:—Earl Cornwallis and family, Countess of Strathmore, Hon. Miss Cocks, Lady H. Mitchell, Comde de Funchal, the Lord Bishop of Chester, Archdeacon Goddard, &c.,

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—A succession of beautiful weather for several days has brought a very considerable influx of company into the town, and has developed the actual strength of the season up to the present time; which, in point of numbers, exceeds very much our previous calculation. This was manifestly apparent upon the Esplanade in the afternoon of yesterday, and was attributable to the intense heat which prevailed throughout the day; and although putting a complete check upon much of loco-motion, was a powerful inducement to seek the refreshing breeze upon this delightful promenade. The window bills of all the large houses, as well as those upon a smaller scale, are disappearing very fast; and lodgings are proportionately in request. The Hotels and Inns are receiving a very considerable accession of company daily, and the Boarding-houses and Baths are full of life and bustle, which indeed pervade all the business part of the place. Parties to the Miller's tomb, and all the hills in the vicinity are constantly on the wing, and every thing in the shape of carriage, horse, or donkey, is in a constant state of requisition. The Libraries have assumed their usual attractive character, and music, singing, loo, &c. is the order of the evening. The theatre is expected to open very soon, which will fill up the remaining stock of amusement of this highly patronised and fashionable summer retreat.

RAMSGATE.

This delightful place is filling very fast. Nearly all the superior houses are taken, and by some of the first nobility. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold are expected at Townly House the second week in August. The public amusements in the island have commenced with great *éclat*. Sackett's Marine Library is well attended. The superior and excellent pier is a constant source of attraction, —the only accommodation it is in want of, are seats.

SCARBOROUGH.

Scarborough was scarcely ever known to present so brilliant and fashionable a display of company, and that at so early a period of the season, as this year affords.

The delightfully situated Cliff and Spa Terraces have resumed their usual lively features by the grouping of elegant promenaders who grace them, and our fine beach has been frequently honoured by the appearance of his Grace of Devonshire, in company with Lady Morpeth. Amongst the fashionables may be enumerated the Earl of Seafield, Lady Anne Grant, Lady Penneil Grant, the Hon. Col. F. W. Grant, M.P. the Hon. Mrs. Grant, Sir Thomas and Lady Style, Sir Hugh Palliser, Sir Thomas and Miss Whichcote, Sir John and Lady Beckett, Lady Vane, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Vernon, Hon. Miss Macquey, Mrs. Cunninghame, Miss Scott, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Field, Col. Gordon and family.

The distance from town, and fatigue of the journey, were long a disadvantage to Scarborough; but the facility of communication, afforded by the steam packets twice a week, has done away with those objections in great measure, the average passage being little more than four-and-twenty hours. The great improvement of the present year, is the enclosing and planting of the cliff on the road to the wells. The new line of houses extending from the London road towards the beach, is completed, and is called Brunswick Terrace.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

A little summer weather has brought many visitors to this place, during the last month, although the lodging-houses are now by no means fully occupied. The promenade rooms have been extremely well attended, and the company have been enlivened two or three times a week by the attendance of the excellent band of the Royal Marines, in the mornings, besides the usual music in the evenings;—the number of subscribers already exceeds that of any previous season, with every prospect of a great increase. Great numbers have also enjoyed the benefit of cold sea bathing for which the beach is better adapted than any place we know: great improvements, we understand, will be made in the accommodations for warm bathing before another season, and which, combined with the extensive alterations that are going on under the superintendence of the Royal Engineer department in the immediate vicinity of the baths, will render them very attractive. The trips on the water have also been pretty general, creating a very lively scene on the surface within the Isle of Wight.

Lord Yarborough came into Portsmouth harbour, on the 6th. July, in his beautiful yacht, the *Falcon*, in order to fit out for a cruise to Cork and Lisbon: the *Falcon* is the finest yacht, of the ship class, in the Royal Club, she has a crew of thirty pick'd men and an excellent band. His Lordship gave a grand entertainment, on board, to the most distinguished persons in the neighbourhood, and sailed again on the 8th. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Surrey arrived on the 11th. and are now enjoying the pleasure of yacht sailing. Lord and Lady Melville, intend making Ryde their summer residence; her Ladyship arrived here on the 8th. to proceed to the Island.—The Prince of Lowenstein and consort have been viewing the dock yard, and other public departments, and left highly gratified. Sir Godfrey Webster arrived in his yacht, the *Elizabeth*, and is now gone on a trip to Guernsey, &c., he is shortly expected to return.—Lord Curry has taken up his residence

on the Grand Parade. Many other arrivals have taken place, but they are too numerous to make a distinction. Madame Catalani has presented a handsome silver cup to be contended for at the approaching Regatta, which will take place on the 28th. and 29th. instant, (August) immediately after Messrs. Sibby's musical festival, for which she is engaged.

IRELAND.

The Earl of Ormonde and family, are expected. The sale of his Lordship's estates, being determined upon, will enable his Lordship to return. He has long been an absentee.

Mr. Long Wellesley may shortly be expected to revisit his native country. Under the superintendence of his noble father, Lord Maryborough, the whole of his debts will speedily be liquidated.

Lady Gore Booth and family have arrived at Lissadell, in the county of Sligo. We feel much pleasure in having to announce such an arrival, at a time when fashion points too much the other way. We rejoice to find that the Lissadell family, who spent a princely fortune in this their native county, during many generations, have given the surest pledge of their intention to continue to reside in it, in Lady Booth's having lately caused considerable additions and improvements to be made to the Mansion-house. The return of this old and respectable family was hailed, and deservedly hailed, with the usual expressions of joy, exhibited by a grateful tenantry to a liberal landlord on similar occasions, such as bonfires, music, and taking the horses from the carriages for the purpose of drawing them the last mile of the journey.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND.—Earl of Kingston and Hon. Colonel Moore, Lord Mountcashel and Hon. Mr. Moore, Lord Arden, Hon. Mr. Perceval and family, Lord Clarendon, Marquis of Sligo, Hon. Mr. Barnwall, Hon. Rev. Mr. Wingfield, Hon. Major D'Este, Colonel and Mrs. Ross, Marquis of Westmeath, Right Hon. W. V. Fitzgerald, M.P. Edward Cooper, Esq., M.P. Hon. B. Noel, &c.

SCOTLAND.

ARRIVALS IN EDINBURGH.—Viscount and Viscountess Arbuthnot, the Hon. Colonel Arbuthnot, and the Hon. Walter Arbuthnot, Lord Gray, the Hon. John Gray, Colonel Johnston; the Hon. Mrs. Fraser and family, Sir James Montgomery, Bart., M.P.

DEPARTURES FROM EDINBURGH.—Marquis of Tweedale and Lord John Hay; Earl of Leven and Melville; Earl and Countess of Crompton and family; Hon. Miss Drummond, of Strathallan; Hon. Captain G. Douglas; Sir S. Beckwith, and T. S. Beckwith, Esq.; Sir John and Lady Radcliffe and family; Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., M.P.

RACES TO COME IN AUGUST.

3rd, Newcastle, Stafford and Southampton.—4th, Rochester, &c.—5th, Pottery.—10th, Tunbridge Wells, Salisbury and Worcester.—11th, Nantwich.—16th, Oxford.—17th, Burton, Canterbury and Tavistock.—24th, Abingdon and Exeter.—26th, Hereford and Swaffham.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

II.—English Dukes.

SEYMOUR, DUKE OF SOMERSET.

THIS noble family is of Norman extraction, and named St. Maur, from their place of residence in Normandy. Rogerus de Sancto Mauro is the first we meet with in England, in the year 1100. Milo de St. Maur, in the 18th. year of King John's reign, took part with the rebellious barons against that King: the next is Geoffry de St. Maur, who married the daughter of William de Rughdon.

Lawrence de St. Maur, in the 11th. year of the reign of Edward I. obtained a grant for a market every Thursday, at his manor of Rode in the county of Somerset, and a fair there, yearly, on the eve, day, and morrow of St. Margaret the Virgin. Departing this life in the 24th. year of Edward I. he left Nicolas his son and heir; who, doing homage, had livery of his lands. This Nicolas was in all the expeditions that Edward made to Scotland, and in the 34th. of Edward I. served there in the retinue of Henry of Lancaster, the youngest son of Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster. Nicolas left a son Thomas, nine years of age, but of him we hear nothing further, only that he founded a little priory at Dulton in Wiltshire, annexing it, as a cell, to that of Semplingham in Lincolnshire.

To him succeeded Sir Nicolas de St. Maur, who, in the 21st. of Edward III. in the wars of France, was of the retinue with Maurice de Berkeley. He departed this life in the 24th. of Edward III. Nicolas his son and heir died in his minority, and Richard his brother, succeeded him. Richard left a son and heir 23 years of age, named Richard, who in the 22nd. of Richard II. went into Ireland with Thomas Duke of Surrey; he died in the 10th. year of Henry IV. leaving his daughter and heir, then a minor.

It appeared that Alice was born in the 2nd. year of Henry IV. in the house of Thomas Cressy, a mercer and citizen of London. She became the wife of Sir William Le Zouche, who, performing his fealty, at that time had livery of the lands of her inheritance.

Thus, according to Dugdale, the elder branch became extinct. The patriarch of the younger branch was Sir William de St. Maur, who settled in Monmouthshire: he lived in the year 1240. The following quotation, from Camden, may serve as an authority for the truth of the ancestry of this younger branch.

"Not far from Caldecot are Woundy and Penhow, the seats formerly of the illustrious family of St. Maur, now commonly called Seimor; for we find, that about the year 1240, in order to wrest Woundy out of the hands of the Welsh, Gilbert Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, was obliged to marry William of St. Maur, from whom was descended Roger de St. Maur, who married one of the heiresses of the Beauchamps, John Beauchamp, baron Hache, &c. &c."

How far the Earl of Pembroke assisted in gaining this part of Wales, we are ignorant. But we find Sir William St. Maur in possession of Woundy, Penhow, and other

parts adjacent, very soon after. Fixed at Penhow, Sir William was induced to dedicate the church to St. Maur and erected a large castle, called St. Maur's Castle, with a park of the same name. We have no account of his marriage or his death; but he certainly was succeeded in his Monmouthshire possessions, by Sir Roger de Sancto Mauro, his son, who was Lord of the manor of Woundy, about the year 1269. The name of this family began early to be corrupted; we find it variously written St. Maur, Semere, Seimor, Seimour, and, as now, Seymour.

Sir Roger died before the year 1300, and was succeeded by his son Roger; he married Joan, daughter of—Damarel of Devonshire; and had two sons, John and Roger, both Knights. Sir John, who died in 1358, had a son named Roger, born 1340, whose daughter and heir carried the inheritance into the family of Bowlays of Penhow, by marriage; which family bore the arms of the heiress, and terminated in a daughter and heir, who married Sir George Somerset, a third son of Charles, first Earl of Worcester.

Sir Roger Seymour, the youngest son, was seated at Ewinswiden in Wiltshire. He married Cecilia, daughter of John de Beauchamp, Baron of Hache in Somersetshire. This alliance brought increase of honours as well as fortune. Baron Hache was descended from the Earl of Pembroke, from William Ferrars, Earl of Derby, and other eminent men of their time. The nobility of all whom, as also of several others, concentrated in the right honourable Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford. The Beauchamps flourished in honour, from the time of Henry II. and this was the cause why Henry VIII. after he married Jane Seymour, made Edward Seymour, her brother, Viscount Beauchamp, and that his son Edward VI. advanced him to the honour of Duke of Somerset.

Roger Seymour, grandson to Sir Roger and Cecilia, succeeded his grandfather; at twenty years of age, he married Maud, daughter to Sir William Esturmy or Sturmy of Chadham in Wiltshire. Upon the death of the above Roger Seymour, John was, by an inquisition of the 10th. of Henry V. found to be his next heir, at the age of twenty, and likewise cousin and heir to Sir Peter de la Mere. He was soon after knighted, and appears to be one of the most considerable gentlemen in Wiltshire. After serving his country in many various shapes, he died in 1464. He had a son named John who died in the life time of his father, in 1463; his wife was daughter of Sir Robert Coker of Laurence-Lydiard, in Somerset; by whom he left two sons, John and Humphrey; the latter settled at Ewinswiden, and married Elizabeth, daughter to Thomas Winslow of Barton, in Oxfordshire; from whom most probably the Seymours of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire are descended.

The eldest son of John was only fourteen when his grandfather died. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Darell of Littlecote in Wiltshire; and had four sons and four daughters; his sons were Sir John, Sir George, Sir Robert, and Sir William Seymour; the last was made a Knight of the Bath, at the marriage of Arthur, prince of Wales. John Seymour married a second time to the daughter of Robert Hardon, and by her had John Seymour Esq. who left four daughters his coheirs.

Sir John Seymour, the eldest son of John Seymour of Wolf.

Hall, succeeded his father in 1491, and in 1497, he attended the King at the battle of Blackheath in Kent, fought between his Majesty and the Cornish rebels, under the command of Lord Audley. He obtained the honour of Knighthood on the field for his bravery.

Desirous of serving his King and Country, he made a campaign, in 1513, in France and Flanders, and was present at the siege of Tourienne and Tournay, at the latter of which Henry VIII. made him a Knight Banneret; he was in great favour at court, and was appointed one of the Knights for the body of Henry VIII., and obtained the grant of Constabelwic of Bristol castle, to himself and Edward his son.

He departed this life on the 21st. of December 1536, and was buried in the chapel of Easton priory; but in 1590, his remains were removed to the church of Great Bedwin, Wiltshire, by his grandson Edward, Earl of Hertford, who erected a monument to his memory. He married Margery, second daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth, of Nettlested, in Suffolk, Knight of the Bath. By her he had issue six sons and four daughters. Sir John Seymour, who died unmarried; Edward, afterwards Duke of Somerset; Sir Henry Seymour; Thomas Seymour, afterwards Baron Seymour, of Sadley, and who married Catharine, widow of Henry VIII. John Seymour and Anthony, both died young. The daughters were, Jane, who was the third wife of Henry VIII. and by him mother to Edward VI., she died on the 24th of October 1537, twelve days after her son's birth. Elisabeth, her sister, had three husbands; 1st. Sir Henry Oughtred, 2nd. Gregory, Lord Cromwell, and 3rd. John Powlet, second Marquis of Winchester. Margery died in infancy, and Dorothy married Clement Smith, Knight of Little Baddow, in Essex, father of Sir John Smith, Ambassador to Spain.

Edward Seymour, first Duke of Somerset, seems to have divided his cares between his own private affairs and his attendance at court: he had no share in Wolsey's downfall; nor in the marriage, nor death of Anne Boleyn, and other tragedies of those days. It is true, his sister Jane was introduced to the service of Queen Anne, who, after the death of Catharine of Arrogan, behaved with a levity derogatory to her high state. Jane Seymour, then a finished beauty, captivated the King's affections. Anne conscious of her innocence, and piqued at her royal husband's conduct, strove to rekindle his love by exciting him to jealousy; this defeated her purpose, and cost the injured Queen her life. The King, the very day after her execution, married Jane Seymour.

We have before observed, that Sir Edward Seymour, on the King's marriage with his sister, was created Viscount Beauchamp, and after the Queen's delivery, Earl of Hertford; in the year 1545, he was made Lieutenant General upon the borders of Scotland. We know little of his personal history afterwards, during the life of Henry VIII. whose executors, after his Majesty's death, recommended the Earl to have the care of the young King's person, during his homage. By letters patent from Edward VI. he was soon after created Duke of Somerset, with a commission to take charge of the Kingdom.

Sir Thomas Seymour, appointed Baron Seymour and Lord High Admiral of England, married the widow of Henry VIII. formerly Catharine Parr. Unhappily, he was a weak man, easily inflated with pride, and an unhappy feud broke out between him and his brother, the Protector. Charges were brought against the Admiral, first, for persuading the young

King to take the government into his own hands; secondly, for fortifying the castle of Holt with yeomen and others, so that he was able to bring a thousand men into the field; thirdly, his confederacy with Sharrington who had put the Mint at Bristol into the Admiral's hands, with vast sums of money, to enable him to carry on his treasonable practices; fourthly, his courtship of the Lady Elisabeth, daughter to the late King; and, lastly, his collusion with pirates and making himself master of the Scilly Islands, &c.

Such were the charges brought against him, and though the Duke of Somerset did not vote for his brother's attainder, yet he signed the warrant for his execution, and the Admiral was beheaded on Tower-hill.

At this time the Duke of Somerset was about to build himself a palace; and he fixed on a spot of ground in the Strand, where stood a parish Church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and three Bishop's houses, viz. Worcester, Litchfield and Llandaff, all which he took possession of. Having cleared the place, he yet found more materials would be wanting for the fabric, than those demolished churches and houses. He therefore, resolved to pull down St. Margaret's Church at Westminster and a particular portion of the abbey. But the workmen were interrupted by an insurrection among the multitude. There were some buildings, therefore, such as a cloister and a charnel house about St. Paul's, these he had pulled down, and left the bones to be buried in the fields; but these materials not being found sufficient, he took down the steeple and a great part of the beautiful Church of St. John of Jerusalem near Smithfield; and such were the materials with which Somerset House was formerly built.

This was foundation sufficient for public clamour, and the protector sunk in the estimation of the people. A rebellion took place in the western counties, and even the old nobility began to hold the Duke in contempt: this damped his vigour in punishing the malecontents, and he published a proclamation, granting them pardon, if they would submit to Lord Russel, whom he had sent to quell the insurrection: this conduct only added to the disgust of the old nobility. A battle took place with the rebels, in which they were totally defeated, and the ringleaders died upon gibbets.

The suppression of those rebels was effected by some noblemen, who disliked the protector; who, through a consciousness of his own integrity, and what the people suffered from the oppression of the landholders, gave (by his lenient conduct towards them) a handle to his enemies. The King was then at Hampton Court, and the Earl of Warwick finding every thing ripe for the execution of his plan, assembled the Lords of the faction in London; and even harangued the people in the street, loading the Duke of Somerset with abuse.

The public charges against him were, that he had sold Boulogne to the French, and put his own brother to death: the duke saw his ruin was resolved on; he found a coldness among his best friends, and finding himself destitute of support, he was advised, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Paget, his two most faithful friends, to submit. Atrocious charges were laid against him, but, in spite of the arts and power of the Earl of Warwick, no one could be brought to pronounce him guilty of high treason: yet neither the Archbishop nor other of his few devoted friends made any struggle in his favor. A committee of four spiritual, and four temporal lords were sent to examine him

in the tower, but were not to extort from him confession, by either force or fear. The Duke retained but a very small share of King Edward's affections; and to avoid plunging the nation in a civil war, his Grace found it better to yield to his fate, with prudence and moderation.

But the Duke felt himself truly obnoxious to the popish party, and particularly to the Princess Mary, who took every opportunity of mortifying him: his zeal had ever been great for the reformation, and the Princess could not forget the difficulties he had imposed upon her, when he was protector.

He was, however, partially restored to the King's favor; but Edward had an ill opinion of the Duke's dependants; the remembrance of his uncle's former confession startled his Majesty, and the Duke of Northumberland plied him so strongly with suspicions against the Duke, that orders were given for his being arrested, and brought to trial; he was found guilty, and sentence past upon him that he should be hanged as a felon: this was changed into decapitation, which, accordingly, took place on Tower Hill, the Duke behaving with the most decent submission.

He was unfortunate in his second marriage, the pride and ambition of his Duchess having, it is thought, been the means of bringing him to his untimely end: by this lady he had three sons and six daughters: his sons were, Edward Seymour, who died an infant. His second son, Edward Seymour, by courtesy, Earl of Hertford, during the life-time of his father; and who, by patent, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was created Baron Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford; and had not his conduct drawn on him the Queen's resentment, he would, most probably, have been made Duke of Somerset; but he married privately Lady Catharine Grey, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, by his wife Frances, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII, of England. This lady was not only nearly related to Queen Elizabeth, but younger sister, likewise, to Lady Jane Grey, and had the same pretensions to royalty as the Queen; who, naturally incensed at this alliance, was still more so, as Lady Catharine avowing her pregnancy, and thereby, adding to the number of rivals for the English scepter. The noble pair were immediately ordered to the Tower, with especial command to the lieutenant, that they should not see each other. Lady Catharine was soon after delivered of a son, which increased the fears of Elizabeth. Edward was then lieutenant of the Tower, a humane man, kind to the young couple, as much as he could, consistently with his own safety, in frequent interviews. The consequence was the birth of a second son.

The Earl of Hertford was brought to trial, sentenced to a fine of five thousand pounds, and recommended to prison. His lady was continued a prisoner, and died such, on the 20th of January, 1567. His lordship, who was set at liberty, after nine years imprisonment, in 1569, married a second time, and after that a third wife, the former was Frances, daughter of William Lord Howard of Effingham, who died on the 14th of May, 1594, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His third wife was Frances, daughter of Thomas Howard of Bladen, and relict of Henry Parnell, Viscount of London, who survived him, and married a third time, Edward Stuart, Duke of Lennox and Richmond. This Duke bore no title to his lordship, who died at an advanced age on the 6th of April, 1621, and was buried in Westminster Cathedral.

His lordship, by Lady Catharine Grey, had three sons, the second of which, Edward Seymour, married Honora, daughter of Sir Richard Rogers of Brainston, in Dorsetshire. By this lady he was father of three sons and three daughters. The second son was William Seymour, afterwards the second Duke of Somerset.

On the death of his grand-father he succeeded to the earldom of Hertford. And on the restoration of Charles II, he met his Majesty at Dover, on the 26th of May, 1660, and was, on the 13th of September following, restored to the title of Duke of Somerset, being then upwards of seventy years of age, he survived these honors only seven weeks.

The first marriage of the duke, when Earl of Hertford, was with Arabella, a grand-daughter to the Earl of Lenox; being related to the King, this marriage without his Majesty's consent gave great offence; and the unhappy lady died a prisoner in the Tower, without issue. His second wife was Frances, daughter to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by whom he had five sons and four daughters. The two eldest sons died unmarried, and the third, Henry Seymour, commonly called Marquis of Hertford, died in the life-time of his father, aged twenty-eight, in 1556. He married Mary, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel of Hadham, by whom he had issue William, the third Duke of Somerset, and three daughters. This Duke was born in 1551, and died at Worcester House in the Strand, under age, and was succeeded in the dukedom by his uncle John, the fourth duke; who married Sarah, daughter of Sir Edward Alston. His Grace died without issue, three years and a half after his succession. For want of male issue in William, the third Duke of Somerset, the title reverted to Francis, who became fifth Duke, and who was grand-son to Francis Seymour, the third grand-son of Edward, Earl of Hertford, and next brother to William, the second Duke.

This Francis Seymour, was, on the 19th of June, 1640, advanced to the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Baron Seymour of Troubridge. He married two wives, first Frances, daughter of Sir Gilbert Prynne of Allington, in Wiltshire; his second was Catharine, daughter of Sir Robert Lee of Billesley, Warwickshire. His lordship died on the 12th of July, 1664, and left one son and one daughter, Charles and Frances: the latter married Sir William Ducie of Petworth, in Gloucestershire; created afterwards Viscount Down, in Ireland.

Charles succeeded his father in the barony, but died the following year; he also had been twice married. By his first wife he had one son and two daughters; by his second, two daughters and five sons; the two youngest, Francis and Charles, were successively Dukes of Somerset.

Francis, in his tour of Italy fell in company with some French gentlemen at Levice, in the Genoese Territory. Indulging in the levity of youth, they behaved with great indelicacy to some ladies of a noble family, in a church of the Augustines, whither they went in a frolic; and Horatio Botti, the husband of one of the ladies that had been affronted, shot the Duke dead at the door of his inn, on the 20th of April, 1678. It was in vain that Lord Allington, his Grace's uncle, demanded of the republic of Genoa satisfaction for the death of so illustrious a character; the assassin had fled; and the only satisfaction they could give the King of England for the loss of so great a subject, was to hang the murderer in chains!

Charles the sixth Duke of Somerset, was twice married; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Jocelyn Percy, the last

Earl of Northumberland; by whom he had three sons and four daughters. The eldest Algernon Seymour, became Duke of Somerset; the second duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea, by whom he had two daughters.

Notwithstanding his attachment to James II, he could not bear to see the bigotry of the King in danger of overthrowing the protestant religion; and, therefore, joined in the invitation for the Prince of Orange. On the accession of Anne, he was appointed Master of the Horse; and on the 16th of January, 1710, the Duchess of Somerset was appointed mistress of the robes, in the room of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The Duke, by professing himself of no party, was rather disliked by the politicians of the day; but was, however, allowed to enjoy the favor of his Sovereign unmolested: but, firmly attached to the protestant succession of the house of Brunswick, he was accused of private correspondence with the Elector, and misrepresented to the Queen; upon which a shyness took place on her part, that ceased not till her death. After her Majesty's demise, the Elector named the Duke of Somerset second on his list, of seven great officers in the realm; and pursuant to this appointment, his Grace was the great cause of promoting quiet and conciliation between the contending parties. The Duke was continued in the privy council in the reign of George II, but accepted neither place nor office during the remainder of his life; which ended on the 2nd of December, 1748. A fine marble statue of his grace, done by Rysbrack, at the expense of his daughters, by his second marriage, (the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Guernsey, afterwards Countess of Aylesford) was placed in the senate house of the University of Cambridge, in 1756.

His only surviving son, Algernon, was the seventh Duke of Somerset; he married Frances, the grand-daughter of Viscount Weymouth, by whom he had a son, who died in the life-time of his father, and for want of issue male, the title devolved upon Edward Seymour, Baronet, the seventh in lineal descent from Edward, first Duke of Somerset. He married, in the year 1716, Mary, the daughter of Daniel Webb, Esq. by her he had issue four sons and one daughter; his eldest son was ninth Duke of Somerset, and was born on the 2nd of January, 1718. His grace was principal supporter to the Duke of Cumberland in the funeral procession of George II, and at the coronation of George III, he carried the orb, as his noble predecessors had done on such occasions.

This nobleman died unmarried and was succeeded by his brother, Webb, the tenth duke; he married November 11th, 1769, with Mary-Anne, daughter of John Burnell, Esq. and by her had four sons, the two eldest both died young. His Grace died December 15th, 1793, and was succeeded by his son Edward Adolphus, the present Duke. On the 24th of June 1800, his Grace married Charlotte, second daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and has issue, Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour, and other children. His apparent, Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour, the Duke's eldest son.

The motto of this noble family is, *Foy pour Devoir*.—Faith for my Duty.

PEGASUS AND THE POETS,

OR A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN THE 70° N. LATITUDE.

THE peculiar felicity of naturalists, is that they can discern ten thousand attractive charms in objects which the common race of men are foolishly enough given to consider as totally devoid of interest. The delicate limb of a flea, a fly's proboscis, or the tip of a gnat's wing, have frequently been known to throw them into the most extravagant raptures, and an old bone, or piece of rusty iron, found some fathoms deep in the earth, forms their *ne plus ultra* of happiness, (and instantaneously sets them dreaming, of antediluvian elephants, or Roman pikes. To these meritorious gentlemen, then, if to no other class of mortals, the following relation, warranted as a fact, cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting, and to them especially do we address ourselves.

By a vessel lately arrived from the pleasant seas of the north we have received information that a sudden thaw of the ice in 70° n. has given to view the skeleton of a very curious animal, which must have been long buried in the frozen mass. It was discovered by several philosophical travellers who were taking a charming and edifying trip over the bosom of the congealed waters. A shout of joy immediately arose from the highly-delighted perambulators as they viewed this marvellous phenomenon, and an interesting dispute commenced as to what animal these strange remnants could possibly have belonged to. One gave his opinion that the bones (and those of the tail more especially), were once made use of by a Mammoth, another dubbed this idea as erroneous, and declared the ribs and vertebræ could be no other than those of a very large sized bear, whilst a third differed from his companions, and ably endeavoured to convince them the skeleton was that of one of the hogs that were kindly boxed up by Noah in his ark. Just as these three learned men were in the very centre of their argument, unfortunately for all, another suddenly cast his eyes upon a bony fragment which evidently appertained to that useful article a wing. "A wing!" cried the trio in chorus. "A wing," echoed their fellow-travellers, and all the air repeated "a wing! a wing!" Their current of ideas was now entirely changed, and quitting plain reason, they jumped head over heels into the regions of fable. One thought they had alighted on the mortal remains of a griffin; a second declared they were those of a hippogriff, and a third talked of nothing but the horses of the sun; when a fourth, wiser than his brethren, thus intrusively addressed them: "'Tis neither Devil, griffin, hippogriff nor the charger of the sun, but Pegasus, in my humble opinion. Are there not evident indications in his very bones of the fatal effects of being overridden? is not every limb covered with bruises? and his left leg broken? 'tis Pegasus, by the souls of the Poets, I swear, 'tis Pegasus and only Pegasus!"

There is nothing in this world like decision. The speaker's impetuosity overawed his opponents, and at length one and all agreed that the reliques of the sacred and long-lost speed, whose foot struck Hippocrene out of Helicon, were marvellously brought to light. They therefore carefully collected the precious fragments, and are hourly expected to arrive in this country with the hallowed and inestimable charge.

In the night of that day, on which this most extraordinary intelligence reached our ears, we naturally enough dreamt of the subject thus uppermost in our mind, and as

" Dulce est desipere in loco,"

we will here venture to relate the tenor of our vision.

Fancy carried us to the northern latitude of 70 degrees, where we stood on a high tower of ice, and saw the newly-discovered skeleton of the charger of the Muses Muse lying at some distance on the plain below. Our feelings of veneration may be more easily imagined than described, and they were increased tenfold when we saw the honored bones encircled by a crowd of illustrious Poets, all of whom wept most bitterly at the woful object beneath their eyes, and fell on their knees and kissed the adored reliques with the utmost devotion. Whilst they were busily engaged in this pious office, we beheld a snarling, queer-faced personage, advance towards them, who took a little man from their number, and began belabouring him most unmercifully: upon this, the insulted called for a ring, which was instantly formed, and the bard (whom we soon recognised as Horace) speedily gave the intruder a sound drubbing, and the disappointed Scaliger (for he it was, worthy man!) took to his heels with all expedition, amid the hootings and execrations of the whole poetical crowd. Master Flaccus, in the mean time, was laughing most heartily at three or four droll-made fellows, who were sitting round a table and employed in criticising his work, *ab incepto, ad medium*; at length the satirist whispered to several of his friends, and they, with one accord, attacked the peaceful and well-meaning critics and laid them sprawling upon the ice; whilst the first circle of Poets were engaged in this scene of mischief, the scattered limbs of Pegasus became surrounded by a concourse of versifiers widely different from the former. In this new host of devotees we observed several worthies that were well known to us; one of whom, a cross-eyed man with a counsellor's wig, was complaining that his publishers had been ten years in bringing forward a volume of sonnets from his pen; in consequence of the illegibility of the manuscript, and another, who looked very like a quaker, prated of nothing else but his own verses. These poetical annoyers of the public, at length began to dispute among themselves for the right of precedence in getting astride the rotten back-bone

of Pegasus, which as fast as one mounted he was knocked off by another, that other by a third, and so on in succession, until they were unexpectedly attacked on all sides by those whose place they had usurped and who had left their other enemies, the critics, humbly kissing the ice; the intruders were already suing for mercy, when the sprawlers suddenly arose, and rallied their almost vanquished bands, which, however, were soon beaten off the ground, notwithstanding this welcome reinforcement; each of them now made ample use of his feet, when suddenly the ice opened beneath them and critics and poetasters were all buried in the chasm together; whilst the original possessors of the field sang a song of triumph and resumed their former station round the shattered frame of their once winged and favorite steed.

Here we awoke and found all to have been a confused dream, except as far as regarded the remains of Pegasus, which, as we at first stated, have been happily discovered in latitude 70 degrees north.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A translation from the French.

Born with the fair, ethereal spring;
With the sweet bloom of roses dying;
And, underneath the Zephyr's wing,
In the pure air delighted flying;
And, hanging on new flowerets bright,
Made drunk with fragrancy and light;
Or, shaking its young wings on high,
Borne, like the breeze, along the sky,
In varying maze incessantly:—
Such the gay Butterfly's rare life:—
Image of thoughts to whose wild strife
No moment of repose is given;—
And, glancing o'er each sweet around,
Unsatisfied, it quits the ground,
And hies to seek for bliss in heaven!

Th. W.

PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF THE HOWARDS.

THE GENEALOGICAL ACCOUNT OF WHICH IS RECORDED IN OUR TWO LAST NUMBERS.

By the will of the first Duchess of Norfolk, who departed this life in 1494, we find, that she ordered her body to be buried in the choir of the church of our Lady, in Stoke-Neyland, exactly before her image, on the side of the high altar; and that immediately after her decease, her executors were to find three priests to say three hundred masses and three dirges for her soul, within seven or ten days after her decease. Likewise to find, if it might be, two virtuous priests, to sing in the church of Stoke, for three years, for her soul, the souls of her husband, John Norreis, Esq., Nicolas Wyford, and all others to whom she was beholden.

To repairing the church of Stoke, she left five marks; and to the guild of St. John, in Stoke, twenty shillings, to keep her obit, and pray for her; and twenty six shillings and eight pence, to the house of St. John of Colchester; the like sums to the Nuns of Broseyard, and friars of Clare; twenty shillings, to the house of St. Botolph, and the like sum to the Grey Friars, and the friars of Sudbury, who were every one of them to keep her obit, and pray for her. She bequeathed to her daughter lady Berners, and her husband, all her household goods, except plate; as also what belonged to her chapel, with the chalice, but that they should have of her plate, two great pots of silver, two flaggons, and six great bowls with covers. She constituted Edmund Daniel, Esq. Thomas Swayne, vicar of the church of Stoke, Newland, her executors; and her Lord, and son in law, the Earl of Surry, supervisors.

CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELISABETH.

It seems a very extraordinary thing, that Leicester and Pembroke should have encouraged the projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Queen of Scots; the two former noblemen being protestants, in high favour with Elisabeth, the one Lord keeper, the other secretary of state: "Such was however, undoubtedly the case, as we have it under the authority of the Talbot papers, in letters written to and from that noble family, during the precise time; and Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, being likely to know much, as he was keeper of the unfortunate Mary. There is no saying how far the politic craft of Elisabeth could carry her; for Leicester, we verily believe, betrayed the Duke to accomplish her purposes against Mary. Cecil the father of the, then, Lord Burleigh, declared that his cousin Cecil was the Queen's "*darling*," and that he was the cause of the Duke of Norfolk's imprisonment in the Tower; Marsham, one of the conspirators at that time, declared that Lord Leicester had two children by Queen Elisabeth; for which Marsham was condemned to lose both his ears, but was excused on paying one hundred pounds. Chipline, another, said also, that he hoped to see the Duke of Norfolk King, before the next Michaelmas; but when he was called on for an explanation, he said, he meant *King of Scotland*, not England. Fresh accusations of conspiracy were brought against the unfortunate Duke; unhappy wretches, supposed to be his assistants, were cruelly tortured, to make them confess, and, in such cases, men in agony, may be brought to confess any thing. Lord Burleigh asserted that the Duke had sent large sums of money to Scotland, and that he corresponded with Mary in cipher: Mary wrote to Elisabeth, intreating her mercy; but the jealous Elisabeth was only more incensed against her, imagining that the

wretched Queen of Scots was leagued with Norfolk, in some desperate attempt: letters, in cipher, between the unhappy victims were found, and the measures taken against them became more severe; for the Duke of Norfolk confessed the letters, and the Scottish Queen gave up the *Alphabet of cypher*.

The dark and cruel policy of Elisabeth is sufficiently seen in this projected marriage. The artful and unfeeling Leicester was privy to all the plans of the Duke of Norfolk, from the beginning, and had premised to lay them before Elisabeth, and to use his interest to obtain her consent to the marriage. He delayed it, till the Queen pretended, herself, to discover the affair, and so gave the name of a plot to what had been openly spoken of among the courtiers; whereupon, the Duke retired into the country, and Leicester was sharply reprimanded; though there is little doubt but that he acted by her express direction. The Queen of Scots had been imprisoned under slight pretences; the Princess of Europe, with a large party of her own subjects, were making loud remonstrances; and it became requisite to criminate the ill-fated Mary by new charges. The plan, therefore, was suffered to ripen till the Queen of Scots had disclosed a body of evidence against herself, sufficient to justify the increased rigor, wherewith she was from that time treated.

The Duke of Norfolk, at length, fell a victim to the openness of his heart, and his own unsuspecting disposition; as we have related in the genealogy of his noble family.

MY MAIDEN AUNT.

"Multi illam petiere: illa aversata petentes,
"Impatiens expersque viri, * * *
"Nec quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sint connubia curat".

ONE would really suppose that the wicked master Naso, when he wrote these lines, must have cast a sort of prophetic eye towards a mortal of the present century, and that mortal could have been no other than my Maiden Aunt, Ruth Higgins, of elastic memory; for they describe her disposition and fortunes with all imaginable nicety. Many were the lips that dared to put to her the most awkward question which by male can be addressed to female; many were the fatal negatives she uttered in reply; and many, oh! many were the hearts that grieved in silence at her unrelenting and stony disposition. It will hardly be credited, that a fair one devoid of all those softer passions which are considered as the peculiar characteristics of the sex, should have the least touch of romance in her nature; but thus it was with my Aunt Ruth from infancy upwards: in the hey-day of life she was extremely prone to wander forth in solitary rambles, either amongst the woods, or along the coast; she was passionately fond of the sea, and frequently

observed that it gave her *grand* ideas: once and once only, I had the curiosity to ask what these "*grand ideas*" were? To which she merely replied by a look of ineffable contempt, and from that moment entertained a dislike towards me, which was afterwards increased to absolute disgust, by an occurrence now soon to be mentioned. This romantic part of my kinswoman's character continued to the hour of death, and in her 77th year she would frequently delight to have three or four novels in hand at a time. One may easily suppose that, however full the worthy creature's mind was of romance, there was a tolerably roomy nook left in it for the residence of superstition; and this, in truth, was the case, for almost numberless were the legends of supernatural appearances to which my fanciful relative gave implicit credence: the most remarkable of which, and the only one I can distinctly remember, was that of the ghost of a lawyer being nightly seen astride on the back of the weathercock of a village steeple, a most emblematical situation for the honest spectre, it must needs be confessed!—Those were not all the peculiarities that found place in the character of the eccentric Miss Higgins, of which, as prominent a one as any, was that of her making it an invariable rule to appear unlike every body else. In summer, when her neighbours were brightening in light and airy garments, she was wont to assume all the vestments of winter; and whilst every other female in the parish stepped forth enveloped by dippets, muffs, and furred pelisses, the fair Ruth Higgins always appeared in a white dress, that might reasonably have been taken for woven goose-moss. If a certain person loaded her neat apparel; in an hour afterwards she was to be seen bedizened in all the colors of the rainbow; or if, on the contrary, her garments were at any time commended for their castliness, *hohes-pokas!* and this camelion of a woman walked abroad, a perfect specimen of the "*simplex munditiis*." Was the delicate whiteness of her complexion praised? a moment, and she blushed with all the honors of rouge. Did any one admire the healthy hue of her cheeks? magic! in the glance of an eagle, they looked pale, as the palest of white-washed ceilings! Such was the being, whose mortal displeasure I was about thus to incur.

Whilst on a temporary visit to the lady in question, I used chiefly to employ my time in painting.

One day I left her musing within the shady retreat of a summer-house, and proceeded to the palace with the design of putting a final touch to a flower-piece, that had cost me much time and patience in the execution. Having made due preparation of colors, brushes and other necessary apparatus, I seated myself at the table, on which was placed a most beautiful china inkstand, greatly valued by my Aunt, as being the gift of a cousin

of hers from the first degree of consinskip, nineteen times removed: it was replete with appropriate fluid and (*miserable dictu!*) stood hard by the almost-finished and glowing work of my hands, on which I now began to exert my skill; I had just given it the last graceful stroke, when, attracted by a piece of down that had entered at the open window and alighted upon the table, up jumped from its seat, on a chair beside me, my tasteless Aunt's favorite little kitten, and instantaneously half the black contents of the china inkstand was flowing over the beauty of my imitative flowers. In a moment fell my open hand upon the kitten, and drove it to the very farthest end of the room; then, with unrelenting wrath, I snatched up the fallen inkstand, and hurled it with might and main at the wandering animal. Seldom was I known to mistake my aim in the use of any missile weapon, and fatally for the feline criminal, the present instance formed no exception to the wonted exactness of my projecting powers, for the stand struck precisely upon its whiskers, and prone lay the kitten, having to all appearance quitted this mortal life; the valued piece of china became ten thousand pieces, and table, chairs, carpet, wall, ceiling, windows, and window curtains were woefully bespattered by the unfortunate liquid it had contained. In the midst of this horrible confusion, and at the moment of my taking the laudable resolution, of decamping with all expedition, to avoid the effects of my Aunt's displeasure, which I well knew would be truly dreadful, who should enter at the parlor door, but the studious lady herself, with the seventh volume of an interesting novel in her hand. She closed it—I trembled with apprehension—she glanced first on me, then about the room, gave a sort of despairing shriek, and with the strength of an amazon, dashed the book at my guilty head, which I avoided by a dexterous movement, and smash went two very fine panes of first rate glass: this additional misfortune, together with the fury apparent in the demeanour of my romantic Aunt, (who seemed more like Atë than plain Ruth Higgins,) really well-nigh frightened me out of my senses, and certainly out of doors, for off I went like a shot, and never stopped till far out of the reach of my enraged hostess.

Months, it may well be guessed, elapsed before I again dared to encounter the injured Ruth:—I met her at the entrance of the village church yard and respectfully put myself in a fit attitude to address her as become me, sinner indeed, as I was! She flew back as though she had seen the weather-cock ghost then, resuming her dignified composure, moved forward, turning on me an eye of scorn, and pointing as she past to a neighbouring grave, as much as to say "*Wretch! would to heaven thou wast dead and buried!*" But to this present hour, I am neither the one, nor the other, having

lived to relate this history of my loving kinswoman, and to assure my readers that, far from ever entertaining any resentment at the unrelenting hatred she so long displayed for her affectionate nephew, the sentiments of esteem and respect which he held towards her, not only lasted to the day of her death, but even subsequently to that melancholy event, and after she was safely reposing beneath the elms and yews of the parish burying ground, he still cherished her memory, and in her honor, raised an additional tombstone, causing thereon to be engraved the following lines, borrowed from a well known poet and altered on purpose for the occasion :

" Beneath these rugged elms, this yew tree's shade,
 " Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 " Within her narrow cell for ever laid,
 " Ruth Higgins, the much-honored maid, doth sleep!"

TO A WITHERED FLOWER.

Sweet flow'r! that on thy native stem
 Once shone the garden's purest gem,
 Array'd in April dew;
 Thy charms were stolen by hand as fair
 As ever deck'd a maiden's hair,
 Or o'er the wild harp flew.

And the fair hand that gaily drew
 Thy beauty from the envying crew
 Of sister blossoms round,
 Placed thee within as soft a shrine,
 As ever honor'd sweets, like thine,
 Fresh-gather'd from the ground.

Sweet flow'r! I tore thee from thy rest
 Upon my own love's heaving breast,
 But pited as I tore;
 And when in joy I lay my head
 Upon thy lot and lovely bed,
 That pity grew the more.

That hour is past and now to death
 Hath yielded all thy fragrant breath,
 Thou fair and vernal flower!
 But tho' thy leaves in ruin lie,
 Oh, never will the memory die
 Of that impassion'd hour.

T.

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.

THE Order of the Bath was so called from the custom of the knights bathing before they were created; and was first instituted at the coronation of Henry IV, 1339; when he made forty-six knights who were bathed in the tower; and since that time it has been customary for Kings and Queens to create knights at their coronations, marriages, births of princes, and other public rejoicings. George I, re-established the Knights of the Bath, and erected it into a regular military order for ever.

The person, while receiving this honor, kneels

before the King, who, after knighting him, puts a red ribbon over his right shoulder, and across his breast and back, under his left arm, depending from which is the badge or symbol of the order, a sceptre, rose, thistles and shamrock, and three imperial crowns, conjoined in a circle, all of pure gold, and on the circle is this motto, "*Tria juncta in uno*." And while the said knight is kneeling, Garter, king-of-arms, administers the oath; which differs but little from that of the other orders of knighthood.

The number of Knights of the Bath is always at the pleasure of the Sovereign.

The collar is of gold, and is composed of nine imperial crowns, and eight roses, thistle and shamrock, issuing from a sceptre; all the flowers and foliage being enamelled in their proper colours; and these are tied or linked together by seventeen gold knots, enamelled with white, from whence depends the badge of the order. The star consists of three imperial crowns of gold, surrounded by the motto, upon a circle of red, with rays of silver issuing from the centre, forming a star; and this is embroidered on the left side of the upper garment. No knight elect can wear either the collar or the star, before his installation, unless he has a letter of dispensation from his Sovereign; and this is always granted when the knight elect is sent on foreign service.

LADY OLIVIA D * * * * OR. GALLO-MANIA.

WE have often heard the French people deplore the prevalence, and pernicious influence of the anglo-mania among their young countrymen; and we do not blame them: every nation in Europe has a certain tone that best becomes it; and when a Frenchman or a Spaniard wishes to be taken for an Englishman, he gives only a caricature of the people he tries to copy; while an English person, of either sex, by endeavouring to ape the French manners, becomes a being yet more ridiculous.

French ladies no longer spread a shining rouge over their faces, rendering it as conspicuous as possible, to distinguish them from the vulgar herd; but refined adepts in the art of coquetry, which seems almost exclusively to belong to them, they laugh at the naturally modest Englishwoman, in her awkward efforts to copy them; for an Englishwoman attempting to adopt the French system of coquetry, becomes unamiable.

Lady Olivia E— was the only daughter of the Earl of * * * *, his lordship's health was rather in a declining state, and a temporary abode on the continent for its recovery, gave him a habit of returning thither every spring, from which habit a longer, and almost continual sojournment in France, began to be requisite to his existence.

Here his daughter Olivia arrived at that state of adolescence, when the mind, like ductile wax, takes

easily the impression of the figures presented to it: Lady Olivia, therefore, was crazy after every thing French; while her fantastical manners made her the constant theme of *perruques* among those beings she was so ambitious of imitating.

There is that aplomb in imitation, that it is almost sure of seizing absurdities, instead of assimilating with what is elegant or praise-worthy. Lady Olivia E. took every possible pains to be thought a French girl, when she had, if we may be allowed the term, the most provoking *John Bullism*, imaginable, in her countenance: every turn of feature was so completely english, that, in spite of her *blouses*, her sleeves en *gigot*, her *bolivar hats*, and her head-dresses à l'*Épouse*, or à la *neige*, her native country was still indelibly stamped on her countenance; while a firm and decided gait, peculiar to English ladies, spoke the nation to which she belonged.

In vain she tried to imitate the quick little steps, and *wegging kind of motion* observed by the French ladies; while her English pronunciation of their language, with her frequent mistakes, rendered her a perfect caricature. If she took a short excursion into the country, with her father, she heard the French peasantry call out to each other, "*Jenny ! v'la une Anglaise !*" Now, though Lady Olivia found good French rather difficult to understand, it was totally impossible for her to comprehend the jargon of the country people, which few but a native can be acquainted with: yet, in the above sentence, she could not be mistaken of their intent to ridicule her, and she felt herself cruelly mortified; yet, this instead of causing her to see her folly, only rendered her more ardent in her endeavours to attain all the graces of a French belle.

Such were Lady Olivia's defects; but her face was pretty, and her figure good, so much candour seemed seated on her English visage, her round kind of features gave to it such a character of good nature, that, in itself, it was sure of pleasing; but it had no expression of coquetry, no voluptuousness, so, that when she tried to put these on, she became only a subject for laughter.

The French ladies are not remarkable for having small mouths; and a certain beautiful lady, now well known in the higher gallic circles of fashion, has a mouth, (though furnished with two fine rows of pearls), very wide: the infatuated Olivia, therefore, tried all she could to widen the little rosy, full lips she had been endowed with by the goddess of beauty, and became charming sport to the lovers of quizzing, for they abound in all countries. Lady Olivia had dark gray eyes, where there is mischief, there are no eyes more expressive, nor, indeed, more beautiful: the eyes of the lovely Mary of Scotland were of this colour: peerless woman! victim of woman's envy! Lady Olivia's were tolerably well set, but rather round, quite english, could

not be put to school, nor be able to express any thing and every thing, if the mind had no share. Lady Olivia had turned them up, and turned them down, wafted the balls from one corner of the sockets to the other, till her father began to have some apprehension she would squint, if good care was not taken to prevent it.

During these events, so important to Lady Olivia, who fancied herself improving every day, a young man, of the name of D— arrived from England, on a pleasurable excursion to Paris. He was of an ancient and honorable family, and to this their descendant had lately fallen into immense wealth, through the means of Lady Olivia's father; his lordship having exerted himself to forward his fortune in the world, had also, by his earnest persuasions, caused a rich kinsman to bequeath to him all he was worth. The chief motive, therefore for young D—'s visiting the capital of France, was to see his benefactor, and, if he liked the daughter, which he had no doubt but he should, he would endeavour to repay, in part, what he owed to the architect of his fortune, by taking the lady to wife; for the earl was not rich.

D— was much pleased with the candid and open countenance of Lady Olivia; how different, thought he, to the artificial beings, that cross my path, wherever I go! D— reckoned like a young man, and saw not the follies of the young Lady, before he had suffered himself to fall in love, at first sight; and, with an impetuosity, that made a part of his character, he laid before the earl those proposals which were gladly accepted, for he loved the suitor, whose father had long been his bosom friend.

Lady Olivia liked him, very well, nothing more; all her passions were absorbed in the Gallo-Mania that possessed her. D— was, certainly, as he became more acquainted with her, very often sadly vexed; but had he been inclined not to fulfill his offers, he had gone too far to recede; and then, man reckons so much on his own ability! he thought, like Petruchio, he should, certainly, be able to conquer his Catharine: she was young and ductile. Alas! he had a more difficult task to perform than had Petruchio. Matrimony is a good tamer; but an untoward spirit is easier tamed by a lordly husband, than fantastical propensities. Lady Olivia by no means wished Mr. D. should recede from his proposals; if she did not absolutely love him, she loved no one else; and she discovered in him so much good nature, that she felt assured she should be enabled to persuade him to grant her all she wished for. She was to make England her chief residence; but what of that? She would astonish all her awkward countrywomen with her french elegance; and she was promised, while her father lived, to pass two months every year at Paris. This request the captivated D. regarded as proceeding from the fond affection of a daughter, and gladly promised to make it three months, nay,

even four, whenever she desired it, and the marriage was hastily concluded by a protestant priest; Lady Olivia decorated with orange flowers, the same as the french brides, and making her naturally bright eyes look as dull and sleepy, as possible, in order to give them a delicious languor, and modesty at the same time. (Frenchwomen! ye will know this picture, and find it like yourselves!)

The *happy pair*, to use the newspaper phrase, set off very soon after to England, as it happened then to be the height of the fashionable season in London.

Before the honey-moon was past, Lady Olivia had contrived to ease her husband of a large portion of his wealth: not one single article would she wear, not one ornament would she adorn herself with, that was not french; her clothes must all be made by french sempstresses and french dress-makers. Her fans must be of the most expensive kind, as was every trinket, and heaven knows she had many, which were all expressly sent her from Paris! not an english servant would she allow to come near her, the awkward brutes! and gentlemen at her toilet, in spite of all her husband's remonstrances, and threatenings, she would insist on receiving.

Before she had been married a twelvemonth, the inroads she had made in D's purse were terrific; he expostulated, but in vain; she had, unfortunately, become to him an object of indifference, almost of dislike; she repaid him "scorn with scorn:" but one day, as they were both yawning over a *l'été-à-l'été* desert, she sighed out, "O dear, delightful Paris! why was I not born a frenchwoman!"

"You will go to Paris, soon, my Lady, said her husband: the havoc you have made in my fortune will not allow me to keep pace with your fooleries in England. "Fooleries," echoed his wife, "*À la miséricorde!*"—"Yes, my Lady; and it is only my respect for your worthy father that prevents me from instantly separating from you, and leaving you free to follow the vent of your foolish inclinations. You are become a laughing-stock even to the people you so much admire: you speak french not half so well as a parrot would, and pronounce it still worse: you have distorted a countenance, naturally good, and made it look worse than that of a clown, grimacing in a pantomime. You have worst of all, laid aside that modesty, which is the true characteristic of an Englishwoman; and must have a french valet de chambre! How shocked was I, the other morning, when I entered your apartment, and found him lacing your stays! because, forsooth, he was less awkward than your *sow-breed*, as you pronounce the word *soubrette*."

"I was more shocked at your rudeness," said Lady Olivia, "at entering my dressing room, without first knocking at the door, as every polite french husband would have done!"—"What, Madam, is a husband to be excluded, where every

foreign puppy has free access?—"No, Sir, not free; they send up their names; I admit them, if it pleases me, but, sometimes, *J'ai un caprice.*"—"Silly young woman! How are you imposed upon! They come to pay their court, only to laugh at you: and then, how you are galled! your waiting maid is a *frenchwoman*, from *Jersey*! The dress-maker you employ, is no more Madame D— than I am; she keeps up the former name of the concern, but she is an english young woman, married to an englishman, and she is only imposing on the folly of her countrywomen."—"Then, sir," said Lady Olivia, in a rage, "it is you who put her on this imposition, to punish me."—"No, indeed; I should have recommended to you, both for your sake, and that of my own pocket, the Englishwoman of known taste, and real genius, but who scorns to resort to such subterfuge. However, my Lady, I am glad I have now an opportunity of speaking to you, with seriousness and resolution. While I have it in my power, I will use the residue of my late ample fortune in a genteel retirement in Switzerland; you have made me blush for myself in my own country. If you do not choose to accompany me, I will make you a sufficient allowance for all the requisites of life, but none for its follies. Your income, separate from me, will be but narrow, because you have put it out of my power to spare you much."

Lady Olivia burst into tears; they proceeded more from the deprivations she must endure, if separated from her husband, than from the separation itself; though we will do her the justice to say, she could not bear the idea of parting from him.

There was a time when her tears would have effected a great revolution in the determination of Mr. D—; at present he beheld them unmoved; and to her exclamation of "*À la Barbare!*" he rose in anger, and was about to leave the room; she begged him to stay, told him she would go with him where he pleased, and he, sullenly resumed his seat.

She had often heard it was very fashionable to visit Switzerland, and she said, in as conciliating a tone, as possible, "If we go to reside in Switzerland, shall we, occasionally, visit Paris?"—"Certainly, said D— while your father lives."

We will now bring this narrative of facts to a conclusion, by informing our readers, that Mr. D— began by dismissing his lady's valet de chambre, and making a reform that was attended with fits, sudden and alarming indispositions (as he was told) yet he was not to be moved: they repaired to Switzerland, and by every indulgence and tenderness, Mr. D— hoped to effect a change in his wife's disposition, and make her reconciled to a genteel, and easy habit of life; but every hour was counted that regarded their journey to Paris. D— was kind from duty; he no longer loved his wife, and she never forgave his tyranny, as she termed it. On a second

visit to Paris, an unprincipled frenchman, a known libertine, assured Lady Olivia, who was yet young and pretty, that she never would be regarded as a woman of *haut ton* in Paris, unless she encouraged a lover. A mind, like hers, naturally unfertile, and not well cultivated, was easily wrought upon to listen to these baleful suggestions: from obeying, implicitly, the dictates of folly, Lady Olivia soon became the victim of crime: a separation, in consequence, took place between her and her husband; and the aged father, unable to survive the disgrace, fell a sacrifice to his daughter's Gallo-Mania.

Variella.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE GILBERT, ESQ. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THIS work is so peculiarly interesting, that we make no apology for the long extracts we shall make from it. It is written in the deep tone of remorse and remembrance with which a man, after many years, would look back on the guilty and beautiful one, *his love led to the grave*. The following narrative closely resembles the well known life of Jane Shore.

"Yesterday as we were coming home from shooting, it was a very hot day, and we went to a farmhouse to make interest for a draught of home-brewed. Dallas proposed it, saying, as he pointed to a substantial cottage at a little distance, that he could not only promise me a mug of admirable ale,—but that he would shew me the prettiest country lass within ten miles. He had discovered them himself, he said, only a few days before, on a similar occasion,—and he had brought me this way, half on purpose, that he might prosecute his acquaintance with both.

"We approached the cottage slowly, and were partially concealed in our advance by the trees—the house standing at the extremity of the wood. As we drew nigh, I perceived a girl sitting, with her work, on the bench which is usually placed by the side of cottage doors. She was singing;—Dallas put his hand upon my arm to stop me, and said in a low voice: *There she is!*

"I had thus means to survey her leisurely—and I confess I was surprised. I had expected to see a blowsy country girl, with very red cheeks and still redder arms—whose beauty consisted in youth and freshness, and buxom make, and perhaps a bright pair of eyes. But this was a very different creature. Her form was certainly round and full,—and her cheek shone with a healthful bloom,—but she had none of the coarseness which is the usual concomitant of rustic beauty. I cannot quite say that the hand which plied the needle was the whitest I have seen—the long sleeve prevented my judging of the arm, but the glimpse of the neck which the crossed handkerchief permitted, betrayed a texture and a colour of skin which many a fine lady might envy as

she puts on her pearl-necklace, [*Per parvithæe*, nothing is so trying and just a criterion of the complexion as how it shews with pearls; and I strongly recommend no lady to wear them without the fullest certainty that they assimilate, instead of contrasting, with the skin on which they rest.] The pretty cottager seemed to possess this most delicate ingredient of female loveliness; and the fine relief which it furnished to the beautiful hair which was clustered (somewhat *artistement*, I thought) from beneath her cap, added greatly to that absence of all coarseness of appearance, of which I have spoken. Her voice, too, was not what we should expect in one of her degree; we began to fear we should be observed skulking behind the trees, so we advanced towards the vision which had been the object of our contemplation. She recognised Dallas—(Hang the fellow, I grudged him his prior acquaintance,)—and welcomed us both with a very pleasing and graceful modesty of manner. Real modesty it, in truth, seemed to be;—for, though certainly conscious of her beauty, and of its natural attraction to the eyes of two young men—to say nothing of D's dropping a gentle hint touching the early repetition of his accidental visit;—in despite, I say, of the gratified consciousness unavoidable in a girl's mind, from these causes,—her whole demeanour was marked by a quiet purity equally far from prudishness and affectation. We staid some time:—indeed, my companion seemed in no hurry to terminate his visit—so that I had full leisure to contemplate her. She is certainly exceedingly pretty—more than pretty. Her clear skin, mantling on the cheek with the young blood of health, and on the brow and neck transparently white—her brilliant hair—and her general contour of feature,—I had seen as she sat at the door. But now I observed the gracefulness of her form—her springy and elastic gait—and, still more, the beauty of her large eyes as they brightened into a smile, or sank bashfully down as she listened to what Dallas said to her. As I looked at them both, I thought to myself that it probably would be better for all parties if their fathers' houses were in rather less near neighbourhood.....

(The author then gives an account of his going to dinner at Dallas's country house at Richmond; and then proceeds):

"Three more friends of D's arrived one by one; and at last Susan came in. *She is a very different person from when I saw her last*. She was then a beautiful girl—she is now an exceedingly fine woman. She is, or seems to be, a little taller; her form is more fully developed, and her carriage freer and more under self-command. But, indeed if I had met her any were else, I might have been introduced to her as to Lady This, or Mrs. T'other,—and never dreamed of the pretty, modest, country girl whom I admired three years ago. Not that I at all mean to say that there is the least unso-

dearly in her manner or air—not the slightest;—but she is totally uncountrified—she has nothing left of that touch of the romantic in her appearance which she had when I last saw her. One might have chosen her then for the heroine of a romance, or of a pretty, soft, gentle, tale such as ——— would write, and ladies and lady-like gentlemen admire. But now she is very different. Dallas has spent a great deal of money, and taken infinite pains, for her education and improvement. Her manners are unconstrained and good; and her whole appearance in no way distinguishable from that of nine women out of ten whom you meet at a rout, except perhaps by a very suspicious superiority of beauty to almost every one of them.

“She sat at the head of the table at dinner; and did the honours as if she had never been accustomed to an humbler board, or simpler fare. I drank champagne with her—and thought of the bright frothing ale I had last pledged her in!—She was addressed as Mrs. Williams—an appellation concocted, I believe, from D.’s christian name;—and the guests, with the good taste and good feeling which I have more than once seen exercised on such occasions, paid her perhaps more delicate and respectful attention than if she had been possessed of all the immunities and honours of the place she occupied. Her own manners were, I have said, remarkably good—equally free from stiff and sensitive reserve on the one hand, and any thing approaching to levity on the other. Still there is always *something*—a certain conscious glance of the eye, if no more,—from which I have never seen any one placed in her unhappy situation totally free. I thought in particular that she did not feel quite easy when Dallas talked to me about going down to Kipplestone, in the autumn, to shoot.

“In the evening she sang, pleasingly enough, but to my mind not half so much so as when I heard her upon the bench at her cottage door. She accompanied herself by striking a few notes upon a splendid guitar, which was hung round her neck by a sky-blue scarf,—but it had not, in my eyes, half the effect of the work and the needle which had occupied her hands then. She looked very beautiful, certainly—for few things are more becoming to a woman than this—and if I had never seen her before I should have been much struck with her;—but there was something which appeared to me unreal and exotic in the whole business, so compared with the simple and natural peasant whom I remembered.”

One night, coming from the theatre, he recognised her:

“Never, no never, in my life, did I experience a more violent and sickening shock. Gracious heaven! and this was the creature whom I remembered in her young purity and lowliness—whom I had so often seen surrounded with all that luxury and

wealth could furnish for her pleasure,—at whose table, as I may call it, I had so often sat in the midst of troops of admiring and flattering friends,—whom I had left, not four years since, the adored, almost the idolized, object of affection to a man who was one of the most feeling, generous, and noble of created beings!

“I had striven, since my last return from abroad, to obtain some tidings of poor, poor Susan; but in vain. Dallas’s death was so sudden, that he left no will—so she sank at once from splendid wealth to absolute destitution; for his friends (no—his *relations*) would do nothing for one on whom they had always looked with dislike and fear. Would, oh would to God! that I had been here. She, who had been dear to Dallas, should not have been treated thus.

“All this passed across my mind in one instant,—as the poor wretch raised her face to the light, as she spoke. Heavens! what a face it was! her eyes were bleared and red at the edges, and the balls were glazed with recent drunkenness. She had, it is true, recovered her senses; but her eye still reeled, and her breast still reeked, with the effects of that poisonous debauchery. If there be, in the human shape, one object more revolting, degrading, and humiliating than another, it is that of a *drunken woman*!—and it was now presented to my eyes in the person of one whom I had known in all the delicacy of female youth—who had been the first and only love of my first and best friend. Her cheek was fallen and hollowed,—and an unwholesome, sodden, paleness, which overspread the lower part of it was made almost hideous by the contrast of a large blotch of coarse red paint which was plastered upon each cheekbone. Of her figure I could see nothing, for she was wrapped to the throat in a large shawl which fell over nearly her whole person, in folds in which grease, dirt, and dripping wet seemed to struggle for supremacy. I never beheld a more pitiable being!

“She was so much agitated by the sudden revulsion, both physical and mental, which she had undergone, that for some time I thought she would have fallen upon the pavement where we stood. She spoke with an agony almost amounting to incoherence, of what she had gone through—of her present condition. She told me that she was reduced to the lowest pitch of distress,—that (and I fully believe it to be true) she had not for the last six and thirty hours tasted any thing but gin! Good God! and this is the state to which we reduce those who lavish upon us their whole affection, who place in us their whole trust!

“It was some time before I could at all compose her; and then she wanted me to leave her to her fate—“to die,” as she said, sinking upon a cushion—“to die here!” At last, after considerable delay and difficulty, I procured a coach, and had her conveyed to my house. I instantly sent for

medical aid, and had a bed prepared for her. Mr. S. said that she had undergone so much, and was in so debilitated a condition of frame, that he could not yet say what hopes he could hold out of her ultimate recovery. This morning, I have had her removed to a lodging close to Mr. S's—who is really kind and active, as well as skilful. Poor, poor creature!

"It is not ten years since I saw this woman, beautiful, innocent, and happy—and, if it had not been for an almost incalculable chance, she would last night have perished in the streets!"

February 20.—"S. has just been with me to inform me of poor Susan's death."

A small volume of Miscellaneous Poems has just appeared, entitled "*Myrtle Leaves*" by T. W. Kelly. They are extremely playful and pretty, and worthy of being placed in the library of our highly accomplished readers; and, therefore, we unhesitatingly direct their attention to the work. It is dedicated to Chandos Leigh, Esq. a gentleman possessing a very refined taste, particularly for poetry. The following is a specimen of the style of the author.

WOMAN.

A WOMAN's love's the ruffled sea,
Her heart the rock it laves;
The shifting sands her constancy,
Her plighted vows the waves;
Her jealous doubt's the raging storm;
The vessel it has wreck'd
Her lover; his once favour'd form
With ruin'd hopes bedeck'd.

A Woman's reason's thistle-down,
Her vanity the air
Of words, which it is wafted on,
To wander here and there:
On ev'ry idle breath it flies,
But has no settled way,
And he, who on its aid relies,
Is surely led astray.

A Woman's virtue is a star
Which, in a wintry night
Shines brightly, but more coldly far,
And chills us with its light:
Too temperate for fierce desire,
Too chaste, too cold to win,
The tempting of a fiend 'twould tire,
To Heaven itself a-kin.

A Woman's tongue's a busy bee,
And scandal is the flow'r
On which it sips industriously,
And feeds each Summer hour:
Her mouth, her lovely mouth! completes
The well-wrought hive and home,
Her opening lips of richest sweets—
The sweetest honeycomb!

A woman's eyes, tho' bright and brisk,
And sweet beyond compare,

VOL. I.

Have glances like the Basilisk,
And glance but to ensnare:
Then if her love's possess'd, 'tis loss,
Her beauty brings but pain;
Her vanity will reason cross,
Her virtue's little gain.

Yet woman, she has all that's blest,
A magic to enthrall,
For nature form'd her as the best
And fairest work of all!
And oh! I will, while verse exhorts
Her name, where'er she be,
Love, worship her, with all her faults,
For woman still is she.

A very neat and useful volume has just been published by Messrs. Whittaker; it is called "*Beauties of the Dulwich Picture Gallery*." The professed object of the work is to be a useful and a pleasant companion to the visitors of the Dulwich Gallery, which contains more than three hundred and fifty pictures: to discover the tenth part of which would demand more time and study than a great majority of its visitors can afford to bestow. It is for this class of persons the work is intended. The author has shewn considerable skill in criticism; he appears to have a perfect knowledge of pictures. No person visiting the Dulwich Picture Gallery should be without the work.

Naval Battles by Sir Charles Ekins, Rear Admiral C. B. R. W. N. from 1744 to the Peace of 1814.

We were extremely glad to see a report of Naval tactics, taken up by one of its gallant professors, and a subject treated with such gentlemanly feeling and critical precision, as must be best understood by one who has gained his knowledge by hard and severe study. When we consider the nice intricacies of that wonderful machine, a ship of war, when we behold her from the first dip of her prow into the water as she majestically glides off the stocks amidst the suspended breathings of thousands of spectators, when we watch the progress of her fitting the ponderous masts and anchor hove on board, the cordage and sails attached thereto, when we see the yards manned and hear the heart inspiring sounds of cheering from the jolly crew, and finally when we see this grand object, this interest of a thousand hearts, in full swell upon the bosom of ocean, who can help giving himself up to an enthusiasm both overpowering and delightful.

Admiral Ekins' work appears to have for its object the nautical improvement of our young embryo heroes by instructing them in the various manoeuvres requisite for leading a ship into battle, and the errors which have arisen from want of foresight, or indecision in commanders, not destitute of personal courage.

The work of Admiral Ekins is written in three

K

parts, and illustrated by plates of the general actions that have been fought. As there is much uninteresting matter in these details, for readers unacquainted with maritime affairs, we will let the work speak for itself, by selecting a few of the many anecdotes, interspersed therein.

The imperfect state of our tactics, and the shy conduct of Vice-Admiral Lestock, in 1743, with the fate of Rear-Admiral Mathews, who gallantly performed an action which should have redounded to his honour, is interesting, as having operated very powerfully afterwards on the mind of the unfortunate Byng. Lestock behaved in a manner hard to be endured by a British tar, when his guns were cast loose for action. "The following short dialogue passed between Admiral Mathews and Captain Cornwall, immediately before the action, and sets in a clear light what they thought of the conduct of Lestock.

"Mathews was walking his stern gallery, when he was saluted by Captain Cornwall thus: Cornwall—'How do you do, Sir?' Admiral Mathews—'Do! I can do nothing; look at the Vice-Admiral!' Cornwall—'I have looked at him long with concern.' Mathews—'By G—, every one of these ships will get away from me!' Cornwall—'I think if you were to attack these here (meaning the Spaniards directly to leeward), you may stop them.' Mathews, Do you think so, and will you second me?' The Captain answering in the affirmative, they immediately bore down into action."

This was something similar to the exploit of Nelson in St. Vincent's engagement; but though Mathews "and his two seconds, with the Rear-Admiral, and gallant Mr. Hawke, in the Berwick, were almost the only persons who behaved in a becoming manner! yet, strange to tell, Mathews was disgraced for breaking his own line, or rather for setting a noble example to the fleet!!....

"Captain Cornwall had both his thighs shot off, and he had only life to express the agony he was in, by shaking his head at the surgeon below. He was the idol of the Navy, and a great ornament to it. He had been directed by the Admiral, immediately before he bore down, to attack the Real, in which he was determined either to conquer or die: this was his inflexible resolution, and he strictly adhered to it to his last gasp. Courage was far from being his only endowment; his genius and knowledge were equal to any task that could be set in his profession: few persons came up to him, and none surpassed him. Mr. Mathews passed the short remainder of his days in peaceable retirement, and died at last considered by most people as entitled to their honourable compassion; which is the tribute in degree next valuable to regret and public applause."

"On that important day, when Great Britain, single handed upon the ocean, first opposed herself

to the infuriated spirit of revolutionary France; Lord Howe, deeply impressed with the magnitude of the charge entrusted to him, zealous for his country's honour, and perhaps inwardly exulting in the prospect before him, could not conceal from the Master (the skillful Palinurus of the fleet) his great anxiety to penetrate the enemy's line in the very spot and manner previously determined on. Fearing that the ship of the French Commander-in-Chief and his second astern would not give him room to enter, he called the attention of the Master, Mr. (now commissioner) Bowen, to that object. The undaunted seaman replied, conning the ship from the poop-ladder into battle, 'Never fear, my Lord, we'll make room enough for ourselves presently!'

"His Majesty's ship, the Brunswick, was distinguished by a large figure-head of the Duke of that august house, proudly riding the waves, with his hand upon his sword, and a laced hat upon his head. This figure was in the heat of the battle (1st June) deprived of its hat by a cannon-ball. The crew of the Brunswick, not feeling satisfied that their great leader should continue uncovered in the face of his enemies, sent a deputation, in form, to the quarter-deck, to request that the Captain (John Harvey) would be pleased to order his servant to give them his laced cocked hat to supply the loss. The Captain, of course, immediately complied; and the hat, nailed upon the head of the figure, remained there the rest of the action!"

Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, by William Rae Wilson, F.A.S. 1 vol.

MR. Wilson carried with him on his travels that proper feeling of enthusiasm and spirit which enabled him to brave all the disagreeables an Englishman must expect to encounter, when exploring for curiosities in regions that are but demi-civilized; and where the climate presents such a variety of annoying and destructive insects and reptiles unknown to Europeans. Of Alexandria, as it is, Mr. Wilson thus speaks:

"Most of the inhabitants are in rags. Those who are occupied about the harbours are in a complete state of nudity. The number of females is not in proportion to that of males. They are miserable objects, having their faces covered with ragged clothes, and small holes for the eyes, a custom which is founded on certain religious tenets which they profess. The Franks live in a part of the town distinct from the Mahomedans, and there appears no remarkable prejudice to their dress as Christians. One of the regulations of police is, that no person is permitted to go abroad at night without carrying a light. There is a convent at a short distance from the town, said to be built on the spot where the church of Athanasius was founded.

"When the expulsion of the French took place

in 1801, the British army finally evacuated the country in 1803. On this occasion a variety of privileges were secured to the inhabitants of Alexandria, which extended to all Europeans, in consequence of the exertions of Sir John Stuart. One of the most important was giving permission to the vessels of Europeans to enter, and make use of the western harbour, from which they had always been expressly excluded, by motives of jealousy on the part of the Mussulman; a port, in fact, which may be considered as the only one of perfect security on the coast of Egypt.

"Previous to the invasion of Bonaparte in 1793, ships of war, and those of merchants from Europe, had only liberty to enter the eastern harbour, which, from the little depth of water and its rocky bottom, was always attended with a degree of danger. Independent of the great advantage possessed by the one harbour over the other, the exclusion from that of the western had become offensive to Europeans, from the consideration that it was denominated by the Mahomedans '*The harbour of the faithful*;' while, on the other hand, the eastern port, appropriated for the Europeans, was branded with the appellation of '*The harbour of the infidel*.'"

This invidious distinction occupied the particular attention of Sir John Stuart, who had the merit of accomplishing its abolition, by throwing open the western harbour to European vessels of all descriptions. Incalculable advantages have in consequence followed, as they now ride in all possible security, in sufficient depth of water, which is moreover capable of admitting any number of ships of the greatest burden.

"At Alexandria, I also remarked, that many of the Arab's servants slept on the outside of the door of the consuls' houses. A cloud of smoke from their pipes completely enveloped the place, which was only lighted by a solitary cruse of oil, and became almost suffocating. In such a spot, it is unnecessary to say, that sleep, nature's soft nurse, was frightened away; in fact, to use the words of our bard, it might be said to be murdered, by the swarms of vermin which made so formidable an attack. Language is perfectly inadequate to describe the dreadful suffering I experienced during this memorable night. I was compelled to have recourse to this receptacle of wretchedness for shelter, from the great dew which fell in Egypt after sunset, which are so destructive to health. A thousand times was I forcibly reminded of the torment which the Egyptians must have endured from the third plague. The whole operation I was engaged in during the night, was, attempting by every expedient in my power to ward off the vermin, but in vain."

When at Grand Cairo Mr. Wilson visited Joseph's Well, and reports of it in the following terms:

"This well is dug in the rock to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, and is forty-two in

circumference. A winding staircase leads gradually to the bottom, where oxen are employed in turning the wheels, by which a constant supply of water is thrown up for the use of the citadel. The machinery resembles, in some degree, the chain-pumps of a British man-of-war. About six hundred earthen pitchers are attached, at certain distances, to ropes, those descending, being inverted and empty, and the others ascending, upright and filled with water. The tomb of the visier is shown in the side of the well at the bottom. A lamp is kept constantly burning over it. The staircase, by which I descended into the well, was about six feet in width, the rock having been left half a yard thick between the passage and the shaft of the well, by which means the steps of the stairs are supported, and holes are cut through to admit light from the shaft at convenient distances. The descent is easy, each step being six inches deep and five in breadth. Having reached the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, I entered a large chamber, which was also excavated, where the oxen are employed to move the machinery to raise the water from the lower parts of the well to the bottom of the upper part, from whence it is drawn by another set of these animals and wheels, to the top. The water is not considered, however, to be good; and a supply is brought by an aqueduct from the Nile, at Old Cairo, a short distance from the new metropolis.

"It may be observed, that, under the government of the Mamelukes, no Christian was permitted to ride on horseback along the streets of Grand Cairo, the capital, or in any quarter of the country, that animal having been exclusively reserved for the Mahomedans, who permit only the ass to be used by Christians, who in fact were formerly obliged to dismount and walk till the infidels had passed them. Sir John Stuart had also the credit of giving a blow to this indignity, and making a special stipulation, that Christians should be entitled the privilege of riding on horses in all parts of Egypt."

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe by J. C. L. Simonde de Simond. Translated from the original with notes by Thomas Roscoe. 4 vols.

The literary world which owes so much to the rich vein of Mr. Roscoe's mind, has to thank him, for a very classical work rendered into English by his pen. The rise of poetry; together with that interesting band of Minstrels known by the name of Troubadours, and which first became an establishment in *Auvergne* from the romantic love of a youth called Peyroll; whose art was so pleasing to the Dauphin that he gave the utmost encouragement to this devotee of the Muses; until finding that both the lady (who was the Dauphin's sister) and her lover, were too seriously attached, he drove him from court and Peyroll's then determined upon becoming a wan-

derer, and visiting the Holy Land in the suite of the king. The following extracts from the book will be acceptable to our readers. Mr. Roscoe thus speaks of the origin of the Troubadours.

"When the haughty baron invited to his court the neighbouring lords and the knights his vassals, three days were devoted to jousts and tourneys, the mimicry of war. The youthful gentlemen, who under the name of pages, exercised themselves in the profession of arms, combated the first day; the second, was set apart for the newly-dubbed knights; and the third, for the old warriors. The lady of the castle, surrounded by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to those who were declared, by the judges of the combat, to be the conquerors. She then, in her turn, opened her Court, constituted in imitation of the seigniorial tribunals, and as her baron collected his peers around him, when he dispensed justice, so did she form her Court of Love, consisting of young, beautiful, and lively women. A new career was opened to those who dared the combat, not of arms but of verse, and the name of *Tenson*, which was given to these dramatic skirmishes, in fact signified a contest. It frequently happened that the knights, who had gained the prize of valour, became candidates for the poetical honours. One of the two, with his harp upon his arm, after a prelude, proposed the subject of the dispute. The other than advancing, and singing to the same air, answered him in a stanza of the same measure, and very frequently having the same rhymes. This extempore composition was usually comprised in five stanzas. The Court of Love then entered upon a grave deliberation, and discussed, not only the claims of the two poets, but the merits of the question; and a judgment or *arrêt d'amour* was given, frequently in verse, by which the dispute was supposed to be decided."

Best Intentions; or Reflections and Thoughts for Youth: Maturity, and Age, 12mo. 1 vol.

The writer of these series of Reflections has composed them, in a strong sense of moral and religious feeling; thereby shewing the powerful effects of such influence on a sensible and feeling mind. The thoughts are written in a plain but elegant stile; such as may amend the minds and instruct the hearts of the readers. The following on gaming and on life, are all the specimens that we shall select from this very excellent little work.

"*Gaming*.—Gaming is one of the most pernicious practices, and yet few are more enticing and bewitching; a man gains, he gains more, and he looks forward to the absolute possession of immense wealth; he calculates of certainty on the foundation of deceit, and because he has gained once, and yet a second time, he thinks himself secure in the favouritism of Fortune. Now he loses once, but fascination whispers it is but once: he still loses, the storm

gathers round its victim, and he is still unconscious of his danger; he now risks all his possession, and his possession is in an instant flown from the power of his grasp; he loses every thing—he is in absolute misery and disquietude; he sinks into nothing, he is lost, his spirits fail, his fortune is vanished, his fond expectations of immense wealth are passed like a dream, and now he is penniless. Still he retains that curse of habitual propensity to this sad delusion; he scrapes from every corner the pittance of his goods, and them also he sacrifices at the shrine of the uncertain idol,—he becomes in actual want, and dies with the most agonised feelings of regret for his past folly."

"*Life*.—In what a state of uncertainty and indecision we exist! We rise in the morning, we lay our plans for the ensuing day, and almost see them, in imagination, completed before they are commenced—sometimes a straw intervenes and changes the course of the whole stream—unexpected circumstances arise, and our opinions and ideas experience a change; our hopes fluctuate; at one time every prospect brightens—at another, all the sky is obscured with portentous clouds, and perhaps each of these in some degree produces, and is the necessary though unseen consequence of the other,—so limited is our foresight—so capricious our wills—so full of waywardness our inclinations—and so little are we acquainted with what the goodness and power of God shall ordain to happen. There is only one point to which we should always tend—the glory of God and our inheritance hereafter; there is only one path to that point—other matters require our attention at stated periods, and deservedly so, for "he that will not work, neither should he eat;" but all these things, if we consult our truest comfort and bliss, will be subservient to the one thing needful.—Is not this the principal thing? whatever external circumstances may produce, attention to this grand end of life should never fail, for peace is its reward."

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

KINGS THEATRE.—Dulness has here been the prevailing quality, and excepting a new ballet by Aumer, the manager, has indulged the public with little, or nothing of a novel description, like all other affairs of a similar nature, this said ballet is an oddity, turning chiefly on the contrast between the taste of an antiquated and that of a modern fair one.—*Jadis et aujourd'hui, ou les deux Tantes* is its name. The decorations were pretty and well selected, and the dancing, as usual, quite airy. The Italian Terpsichoreans equally disdain long garments and the earth, their feet skip as high as their vestments are

short, and scarcely can the grasshopper outvie them in dexterous nimbleness.

Romeo e Giulietta has been repeated several times, Madame Pasta personating Romeo: on one occasion we regretted very much that this lady should have come forward at the senseless call of the five shilling gallery. The vulgar practice, of which this was a specimen, ought altogether to be done away with; at all events, let it be confined to the Pit and Gallery of an English Theatre, and not be allowed to disgrace such a fashionable resort as the Opera still is, however less so than formerly.

COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.—To what a state are we poor Theatrical Critics reduced! no less than five houses open at a time! the very idea possesses a large portion of the awful, and we entreat Messrs. Elliston and Kemble to "*shut up shop*" before the summer establishments commence their operations, or both these gentlemen must inevitably be guilty of manslaughter ere many days have past over their heads: the critics are all rapidly falling into a consumption, and in proof, positive of our assertion, we will take leave to quote the following from the pages of our dear friend, the Morning Herald. After mentioning that the *Devil's Bridge* had been performed for Braham's benefit, it says: "His (Knight's) '*Lad with the golden hair*' was laughable to the height; and in the encore he embellished it with a digression about ladies' smiles being the true philosopher's stone, and turning a carrotty pole into golden hair, which was so nonsensically in unison with the character, as to tickle the very frailty of laughter in all ribs. "THE HOUSE CHUCKLED TILL IT CROWED AGAIN." Read this, ye managers! and learn the fatal effects your prolonged season has had upon the brains of this excellent critic, nor on him alone, for many others of his tribe have given symptoms of serious indisposition, though none so decidedly as the above mentioned disciple of Zolus—"The house chuckled till it crowed again!"—Oh! had this fine passage been written some centuries back, then could Longinus have boasted a glorious addition to his specimens of the sublime.

At neither of these theatres, has any thing occurred worth mentioning, unless it be the appearance of Miss L. Paton on the Drury Lane boards: her success was complete, and she bids fair to divide with her sister the good opinion of an admiring public.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE AND HAYMARKET.—Mr. Matthews having concluded another of his extraordinary campaigns at the Lyceum, the regular Drama has commenced within its walls, and, on Saturday, July 3rd, the season was opened with the *Barber of Seville*, in which Mr. Philips, after an absence of 11 years, made his re-appearance before the British public, and in spite of his teeth (which are rather the worse for wear) got on very well indeed—so, at least,

the witty *Times* tells the story. But Mr. Philips was a mere secondary novelty, compared with his pupil, Miss Harvey, who performed *Rosina*, with excellent taste—she is pretty and young and an ornament to the Stage, not only "in the present state of the Drama," as the *Herald* foolishly says, after a tedious criticism upon her performance; but she would have done honor to any theatre in the *brightest* era of histrionic annals.—A Miss Noel, from Bath, has also charmed both critic and amateur by her first rate talents, and with the attractive qualities of those fair debutantes, added to those of our old favorites Braham, Mathews, Miss Kelly, Miss Stephens and "though last, not least," the worthy Joe Grimaldi himself, we doubt not this elegant little theatre will have an ample degree of success during the present season, despite the monopolising Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden.—

The Haymarket "continues in its career of glory," as our friends the critics-major finely phrase it.—The manager has wisely revived many capital pieces of last year, and these, in conjunction with several novelties, have brought him roaring houses night after night—Let him sing "*Io triumphe!*" and laugh at his ungenerous rivals of the larger Theatres.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.—Prince Gagarin, who was, several years ago, well known in England, where he received the greatest part of his education, lost, in one night, all his fortune at play; his houses, his lands, his jewels, and even the very carriage that took him to the gaming house: he gained them all back again, by staking the harness of his horses against them. After that time he left off play; but in token of his acknowledgment, he had the harness placed under a glass-case, and it now stands in the most conspicuous part of his drawing-room at Moscow.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—Schooling for little boys and girls at 2d. pr. week; Those as larns mannars, pays 2d. more.

ANECDOTE OF A CHAPLAIN BELONGING TO CHARLES II.—A Bishopric being vacant, Charles II. asked his Chaplain, Doctor Mountain, whom he should appoint? "Why, Sir," said the Doctor, "if your Majesty had but *faith*, I could tell you *who*!" "How so, said the King "if I had but *faith*?" "Why, in that case," said the Doctor, "your Majesty might say to *this Mountain*, be thou removed into that *See*."

REPORT ON THE LATE LORD ASHBURTON WHEN MR. DUNNING. An unfortunate gentleman by a succession of losses, had suffered imprisonment for his debts in the King's Bench. Dunning asked him, in a tope, which as the gentleman thought bordered on contempt, why he went to prison? "To avoid," said the witness very gravely, "the well-known imperitence of Dunning."

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR AUGUST 1824.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

Dress of levantine or gros de Naples, of a pistachio colour, with five broad folds in bias, across the border, each headed by a narrow silk cordon of a beautiful rose colour; the *corsage* made à la vierge, with falling divided cape, narrow, and elegantly pointed at the corners, of the same material as the dress. French long sleeves, *en gigot*; the part from the wrist to the elbow, sitting close to the arm, and confined by bands corded with rose colour. The waist incircled by a band, the same material as the dress, bound with a narrow *rouleau* of rose colored satin, with a rosette in front. Fine muslin petticoat trimmed with Urling's lace. Hat of pink gros de Naples, the crown ornamented with satin, in treillage work, and full blown roses with foliage on the summit. Lappets to the hat of rose gauze, in bias. Kid shoes and gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white gauze lisse, with superb border *en treillage*, of the lightest shade of rose colour, each *resseau* edged with narrow silver cordon. The *corsage* made plain, beautifully marking out the contour, with a trimming round the bust to correspond with that of the skirt.—*Mancherons* of *treillage* work, uniting with the ornament round the bust.—Rich ceinture of a delicate pink silver gauze, placed on the left side. Sicilian hat of rose transparent net edged with silver. Feathers shaded with pink. The hair arranged in full curls (on each side of the face) on which are seen a few white roses slightly intermingled with blond. Ear-rings, necklace and armlets of pearls.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

Already do some of our fashionable summer retreats begin to receive a few of those distinguished individuals belonging to high and polished life, for whom, as the constant, and liberal patronesses of every art, the ministers of taste and fashion, are sedulously employing their various talents, in adding to beauty by those graceful, and well made garments, that give additional attraction to the contours of a fine female form; and in setting off the charms of a fascinating countenance by elegant and becoming head-dresses, which the artificial florist embellishes by the well imitated treasures of the garden,

or, over which the plamassier teaches the spoils of the feathered tribes to wave in graceful dignity.

The various watering places begin, partially, to fill; and, this month, when the season for Scarborough generally begins, it is expected will early receive some of our most wealthy and elevated families to that place of fashionable resort: our chosen emissaries will follow where fashion leads; and our usual correspondents will not be tardy in affording us every intelligence from all the summer haunts of the modish world.

The bonnets in preparation for this month are peculiarly tasteful and elegant; we shall point out a few for the notice of our fair readers; one is of a beautiful corn flower blue of figured gros de Naples; but it is a shade lighter than the corn flower blue, that is made use of in gowns or pelisses. This bonnet is lined with white, and crowned with a plume of blue marabout feathers: the bonnet is lightly ornamented with white satin, and its lappets are composed of blue satin ribbon and tulle; the tulle is cut in bias folds; all the ornaments on this bonnet, independant of the feathers, are extremely whimsical. A very beautiful carriage bonnet is transparent, and is made of white stiffened tulle. It is ornamented, on one side, with small white fancy flowers, laid on, in stripes; the crown is trimmed with white tulle, edged with pink floize silk trimming and put round it *en dents de loupe*; the interstices filled in with half blown roses, and crowned with a superb cluster of pink marabouts. A pink carriage hat is also a charming head dress for a young and handsome female; it is of gros de Naples, with a full cornette ornament of broad blond, placed underneath, from whence a rose bud is seen lying on the hair. The hat is ornamented with pink gauze, roses, and lillies of the valley.

A favourite home cornette is of fine blond and pink satin, beautifully ornamented with small bouquets of flowers on each side: just over the temple, on each side, are two ornaments, in white satin, representing cornucopias, from whence peep convolvuluses, rosebuds, and lillies of the valley. All the new cornettes are particularly beautiful, and vary so much in the richness of their materials, and the splendor of their ornaments, that they are fit for every time of day, though, certainly, most appropriate to home costume: the flowers that adorn them are unrivalled. Turbans seem much on the decline, elegant dress

hats have taken their place, and are more appropriate to the summer, when so much time is spent in the viranda, or the garden summer pavillion; for *fêtes champêtres* there is no head-dress so truly classical: those of peach blossom satin, sprinkled with small pearls, and crowned with white feathers, are preferred to those that are all white.

There is but little difference in the make of the dresses since last month; the most recent novelty that we have seen, is a beautiful Polish robe dress of *gros de Naples*; the colour a lovely pink; the body is only partially low, and is made *à la Vierge*; the sleeves are short and very full, with slashes filled in with puckerings of the same material as the dress, and these puckerings are surrounded each by blond trimming. A tucker of blond stands up all round the bust. The usual rouleau ornament on the Polish robe, that seems to form the wrapping part of the skirt, and that all round the border, consists of rows formed of a kind of double rouleau of pink satin, separated in the middle by narrow silk cordon; the rich and beautiful effect of this trimming cannot be described. The sleeves of white muslin dresses for dishabille, are made *en blouse*, and the borders of the skirts are ornamented with flounces, set on rather scantily, and enriched with beautifully raised embroidery; the scallops, at the edge of the flounces, are worked in light and open kind of embroidery, a row of which is also introduced between each flounce. Dresses of *gros de Naples* continue to be trimmed at the border with bias folds like tucks.

It is expected that pelisses of fine India muslin, lined with light coloured sarcenet, will be much worn while the warm weather lasts. The variety of taste, at present, shews itself in adopting a greater mixture of colours than we have for some time witnessed; and there is also a feature of fashion less decided than we could wish; as those who have not taste or elegance, obtrude the heterogeneous mixture of discordant colours on the eye of refinement and delicacy, and the tawdry lover of finery consoles herself, in all the hues of the rainbow, at once, that she may wear anything now, for anything is the fashion. The tasteful lady, however, is never conspicuous, and is only distinguished by the sterling materials of the different articles of her attire, and the elegance and novelty of their make: she wears, as her out door costume, the beautiful petticoat of fine India muslin, embroidered magnificently, and finished at the hem with fine lace; and over that is the spencer or pelisse of the most beautiful light summer colours, generally of *gros de Naples*. White satin spencers, it is believed, will be worn for morning visits of ceremony, and dress carriage aids; they are a chaste and elegant article of dress, and admit of a variety of colours in the bonnet, &c. worn with them.

The colours most in requisition, are, barberry-

leaf-green, canary yellow, corn-flower-blue and pistachio. Pink and ethereal blue, as is usual in the summer months, are universally in favour.

TO

Too well I've mark'd the glances giv'n,
From eyes which once, I fondly thought,
Were lit with the pure light of heav'n,
And beam'd with love and beauty fraught,
Too well I feel,
Tho' I conceal

The pangs those looks of scorn have wrought.

Th' averted eye, the alter'd glance;
The frown where late such sweet smiles play'd,
I've mark'd them all, and rued the chance
That made me love thee—alter'd maid!

Thy scorn I feel,
Tho' I conceal

How breaks the heart thou hast betray'd.

Oh! keep no more that frowning eye,
That distant look, that glance severe,
Beauty may passion's flame deny,
And still its look of beauty wear;

Still, still advance
A favouring glance,

Though false it be, 'twill still be dear.

SONNET, TO MRS. P.

When my frail springs of life are losing tone,
And failing spirits mark advancing death
In all his pow'r, then would I quit this home,
In silence quit it, nor advance a breath
To bid this world adieu. Unless thy voice,
My fair one, call'd on my saddening mind,
For a brief space, a moment to rejoice
In thy lov'd presence; once again to find
In thy endearments, all my heart has sought,
And all my soul has long'd for; again taught
To seek in beaming glances of thine eye,
The wonted refuge of my misery.
These are alone the comforts I would prove,
And hail, as emblems of eternal love.

THE COMPLAINT.

Ah! Fanny dear, my pain remove,
My heart, my heart is mad with love;
Thy jetty flowing curls of hair
Are chains, that bind it prisoner:
Why should it thus be captive led?
Answer'd the maid and as she said,
She sweetly smil'd, "the cause is clear,
It is injustice to complain!
The mad, you know, should ne'er appear
Abroad, without a chain."

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

— As the weather becomes warmer, so every one becomes colder to theatrical amusements; therefore, managers, authors and performers redouble their zeal, this season, to draw together a full audience.

— It is still fashionable to go to the *café Tortoni*, whether in coming from the country, or at the end of a public spectacle, or from Tivoli. Besides, this *café* spares nothing to render itself worthy of preference. The new lustres throw around a mild and pleasing light. *The agreeable Prévost* is extremely polite, and the spoons presented to the ladies are of vermillion.

— Before a departure for the country, it is requisite to be furnished with a *donne-rose*, an instrument of polished steel which may be had at all the principal cutlers, and this, like a pair of scissors, is composed of two branches with rings, fixed on each other by a vice, and capable of being crossed over. These branches are round without, flat within and cutting: within is hollowed out, a tube, to receive, without breaking it, the stalk of the rose, that the instrument has just cut off. It is at the end of a *donne-rose* that a gentleman presents to a lady that queen of flowers.

— *La fête de Nogent sous Vincennes* was, truly, a rural one. The country people having set up tents well lighted and properly disposed for the ball: the fashionable women danced on the soft verdure, by the light of the moon, having for a musician an old invalid soldier, who, in the space of two hours, gained several louis d'ors.

— It is calculated that, when all the houses now building in Paris shall be finished, there will be one hundred thousand shops, taking in those of different passages, which will make nearly one shop for six furnishers.

— There is nothing but going and coming from the town to the country, and from the country to town. The sun drives the Parisians away, and the rain brings them back again. After breathing the sweet perfume of a rose, one is often obliged to wipe one's face with a handkerchief; and if we walk beside a river it is with clogs, and an umbrella in the hand.

— The salon at Ranelagh, which stood much in want of repairing, is ornamented in a most simple and elegant manner. There is a very striking improvement in the mode of lighting it up.

— One of the most curious gardens in the environs of Paris, is that belonging to a M. Redouté, painter at Fleury-sous-Meudon, near the Porte du Bois. There are to be seen more than a thousand different species of roses, and varieties of the most singular kind, obtained by a culture that recalls to the mind the beautiful tulips of Haarlem.

— In the country, the favorite carriage for a young mother, is a gig with four seats; seated on the first bench close to her husband, she has her child on her lap; and if the child falls asleep, she gives it to the nurse, who, with the foot-boy occupies the back-seats.

— About fifteen years ago, they tried to bring up the fashion of chairs with painted backs, but it would not succeed; now, painted arm chairs are very fashionable, and a designer of such and such a chair pattern is cited, and becomes a distinguished object.

— Besides the tapestry and embroidery on light stuffs, ladies now amuse themselves with embroidery on horse-hair; they cause to have drawn, or they draw themselves, subjects that please them, and they work them as they would on canvas or cloth, counting the threads.

— There are in Paris twelve regular theatres, without reckoning places of minor amusement. In the departments, fifteen theatres, such as those of Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles, Toulon, etc., are constantly open; and there are seventy, the companies belonging to which travel the theatrical circle assigned to them. The total number of theatres, therefore, is about a hundred, and they employ about three thousand actors and actresses. Four hundred are at this moment at Paris, where they are waiting in hopes that Fortune will favour them with an engagement. If to these three thousand persons we add the authors, the composers, the musicians, the scene-painters, the mechanists, etc., etc., it will be found that at least fifteen thousand persons live by the theatre. In this estimate the poor and the sick in hospitals, to whom a tenth of theatrical receipts is appropriated, are not included. It is not sur-

prising therefore that government watches over and protects a description of industry which at the same time contributes to the glory of our literature, spreads the use of the french language, procures a rational amusement for various classes of society, and supports so many families.

— The baskets that are given as marriage presents, are furnished in that way that greatly enhances their price as well as their elegance. Instead of a cover, they are surrounded by marabout feathers; and at each of the four corners are bouquets of ostrich feathers. The whole ought to be sufficient for the trimming of several dresses and hats.

— It has been asserted that it was impossible to make our coffee rooms more magnificent than they have been for some time. However the *Café des Galeries de l'Opéra*, opened about five days ago, surpasses every thing that we before admired: there is at this *café* more sculpture, more gilding and carving, more bronze and cut crystal than are to be found in any other.

ANECDOTE, CONCERNING MARGOT DELAYE.—We have often heard of the fame of Jeanne d'Acres, sometimes of that of Jeanne Hachette; no one speaks of Margot Delaye. Yet she may be justly styled the heroine of Montélimart, and if not equal to the maid of Orleans, she may, at least, be placed by the side of the heroine of Beauvais.

Admiral Coligny had, with his artillery, made a considerable breach in the ramparts of Montélimart; already the city was threatened with an irruption, when Margot Delaye placed herself on the open ramparts, followed by a troop of females; she overthrew whatever presented itself, she drove back the besiegers, and after having left one of her arms on the breach, she bore the besiegers in triumph, into the town. The gratitude of the inhabitants of Montélimart erected a statue to this intrepid female, which, although much defaced, is yet to be seen.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH BRIDE TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

Paris, July 10, 1824.

You know, my dear Matilda, that some time since my marriage was announced, as expected to be one of the most remarkable that would take place this season: it was celebrated the day before yesterday. My husband was desirous that my bridal paraphernalia might be exhibited: I have not heard all that has been said about it; but, amongst a great many compliments and congratulations, there would certainly be a multitude of different opinions among those who understand such things; how could they pardon a female, of whom but little was spoken six months ago, having a set of jewels worth a hundred thousand crowns, five and twenty cachemire shawls, some of them embroidered with gold and silver; dresses of every kind and fashion; the most costly embroidered muslins, and the most rare and valuable

feathers? Love will, I trust, preserve me from pride, I am going, with my husband, to pass a month at one of his estates, from thence we go to Baden and the Spa; where I shall often give a thought to the time when I shall return to Paris, and have the happiness of proving to you my sincere and lasting friendship.

STEPHANIA.

— In several country houses the furniture is composed of oak, on which is applied boiling vinegar. This preparation gives a yellow dye to the oak. Wreaths of antique rosaces, in mahogany, increased, ornament this new kind of furniture. Under every bed is a large drawer, to put by coats or gowns without being folded up. These beds have the form of a Turkish divan.

— The *Rossina-mania* begins to decline; the very poor success of *Ricciardo*, has, it is said, silenced the clamour made by the partisans of the *Maestro par excellence*!

— The prettiest picture room is that of M— there are blinds on the outside, and within are green and red curtains; folded muslin in plaits, from the ceiling, with ribbons in transverse lines; a sofa, two conversation seats, a lamp in the form of a clock, the floor painted in mosaic, and a private door in bronze.

— The price of a full length portrait is two thousand crowns.

— The balls at the Park of St. Cloud are very fashionable this year. The most brilliant arrivals are from nine o'clock to eleven. At that hour are assembled all those *élégantes*, who have, for the greater part, their own carriages, and who reside in the neighbourhood. At this ball no one dances in a pelisse, or with a hat on; even young ladies take off their pilgrim's hat and their scarf. The gowns have short sleeves; and the shoes are not hid by *guêtres*.

— Since the arrival of so many Spaniards in Paris, we hear the cry every evening, when the little sempstresses, with their black aprons, are quitting the shops they work at, "Ah! look at the *manolas*; there's the *manolas*. Oh! what pretty *manolas*!" *manolas* has the same meaning as *grissette*.

— In the public promenades are seen little dogs with collars made of American berries.

— Ticking, with very broad stripes, is the most fashionable lining for carriages: the tilburies are often lined with stuff made to represent tiger's skin.

— When ladies of fashion ride on horseback, they wear drawers of knit silk. Riding-habits of damascene grey, ornamented with binding, and half boots that fasten on the ankle with covered buttons.

— The large straw hats, now so much in vogue for children, shield their complexions, it is true, from the ardour of the sun; but they make them, when the brim is balancing over the forehead, to

look up, from right to left, and may give them a habit of squinting.

— For tea in the evening, the most fashionable tray is of citron wood or mahogany; the handles, at each end, are in the form of a crescent.

— The English have introduced a beverage called *sauce*; which is* handed round to every guest, before the boiled meat or stews. Every one takes a spoonfull, to give him an appetite; and epicures mix it with every dish, to help digestion.

— *Camoens* is the subject of a small picture, which an amateur has just purchased for fifteen hundred francs. The poet is represented as just shipwrecked, and pieces of the vessel are seen floating on the waves. He has saved himself by swimming, and is holding by a rock with one hand, while he triumphantly lifts up his poem and his sword with the other.

— M. Louis B. a quiet lodger in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, came to Paris to visit it, as an amateur: he was sitting a few days ago on one of the benches on the Boulevards du Temple, and as he was observing the variety of different sights, that offered themselves, he saw one of those salutary vehicles coming, that refresh from their ambulating sources the aridity of the pavement, and dispel the clouds of dust. Mr. Louis B. not habituated to the customs of the capital, attributed the water running out at the end of the cart to an accident, and, with that haste which undoubtedly evinced the goodness of his heart, the zealous Bolonais, gave notice to the water-carrier of what had befallen his equipage, but the smile of the man, and the jests of those who came round him, soon discovered to M. Louis B. his mistake; and laughing at the adventure, he returned to his friends, amusing them, as well as himself, with his provincial *naïveté*.

— A man lying dead, his funeral was postponed for a day, and his servant was sent to inform a person, who had been forgotten in the arrangements with this unexpected retardment; the servant was so much the creature of habit, that he delivered the message as follows: "Sir, my master, charged me to present his compliments to you, and gives you notice that he shall not be buried till to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

THE ABBÉ PRIVAT DE MOLIÈRES.—The Abbé Privat de Molières was very poor, and he used, during the winter, to write in bed. He had one small chamber in the Royal College, where he was professor of philosophy. One night a thief knocked at his door, the Abbé opened it, and the thief entering demanded the philosopher's purse: who, much more attached to his works than to his money, said,

with his usual sang-froid, "Open one of the drawers in my bureau, and take what you find there." The thief opened the drawer, and began to throw about the manuscripts that were therein. Privat de Molières, perceiving the disorder he was making, said gravely: "Ah, Sir, you have mistaken the drawer, and you are about to give me a great deal of trouble."

The thief much more greedy after money than papers, seized the Abbé's little pecuniary treasure, and rushed out without shutting the door. The Abbé cried after him: "Mr. Thief! you might as well have the civility to shut the door after you."

INCREDULITY.—The Earl of P*** was of that happy turn of mind, that he resolved never to believe anything that was likely to afflict him. If any one announced to him the death of a friend, or any other distressing event, he contradicted it. His Lordship's wife was dead, yet he always had a cover placed on the table for the defunct. Lord C*** paying him a visit, one morning, felt the Earl's little dog biting his leg. "Do not be afraid, said his Lordship, "my dog never bites"—"Do not be afraid," my Lord, said Lord C* * in the same tone of voice, as he knocked the animal down with his cane, "do not be afraid; I never beat dogs."

PARISIAN THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LE BAISER AU PORTEUR, (*kiss the bearer*), is the title of a novelty at the *Gymnase Dramatique*, and to write a vaudeville on a kiss, is taking a very light subject, certainly, at least in the present age; and in the time of chivalry, more than one lance must have been broken to obtain such a favour. An oath once became inviolable, when it was sealed with a kiss: a kiss was then the pledge of fidelity, and often served as a betrothment. But now it is a small coin in general circulation, and of little value. This vaudeville, however, is a very pretty little work, written on a kiss, of which the following is the story.

Derville, a heedless young spark, has retired into the country, to avoid his creditors, and he calls to his aid all his philosophy to console him in his retreat, and seeing a wedding in the village, and finding the bride very pretty, he accosts her, talks with her, and gives her a kiss—all *philosophically*. But Thibault, the newly married man, is *not so philosophical*; he is very angry, and reddens like scarlet. Derville, to appease him, promises to put him in a way to be revenged. To accomplish this promise, he writes, on stamped paper, a draft for a kiss, payable at sight, to Thibault or order; and that the person whom Derville may marry shall honour the draft. Very soon after, Madame Verville and her niece Jenny, that Derville was to have married, arrive at the village. The marriage, lately broken off is renewed, and Thibault sees himself on

* We English declare ourselves perfectly ignorant of this novelty at our dinners.

Note by the Translator.

the point of being paid by Jenny. But she, knowing the obligation of Derville, requires the paper from Thibault; for which the farm belonging to the castle becomes his own: but Thibault has no longer the draft; Jeannette, his wife, who found it where her husband had deposited it, had discounted it with the major of the regiment, of which Derville is the colonel; he goes to reclaim it of the major, and to fight with him. Jenny, not daring to tell her aunt the motive of her giving Derville a second refusal, excuses herself, by saying that the young man has many debts. Derville on his return, over-hears her, and confesses that Jenny has spoken truth. Madame de Verville is well acquainted with some of Derville's little adventures, but, in regard to his behaviour at present, she looks upon him as a second Cato, and to put a stop to every obstacle, takes upon herself to pay all the colonel's debts, so that she soon settles with them, and their claims being fulfilled, she unites the lovers. All the villagers come to congratulate them, and Thibault, fortunate enough to recover his draft, presents himself for payment thereof: Madame Verville is bound to pay all Derville's debts, she therefore acquits herself of this last, and Thibault, by a title of indemnification, obtains the lease of the farm.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

On Education, by Madame Campan, with Advice to Young Females, &c. Paris, 3 vols. 12mo.

AMONGST the unpublished pieces in this new edition, is found a letter written by Madame Campan in 1812, to a great man in office; wherein she exculpates the ladies of Saint-Cyr from having instilled into the minds of their pupils the pride of birth; and she observes, that, the mistress of a French boarding school, at an epoch when the word *noble* was erased from the French dictionary, she had great difficulty in suppressing the pride of the rich, the only distinction then existing. "The daughters of the rich bankers," she says "and contractors, spoke only of their châteaux, their equipages, and the diamonds of their mothers; and without my vigilance in combating this pitiful pride, the child that its parents visited in a hired cabriolet would have suffered much."

Madame Campan then makes the following remarks.

Although very young, the pupils knew perfectly well, if their father was a Count, a Baron, or a Chevalier; and the superiority of rank of a General of division, over that of a General of Brigade, and of the last mentioned over a Colonel, and so on; and they were as knowing almost, in these matters, as one at the head of the war department. This was certainly the work of their parents. It would

be more easy to preserve them from this mania; if they were admitted solely from the age of seven or eight years.

One single thing among a great number of children, only, can make them forget worldly distinctions. It proceeds from the rewards distributed among them on account of merit. Madame Campan foresaw the objection: *This, too is vanity.* "If," she says, "*you cannot destroy the principle, wisdom should seek to profit, by it.*"

Before she established her school at St. Germain, Madame Campan caused to be brought from London and Geneva observations on the rules of those boarding schools where the young ladies had been. These observations contained some details of a holiday given every year when the studies were finished; the works of the young scholars were displayed; prizes were given in presence of their parents. "I," says Madame Campan, "made the same distributions, but took care to avoid all the theatrical representations. Young french girls want no stimulus to make them good dancers."

Several letters from Madame Campan, hitherto unpublished, are addressed to one of her pupils, who was in 1818, the governess of a boarding school for young ladies: she writes to her as follows:

"Always recollect, that it is very easy to form a school to gain a livelihood, but that person is very culpable, if she does not feel a real affection for young people. Say to yourself, as you look on each of those young creatures: she has lost her mother, I must replace her."

Madame Campan, next speaks of foreigners to whom some indulgence must be shown, because they are out of their own country. English females on their arrival at St. Germain, have the look of those birds that are full fledged and are just put into an aviary. "But, she says, let them jump about after their own manner, and do not restrain them with an air of satisfaction and confidence which soon familiarized them. They have always remained my friends."

Madame Campan always advises the multiplying, every means of emulation, without ever fearing that this spring will wear out. "Give them," she says, "every month marks of your satisfaction. Make them point on the cases of their desks, the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., and make the scholar partaker of some different recreation every Saturday. There should also, without fail, be an inspection of their talents every three months. If all do not gain equally in writing, performing on the piano-forte, or drawing, they will evidently succeed in one branch: because they must exhibit a page of writing, of drawing, and know how to play a new sonata."

Madame Campan forewarns this instructress, that enemies will come even when she has forty scholars. Boarding schools, she adds, when not so numerous, had but few; but malevolence is

sure to attain success. Think continually of your reputation, and that of your establishment."

Madame Campan wishes, above all things that heaven would spare her former pupil from the success of *favours*. "Success," she says, that is produced by labour, frequently excites jealousy and draws on us calumny; but all the fury of envy is let loose on favourites. *The favour of the great, is what every one is ambitious of, and which all mankind despise, when they have it not: they attribute it solely to fortune, who they know is blind, and never believe that benefits are proofs of merit. Go on in your humble and modest career of an instructress; employ in it that constant, that superabundant care, which very few do who undertake it; with that, success is certain, because it is founded on the interest of others.*"

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

AT the ball of St. Maur, there were Organdy blouses, worked in a feather pattern between the bias folds round the border. The most elegant head-dresses were hats of white chip, surmounted with red poppies, or plumes. The ladies had on pointed handkerchiefs of white lace, which they kept on all the time they danced.—Bonnets of gros de Naples become daily more the mode; those of pale blue are ornamented with a very large rosette of white satin, which is placed on the top of the crown; those bonnets that are white, are lined with camel's hair yellow, and trimmed with pinked silk, *en chicorée* (that is like the curled leaves of endive) the same colour as the lining, and with blond.—On fine leghorn hats are seen bunches of pinks and red poppies, and green and black poppies.—There are some hats of white gros de Naples with the brims as large as those of straw; their trimming consists of a large rosette and a branch of honey-suckles, a gold wheat-sheaf, or some sweet peas.—There are some fashionists who cover the crowns of their white chip bonnets with a net à l'Espagnole, which is formed of small meshes in *crêpe lisse*, blue and white; the point of the net hangs down on one side, and terminates by a tuft of silk or an acorn of lace work.—The lappets of some morning caps are of ribbon checkered with blue on white; they cross under the chin, and then form a bow on the summit of the head.—Cambric pelisses button before, and are reckoned very elegant; the sleeves are composed of rows of clear and thick muslin, alternately disposed *en chevrons*; sometimes these chevrons are double, two and two, and then the clear muslin is let in. Two, or three pelerine capes finish the pelisse.

At the crowded audience for the benefit of Madame Théodore, there were seen many leghorn hats, or-

namented with three, and some with five white feathers; they were flat, and towered one over the other. At the base of these feathers was a double rosette of white sarsnet ribbon. Bonnets, very small dress bonnets, and dress hats in silk or in gauze, in *orange gauffrée*, or in *crêpe lisse*, abounded: they were ornamented with flowers; the most in favour were roses in full bouquets, with a light branch of sweet peas; the full blown roses, as well as the buds, fell over the brim, nearly to the edge, while the branch of sweet peas was wreathed round the crown. There were very few ladies who only were dress'd in their own hair; there were two or three head-dresses à la neige.—Long sleeves were almost universal; clear and puffed out, with wristbands worked in feather stitch. On clear muslin blouses, are worn small fichus of the same material, cut in large square notches round the border.—Dresses of striped shot silks of two colours strikingly different, such as Evelina blue, and the colour of the young marshmallow blossom, are much in favour.—Emerald green ribbon on white chip hats, and very broad ribbons of the same colour, forming a sautoir over the bosom, the ends concealed under a sash of the same.—All the belts are à la Léonide, the buckles either of gold or polished steel; at the wrists of blouses, and other dresses that have the sleeves *en gigot*, a small button in gold open work, confines the wristband.—Blue continues the most approved colour. At some milliners are to be seen bonnets of walnut-tree coloured sarcenet, bordered with a honeycomb trimming, of walnut tree and lilac; the same trimming is used on straw-coloured bonnets, where the honeycomb is alternately, straw-colour, or Evelina blue.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are daily receiving some valuable articles, particularly from anonymous writers. The various subjects are so extremely well written, lively, humorous and diversified that we can pledge ourselves that no publication will excel the WORLD OF FASHION and CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS for amusing Literature.

Our Correspondents, particularly at Fashionable Provincial Places of resort, are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our Readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashions. No periodical of the kind has embellishments that can be compared to it. The Fashions in the Monthly Publications are not Fashions, but are made up by individuals without either taste, judgment, or knowledge of what is suitable to Ladies of rank, distinction and respectability.

LONDON: PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
13, POLAND STREET.



Invented by M^{rs} P. M. A. 52, St. James's Street.
Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, Aug 1884.



Evening Dress.
Invented by M^{rs} Bell, 52, St. James's Street.
Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, Aug 1. 1824.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 4.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1.

VOL. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



THE pride of his country, HIS MAJESTY, arrived on Saturday, Aug. 14th., in his travelling carriage and four, at his Palace in Pall-mall, a few minutes before one o'clock, from Windsor, escorted by a party of the 7th. Hussars. The King was received at the Palace by the Duke of Clarence. In a short time his Majesty held a Court. Soon after the breaking up of the Court, which was about half-past four o'clock, his Majesty left town, escorted by a party of the 7th. Hussars, on his return to his Lodge in Windsor Park, to dinner.

The Duke of York has been backwards and forwards to London and Brighton during the Month—Brighton, however seems to be the chosen residence for his Royal Highness. His health is much improved by the sea breezes.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence are sometimes in London—but generally at Bushy or Kew.

The Princess Augusta has been lately in London—but is at the time we are writing at Frogmore.



MARQUISSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Northampton, Marquis and Marchioness of, from Paris.



EARLS, BARONS AND BARONNESSES.

Arlington, Earl of, from Paris.

VOL. I.

Willoughby, Baroness de, at Whitehall, from Richmond.
Carlington, Lord, in Whitehall Yard, from Wycombe Abbey, Bucks.
Manners, Lord and Lady, from Dublin.



ESQUIRES.

Haynes, Joseph, Esqr., at Long's Hotel, Bond-street, from Burderop Park, near Marlborough.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

Ashburnham, Hon. P., for Ashburnham Place, Sussex.
Aylesford, Earl of, for Rockington, Warwickshire.
Ailesbury, Marquis of, and family, for Tottenham Park.
Ashbrook, Viscountess, for Fern Hill near Windsor.
Biddulph, Mrs., for Chirke Castle, Denbighshire.
Beaumont, T. W. Esqr., and family, for Brady Hall, Northumberland.
Carnarven, Earl of, for High Clare, Berks.
Campbell, Lady and Miss, for Ramsgate.
Canterbury, the Archbishop of, and family, for Ramsgate.
Chichester, the Earl of, for his seat in Sussex.
Cassilis, Earl and Countess of, for St. Margaret's.
Carhampton, Countess of, for Payne's Hill, Kent.
Cholmendeley, Marquis and Marchioness of, and family, for Cheshire.
Cotterell, Sir George, Bart., for Garnons, near Hereford.
Carysfort, Earl and Countess, and the Ladies Proby, on a tour.

I.

Cowper, Earl and Countess, for Passinger, Herts.
 Donnegal, Dowager Marchioness, on a tour.
 Dartmouth, the Countess of, for her seat, Blackheath.
 Dysart, Countess of, for Ham House, Surry.
 Eastnor, Lord and Lady, for Lord Somers, in Gloucestershire.
 Essex, Countess of, on a tour.
 Evelyn, Mr. John, for Wootton Park, near Dorking.
 Ellenborough, Lady, for Tunbridge Wells.
 Folkestone, Lord and Lady, for Radnor Castle, Wilts.
 Fitzclarence, Colonel, for Hampton Court.
 Fitzroy, the Ladies, for Leamington, Warwickshire.
 Gloucester, the Duke of, is at Lulworth Castle.
 Gosford, Earl of, for Ireland.
 Gosford, Countess of, for Beccles, Suffolk.
 Glynn, Sir Richard, Lady and family, for Gaunt's House, Dorsetshire.
 Grantham, Lord, for the Isle of Wight.
 Guene, Mr. Thomas, for Whittingham Hall.
 Hertford, Dowager Marchioness of, for Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells.
 Harewood, Earl and Countess of, for Harewood House, Yorkshire.
 Hughes, Colonel, and family, for Kimmel Park, St. Asaph.
 Heathcote, Sir Gilbert, Bart., for the Isle of Thanet.
 Hardwicke, the Earl of, for Wimpote Hall.
 Henneker, Lord and Lady, for Chandos Place, Broadstairs.
 Honeywood, W. P., Esq., M.P. and family, for Mark's Hall, Essex.
 Jervoise, Sir S., for Eadesworth Park, in Hampshire.
 Kerr, Lord and Lady M. and the Misses, for Holme Word, near Henley upon Thames.
 Lamb, Hon. P., for Brighton.
 Long, the Misses, for Bath.
 Limerick, Earl and Countess of, and family, for Southill Park, Berks.
 Langford, Lord and Lady, for Englefield Green.
 Lowther, Colonel, for Cottesmere, Rutlandshire.
 Lansdowne, Dowager Marchioness of, for Hampton Court.
 Lennox, Lord George, for Sussex.
 Manners, Lady R. and Miss, for Manor House, Sutton.
 Messing, Colonel and Mrs., for Hertford Bridge.
 Macdonald, Hon. James and Lady Sophia, for Lundham Hall, near Woodbridge.
 Macclesfield, Earl of, for Sherborne Castle.
 Northampton, Marquis and Marchioness of, for Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.

Ouseley, Sir G. and Lady, for Woolmers, in Hertfordshire.

Palmerston, Lord, to Ramsey, Hants.

Plymouth, Earl and Countess of, for Howell, near Broxbourne.

Poulett, Dowager Countess, for Poulett Lodge.

Pierpoint, Hon. P., for Evenly Hall, near Brackley.

Rigby, Mr. and Mrs., for their seat, Mialy Hall, Essex.

Richmond, Duke of, for Petworth, Sussex.

Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, for Belvoir Castle.

Smith, Hon. Lady, for Earl Galloway's Seat in Nottinghamshire.

Salisbury, Marquis, and Marchioness, for Hatfield.

Shaftesbury, the Earl of, for St. Giles' House, Dorset.

Stourton, Dowager, Lady for Middlethorpe, near York.

Surry, Earl and Countess of, for Worksop, Manors, Notts.

Scarborough, Earl of, for Yorkshire.

Selsey, Dowager, Lady, for West Dean, Sussex.

St. Antonio, Count and Countess, to Wimbleton.

Spencer, Lord and Lady R. for Woodbedding, Sussex.

St. Albans, the Duke of and family, for Gathou, Surrey.

Stafford, Marquis, and Marchioness and family, for Trent ham Hall, Staffordshire.

Talbot, Earl of, at his seat in Staffordshire.

Talbot, the Hon. and Henry Talbot, for Ingestrie, near Litchfield.

Tavistock, Marquis of, for Oakley House, Bedfordshire.

Witchester, Bishop of, for Farham Palace.

Wall, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Hallow Park, Worcesterhire.

Wynn, C. W. Esq. M. P. and family, for their seat in Denbighshire.

Wynn, Right Hon. C. for Scotland.

York, Archbishop of, and the Lady Ann Vernon to the Palace.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND IN IRELAND.

Sir Dudley Hill, Bart., Arthur Isaac Coffin, General Hart, M.P. Lord Sherborne, Colonel O'Brien and family.

ARRIVALS IN EDINBURGH.

His Grace the Duke and her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, Ladies Georgina and Louisa Russell and the Hon. Miss Russell, the Marquis of Queensbury, and the Hon. W. R. K. Douglas, M.P., the Right Hon. Viscount Lord Auckland, the Right Hon. Lord Bruce.

DEPARTURES FROM EDINBURGH.

Lord Russell, Lord Charles Russell, and the Right Hon. Lord Cosmo Russell, the Hon. A. W. R. M'Donald and Lady, Sir William Eden, and General Eden.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE
CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

It is with extreme pleasure we have to state that His Majesty continues in the enjoyment of the best health. We are happy that our Sovereign has abandoned, for this year, his intention of visiting his Hanoverian dominions. The delightful environs of Windsor are, at present, his favorite rural attraction.

His Majesty, on Thursday August 12, (being the anniversary of his birth) was graciously pleased to lay the first stone of a new Tower in his Royal Castle of Windsor. The stone was hallowed in the centre, in which cavity was placed a glass containing the present coins of the realm, and upon a glass plate was inscribed the following:—

"George the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of Great Britain and Ireland,
Defender of the Faith,

Laid this Corner Stone of a new Entrance
To his Castle at Windsor,
Which has been, for upwards of Seven Centuries,
The Residence of his Royal Predecessors,
On the 62d Anniversary of his Birth-day,
August 12, 1824.

Jeffry Wyatt, Architect."

In the evening the King received at dinner their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York; the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Gloucester; the Dukes of Wellington and Dorset; and several of the Nobility had the honour of being present.

The upper part of the King's Household were entertained with a Grand Aquatic Fete at Virginia Water, by desire of His Majesty, in commemoration of the Anniversary of his Birth-day. A sumptuous cold Collation was provided, and the day was one of the utmost conviviality.

ALTERATIONS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Round Tower (or Middle Keep, as it is termed in Ancient Record), is to be entirely detached from the surrounding buildings; and, instead of the dwarf brick wall, with which it is at present partly surrounded, it is to be entirely encompassed with a magnificent rampart of stone, an improvement which has, for years past, suggested itself to every enlightened visitant of the Castle, but which it was reserved for the tasteful era of our present Sovereign to carry into effect. The round French windows in the body of the Tower, together with other parts of the Castle, which were introduced by Charles II. in compliance with the ruling fashion of his age, but which are by no means in unison with the other parts of this majestic edifice, are to be replaced by the original Gothic. The preparations for the foundation of the new Tower, which is to form one of the sides of the grand entrance, are also nearly completed. This has long been a desideratum. When the Allied Monarchs visited Windsor, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, concurred in remarking the great addition to the view of the Castle if the entrance had been parallel to that unrivalled avenue, the Long Walk. This suggestion is now about to be fully acted upon; the grand entrance to the Castle will be under a magnificent archway, and the spectator standing in the Court-yard (which is principally for this purpose to be lowered seven feet) will command a view of the whole of the Long Walk,

and this will be terminated by a beautiful equestrian statue of his late revered Majesty, with its pedestal fifty feet in height. Another entrance is making to the Quadrangle through the curtain, connecting the Devil Tower with the Round Tower from the town of Windsor.

The Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg has left England for some months—his Royal Highness went from Ramsgate to Dover—he walked some part of the way with his servant, and slept at Mrs. Wright's—he embarked the following morning, and reached Calais in safety, where his Royal Highness was received by a guard of honour similar to that which was mounted at Dover—his Royal Highness bowed graciously and gracefully on quitting the English coast, but his Royal Highness was so delighted with the reception he met with on the continent, that he treated the whole French guard of honour with a dinner and bottle of wine per man, at *Quillac's Hotel*—a mark of affection and kindness to our gallic neighbours, which we very much regret he bestowed on them.

The *snarling curs* that write for the *John Bull* newspaper are quite mad, and must be muzzled like other dogs. They asserted in one of their late papers a most infamous *lie* of Mrs. Coutts;—it does not require to be refuted, so foolish an absurdity must have emanated from madmen. Some disappointed miscreant is no doubt the author of the infamous abuse the above newspaper is so fond of inserting against a lady of such real goodness, liberality, and lady-like deportment. We can tell the journalists that they are deceived, in all the reports sent to them of Mrs. Coutts. She has not a particle of ostentation; her riches she dispenses with a liberal, humane and charitable hand; regardless of its amount, provided it is likely to do good. That such a lady should be constantly assailed by an assassin of her good name, is generally regretted. She has, however, too intelligent and correct a mind to be annoyed by any libellous attack. Her correct and faultless nature should be indifferent to the scurrility of any individual.

Mr. Bish, the principal proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, has evinced his loyalty to our highly esteemed King by giving one of the most splendid *fetes* ever witnessed. He drew together, to celebrate his Majesty's birth-day, August 12, upwards of 18,000 respectable persons—all breathing loyalty and affection to the best of Kings. Mr. Bish deserves the patronage of his Majesty for the loyalty he inculcates amongst all classes, and particularly amongst the English youth. They are taught by those entertainments to love and admire their King; who may be said to be their father; as he protects them from foreign aggressors, and their lives and property by wholesome and salutary laws. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Bish. He is a distinguished and loyal gentleman. Some particular proofs of his Majesty's favor should be conferred on so intelligent a citizen of London.

The order for prohibiting persons carrying parcels through the Parks has, we presume, been withdrawn, as several persons, carrying parcels, have been seen going through unharmed.

Lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, the Danish Countess Bourke, Lord Holland, and Lady Morgan, have been all prohibited, by an ordinance of the Emperor of Austria, from entering his dominions: the three former as suspicious political characters; Lady Morgan on account of her writings, and Lord Holland because he is "well known as an enthusiastic adherent of Radicalism, and even in the English Parliament openly utters the most insolent abuse of the Allied Monarchs!"

A gentleman the other day at a Police office in London, produced a letter he had received from his butcher, com-

plaining that his housekeeper had discharged him, because he would not consent to charge the master a higher price for his meat than was really paid, to enable the trust-worthy servant to pocket the difference, which was stated to be a very common practice with these gentry.

Lord and Lady Macdonald, the Hon. Misses Macdonald, the Hon. Godfrey and James Macdonald, have left Edinburgh on their way to Armadale Castle, their seat in the Island of Sky.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S AMBROSIA.—Take four ounces of terra Japonica finely pulverised; one ounce of fine sugar candy, also powdered. Grind two drachms of the best ambergris with twenty grains of musk. Dissolve, also, half an ounce of pure gum tragacanth in about three or four ounces of orange-flower water. Mix all the ingredients together, so that they shall form a stiff paste, which is to be rolled up into pieces of the thickness of a straw. Cut these into small lengths, each about the eighth part of an inch, and lay them in a clean paper for use. They will be found to be a very superior perfume for the breath.

Miss Paton, the admired vocalist, has contradicted the report of her being married to Lord Lennox.

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE, FOR THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1824.—Intelligence called matrimonial, may be divided into two heads, viz., remarkable events occurring among those already bound in the strong fetters of Hymen, and the connubial speculations and intriguing operations of the unmarried part of man and womankind,—of those who are continually boasting of freedom, but who would gladly forge their own chains upon the first reasonable opportunity that offered for so doing. On the first of these particulars we have little new to say, as the world is already acquainted with the several *faux pas* extraordinary that have lately set the brains of rank and fashion all agog for judge, jury and damages.—Mrs. Baring, Lady Erskine, and others have cut a prominent figure in the annals of the present year, and eke the illustrious lady of a renowned city Alderman, whose romantic and impassioned amours with a certain fidgetty tragedian have caused more eyes than one to shed tears of sympathy over the relation of their mutual sorrows. Various rumours have been in circulation respecting the cause for deferring the prosecution against this hero; the most interesting of which is, that the gloomy event itself has so deranged his faculties as entirely to disenable him from making the necessary arrangements with his men of law, and in consequence, the injured member of the turtle-soup and tarbot club has, with a humanity of forbearance hitherto unparalleled, consented to pat off the hour of vengeance till such time as the bad man, who destroyed his (the Alderman's) peace, may be better armed for the contest than at present; so stands the case with this our fashionable trio. Now, as to the second department of our report, viz., the various intrigues and speculations of the unmarried race of men and "*ladies bright*," a poor summer would this have been, had it not brought to light many amusing affairs, in the way both of comicality and romance, and brought to light it has, as will appear "by what follows in the sequel," as novel writers say: it is known for fact that the dear delicate man, who fainted in Kensington Gardens some time ago, did so, entirely out of love for a *petite* apprentice, who had been cruel enough to destroy the healthful tenor of his nerves, by words that fall ungently from the lips of love; we are assured however that the *lady* had no in-

tention of being the cause of any thing so serious as a swoon! The next thing of importance that we have to notice is, the marriage of Miss Beaumont with a dapper clerk in the East-India House, which event has been trumpeted abroad both far and wide by our busy bustling contemporaries, not to be behind whom in the way of matrimonial novelties, we beg leave to inform our fashionable readers that the matchless brunette, Emilia, Drusilla, Harrietta, Anne, Maria, and Isabella Snape, who has lately cut such a figure at eastern Almack's, is now the unrivalled bride of—not a clerk in the East India House—but of little Humphry Hedgehog, apprentice to a ham and bacon merchant, in Shoreditch: we are informed that the youthful couple live as happily together as bacon and ham can make them—may Cupid throw his sweetest roses in their thornless path!—After this heartfelt prayer, we beg leave to mention that three cosmopolites (by this term we, of course, mean Scotsmen have lately made strenuous exertions towards obtaining the fair hand of a *foreign* lady of quality, but as yet without the slightest appearance of success—she disliked the *ruby*-coloured hair of the one; the second retained so much of the peculiarity of his native ideas of euphony that his most refined and eloquent tropes were "as the idle winds;" for the lady could not at all comprehend their import, and she was fain, on several occasions, to call for an interpreter; the third, who was the most enamoured of the three, having as little apparent chance of success as his brethren, in so desperate an extremity, consulted an Irish acquaintance, who advised him to have recourse to Prince Hohenlohe. Sandy, however, although no Solomon, was too wise to adopt his miraculously inclined friend's recommendation—and thus the matter at present stands,—many other interesting affairs we could mention; but are not disposed to gratify the curiosity of our readers too much at one time.

Next as to young gentlemen, and *not old* ladies who are to be disposed of in the Matrimonial Bazaar—on this subject we could, with ease, pen volumes, so numerous is the list of unmarried marriageable sinners! All lovers of women and music, (and therefore the whole world of elegance and fashion) must often have remarked the infinite variety of pathetic and airy songs that have place in a musical lady's most musical portfolio: so infinite and multifarious are the candidates for connubial bliss now under our special observation. Should any unfortunate ladies or gentlemen (titled, or untitled) think it desirable to consult our unworthy selves for advice in their several pursuits of matrimonial game, we beg to assure them that we shall, at all times, be happy to lend our assistance towards succouring the distressed—provided, as a matter in course, that they have no objection to "*graisser le marteau*;" for our continual motto is

"Point d'argent, point de Suisse,"

as is generally the case with every professed adviser, whether his tact lie in the medical, legal, or clerical department—and ours consists in a happy union of all the three. At present we can only say that not only single but even married personages are out upon speculation, and among the foremost of the latter class is lady— (one and all will easily fill up the blank), whose liege Lord is rapidly on the decline, and she, wise woman! thinks it prudent to tie a new string to her bow ere the old one be broken.

The Printer's Devil has become vociferous in his demands for this our lucubration, and we are constrained reluctantly to obey the summons, leaving

"Much spoken, much unsaid."

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—His worship, the Mayor, and his family, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Councilmen, and other busy bodies of the City of London, we consider to be fair game for all those who are fond of that delightful and truly edifying amusement—quizzing: for when haberdashers, pastry cooks, ironmongers, saddlers, stationers, and other honorable professors of the *fine arts* pretend to style and elegance, their vagaries never fail to be the very soul of all that is ridiculous, and are therefore prime subjects for every rogue of a journalist whereon to exercise his satirical wit. But when any editor, or underling so far forsakes the path of consistency and reason, as to confound even Royalty with these senseless cits above mentioned, then indeed ought we to turn upon the writer and dub him as exquisite a fool as any of those against whom he exerts all the force of his mighty genius. Now, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, has thought fit kindly to favor a late festival of the valiant mayor and haberdasher with his presence: this mode of action was every way charitable, as it is all probability, prevented his lordship's heart from breaking through utter mortification, at the mournful desertion he has on all sides experienced. The wise, the more than sapient conductors of that astonishing paper, *John Bull*, have chosen to rank the Duke with the paltry aspirants to fashion who did all they could to set the Thames on fire some few weeks since. That any blockhead should be so extremely *woody* as to think that by abusing and *endeavouring* to ridicule the brother of his lawful king, he could gratify and amuse his readers and benefit the cause he so speciously pretends to advocate, is *surprising*, and the wisacre possessing such a sage idea, may indeed be hailed as the prince of fools: but the *John Bull* began with scurrility, has risen through scurrility, and will die in consequence of scurrility—its editor is pleased to imagine that he may snarl at an illustrious member of the Royal Family with the same impunity as at a foolish purse-proud cit; but he will assuredly find himself woefully mistaken.—The very name of the Duke of Sussex is enough to throw contempt on all the Solomon like *Journalists* says, and when a set of poor fellows, who are well acquainted with the airy abode of a prison, choose to growl and yelp at the beels of Royalty, they only render themselves the ridiculous idiots they would fain show their superiors to be, and bring additional lustre on the heads of those whom the hapless creatures have in an hour of extraordinary sagacity considered to be suitable marks whereon to aim their feeble shafts of nonsensical *witticism*.

We hear strange things of the decreased circulation of the *John Bull* newspaper, and can assure its proprietors that, by abusing the highest rank and the highest fashion, they are on the right road for putting a final stroke to the rule of their once excellent, entertaining and popular journal.

MORE ADULTERY.—LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JAMES ERSKINE, BART., v. LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MURRAY.—This is another of those disgusting cases of libidinous depravity which, unhappily, too often occur even amongst the rank

and fashion of this capital. We are much given to boast of our modern superiority in virtue and decency over the ancients; but, although the latter went so far in their moral unworthiness as to make a frequent and willing transfer of wives to their bosom friends, we are not acquainted with any circumstances, either in the Grecian, or Roman annals of criminality, that can well be said to surpass many late affairs in all that is abominable and vicious. In the disgraceful Crim. Con. between Captain Webster and Mrs. Henry Baring, the lady being at an age, when reason and virtue ought surely to have an entire control over the stirrings of lust and the allurements of vice, added greatly to her share of guilt. In the present case, the mature years of Sir George Murray, must deprive him of every shadow of excuse for his unprincipled and adulterous conduct, and Lady Louisa, is certainly old enough to have known how to behave in a more decent manner than she has done by deliberately taking Sir George Murray as her paramour. Women, however even in their guilt, are far from being objects calculated to excite feelings which that guilt ought invariably to produce: they lose their virtue—they sacrifice their fame and character—yet we pity, not abhor them; for criminal as they may be, they are still women, and as such, we must indeed have the breasts of stoics, to treat them long either with harshness or contempt. But it is in turning from them to their paramours, that we feel all the force of honest indignation, to think that brutal selfishness and lawless lust, should so frequently trample with execrable pleasure upon all that is beautiful and good and happy,—that vice should contaminate virtue,—that guilt should prevail over innocence, and a villain destroy the domestic happiness of the happiest family.—No one has shown himself more capable of exciting these indignant sensations than Lieutenant General Murray. That a man of 53 should disgrace his years by conduct unpardonable even in youth, need not be wondered at, for morality and honor are far from being the inseparable companions of age: but that a soldier, high in rank, whose duty it is to set an example of propriety in military and civil virtues to his junior brethren in arms—that such a man, we say, should so far become oblivious of every honorable sentiment of every sense of decorum, as to act the contemptible seducer, and in so doing, to submit to the degradation of a disguise and assumption of false names, to descend even to untruth, to sneak out at a back door in order to avoid an injured husband whom he dared to call friend—all this must make each honest man despise the hypocritical hero, and lament that rank and title should be thus grossly abused, without any punishment being imposed on the abuser, with the exception of a payment amounting to a few hundred pounds, allotted by the considerate verdict of a calculating jury.

We sincerely trust that this may be the last case of sickening Crim. Con. on which we may consider it to be our painful duty to animadvert: the list of guilt is made long enough by the lower orders of mankind, and the higher classes should disdain to swell the disgusting annals of British criminality.

Rules to be observed by forlorn Widowers and sorrowful Bachelors in their delectable Advertisements for Wives, &c. &c. &c.

When a man is so unfortunate as to have no other means of obtaining that greatest of all earthly blessings, a true and lawful wife, than by public advertisement, the necessity

of the case will always justify the most unlimited deviation from truth—*ergo*: though the advertiser be no far like a cyclops as to possess but one ocular luminary, we do consider him amply warranted to state that his eyes are of a peculiar and refined beauty, having more resemblance unto transparent jewels than to mere human visual orbs; and this he may, in truth, assert with a clear conscience, provided he be furnished with a glass eye, which, alas! is too often the case in these mechanical days, when eyes, teeth, arms and legs are changed with as little inconvenience as a gentleman's coat, or fair lady's muff. Again, if an early and injurious fondness for sweets should have robbed both upper and lower jaw of every individual tooth, still do we hold it for good, that the advertiser should boast in elegant terms of his "twin pearl-rows," and though he should have luckily been in the warm and lost an arm, on leg, or arm and leg both, nay, both arms and both legs—yet nevertheless, he would be exceedingly reprehensible did he not discourse in sounding phraseology upon the ineffable symmetry of both arms and both legs. Next, let his face be colored as much in imitation of copper as it may, he should make it a primary point to expatiate on his snowy forehead and rosy cheeks. Should he even be hump-backed, there is no reason for his saying a syllable of the mountainous excrescence: on the contrary, let him declare without hesitation that his shoulders are remarkable for their inimitable roundness of beauty. To all this it may be answered, that each of these vain boasts of any luckless advertiser, at the moment of an interview with the tender-hearted fair one, who might graciously deign to reply to his wants thus publicly exposed, would lose whatever good effect it had previously worked in his favor: but however great may be the plausibility of this objection, it takes not one iota from the wisdom of our counsel, in proof of which assertion we will relate what follows:

An unfortunate gentleman, who had already reached the melancholy climacteric of 50, bethought him of the means of obtaining a wife who should form the salace of his declining years: this was no easy matter; for, however, regardless the fair sex may be of beauty in the opposite half of the race of mortals, they are, notwithstanding, generally averse to accept of the blind and lame in the quality of husband: now our hero had only one eye, and even that was far from being a piercer; his left arm had been utterly disabled by coming in contact with the ladder of a lamp-lighter's apprentice, and his right leg had suffered a doleful metamorphosis from proper flesh and blood, to bloodless wood; from a shape that would have turned a dancing-master's brain, to an insignificant piece of tapering timber. However,

"None but the brave deserve the fair,"

and our man of fifty advertised in splendid style, declaring himself to be faultless both in mind and form. Had he told the truth, not a lovely creature would have appeared; whereas, by thus acting Gulliver and Munchausen, he drew a whole bevy of elegance around him. Now came "the tug of war." One exclaimed "Dear me! only one eye, shocking!" and fled in utter dismay; another shrieked; whilst a third shouted—"the wretch had lost an arm!" and a fourth burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and, looking towards his eastern wing, began rhapsodizing upon the beauty of his mahogany foot. In verity, our hero waxed wrathful, and, "mad with extreme despair," meditated a general attack upon the

company assembled: but at the moment in which he was about to put this fearful design into execution, a blessed spirit entered the room, and fell deeply in love with the tip of the now happy man's ear—that tip counterbalanced all his defects, and the delighted pair were shortly afterwards united in the bonds of everlasting attachment.

This was intrepidity rewarded; and thus is the excellence of our advice entirely demonstrated.

Thunder drum at the Amphitheatre, or, Wonderful age of a Horse, formerly belonging to Mr. Astley, Sen.

First charge, given by General Elliot, to Mr. Astley, when the latter was in the corps, called Elliot's Light Horse, was called the "Spanish Horse," and lived to the extraordinary age of forty-two years. Mr. W. Davis, the present proprietor and manager of the Royal Amphitheatre, was so fond of this horse, for its wonderful tractability, and extreme docility, that, highly to the honour of his humanity, when the poor horse, from having lost his teeth, by age, was unable to eat his corn, Mr. W. Davis, allowed the decrepid, aged, and nearly worn out animal, two quarters leaves every day, out of his own private purse. This horse had been accustomed, at a public performance, to ungrind his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, and take a kettle of boiling water off a flaming fire, and act, in fact, after the manner of a waiter at a tea garden.

When nature was exhausted, and this wonderful quadruped paid its debt, Mr. Davis, to perpetuate its memory, caused the hide to be tanned and made into a thunder-drum, and it now stands on the prompter's side of the theatre, and when its rumbling sounds strike on the ear of those who are acquainted with the circumstance, it serves to their recollection as his "parting knell!"

ORIGIN OF SOLDIERS DOING DUTY AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.—In the reign of George II. when Quin acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, one night, during the performance of the Beggar's Opera, (it being then a prevailing custom to admit noblemen and gentlemen behind the scenes), a hot-headed person, flushed with his libations to the rosy god, in a very interesting scene, crossed the stage, amidst the performers. Mr. Quin was behind the scenes and expostulated with the nobleman, on the impropriety of his conduct. The latter struck Mr. Quin, who returned the blow. This being witnessed by the nobleman's companions, they drew their swords, and a general fight ensued. The police of the town, not being under such strict regulations as at present, neither so numerous and effective, the proprietors were obliged to call in the interference of the district watchmen. The noble delinquents remained in custody all night; the next morning they were examined by the magistrates, and held to bail, when they made restitution, and were discharged. His Majesty hearing of the outrage, sent privately for a few of the ringleaders, and lectured them severely on their improper conduct; and was pleased to order, that, in future, his guards should do duty at the play house, every night; which custom has never since been dispensed with; and its adoption has had a very salutary effect in preventing riot and disorder.

SOVEREIGNS.—A modern writer has declared a very great aversion to the name now given to our gold coin; and supports his opinion by the perversion that may be put

on the most innocent expressions, even in the mouth of a staunch royalist; he very wittily remarks the suspicion that the following phrases, from any one who had a bad piece of coin of this kind, might excite.

"I have got a dreadfully bad sovereign.

"I wish I could change my sovereign.

"I am sure the sovereign I have got is not worth twenty shillings.

"I have but half a sovereign.

"And how many of his Majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, most cordially and daily wish, to have more sovereigns than one."

HOW TO DISCOVER AN ENEMY.—During the regency of the Duke of Orleans, while Louis XV. was in his minority, a knight palatine being on a visit to the French court, related the following anecdote to Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, the Regent's mother. This knight had served many years in India; where, at a certain court, the first minister and the keeper of the seals hated each other mutually. The latter having one day occasion for the seals, found they had been taken from the casket in which they were usually kept. He was of course greatly terrified, for his head depended on their production. He went to one of his friends, and consulted with him what he should do. His friend asked him if he had any enemies at court. "Yes," replied the keeper of the seals, "the chief minister is my mortal foe." "So much the better," replied his friend, "go and set fire to your house directly; take out of it nothing but the casket in which the seals were kept, and take it directly to the chief minister, telling him you know no one with whom you can more safely deposit it; then go home again and save whatever you can. When the fire shall be extinguished, you must go to the king, and request him to order the chief minister to restore you the seals; and you must be sure to open the casket before the Prince. If the seals are there, all will be explained; if the minister has not restored them, you must accuse him at once of having stolen them; and thus you will be able to ruin your enemy and recover your seals." The keeper of the seals exactly followed his friend's advice, and the seals were found again in the casket.

STRENGTH.—In the Calcutta journal, dated the 10th of March, 1833, there is an extract from a letter from a Mr. John Stillaber, to Mr. James Wallace of New York, saying he had seen a wyren that was taken on the coast of Japan, by an American Captain, named Edes. The following is the description given by Mr. Stillaber. From the head to the tail it was twenty-seven inches in length; its legs were well formed; the hands small and plump, white and delicate; the bosom was exactly like that of a woman; the neck perfectly well turned, the features of the face were flat and harsh; stiff hair hung as low as the breast; the mouth was large, but the lips were thin; the teeth resembled human teeth; the folds of the skin were but slightly perceptible; the rest of the body had in a ball's tail; but the transition was so gradual, that it required a strong magnifying glass to perceive the first scales. It is between the rocks that this extraordinary being is generally to be seen; it is very cunning and very difficult to be taken."

Miss's Botanical gardens in the King's Road, continues to be a resort of our careful fashionables, by a particular

attention to the cultivation of *geraniums* we are indebted for some rare and valuable specimens of this elegant branch of horticulture. We highly recommend the notice of amateurs a new and superb geranium entitled *Pelargonium*, Duke of York; his Royal Highness having honored it with his particular approbation.

CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAMES.—An English privateer, named the *Terrible*, in the year 1758, was famed for fighting the most desperate naval action on record. The name of the commander was Captain *Death*, and the ship was equipped at *Execution Dock*. The lieutenant's name was *Devil*, and that of the surgeon, *Ghost*.

A very fine boat has been conveyed on a carriage, drawn by seven horses, from the dock-yard at Deptford, to Virginia Water, for the use of his Majesty. She has been fitted up with the greatest attention to serve as a fishing-boat, &c. and is sufficiently capacious to contain the band.

The Duke of Buccleugh, now about 18 years old, is soon to enter at Oxford. On coming of age, he will succeed to two dukedoms, those of Buccleugh and Queensberry, and to the Earldom of Doncaster. It is also said he is the direct descendant of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and that he has also a just claim to that ancient title. The estate to which his Grace succeeds, is probably the largest landed property in the united kingdom, being a rental of 100,000*l.* a year in Scotland, and (on the death of an old lady) a nearly equal amount in England.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg has shown a remarkable instance of generosity towards Rossini. The custom with this Italian composer is, never to go to any musical *soirees* for less than fifty guineas. He three times presided over concerts for the Prince, for which his Highness sent him 500 guineas, and a diamond pin.

The collection of coins belonging to the late Mr. Dinesdale, the banker, has been sold at most extravagant prices. A Queen Anne's five guinea piece produced 3*l.* A five pound piece of Charles I. 40*l.* 10*s.* An Oxford crown piece with a portrait of Charles I. on horseback, and a view of the city of Oxford under the horse 6*l.* A twenty shilling piece of Charles I. 24*l.* Queen Mary's royal angel 63*l.* Edward the Sixth's pound sovereign 14*l.*

There is a curious anecdote of Ferrand Count of Flanders; who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place, which came to such a height, that when the Count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovesme, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release!

One of the late Duke of Hamilton's amusements, which he practised to get an appetite for breakfast, was to take a wherry at Westminster-bridge, and to give a waterman a guinea to row against him to Chelsea, where, if the waterman arrived first (which was seldom the case) he had an additional reward for his dexterity.

The Earl of Yarmouth, heir to the noble house and splendid fortunes of Hertford, is returned from Paris. He has lately much improved in health—his constitution being extremely delicate.

The Duke of Queensberry once bet a considerable wager that he would convey a letter fifty miles within an hour,

without the aid of horses, carrier pigeons, &c.; and this he effected by having it enclosed in a cricket-ball, which twenty-four expert cricketers transferred to each other, by which means the ball passed more than fifty miles in the given time.

John Bull says he does not prefer Washington Irving to Mr. Campbell: we should be glad to know how he forms the comparison—he might as well say he does not prefer Sterne to Goldsmith.

Dr. Lister, in a chapter on vegetable excrescencies, gravely says:

"The stiff-haired, or prickly caterpillar feeds on leaves, without any puncture, or prejudice, save that it eats them up."

The following important intelligence was lately communicated by the Morning Papers:

"On Sunday, Mr. Kean, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. R. Philipps, left town in his travelling carriage and four for Holyhead: from thence he proceeds immediately for Dublin."

It is really amusing to see these slaves of the public give themselves up to such utter absurdities. We also heard that four monkeys, in the quality of outriders, accompanied the carriage, and that during the whole journey they kept up an amusing conversation with their brother apes inside the vehicle.

New Code of honor—or rules extracted from a work lately published in Red Lion Square.

HUSBANDS

1st. To prove their domestic habits should pass their lives at the gaming table.

2nd. To afford protection to their wives should never be seen with them abroad.

3rd. To improve their morals should send them annually to Paris.

4th. Who divorce their wives to assert their honor, should bear as hardly as possible on them, and shew equal lenity to the seducer.

5th. Should enter into a treaty of amity with him for their mutual advantage.

LOVERS

1st. Must cultivate the friendship of the husband.

2nd. May use all stratagems to seduce the wife.

3rd. If sued for damages must delicately avoid alluding to the pursuits of the husband—never hint the wife was neglected.

4th. At 35, should rest their defence on their youth and inexperience.

5th. Always to assert the lady to have been the seducer.

By strict adherence to these manly, honorable rules, lovers need have no fears of passing the remainder of their lives in banishment.

WITNESSES.

All oaths, and perjuries allowable (if not detected.)

MAGICAL CLOCK.—Droz, a Genevan mechanic, once constructed a clock which was capable of the following surprising movements: there was seen on it a negro, adog, and a shepherd; when the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit; if your Majesty touch one of the apples, which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The King took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud, that the King's dog, which was in the room, began also to bark; at this, the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft,

hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. The Minister of Marine was the only one that ventured to stay. The King having desired him to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the Minister obeyed, but obtained no reply. Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the Minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him; at this new prodigy, the firmness of the Minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of the devil.

DANDYISM IN A MINISTER.—Prince Kammnitz, Prime Minister of Austria under Maria Theresa, was excessively careful about his dress, particularly about his wig. First, it was dressed upon his head, by his valet-de-chambre; then as soon as row upon row of curls had been diplomatically and scientifically arranged, the hair dresser emptied at least a pound of powder into his pouch, and from an aperture in the door made for the purpose, puffed it into an empty room. When the room was completely filled, the Prince, with a mask on his face, entered it, and took a few stately turns backward and forward until every hair of his perfumed periwig had received its due quantum of powdery particles.

PRINCELY EDUCATION.—The infant Duke de Berri, according to a letter from Paris, is already insupportably haughty, and acts the future Louis XIX. with ludicrous gravity. The genuine spring of the youthful mind is, in fact, impeded by a routine of the most imposing etiquette, the chief tendency of which, however, is to impose upon the poor boy himself, who is thus formally misled into a false estimate of himself and of every thing around him. As he proceeds from one apartment to another, he is preceded and followed by two armed pages or attendants, who loudly exclaim, as the door opens, "*Monseigneur le Duc de Bordeaux!*" which announcement is re-echoed from room to room as the child passes, who assumes the measured step and solemn demeanor of a Monarch of Brentford, as he thus makes his way to the apartments of his mamma.

THE DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON have furnished much amusing conversation in London, and therefore we give the detail to such of our readers as may not have read what has been published on the subject by Professor Gruithausen, in Munich, in the first third-part of his essay on the many plain indications of inhabitants in the moon, and especially of a colossal building. The *Munich Gazette* communicates some of the most remarkable results derived from a great number of observations made last year. They answer three questions—

"1. To what latitude in the moon are there indications of vegetation?"

"2. How far are there indications of animated beings?"

"3. Where are the greatest and plainest traces of art on the surface of the moon?"

"With respect to the first question, it appears from the observations of Schoroter and Gruithausen that the vegetation on the moon's surface extends to 55 degrees south latitude, and 65 degrees north latitude. Many hundred observations have shewn, in the different colours and monthly changes of the parts, evidently covered with plants, three kinds of phenomena, which cannot possibly be explained, except by the process of vegetation. To the second question, it is answered that the indications from which the existence of living beings is inferred, are found from 50 degrees north latitude to 37 degrees, and perhaps 47 degrees south latitude.

"The answer to the third question relates to the observations pointing out the places on the moon's surface, in which are appearances of artificial causes, altering the surface. The author here examines the appearances that induce him to infer that there are artificial roads in various

directions, and he also describes the great colossal edifice, resembling our cities, on the most fertile part, near the moon's equator. It is remarkable that it stands accurately, according to the four cardinal points, and that the main lines are in angles of 45 and 90 degrees, and a building resembling what is called a star redoubt, is attached to it, which the discoverer presumes to be dedicated to religious purposes; and as the Selenites can see no stars in the day time (their atmosphere being so pure) he thinks that they worship the stars, and consider the earth as a natural clock. The essay is accompanied by several plates."

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

THE HERTFORD FETE.

THE Noble Marquis was determined that his taste and munificence should not be called in question, and therefore he has given a ball and supper to the Ladies, in a style of more than *oriental magnificence*.—The *suite* of five rooms—the proportions are prodigious—were more brilliantly illuminated than before, and their matchless furniture, in the style of Louis *the Fourteenth* being reflected by the infinity of mirrors, produced an effect quite magical. The visitants began to arrive at ten o'clock; a promenade till a quarter past eleven. Dancing commenced half an hour after, with a quadrille (a new one, played by sixteen French performers), led off by the Ladies Clement and Charteris, Lords Chesterfield and Cholmondeley.—The *coup d'œil* was heightened by a perspective view in the rear of the *supra* gallery, the tapestry saloon, a kind of fanciful *londor*, upon a large scale, the walls of which were hung with a scriptural subject—"Our Saviour healing the sick." Personified by groups of figures, as large as life, admirably executed. Indeed, it is very probable that this may be, what it is said to be, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the early Gobelins School.—There were four sets of dancers at midnight. The supper hour was two, but it was half-past when the banquet commenced in the dining room, beneath the ball room; now opened for the first time. It was a glorious spectacle, to see the display of glittering plate, and the infinite variety of dishes, served up in every captivating form, aided by a plateau of singular grandeur, bearing the finest flowers, and the whole lighted up by branches of gold and frosted silver. The most delicious wines—French, Spanish, Italian and Hungarian. Fruits of this year's growth, from the south of France. In short, every thing was provided in profusion.—At four o'clock, the dancing recommenced, with renovated spirit; at six, the music ceased.

Among the company present were:

The Dutch Ambassador and Lady, the Portuguese Ministers and *Amis*, the Neapolitan and Sardinian Ministers, the Russian Gortschakoff and Leiningen, the Duke of Dorset, Duchess of Wellington, Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Emily of Londonderry, Marchioness of Cholmondeley and Lord Henry Cholmondeley, Marchioness of Hertford and Mrs. Fitzroy, Marchioness of Westmeath, Earl, Countess, and the Ladies Bathurst, Earl of Westmoreland and the Ladies Fane, Earl and Countess Leitrim and the Ladies Clement, Earl and Countess of Aboyne and Lady Catherine Gordon, Earl and Countess of Uxbridge, Earl of Shaftesbury and Ladies Ashley Cooper, Lady Sakoun and Misses Fraser, Earl of Burford, Earl of Kinross,

Countess of Sefton and Ladies Molyneux, Lady C. Stewart, Lord A. Hill, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Secretary Canning, Mrs. Canning and Miss Canning, Countess Wemyss and the Ladies Charteris, Countess of Clarendon and Lady Elizabeth Villiers, Lady Ramsden, Mr. and Misses Ramsden, Lady Elizabeth and Miss Palk, Captain and Mrs. Horace Seymour, Mr. Rosson, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Lloyd, Sir Charles, Lady, and Miss Rowley, Sir G. Talbot and Misses Talbot, Sir William Elliot, Lord Ravensworth and Misses Liddell, Countess of Jersey, Mr. and Miss Cavendish, Earl of Chesterfield, Mrs. Freemantle and Miss Harvey, Lord and Lady Tullamore, Countess of Warwick and the Ladies Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Sir Charles Greville, Mrs. Boehm, the Ladies Fitzroy, Mrs. Hoare, Mr. Russel, Count Vaudreuil, Miss Villiers, Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Lady Hyde Parker and Miss Onslow, Dowager Marchioness of Landdowne, Mrs. Coutts, Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Strachan.

We have great pleasure in stating, that the contrast between the French chandelier and the English one was so strikingly in favour of the latter as to produce even comments from the company.

No branch of the Royal Family was present.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.]

BATH.

ALTHOUGH this is not the season for this delightful and favorite place the fashionable arrivals have been very numerous. The peculiar attraction of the city and its environs will always make Bath well attended at any period of the year. The following nobility and gentry are among the recent arrivals.

Earl and Countess Falmouth, Le Prince Phillippe de Batthyan Strattman, Lord Acheson, Sir A. and Lady Elton, Lady A. Somerset, Adml. and Mrs. Dilkes, Adml. Purvis, Col. and Mrs. Fisher, Col. Grant, Col. Little, Major and Mrs. Thorne, Major Woodward; Earl and Countess Clarendon, Viscount Corry, Lord Beresford, Lord Dungarvon, Hon. Mr. Corry, Lady Belvedere, Gen. and Mrs. Riall, Col. and Mrs. Fearon, Major Fellowes.

CHELTENHAM

Is now crowded with fashionable visitors, beyond all precedent; and the wonderful increase of buildings seems but to keep pace with the still rising estimation of the town. The promenades are thronged morning and evening—the libraries throughout the day are frequented by the *beau monde*, and the Assembly-Rooms brilliantly attended. Amongst the personages of distinction who have been honouring Cheltenham with their presence, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester has endeared himself to all classes of society by the urbanity and condescension of his demeanour. He visited the Montpellier Pump-Room every morning at an early hour, and remained on the walks mingling in the gay and fascinating concourse for some time.—The well denominated No. 2. at Mr. Thompson's Montpellier Spas was deepened last winter, and we are assured that the water it now produces is precisely similar in its properties to that of the Harrogate springs.

THE ROYAL AND SHERBORNE WELLS are every morning honoured by the presence of a large concourse of the *beau monde*; and the beauty of the walks, which are laid out with admirable taste, is a theme of universal eulogium, whilst the healthful properties of the waters sustain the high reputation which the springs of Cheltenham have so long and so deservedly enjoyed.

THE THEATRE.—The attraction of the distinguished Amateurs, and their unrivalled estimation in the favour of the fashionable world, is unabated. They have honoured Mr. JONES, of Covent-Garden, by sustaining for his benefit the principal characters of *The Way to get Married*, which was followed by *Charles II or the Merry Monarch*. Colonel BERKELEY ably personified the gay, the giddy, whimsical, and volatile *Turgot*,—and in his ever-varying moods, and the ludicrous incidents and dilemmas into which they hurried him, evinced all that talent and judgment which dramatic study, regulated by a close observance of mankind, can alone mature. Mr. DAWKINS, whose acting has more the manner of a veteran professor of the histrionic art than the unpractised air of an Amateur, played *Cautus* very finely. Capt. AUGUSTUS BERKELEY performed *Capt. Faulkner* with feeling and effect.

ARRIVALS.—Duke of Rutland, Earl of Lisburne, Lord and Lady Alanby, Lord Holland, Lord Vaughan, Hon. John Vaughan, Hon. Mrs. Tracy and family, Sir R. Dunkin, Sir J. Elley, Sir J. Miller, Sir A. Pratt, Sir J. Eustace, Lady Bryce, Lady Elam, Major-Gen. Molyneux; Lord John and Lady Russell, Lord Gosford, Dowager Lady Gosford, Lady Throgmorton, Lady Barham, Lady Somers, Viscount Molesworth, Hon. Berkeley Noel, Admiral and Lady Lucy Foley, Sir Geo. and Lady Garrett, Sir Wm. Parker, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Gen. Rumley, Gen. Gough, Gen. and Mrs. Marriott, Major-Gen. Bradshaw, Col. Nelly, Lord Apsley, Sir W. and Lady Habgood, Sir R. and Lady Kemys, Sir J. and Lady Nicholl.

BRIGHTON.

This fashionable place is filling fast. Rank, elegance, and beauty give splendour and fascination to the libraries at all hours of the day, and evening—loo and music, at Tuppen's, and at Lucombe's have lost nothing of their original attractions. The recent valuable addenda to the catalogue of Donaldson has very considerably multiplied the number of his *tonish* subscribers. Carriages, with new arrivals, now rattle into the town hourly—but so extensive is the place become, and so capacious and plentiful are the consequent accommodations offered, that but little inconvenience, as yet, has been found in searching out and engaging houses and lodgings.

The Duke of York is a frequent resident at the Pavilion. His Royal Highness enters into sociable conversations with many of the gay circle he meets with in his rides and walks.

The arrivals and departures have been so numerous that our list to be accurate, must necessarily be limited. The following are amongst the arrivals of rank: Lady Longford, Lady Peacock, Major-Gen. Gordon, Sir J. Grey Egerton, Bart. Sir J. Taylor, Sir G. Moore, Vice Admiral Lawford, General Russell, Captain John Worth, R. N.

WORTHING.

The present delightful weather has a corresponding influence upon the movements of our visitants, who are all upon the alert, and pleasure parties is the order of the day, every species of vehicle being in a constant state of requisition; the different boats in the roads are also in full employment, and give a degree of animation to the scene on the esplanade indescribably delightful.—Our arrivals pour in rapidly every hour, the window bills are disappearing in a

similar proportion, and a very full season must of course be the natural result.

The theatre has opened for the season. The embellishments of the interior, during the recess, have been beautifully renovated and increased, and the house now presents a most elegant and cheerful appearance;—this, coupled with the comfort and convenience which result to visitors from the construction of the house, and particularly the boxes, cannot fail to ensure to the spirited and liberal manager, Mr. Trotter, the general and undivided support of the visitors, and inhabitants.

PLYMOUTH REGATTA,

Which took place on Tuesday August 3, produced one of the gayest weeks there ever remembered. Strangers of the highest rank and respectability, from all parts of the kingdom, commenced pouring into the town as early as Friday in the preceeding week, and on Sunday evening upwards of 30 noblemen and gentlemen's yachts were assembled in Stone-house Pool, displaying beautiful specimens of marine science. The models and trimmings of some of these elegant vessels surprised and delighted many of the oldest and bestjudging nautical men, while every boat was admired and well spoken of.

The prize was awarded to the *Jack-a-lantern*, 140 tons, T. A. Smith, Esq; M.P. The *Arrow* returned first to the starting-post, and the *Sabrina* second; but the prize was given after some dispute, to the *Jack-a-lantern*, because the two former had broken the regulations in running foul of one another and the buoy, and had not gone over the prescribed course so correctly as the other had done.—For the second, the *Lord of the Isles*, 45 tons, Mr. J. Sheddou had the prize. The third prize was won by Capt. Lockyer's *Betsy*, 18 tons. The fourth prize was won by Mr. Hare's *Anne*, 6½ tons. The largest or Ladies cup held four wine quarts, and was surrounded with nearly three yards of solid double-twisted gold cable, passing over silver buoys and terminating in superb handles. The principal device was Neptune mounted on a large dolphin, surrounded by Tritons and the sea-nymphs blowing *conchs*.

Previous to the opening of the theatre at the ball-room, in the evening, about 80 persons sat down to a public dinner at the Hotel, when the prizes were awarded. The gentlemen present included many strangers, but among them were Sir William Elford, Sir T. D. Acland, R. Newman, Esq; Lord Yarborough, &c. The ball was very full, and displayed much elegant costume; upwards of 400 persons were present who kept up the dance till a late hour. Among the hundreds who joined in the gaieties, we noticed the following:

Duke of Norfolk, Earl and Countess Morley, Earl and Countess Grey, Lord Melville, Lord Yarborough, Lord Boringdon, Lord Leveson Gower, Sir W. and Lady Elford, Sir T. Dyke Acland, Sir M. and Lady Lopes, Sir J. Leach, Sir T. B. Martin, Sir R. Seppings, Sir George Leeds, Sir I. Coffin, Lady Mead, Hon. Capt. Pellew, M.P., Hon. Mrs. Hare, Capt. Wollaston, Sir J. and Lady Copley, &c. &c. &c.

On the Wednesday there were some rowing matches contested with spirit: *The women were dressed very neatly in white, and "pushed out" in style; the company on this day, was exceedingly numerous and respectable.* To those who are not accustomed to see women row, the sight must have been very striking—but they constantly ply between Oreston and Plymouth and often in very rough and troublesome water and are considered the best pilots. A boat rowed by *old hands* always preceded his late Majesty in the aquatic excursions, which he took in the year 1789 when he honored that ancient port, by a visit at which time he resided at Earl Morley's beautiful seat in that neighbourhood.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

III.—English Dukes.

LENOX, DUKE OF RICHMOND.

THE Duchess of Orleans, sister to Charles II, young, beautiful, neglected by her husband, but admired by every one of the French court, was too easily persuaded by the plausibility of Louis XIV to become a party in the intrigues of that time, in order to humble England, by the treaty that followed, relative to Holland, in favour of the French nation.

Accordingly the Duchess, to negotiate this business with her brother, paid a visit to the English court, in May, 1670. She was accompanied by Louisa Renée de Penencouët Querouaille, daughter to the Count de Querouaille, in Low Bretagne: she was a lady of extraordinary beauty and commanding address; the King was captivated with her, and prevailed on her to re-visit England: she consented, and the enterprising Duke of Buckingham was sent to* escort the lady over.

Her extraordinary complaisance in returning to England at his request, wrought upon the King's easy temper, so that he was determined to place her on an equality with the first subjects in his realm; and on the 19th of August, 1673, Louisa Renée de Querouaille was created, by letters patent, Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Farnham, and Baroness of Petersfield, in Hampshire. At this time the French King and Charles were so politically necessary to each other, that it would have been difficult for them to refuse a favour that either might request, of a *private* nature. Charles, conscious of this, used his interest in favour of the Duchess, and asked for the territory of Aubigny, in France, which, by the death of Charles Stuart, sixth and last Duke of Richmond and Lenox, had reverted to the crown. This request was complied with, and a grant issued accordingly in December 1673, in favour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, during her natural life, with remainder to such of King Charles's sons by her, as he should appoint. In the month of January, 1684, a fresh grant was signed by the French King at Versailles, by which the territory of Aubigny was erected into a duchy, and the possessor made a peer of France.

The King of England had one only son by this lady. Charles, the first Duke of Richmond, named Lenox; he was born on the 29th of July, 1672, and his father was present at the ceremony of his baptism. In the third year of his age, August 9th, 1675, he was created a peer of the realm,

Historians say that the volatile Buckingham left Louisa de Querouaille, to follow some intrigue of his own; and that the lady, having determined on the part she was to act with the enslaved monarch, got to England in the best way she could: certain it is, however, that she was received at Whitehall with the honours almost due to a queen; Buckingham did pretty much as he pleased with his merry waster, and blameable as was this neglect, no notice seems to have been taken of it.

under the titles of Baron of Lettrington, in Yorkshire, Earl of March, from the Marches in Wales, and Duke of Richmond in Yorkshire: the same year, on the 9th of September, by letters patent, passed in Scotland, he was also created Duke of Lenox, Earl of Darnley, and Baron Methuen of Torbolton, in that kingdom: in both instances the titles were limited to the male heirs.

His Grace served in Flanders as aide-de-camp to King William, but we find him unemployed during Queen Anne's reign. He died at Goodwood, in Sussex, on the 27th of May, 1723, and was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

He married Ann, the relict of Henry, Lord Bellasye of Worlaby, second daughter of Francis, called Lord Brudenell; he had issue:

1. Charles Lenox, born May 18th, 1701.

2. Louisa, born December 24th, 1694, who married James, the third Earl of Berkely. On the 13th of October, 1714, her Ladyship was appointed lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales.

3. Anne, born June 24th, 1703, married in 1722 to William-Anne, the second Earl of Albemarle, her Ladyship was also lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, and lived to a very advanced age.

Charles the second Duke, succeeded his father in his English and Scotch honours. On the 14th of November, 1734, he succeeded his grand-mother in the Duchy of Aubigny. His Grace had been long standing in the army, and was, on the 3rd of July, 1739, made brigadier of the King's forces, and on the 6th of June, 1745, was made a lieutenant-general. He did not long survive his appointment of colonel of his Majesty's royal dragoon-guards, the blues, which took place on the 17th of February, 1749; he expired on the 8th of August following, universally regretted.

His Grace was married, at the Hague, on the 4th of December, 1719, to Sarah, eldest daughter of William, Lord Cadogan, and by her, who died on the 25th of August, 1751, and buried with her husband in the Cathedral of Chichester, he had issue:

1. Georgina Carolina, born the 28th of March, 1723; in May, 1744, she married Henry Fox, Esq. afterwards Lord Holland. His Grace the late Duke had other daughters and sons, but his seventh child, Charles, succeeded him as third Duke of Richmond. We cannot, however, pass over his eleventh child, Sarah, justly reckoned the most beautiful woman of her time; she was born in London, the 14th of February, 1744, and was the first of ten lovely maiden daughters of Dukes and Earls, that supported the train of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, at her coronation.

To Lady Sarah Lenox extreme beauty might, perhaps, be said to have been a fatal gift; in the year 1762, she was married to the late Sir Charles Bunbury: an accomplished and handsome young nobleman, caused her to forget her conjugal duty, and the marriage with Sir Charles was dissolved; some years after, her Ladyship married a Major Napier, and resided with him, not many years ago, in Italy.

Charles, the third Duke, was born on the 22nd of February, 1734. On the accession of his late Majesty, George III, the Duke was appointed lord of the bed-cham-

ber, which post he afterwards resigned. His Grace married on the 1st of April, 1757, Mary, daughter of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury; his second lady was Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Argyll.

His Grace died December 29th, 1806, without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew Charles, who became fourth Duke of Richmond.

When Colonel Lenox, he was well known to the army, and equally esteemed in it for his bravery, his kindness to the soldiery and his amiability, and suavity of manners in private life: his conviviality diffused gaiety around him, and rendered him the delight of the foreign garrison. His death was somewhat sudden, during his governorship in Canada; his Grace married, September 9th, 1783, Charlotte, daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, by whom he had a numerous issue. He was succeeded by Charles, his eldest son, the fifth and present Duke, born August the 3rd, 1794, and married April 10th, 1817, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea, and has issue, Charles, Earl of March and Darnley, heir apparent, born March 27th, 1818, and other children.

His Grace is a major-general in the army, and was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington; he was severely wounded at the battle of Orthes, in France, on the 2nd of March, 1814.

His Grace is Duke of Aubigny, in France; which was confirmed and registered in 1777, and confirmed again, March 18th, 1816, by Louis XVIII, by causing the estate of Aubigny to be re-assigned to him.

The motto of this noble family seems to derive its origin from a gallant compliment paid to the beauty of the first founder of their honours. *En la Rose je fleuris*.—I flourish, (or I blossom), in the Rose.

IV.

FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE first Duke of Grafton was Henry, the second natural son of King Charles II, by Barbara Villiers, then made Duchess of Cleveland: she was married to Roger Palmer, Esq., to whom she bore one daughter, Anne, who married Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex. His Majesty was so captivated by the personal attractions of Mrs. Palmer, she being esteemed the most beautiful woman of her time, that he extended his favour to her husband and child; the latter he adopted, and created the former Baron Limeric and Earl of Castlemain in Ireland. Charles was very profuse in bestowing honours on this lady; and had five natural children by her, three sons and two daughters.

1. Charles, Duke of Cleveland, (title extinct in 1774).

2. Henry, Duke of Grafton.

3. George, born in Merton College, Oxon, on the 20th of December, 1665, created Baron Pontefract and Earl of Northumberland, on the 1st of October, 1674, and Duke of Northumberland, on the 6th of April, 1683.

The King's daughters by the Duchess of Cleveland, were Charlotte, married to Sir Edward Henry Lee, and Barbara, who died an English nun at Poiteuse in France.

We come now to speak of Henry, first Duke of Grafton, his Grace's interest was by no means diminished at court, after the accession of James II. Grateful to his sovereign, he opposed the Duke of Monmouth's pretensions; and in 1687 when the Pope's nuncio made his appearance in Eng-

land, the Duke of Somerset declined introducing him to the King, and the Duke of Grafton was prevailed on to supply his place, which conduct put a dagger into the hands of his enemies, who did not fail to compute his compliance as a proof of his attachment to popery; but, when his principles were put to the test, they were sufficient to vindicate his memory from such aspersions.

On the landing of the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Grafton was one of the protestant nobles that signed a petition to his Majesty, desiring him to dispel the fears of the people, by calling a regular and free parliament. Nor did his Grace hesitate, when he found matters carried to such a length, to espouse the party of the Duke of Marlborough, and join the Prince of Orange: it was plain, however, that the Duke of Grafton wished for an accommodation to be brought about with the King; for when it was debated in the House of Peers, whether "the throne, being vacant, it ought to be filled up with a regent or a king," he was one of the forty-nine that voted for a regent." Yet his Grace, with the Duke of Ormond and the Dukes of Southampton and Northumberland, did not long resist the voice of the majority, in acknowledging the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen.

He embarked, as a volunteer, in the expedition against Cork, in 1690, and received a wound from a shot, whereby two of his ribs were broken. Of this wound his Grace died, on the 9th of October in the same year. He married Isabella, daughter and heir of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, by her he had one only son, Charles, the second Duke of Grafton, who was born October 25th, 1683, and succeeded his father at seven years of age, and his mother at her death, as Earl of Arlington, she having enjoyed the earldom in her own right, at the death of her father.

At the age of seventeen, his Grace set forwards on his travels, and after having made the tour of Europe, he returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Peers, the very day he came of age, the 25th of October, 1704. At the coronation of George I, he carried St. Edmund's crown. In the following year he was sent to Ireland, as one of the lords justices, in order to keep that kingdom quiet, and prevent assistance from the rebels, then raging in Scotland. The Duke's conduct on this trying occasion gave great satisfaction to his Majesty. On the accession of George II, he was re-appointed Lord Lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of the county of Suffolk, as he had been in the preceding reign. In the year 1713 he married Henrietta, daughter to Charles Somerset, commonly called Marquis of Worcester, eldest son to Henry, Duke of Beaufort, by her he had three sons and three daughters.

His eldest son was George, commonly called Earl of Euston, who was born on the 24th of August, 1715. This nobleman was one of the four who supported the train of George II, at his coronation. In 1741, he married Dorothy, daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington; she died in April the following year; her husband survived her till the 6th of July 1747, when, by his death, without issue, his heirship devolved upon the eldest son of his brother.

Charles, the second Duke of Grafton, of whose descendants we have been treating, was a remarkable favourite with George II, and it was observed that his Majesty, when he heard of his death, was more sensibly affected than he was at the loss of any subject, even of the blood royal.

His grace departed this life on the 6th of May, 1757, full of years and honours, and was succeeded by his grand-son,

Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton. His Grace married on the 29th of January, 1756, Anne, only child of Henry Lisle, Lord Ravensworth, by whom he had issue, one daughter and two sons. The marriage of his Grace was dissolved by act of parliament, March 23rd, 1769.

The third Duke deceasing March 8th, 1811, was succeeded by his eldest son, George Henry, the fourth and present Duke of Grafton: his Grace was born January 14th, 1760, and married November 16th, 1784, Charlotte Maria, second daughter of the second Earl of Waldegrave, by the late Duchess of Gloucester, and by her, who died February 2nd, 1806, he had Henry, Earl of Euston, born February 28th, 1791, married at Lisbon, June 20th, to Mary Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Monarch Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G. C. B. an admiral in the Navy, brother to Frederick Augustus, Earl of Berkely, and has issue a son and heir, born August 4th, 1819, and other children. His Grace also has other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Et decus et pretium recti*.—At once the ornament and recompence of virtue.

This motto we imagine to have been given to one of the virtuous sons of the *Duchess of Cleveland*!

DIFFICULTIES OF CONVERSATION.

MR. EDITOR.

I do not know any thing more painful to the sensitiveness of an Englishman, than the difficulty to begin a conversation with an entire stranger. Let him be ever so sensible and well-informed;—let him have gathered his knowledge upon the banks of Tiber or of Thames, it is all the same, the first entry to familiar conversation is torturing in the extreme; and when the effort is at length made, the sapient remark that “the weather is fine”—or “it is very dirty”—or “very cold,” unlocks the portals of the organs of speech.

I am unwilling to trouble you with an account of any of the difficulties which I have undergone in this particular misery; but various and heavy they have been; and so much to my mortification, that my intimate friends have often been asked, “if I was not a fool?”—An impertinent French author has said, that the English always begin conversation with remarks on the weather, and that such subjects are only the resort of those, “who do not know how to say any thing better.” But this I positively deny; and without quoting any of my own country men (or women, God bless their sweet tongues!) as authority, I will give you, Mr. Editor, a few remarks upon some of the wits and geniuses of France, extracted from a recent publication.

“Descartes for instance—that philosopher rendered immortal, by his scientific discoveries—Descartes was always silent when in company: and M. Thomas, his eulogist has described him, as having possessed a mine of the richest intellectual metal, but none of currency.—La Fontaine was

artificial, dull and heavy. That inimitable author of some of the finest moral tales in the world, did not know how to give a verbal description of any thing he saw.

Corneille was upon the rack when in society: he could not then speak that language correctly, whose beauties, he has taught all men to admire; and of Marmontel it was said, by one of his contemporaries, “I will go and read his works to recompense me for the time I lose by listening to him.” Nicole wittily said of a man of the world with whom he had been associated: “He bears the palm away from me in the *Drawing-room*: but he surrenders at discretion on the *stair-case*.”

J. J. Rousseau in his *Confessions*, book 3rd. says: “I find it absolutely necessary to preserve the utmost coolness and composure when I write: judge then, what I ought to be in conversation, when to speak correctly, one must think in a moment, of a thousand things: the idea only of such a necessity, is sufficient to intimidate me and to make me forget the most trifling. I cannot comprehend how it is that people venture to talk in a large company; for, at every word they utter, they should pass in review, all the persons by whom they are surrounded: they should know all their characters, all their histories, in order to make sure of never saying any thing that should offend any one.”

But there have been many splendid specimens of wit and genius, exhibited by highly gifted men of the French nation, who have shewn their cast in SOCIETY, as well as in the *Salon*; for instance, Fenelon, Fontenelle, Montesquieu possessed conversational talent of the first rate. That of Fenelon, was gentle and insinuating; he well knew the secret of drawing all men to his opinion. Fontenelle was lively and satirical; his discourse was enriched by the most animated and brilliant sallies.—Montesquieu’s conversation resembled his writings, it was wise and profound, like his “*Spirit of the Laws*”—pointed and amusing, like his “*Persian letters*.”

It was said too of Mad. Scarron that “her manner of relating a story was so fascinating, that she always found means to make her auditors forget the Roast-meat was deficient.”

Having endeavoured to prove by the above eminent examples, that taciturnity does not always proceed from ignorance, nor a common place conversation awkwardly delivered, from the want of better knowledge; I trust my cause and that of hundreds (nay thousands) of my countrymen to your kind indulgence, and the pages of the *World of Fashion*.

M

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Hapless Echo! why, oh! why,
Plaintive, dost thou thus reply
To ev'ry noise around;
When, 'midst all the murmurs near
Falling on thy list'ning ear,
Narcissus' voice can never sound?

Silence, Echo! for 'tis vain
Heark'ning for his words again,
The lovely youth is dead:
Know'st thou, Echo! where he died?
On a fountain's lonely side
His verdant grave is spread.

Know'st thou, Echo! how he fell?
List! the sad truth I will tell,
And cause thy tears to flow.
Gazing on a streamlet clear,
Wond'ring he beheld appear
A bright face in the rill below.

Foolish boy! he never deem'd
'T was his own fair form that gleam'd
Reflected in the wave;
But some nymph of neighb'ring wood,
Beauteous, in the crystal flood
He thought had come to lave.

Then he panted to embrace
Body with so fair a face,
And leapt into the rill:
Nought was there; but when on shore
Weeping, he reclin'd once more
The form was in the water still!

Rapturous words escap'd his tongue,
To the fount again he sprang,
And sought his image there;
With the splash the vision fled,
To the shore again he sped
And perish'd in despair!

Perish'd—and his blood became
A fair flower, which bore his name;
And when, upon the green,
Nymphs drew nigh to raise his pile,
Sorrowing for his death the while,
That yellow flow'r alone was seen.

Then, sweet Echo! tell me why
Thou dost, plaintive, thus reply
Unto each murmur ever:
Wailing at his hopeless love,
Pan may call thee from the grove—
Thy dear Narcissus—never!

Th. W.

A NEW CHAPTER ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

ONE might as well attempt to number all the red parallelograms of metamorphised earth, that, in their beautiful variety, adorn this brick and mortar metropolis, as to enumerate the words, phrases, periods, pages, chapters and volumes, that have been exquisitely rounded off upon that most inexhaustible of themes and adorable of divinities—Love! Towards this end all the powers, not only of simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and divi-

sion, but even of logarithms, algebra, and every other department of the mathematics would be employed in vain. Poets make him their God, philosophers hug whilst they defame him, painters stick him upon canvas, girls die for him, statesmen for his sake quit the politics of nations for those of the *boudoir*, and were it not for his interposing effects, the London cockney and the Parisian *badaud* would kill themselves with smoking and grimace.—His sway is as irresistible as his reign is irregular, the exertions of Dr. Malthus prove fruitless when opposed to him, and the great Jeremy Bentham himself, despite his legislative dexterity, could invent no laws to keep the young Deity within the bounds of moderation and decorum. Of what wondrous effects has he been the cause even from creation downwards! He (confound him!) made Adam cram the forbidden apple and prize the company of Eve far more than Eden's garden of gardens. He played the devil among his fellow Eternals—made Juno an injured spouse, rendered his mother and Mars regardless of common decency, and gave Vulcan a broken leg, after having caused him to be kicked out of Heaven. On heathen ground he raised a terrible dust, for Hercules he turned into a spinner and poisoned the gentleman afterwards; he sent Orpheus and half a score others alive into hell, to the no small annoyance of Dan Pluto—and moreover

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered

was entirely owing to the machinations of our quondam little god, who rendered Agamemnon, "the king of kings," more obstinate than the most stubborn of long-eared chargers. He burnt Troy, plagued Ulysses' life out, made Penelope a good woman, and, as every one knows, caused Anthony to think as little of a world as of a nutshell. In more modern times his omnipotence has shewn itself in all manner of monasteries and nunneries: fat friars and lay-brothers have danced attendance upon him, and old Abbesses and gentle nuns have thought much more of h—is heaven than any other. He next took to arms and turned the brains of many thousand Knight's errant—after which, he "played old nick" with bluff Harry, set England to loggerheads with France and bewildered the imagination of Louis-le-Grand. But among no class of mortals has he committed greater ravages than with the *genus irritabile vatum*: of poetry he is the very soul—it is nothing without him, as several chaste modern bards have amply demonstrated. Would that the deity had been content to live in verse without troubling its professors!—Euripides he tormented with a brace of wives; Anacreon turned drunkard in his honor; Sappho, the most immortal of those whom the Leviathan of Literature vulgarly and uncour-

teously terms "*she-poets*," drowned herself to get rid of him; Horace worshipped at his shrine, and master Naso he obliged to take a trip to the Euxine. In later times, he immured Tasso in an hospital and made Petrarch spout sonnets everlastingly; he sent Camoens fortune-hunting and induced Corneille to take what our friend Jonathan Oldbuck calls a slip of womankind, as his critic—Chaucer he rendered any thing but decent; he caused the bewitching Anne Hathaway to have a way of charming the heart of Will Shakespeare; Cowley, Waller and others he rendered metaphysical; he worried Milton and disgusted Dryden so much that he wrote this brutal epitaph on his dear wife:

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest—and so am I.

Yet further, he addled the brains of Alexander the Little and made Martha Blount omnipotent:—Addison he rendered ambitious of a woman of quality, who well nigh teased the poet to death; the sober Dean he converted to a Romeo, and constrained Prior to worship an angel in the shape of a trull. Add to these my uncle Toby, whose amours with widow Wadman every one is acquainted with, and no doubt can then be entertained of the wisdom displayed by the ancients in dubbing Cupid the "King of gods and men." At all hours and in all places both man and woman are susceptible of his delicious poison: kings on their thrones: heroes in battle; senators and judges in council and court, have not been able to resist him on occasion, and we once knew a farmer who became desperately impassioned upon seeing a chubby country girl feeding pigs! Women are his peculiar slaves, he makes them laugh, cry, talk *and be silent*, just as he pleases, which last effect is a sad proof of his marvellous authority."

From Love, let us proceed to lovers, beginning with what blundering grammarians call the *worthier* gender. A more amusing object in nature there could not be than a Lover, were it possible for us to overlook and hear him at all hours: his actions would frequently be delightfully ridiculous, and his soliloquies movingly absurd: but he is celebrated for dissembling his feelings in the presence of others; yet let him play the hypocrite as he will, an observant eye soon ascertains him to be the devoted, humble servant of a woman, and his every action will be found to justify the exclamation of "*O toties servus!*" A true lover blunders, stammers and stamps on people's toes every other second, and we beg to assure our readers that unless a fellow do this he is no lover at all; but a mere half-devotee, more saint than sinner, and the very essence of insipidity:

"Let no such man be trusted!"

One who is justly entitled to the appellation of lover, should be nothing better than a post in all other company than that of his guiding angel: a perfect *il penseroso*, he should sit, watch in hand, and count the tedious moments as they pass; let him be deaf to all music, save the sweet tones of her "silver-seeming" voice, and let him think of no stars but her eyes, of no rubies but her lips!

As regards lady-lovers, they are, generally speaking, such accomplished hypocrites that none but their favored idols are at all aware of the real state of their feelings; they can sham utter indifference with perfection, and rail against sentiment and passion till they effectually prove themselves to be both sentimental and passionate. But women are dangerous things to meddle with, and we must therefore decline saying a word more on so perilous a subject.

We would here caution some of our fellow mortals from intruding themselves, as it were, upon the society of lovers: many think it an excellent joke, forsooth, to interrupt the communion of heart with heart, and soul with soul; but did they know the horrible extent of the annoyance of which they are the cause, could they tell what raptures they destroy, were they able to conceive the mental imprecations that are thereby brought down upon them, well convinced are we that they would soon become acquainted with better behaviour.

"L'entretien des amans veut un entier secret."

And we recommend all who have any regard for their own welfare, to shun this gentle race of beings as they would his Satanic Majesty: a single pair of the doves of Venus, once enraged, are more to be dreaded than all the wild beasts of the Royal Menagerie put together.

Enough of lovers! they are the mere sport of the young god or devil (we hardly know which name suits him the better of the two) to whom we have dedicated the beginning of our chapter, and whose reign will only end, "when all things shall have returned to their original chaos."

SONG.

'Tis evening now—and the lark is winging
Its joyous flight aloft in air;
In the hawthorn bush where the linnet is singing—
Merrily, merrily, free from care!

'Tis evening now—and the winds are sighing
As they waft on their gentle way;
The busy bee to its home is flying—
Merrily, merrily, blithe and gay!

'Tis evening now—and behind the mountains
Phœbus hath hid his godhead bright;
The fish are sporting along their fountains—
Merrily, merrily, swift and light!

* * * * *

M 2

'Tis midnight now—and divinely is flowing
The blue of the measureless sky;
Beneath it pale Diana rolls glowing—
Merrily, merrily, smiling, high!

'Tis midnight now—and the stars are filling
With sparkling lamps the azure skies;
The sounds of waterfalls, peaceful and thrilling—
Merrily, merrily, fall and rise!

'Tis midnight now—and the moon-beams are dancing
Across the streamlet and over the lea;
Thro' hill and thro' dale the fairies are prancing—
Merrily, merrily, full of glee!

Th. W.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

I HAVE lately paid some attention to the modern improvements that are going on, both in and out of the metropolis. Nothing is now to be seen but building at all points of the compass; not a green field, nor even a garden remains within five or six miles in any direction. Poor cockneys! what will they do for the walks they used to delight in, to Peckham—Rye, Primrose Hill, and other places of rurality, once so famous for their beauty, the excellencies of their tea, and hot rolls, their bottled ale, and other country luxuries. I can sympathise in all their feelings, for having been born and bred in the country, I am perfectly alive to the severity of their privations. If, indeed, the houses erected on these once delightful spots, that boasted so many picturesque views, were in the style of building suited to the situations; and were adorned with lawns, shrubberies and pleasure grounds, they would still be ornamental; but no, building is now a speculation of profit, and excludes every idea of architectural embellishment. Oh capability Brown! Oh classic Price! ye spirits of rural improvement and sylvan beauty; what would your refined taste say to the interminable Rows, Terraces and Places of formal and tottering brickwork, the "beggarly account of empty boxes," that now deform the fair face of nature with undeviating monotony, and by their reiterated parallels shut out from the inhabitants even the refreshing verdure of the far distant hills. Or if perchance, a cottage or née is erected, to break the general sameness, under the fascinating title of Myrtle Lodge, or some such sylvan appellation, its beauty is despoiled by a patchwork cement in *professed* imitation of stone, which exhibits on its chequered surface every variety of shade, from the dusty hue of Egyptian granite, to the sickly yellow of time worn Portland, or plastered on every side with a dazzling white of the same composition, is relieved by bright green doors and shutters, on the former of which brass knockers and bell handles, glitter in the sun. In the front garden, adorned with stunted evergreens, the shining leaves of the holly, blend with the spreading foliage

of the dwarf fir, the cypress and the yew. These are interspersed with holly hocks, towering to the summit of the parlour windows, and looking down in proud pre-eminence upon the less aspiring host of peonies, sunflowers, and marigolds, by which they are surrounded.

These increasing neighbourhoods swell the parishes in which they are situated to an unnatural bulk, and the churches are found inadequate to accommodate the numerous worshippers, and extra temples become necessary; but here again we must condemn the taste and judgment of modern architects. Oh ye shades of Jones, Wren and Langley! arise and behold with weeping astonishment the model of the Parthenon, perforated with Egyptian windows and doors, flanked by sarcophagi with doric porticos, supported by Greco-Egyptian cariatides; finished at the western front with a heavy Ionic porch, and pediment of gigantic dimensions; and to complete the caricature, the edifice is surmounted by a fac-simile of the Pagan tower of the winds crowned at its summit by a christian cross! nor is the interior less objectionable; for how can we reconcile with the simplicity of our national worship and the sacred character of a church, the theatrical looking galleries with their scarlet draperies; and the slender palm tree pillars that support them? Let our theatres, where folly holds her court, be as gaudy and glaring as crimson and gold can make them; for these such ornaments are appropriate, but in the name of common decency, of sound taste, and the solemn service of our Creator, let not our churches bear more resemblance to a place of amusement for the children of vanity, than an edifice where are held the assemblies of humble christians engaged in the service of their Maker. Though I am not a Puritan, I cannot help preaching upon a text of such importance; but as neither time nor space will allow of my indulging in amplification, I shall dismiss the new churches, of which the above is a specimen, with a fervent hope that the commissioners, under whose auspices they are built, will add to their establishment a Sub-committee of Taste, by whose deliberations the designs may be rendered more consistent with the purposes for which the edifices are intended. I am in common with many learned antiquaries and cognoscenti in favour of the long exploded Gothic style which, I am happy to observe, has been adopted in a few of the new churches, as possessing a grandeur and neatness, more in accordance with the true idea of ecclesiastical architecture.

Having thus spoken of the buildings in progress in the environs, it becomes necessary to mention those in the metropolis; and here, though great praise must be awarded, yet I would suggest some improvements that would add greatly to its beauty and convenience. Regent Street, and its

appendages is certainly, as a whole, a magnificent design, and a national ornament; but why introduce among the more finished columns of Greece, the whimsical and mishapen pillars of Turkey; or destroy the symmetry of Langham Place with a new church, the form and size of which is, "so strange and unnatural" as to be compared to no other building civil or religious? Yet, strange as it may appear, it is said to be designed as an eye-trap to the vista of Regent Street, and considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of architectural science. Certainly the greater the distance at which it is seen the better, but in my humble opinion it would be better still were it *not seen at all*! Next in magnitude as a national undertaking is the new Museum; of this no judgment can at present be formed, but its necessity is obvious, from the want of room in Montague House, and the consequent injury that many parts of that collection have sustained from neglect. Speaking of this establishment as a source of public information, I would beg leave to suggest that the foundation of public lectures on Natural History, Mineralogy, &c. here, would be of the greatest benefit to the cause of science from the facility with which specimens might be obtained, and the advantages that would accrue to visitors from such regular forms of instruction. A reprint of the library catalogue in a cheap form with a classification of its contents, under the distinct heads of History, Biography, &c. is a desideratum. This, however, as far at least as the reprinting in the present form, is, I am happy to hear, in contemplation; and I much wish that the other part of the above suggestion could also be adopted, as it would add incalculably to the value and utility of the publication.

Of the other numerous improvements at the West-end of the town, much may be said, and I cannot help passing a few strictures on the Wellington trophy erected by the *Ladies* in Hyde-Park. I am aware that the subject has been severely handled by the newspaper writers, and I am not to be deterred by the anathemas that have already been passed upon this most indecorous figure, from *adding* to the number and declaring it a public disgrace to *British taste*, not to say *decorum*. As a copy from the antique, it is creditable to the taste of the artist; but that which was appropriate to the taste and feelings of the hardy sons of Greece, where statuary was made subservient to religion, is totally inconsistent with the commemoration of a military hero of the 19th century. *It is said* to represent Achilles; but let me ask *what similarity*, what relation is there between *the hero of antiquity and the victor of Waterloo*, *either in personal character, or the ever memorable events in which he was engaged?* Besides,

what possible period of his life can be identified with that of Achilles at the court of Lycomedes, where he was by a stratagem discovered, from the circumstance of his being attracted by a suit of armour which that crafty chief Ulysses, had brought on purpose to detect him; and which, it is highly probable, he retired to put on; and it is this very action, which Achilles with the modesty of youth concealed, that the statue in question represents? *Oh tempora, oh mores!*

At Westminster the improvements are great, and highly creditable to the talents and research of the architects. The restoration of the abbey is beautifully correct; and that of the hall equally so with the exception of the North-West corner, which, though a fine grecian design, and exhibiting great elegance, does not harmonize with the Norman Gothic character of the northern front. Of the new entrance to the House of Lords, and the King's staircase, we must confess great ingenuity has been displayed, though every true lover of antiquity must lament the destruction of some fine remains of gothic embellishments, in grotesques, foliage, &c. of which not a vestige exists, except a few loose drawings, made by an artist who happened to be present during this barbarous act of modern spoliation.

In the city we have the restoration of St. Paul's and the *new nose* to the statue of Queen Anne; though I think the repairs should certainly have been extended to the *four quarters of the world*, whose figures ornament the base of the statue, and whose *disfigured countenances* call loudly for surgical assistance; as, in their present state, they are a disgrace to the statue. The Royal Exchange has also been renovated, and many stories are told of the statues of the several kings; Charles I. is said to have lost his head at the moment of removal—James II. to have tottered and fallen from his pedestal without being touched, and the sceptre to have fallen from his hands; and many other circumstances both curious and interesting, which time and space compel me reluctantly to omit.

At the Bank the most *radical* reform is rapidly proceeding. The modern taste of the ingenious architect has led him to discard the spreading foliage of the Acanthus from the Corinthian capital, and substitute in their place rows of *stunted curls*, which bear a close resemblance to the *natty wig* that decorates the pericranium of the Lord Mayor's *coachman*; but upon making this remark to an architect, he silenced my complaints by informing me that the model had been taken from the ruins of the temple of Vesta.

Having thus noticed some of the most prominent of our modern improvements, I shall close this paper, by remarking, that though much real con-

venience has been obtained, by the removal of old buildings and the erection of new ones, much still remains to be done, for which I have ventured to throw out a few hints; and however insignificant they may be esteemed by the ruling powers of modern taste, have long been an object of solicitude and conversation to

THE GOSSIP.

THE HEART'S TREASURE.

What gift has kind Heaven to us mortals presented,
More rare than the jewel that glows in the mine;
More sweet than the breeze from Arabian groves scented;
More rich than the goblet that sparkles with wine?

The jewel that hangs on the bosom of beauty,
No value conveys to the shrine of the heart;
Demands no affection, inhances no duty,
To the victim of sorrows no balm can impart.

The spice scented gale that its odours diffuses,
Betrays by a kiss, but no constancy knows;
The heart's gentle ties of affection refuses,
And thro' its dark temple no pleasure bestows.

The goblet that sparkles with purple profusion
May lull for a moment the throbbings of grief;
But short is the reign of its blissful delusion,
And deeper the pangs from their transient relief.

For the tear of affliction, mute offspring of sorrow,
The heart has a treasure that heav'n has bestow'd;
That seeks not from earth's fleeting riches to borrow,
The source whence its sacred perfection has flow'd.

The mild smile of friendship more radiance discloses,
Than the beams of the jewel that glows in the crown;
More sweet is her breath than the perfume of roses,
Her joys more serene than the goblet can own.

Her soul-breathing accents in joy or dejection,
Can heighten each pleasure, or soften each smart;
Then prize this sweet offspring of heav'n-born affection
As the treasure that Mercy bestows on the heart.

Γ.

THE WHISPER.

What is the messenger of love
At parting's hour, when accents prove
The feelings are all speech above?

The whisper.

Then from each lab'ring bosom swell
Those sighs, those thoughts no tongue can tell,
But in the list'ning ear shall dwell

The whisper.

What can those anxious fears bespeak
That stain with tears the pallid cheek,
Or sorrows bursting silence break?

The whisper.

Yet trust not this insidious friend
Itsometimes serves the traitor's end
And vice with deepest crimes may blend

The whisper.

Thus as the self-same breath may shar
The sigh of love or cheat the ear
With falsehoods guile, let truth forbear
The whisper.
Γ.

REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY.

No. 1.

If all the errors and absurdities contained in Astrological works could be exhibited at one view, none would feel surprized at the disgrace into which that science has fallen; nor will it be wondered at, when it is understood that all who have written upon the subject, however opposite their opinions may be, have pretended to adhere to the principles of Ptolemy,* as though they were fearful of its being known, that they in the most trifling point differed from that author.

Those who set themselves up as professors endeavour to make every one believe that they hold his volume as sacred; when at the same time it is a chance if many of them have a copy of his work in their possession, or ever read it through. If a new work makes its appearance before the public, which is rarely the case, it is sure to be hauded about as the true doctrine of Ptolemy, when upon inspection it proves to be nothing more than a collection of old aphorisms, injudiciously selected from other works of the kind, and which have also been compiled under the same circumstances: indeed hardly any one has ventured to advance any thing original since the days in which that author flourished; almost every work of the kind that has been published since his time, has been nothing more than a collection from different authors, and of which there is to be had at present a most voluminous specimen, called *Sibley's Illustration of Astrology*; a work in which may be found the quality of effects resulting from a ☐ (square) — or ☿ (opposition) — of the ☉ (Sun) — and ♀ (Venus) — and the ☉ (Sun) — and ♀ (Mercury) — described in full. Aspects that according to the arrangement of the planetary system, never could, nor ever can be formed by those bodies. This at once shews how astrological works have been written without experience, and yet the public are assured that this work is founded upon the sublime principles of the immortal Ptolemy.

* Claudius Ptolemy, the author of the *Quadripartite*, flourished in the second century after Christ, in the reign of Antonius Adrian, in Alexandria in Egypt; many parts of his work contain a portion of truth which serves to convince us that the art of Astrology was much better understood in his days, than it is at present; but it is very abstruse and from a variety of causes rendered almost unintelligible.

By such means the young student in this art is led to believe, that every word contained in the *Quadrupartite* is truth, he of course begins to study it, and if he cannot understand it at first, thinks he must pore over it until he can; at last finding it a mass of confusion and contradiction, and many parts of it wholly unintelligible, he throws it aside altogether, condemning the science as founded upon fiction, and its followers, fools and impostors; and had it not been for such men as Lilly, Pyne and Coombes, there is little doubt but the science would be disbelieved altogether.

Lilly has written several works upon the subject, but it is certain that he did not explain it in the light in which he understood it himself; there was a secret by which he was guided in all his predictions, that he never published to the world; his work upon nativities is therefore as ill calculated to convey information, as all others of the kind, and consequently unworthy of attention.

However, there are many persons now living, that have not only seen those two modern artists and had their opinions, but have witnessed the completion of many of their predictions, the greater part of which were fulfilled with such an extraordinary degree of correctness, as to leave no doubt upon the mind of any one, as to the possibility of foretelling events by the Science of astrology; unfortunately neither of those gentlemen have left any work upon the subject behind them; but it is evident from the nature of their predictions, that they were in possession of a secret or system, that has, at least for many centuries, been very little known and not to be found in any books.

When any one went to consult Mr. Coombes, they were always asked for their age and the hour of their birth, if they did not know the hour at all, he would reject them: but if they knew the time within half an hour, he would take a few minutes to erect the figure, and would then without any study go through the whole of the nativity, in a manner that gave satisfaction to almost every person that went to consult him, and in doing this he seldom exceeded three quarters of an hour.

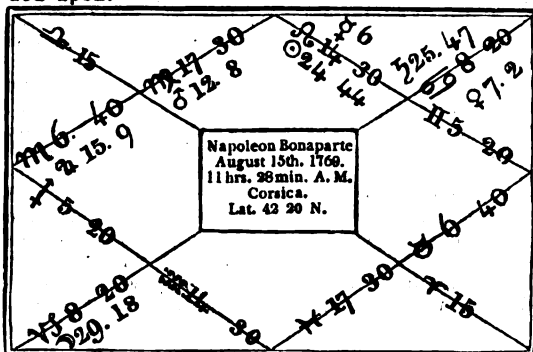
From these facts it must appear plain to every thinking person that whatever system or secret knowledge he possessed, it enabled him to handle the science with great ease, and must have been very simple, and easy to comprehend; and, at the same time, affords the most convincing proofs that there is a system, widely differing from the laborious one laid down by Placidus and Partridge, and which is not only simple in its nature, but contains much more of truth and information. That such a system should become generally known, is the most ardent wish of the author of these remarks, who intends, in the course of this work, as far as his observation and experience will enable him, to lay before the public, the means of acquiring a much more complete knowledge of the science than any

the present rules afford, by introducing a system that has been founded upon natural principles and experience; more than two thirds of which will be entirely *original*, and is so plain and simple in its nature, that a child of an ordinary capacity may, in a very short time, become acquainted with the whole of its principles.

When this is explained there is no doubt but it will lead to a better knowledge of the effects of *Directions* which are at present involved in great obscurity, partly owing to the general ignorance of the effects of *radical Positions*, and the belief in the ridiculous doctrine of the *Lords of Houses and Dispositors*, which can have no foundation in nature.

However before it is possible to proceed in explaining the principles of a new system, it is absolutely necessary that some of the absurdities, which have hitherto prevented the advancement of this Science should be exposed, and proved to have no effect.

The greatest obstacle to the attainment of a better knowledge of planetary influence, is the general belief in the doctrine of the Planets *Essential Dignities*, as laid down by Ptolemy in the *quadrupartite*, p. 49, which has puzzled and confused every one who has attempted to make any progress in it, and yet all who have written upon the subject, have given a table of the same, with a pretended explanation of what they could never understand and which was evidently erroneous: the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* proves it at once, but admitting for arguments sake that such dignities *do* exist, it must appear plain to every one that they have not been rightly assigned; the Georgian should have dignities somewhere as well as the rest, consequently the whole system, as it has stood since the days of Ptolemy, has been founded upon error; however the public may rest assured that such dignities have no foundation in nature, and ought to be wholly rejected, and until they are, no farther improvement can be made in astrology. But as facts are at all times the most convincing proofs, I have inserted the nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to afford the public an opportunity of judging how far the dignities of the planets are to be depended upon.



Upon examination it will be found that only the ☉ (*Sun*)—was essentially dignified at the time of that extraordinary man's birth—surely no one will venture to assert, that was sufficient to cause him to rise from a state of poverty and become one of the greatest Emperors in the world, and yet I can perceive no other testimony according to the doctrine of dignities, for ♂ (*Mars*)—who according to that system would be ruler of the ascendant, has none in the sign ♍ (*Virgo*)—where he is posited, this is at once a convincing proof that it is not necessary for ♂ (*Mars*)—to be in essential dignities to make a soldier.

The sign ♊ (*Sagittarius*)—being on the cusp of the second house, which is said to be the house of gain, ♃ (*Jupiter*)—becomes the ruler of it, by being Lord of that sign—he is also out of all his dignities, and unfortunately placed in the house of ♂ (*Mars*)—according to the common rules of astrology this would have denoted great poverty.

It may also be observed that the planet ♄ (*Saturn*)—was in his detriment, and ♀ (*Venus*)—♿ (*Mercury*)—and the ☾ (*Moon*)—out of all their supposed dignities—from all this it is evident that if a planet's being powerful, depended upon its being essentially dignified, this man could never have risen above the sphere of life in which he was born.

J. ENGLISH, *Teacher of Astrology.*

DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING ELEVATION IN LIFE.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

As you seem to be a kind of Overseer, as one may say, of the fashionable world, I make bold to inform you, that I am a man of fashion, or rather, I should say, a man of fortune, that is *desirous* of being a *man of fashion*; thank my stars, I can say, I have got a fashionable wife and family, at all events!

About a year ago, the great deputy Split-plumb, having fined for Sheriff, had yet no objection to attend the Sheriff's dinners; but he, at length, so over feasted himself, one Michaelmas, that he was carried off by an apoplexy; his will, however, had been some time made; he was second cousin to my wife's mother, and left us his whole fortune: "Now, my dear," said Mrs. Diaper, "you are a hundred thousand pounds man." "Mrs. Diaper," says I, "look at the state of the 3 per cent consols"—and I handed her the sunday paper, I was then reading, "A fig for the consols" replied Mrs. Diaper, "There is a hundred thousand pounds stock, and so, my dear, I hope you will soon look like yourself." I found now that a powerful confederacy was formed against me, so that I had

nothing left me but to submit. I, therefore, preserved, what I thought, a *dignified* silence, and looked as big, as possible. It was now resolved that we should emigrate; and as the arts and sciences have been travelling westward, ever since the creation, it was agreed that we should go westward, also; and I consented not only to withdraw my forces from Fleet Market, but that we should also evacuate our villa at Hoxton, the scene of all my former glory, the yew trees, the chinese bridge over the narrow ditch, the Flora, the Venus, the Bacchus, the Shepherdess with her scarlet and gold petticoat, *all was to be left!* However, as it was requisite that I should have time allowed me to wind up my accounts, I delayed our removal as long as possible. I called on all my numerous customers, informing them, that I was about to leave off business, and wished to have my accounts *settled*: to this they did not object, but they did not seem in any hurry to pay; one lady, who had made a great noise in the world, and who *paid nobody*, but whose steady champion I had once been, said to me, "Dear Mr. Diaper, I am told you are going to leave the city: Oh! do not so neglect the *bridge*, that has brought you safe over." She was always a saucy baggage; I took her meaning; but I wanted her money, and swallowed her wit as well as I could. She then resumed, with that fascinating air, which was enough, indeed, to win the heart of a *bishop*, "I did hope, my excellent friend, to have seen you, in a very short time, Lord Mayor. Oh! do not forsake the city." I must own the title so much flattered my vanity, that I was tempted to give her a receipt in full, of all she owed me—your lordship!—what a sound that had; and what would my wife not give to be called my lady mayoress? dressed in white and silver, decorated with diamonds, and my daughters dancing perhaps with foreign princes and ambassadors.

I soon found an alarming change had taken place in my family, in spite of all I could say, I was told it was requisite, as we were to perform at the West end of the town, that we should rehearse our parts in Fleet market. It may be called an Irishism when I tell you, that the first symptom of discord amongst us arose from harmony: my eldest girl said, she must go to the *concert spirituelle*, to hear the *Catalini*. I thought at first, she meant one of them there musical things as play by themselves, such as the panharmonicon, or the musical automaton; and yet I wondered they should show such things at a spiritual concert; however, my girls have taste in music, it must be said; they inherit it from me; for I have stood for hours, as near the shop door, as possible, listening to all the revolutionary songs that have been chaunted forth; from the french *ca ira*, to *non mi ricordo*; so I willingly gave my consent for the females to

go and enjoy themselves: but what was my surprise, when I saw my wife and daughters, in full dress; and Mrs. Diaper, whose hair was changed from a bright red to jotty black, told the shop-boy, to call a coach, and then, ordering me to send for them in time, they jumped in, and set off for the King's Theatre. The night turned out to be so wet and sloppy, that not a hackney coach was to be got; a friend of mine, who, (*patriotic*, like myself,) had also a great aversion to *taxes*, kept a *no tax* one-horse-chaise, or *cart*, as the fashionables call them; and therefore, I resolved, to borrow it. The arrival of this carriage caused a great sensation amongst the whips at the Opera House; and on my asking one of the men at the door, very civilly, for Mrs. Diaper, a dozen footmen, with the most impudent peals of laughter, cried out, "My Lady Diaper's carriage!" amidst a confused din of laughter and oaths, which surpassed anything I ever heard, even in Fleet Market, I stayed till my family arrived: they refused, at first to take advantage of my neighbour's kindness; when a heavy shower of hail made them glad to avail themselves of the shelter of this humble vehicle.

My wife had often wished for a coach, she now found she wanted one; the colour of which became the first matter of serious investigation, and next the ornaments on the panels. Mrs. Diaper had a near relation, an undertaker, so she insisted on having something like a hatchment; and, at all events, as I was likely to be nominated Sheriff that year, to put the city arms on my coach. A friend of mine, an honest sign painter, advised me to put my own coat of arms on it; this flattered my wife's pride extremely; but on our application at the Herald's office, we could not find that any of the Diapers had, at any time, borne arms.

In the middle of May, I purchased a villa in one of the midland counties, with a farm. Mrs. Diaper was very anxious to remove from Fleet Street, and I hoped we should go and enjoy the rural scene for a few months, at my new country seat. "My dear," said she, "you must not think of leaving town, till the winter is over." "Winter, my dear," said I, referring her to the almanack, "is over!" "Yes," said she, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "at this end of the town." Having heard the West India and American merchants say, that the seasons are different in different places, I yielded to my wife's superior knowledge.

We removed for the winter to Russell Square; and I must confess it was the warmest winter I ever experienced. Mrs. Diaper proposed to give a concert, and to throw our two drawing rooms into one: as I was always fond of a good song at our *patriotic* club, I made no objection; but I was not pleased when Mrs. Diaper told me that a celebrated Italian composer and his wife were to lead; and I knew the expence of engaging them would be enormous.

"Fiddle faddle, said she," why, my love, it will cost you no more than the price of the tickets. "Tickets!" echoed I. "Ah! *petit bon homme!* (a french term of fondness she has lately learnt) have you so much *bonhomie*, then as not to know, that nobody can come in without tickets? not even you, love!" I thought this very strange, that I must buy a ticket to enter my own drawing room. However, I bought a ticket of admission from the signor, and down I sat, listening impatiently for the song; a woman, on a prodigious large scale, and past the prime of life, did, certainly, sing; but I could not understand a word; and though her voice may have been once very sweet, it was nearly about to become a mere thread. Our rooms were so crowded, that it was impossible to move: the ladies said it was a delightful squeeze: squeeze enough! I was almost squeezed to a mummy! for where so many ladies were standing, I should have been the rudest man in the world to have kept my seat. There was a general call for refreshments, but as there was not room for the servants to enter, none were produced. I did not altogether disapprove this economy; therefore I sat very patiently to hear one famous flute player sticking up one end of his flute in the air, which is called a *grace* in flute playing; I cannot say I liked his ups and downs, and his flourishes and his skill in *tongueing*, as they call it; I had rather hear "*Kitty of the Clyde*," and "*Nancy Dawson*," played in a good, straight-forward way. Then the signor, who looked mightily pleased with himself and his wife, did nothing, after he had flourished over a few notes on the piano, except directing the other musicians, who seemed to me to be only tuning their instruments, for three long hours, and then I was told the concert was over!

In the crowd and hurry of departing, a lady fell down on the stairs; I stooped to assist her, and, unluckily, my new *brutus* fell off. Ashamed of my bald head, I clapt on the wig that had fallen on the stairs; nor did I find out my mistake, till I went to a looking glass, when I found a huge plat, wound round and round, in what they call the Apollo's knot at the back of the head, and two long ringlets, à *Paris*, I think is the term, hanging down on each side of my face. Anxious to restore the property to its right owner, I caused the following advertisement to be inserted in a fashionable morning paper.

"If the lady who took a gentleman's *Brutus*, alias wig, at the concert in Russell Square, will bring it to No.—she shall receive her own Cleopatra wig in return."

To this very liberal advertisement I never obtained any answer. I had soon other business to attend to, my family complained of ill health, and change of air was pronounced requisite. I then hoped to have visited the farm: but they declared it impossible to travel so far in their weak state. I then proposed cheerful lodgings at Poplar, Mile-End, or Blackwall; I was attached to old Hoxton, so I men-

tioned that plaid; but the very name increased my wife's indisposition, and caused the symptoms to be so alarming, that the sea air was prescribed as absolutely requisite to the saving of her life. She resolved then to go to Brighton; she had often before wished to go to Margate, but then she was afraid of steam; but now how delightful it was to go to the sea, by land! and in our own coach, too. So to Brighton we went: we have found there tolerably decent lodgings; almost as good as the house in Fleet Street, and only twelve guineas per week.

Mrs. Diaper and her girls take to the water like so many others; one would imagine that they, as well as many other English people, were born with fins and web-footed, this annual immersion in sea-water seems so very requisite to their existence. I am pleased myself with the notice every one takes of me; they say, "there goes the famous patriot, Mr. Diaper." This notice, however, does not satisfy my wife, she is continually dinning in my ears, "Mr. Diaper, you are a very good looking man; you must, positively, become a man of fashion!" Anxious to gratify her, by imitating men of fashion, I observe all their ways; and I have, now, put myself into THE WORLD OF FASHION; but alas! I must inform you, who are the Editor of it, that my sorrows, since then, are greatly increased: not to trespass, however, any longer on your pages, which may be destined to better purposes, I must reserve the rest of my difficulties, for a future number. **BILLY DIAPER.**

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

LETTERS ON THE CHARACTER AND POETICAL GENIUS OF LORD BYRON, BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES,

Is a work of considerable merit, and will be appreciated by poets and poetical readers. The following quotations are applicable to Lord Byron's poetry and his life. It is a fair estimate of his character and his writings.

"He had the powers of copious and rich fiction: but it wanted one essential part of the fiction which is requisite to the highest poetry—it was not cast in the mould of truth. All the characters of his creation partook of the defects of his own mental and moral composition. They are beings of violence; of extravagant and partial endowment; of scorn at moral ties; of splendid vice; of disdain of the state of existence in which they are moving; of mysterious claims to excellence above their destiny, which exempt them from the common restraints of life, and entitle them to do whatever eccentric and audacious things passion or caprice prompts, without loss of esteem or admiration, as if in revenge for their degradation among creatures of an inferior order.

"The fiercer passions seem to have prevailed exclusively over the mind of Lord Byron. Tender affection, timidity, sorrow, sympathy, appear to have had little influence over him; a love of power

and of the unlimited exercise of his caprice, and anger and violent resentment at whatever thwarted his purposes, were his habitual temperament. It did not seem that any hold could be made upon his conscience, or the nicety of his regard to the interests or happiness of others. He was one who lived according to his own humours, and whose will was his law.

"In one sense he could not be properly said to have any enthusiasm, because enthusiasm is uniform, sincere, and cannot change; whereas in his fits of highest fervour he could change at once to railery, sarcasm, and jest; he could ridicule what he himself had the moment before admired most, and could turn round upon those who agreed with him, by taking the direct contrary side.

"When he was pleased, he could be generous and kind; but no one was certain of being able to please him, or to continue to please him. He took offence without cause; and revenged, without bounds, trifling or imagined injuries. Goodness gave him no pleasure, as goodness; but only so far as it happened to suit some transient humour."

There can, we think, be no question but that the lameness or deformity in one of his limbs had a powerful effect on his feelings. The pains he always took to conceal it, by wearing clothes of a particular shape, and other means, showed that even this accident, not worth a second thought to a high intellect, absolutely preyed upon his mind. Of his compositions, Sir Egerton thinks the *Corsair* the most perfect; and this, together with all his higher efforts, he attributes to the nursing of his mood in wildness, in solitude, and in dangers. Had he continued to live in society, he would probably never have been an eminent poet.

"There are parts of his writings which must be equally given up on moral grounds. Some of his personal attacks are malignant, low, and mean, and could only have sprung from base and ungenerous passions; while some of his praises are as fulsome and unfounded as his censures! It could be easily shown that he has bitterly, foully, and unprovokedly attacked some whom he in his heart admired, whom he studied intently, whose spirit he endeavoured to catch, and to whom he was indebted for many noble thoughts, and some powerful language!

"I hear that the irritable passions which Lord Byron displayed in mixed society, at that period before his departure from England when he lived at all in the world, made him very offensive, and sometimes very ridiculous. It is probable that the consciousness and shame of this was among the causes which made him seek and love solitude.

"This irritability is an unfortunate thing for genius, but it is very common: perhaps not in the same degree as Lord Byron had it, because Lord Byron's passions were always more violent than those of other people. An early habit of mixing much in the world

might have softened it; but then, probably, would have also had a strong effect in taming the energy of his genius. So it is, that good and evil is mixed in this world."

This is a work of uncommon merit, and will have a place in every library.

Flora Historica, or the three Seasons of the British Parterre, by Henry Phillips.

Our readers will find much curious information in the following extracts:

MIGNONETTE. *Reseda Odorata.*

"It is not yet an age since this fragrant weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seeds of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odour from the parterre of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

"The *Reseda Odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little-darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of the late Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the *Mignonette* was sent in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the Royal Garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian Van Royen, of Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies, which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the British atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the Task soon afterwards celebrates it as a favourite plant in London.

'the sashes fronted with a range

Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.'

"The odour which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose olfactories are delicate, to be too powerful for the house, but even those persons we presume must be delighted by the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets of London, giving something like a breath of garden air to the "sloe-pent man," whose avocations will not permit a ramble beyond the squares of the fashionable part of the town. To such it must be a luxurious treat to catch a few ambrosial gales on a summer's evening from the heated pavement, where offensive odours are but too frequently met with, notwithstanding the good regulations for cleansing the streets and the natural cleanliness of the inhabitants in general. We have frequently found the perfume of the *Mignonette* so powerful in some of the better streets of London, that we have considered it sufficient to protect the inhabitants from those effluvia

which bring disorders in the air. The perfume of *Mignonette* in the streets of our metropolis reminds us of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of their streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season of the year.

"Although it is so short a time since the Sweet Reseda has been known in Europe, we find that it has crept into the armorial bearings of an illustrious family of Saxony; and as Cupid does not so frequently bestow honours of heraldry as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the Poursuivant-at-Arms.

"The count of Walstheim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nordbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, excepting that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was an only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy as a companion and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract much attention in the circles in which her gay cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had received on the more humble class of her own sex. Returning from one of these charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, where her entry or exit was now scarcely noticed, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the Count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of each of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower; the sprightly Amelia had taken a Rose; others a Carnation, a Lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of *Mignonette* in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed, had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the count so as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, who ever studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to amuse and to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The Count saw this affectionate trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the Rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plut qu'un moment.

which he gave to the lovely daughter, at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the *Mignonette*:

Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes.

"Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated

by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the Count, which she carried so far as to throw herself into the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The Count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability; and rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness, and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the sweet Reseda to the ancient arms of his family, with the motto,
Your qualities surpass your charms.

A Tour in Germany and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822. 2 vols. 12mo. 1824.

THE author commences with some general reflections on the prejudices of the English traveller, in favour of his own country, and contrasts the dreariness of the east of France and its open country with the inclosures of an English landscape. The contrast is striking:

"In a well cultivated part of England, even the winter landscape is not entirely desolate. Every where the smoke of the farm-house rises; the merry inmates are, at least, heard from within; at every turn one comes across a sportsman; the seats of the gentry are more blithe and bustling than ever; to say nothing of the resolution with which stage-coaches, and stage-coach travellers, hold out against the worst that winter can do. All around are sights and sounds of human industry or human enjoyment. In France, man seems to be as dead as nature. The traveller looks out over an endless, dreary extent of brown soil, seldom varied by the meanest cottage. The country population is drawn together in the villages, and these villages must be sought for to discover that the country is inhabited. It would seem that even the peasant cannot endure the comparative solitude of an English farmer's life. Like his brethren of Paris, he must have the pleasures of society."

Speaking of French cookery, he says, "No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner, till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz. that there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better."

In nothing, perhaps, is the superiority of England over the continent greater than in the comfort and facility of travelling.

"What the Germans call a diligence, or *post-wagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laughed at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope harness, and lumbering pace of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in everything that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German carriage resembles the French one,

but is still more clumsy and unwieldy. The luggage, which generally constitutes by far the greater part of the burden (for your diligence is a servant of all work, and takes a trunk just as cheerfully as a passenger), is placed, not above, but in the rear. Behind the carriage a flooring projects from above the axle of the hind wheels, equal, in length and breadth, to all the rest of the vehicle. On this is built up a castle of boxes and packages, that generally shoots out beyond the wheels, and towers far above the roof of the carriage. The whole weight is increased as much as possible by the strong chains intended to secure the fortification from all attacks in the rear; for the guard, like his French brother, will expose himself neither to wind nor weather, but forthwith retires to doze in his cabriolet, leaving to its fate the edifice which has been reared with much labour and marvellous skill. Six passengers, if so many bold men can be found, are packed up inside; two, more happy or less daring, take their place in the cabriolet with the guard. The breath of life is insipid to a German without the breath of his pipe; the insides puff most genially right into each other's faces. With such an addition to the ordinary mail-coach miseries of a low roof, a perpendicular back, legs suffering like a martyr's in the boots, and scandalously scanty air-holes, the diligence becomes a very black hole. True, the police has directed its denunciations against smoking, and *Meinherr* the conducteur, (he has no native appellation) is specially charged with their execution: but *Meinherr* the conducteur, from the cravings of his own appetite, has a direct interest in allowing them to sleep, and is often the very first man to propose putting them to rest. To this huge mass, this combination of stage-coach and carrier's cart, are yoked four meagre ragged cattle, and the whole dashes along on the finest roads, at the rate of rather more than three English miles an hour, stoppages included. The matter of refreshments is conducted with a very philanthropical degree of leisure, and at every considerable town, a breach must be made in the luggage castle, and be built up again. Half a day's travelling in one of these vehicles is enough to make a man loathe them all his lifetime."

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved by Letitia-Matilda Hawkins.

THERE is much entertainment in these volumes. The recollections are indeed sometimes of persons who might have passed into oblivion without a record; and without any consequent regret; but many are of another description; and even the less interesting tend to elucidate and strengthen the general collection.

"Sir Hans Sloane was the first English physician made a baronet. The rank was conferred on him by George the First, on his accession.—

"Experience shows that the preference of *trifling*

to important excellence is common; but what will be said to a lady of some pretensions in society, and who had resided at Rome, who, in a comparison of painting with sculpture, declared the latter was more agreeable to her, because 'it took a better polish?'

"In noticing the aptitude of the ignorant, to seize on the minor parts of excellence, I must record the astuteness of a sailor, who gazing on a ship, the name and head of which were the Queen, muttered that it was the king's concubine, and not the queen, for she had no wedding ring on her finger.

"It is told that a milliner of Bath, caricaturing sensibility, was detaining Quin, while buying a pair of gloves, with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love. Quin who seems to have been the Dr. Johnson of the stage, if we may judge from the character of his replies, answered, 'Madam, I never make love, I always buy it ready made.'

"When the Irish King at Arms waited on the then Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to parliament, which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing what to make of his appearance, and not clearly comprehending the title with which his memory was charged, introduced him, saying, 'My Lord, here is the King of Trumps.'—

"Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in a parlour of which was a very good portrait which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke; he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture, and finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a great resemblance to *his* *own* Salisbury, and that if she would sell it cheap he would buy it. A bargain was struck, a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that, by this scandalous trick, he had indeed procured a genuine and very saleable painting of Vandyke's.—

"Soon after Goldsmith had contracted with the booksellers for his History of England, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell, and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part of the sum which, by the original agreement, he was entitled to until a twelvemonth after the publication of his work. On a day which Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came and received the money under pretence of instantly satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and after following him to Hyde-Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained."

VOL. I.

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER a season, chiefly remarkable for having brought the "great" Rossini before an English public, this unfortunate theatre has closed. We cannot say much for the spirit of the Managers: they have failed in many things and blundered in more—and their first of failures and greatest of blunders was manifested in the glorious career of that illustrious coxcomb and Italian jackanapes, Rossini—the *maestro*, the modern musical wonder! His whole stay in England was distinguished by the most ridiculous vanity on his part, and by merited contempt on that of the judicious nobility whom he offended by his mountebank absurdities. His *reign* was concluded in a manner worthy of him—and the man who considered himself as the equal of George the Fourth, who would not deign to associate with English composers, (men, by the by, possessing far more genius than himself) who termed himself the greatest man of the age—was (name it not in Gath!) on the point of being made prisoner by a stable-keeper. We think he did well to leave us—London is not a place for conceit and folly to gain the reputation of nobleness and wisdom.—As to the Opera itself, the only novelty has been the representation of *Semiramide*, and even that met with but poor success. This theatre is certainly becoming a receptacle for vulgarity, and of late we have continually heard language and seen persons within its walls, both of which would have disgraced a cock-pit.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

Praised be the powers that preside over critics! those theatres have both closed—Covent Garden on the 17th, and Drury Lane on the 26th July: at the first, Mr. Fawcett bade an affectionate adieu to the audience, as did Mr. Elliston at the latter, in his usual florid style of inimitable and moving eloquence: some of his hearers, we observed, were driven to tears on the occasion, and we well nigh wept ourselves. An *exquisite* ballet, surnamed Pastoral, was happily brought forth at Drury Lane, and the three Miss Patons have been "shining" at either one or the other theatre, living specimens of family talent and the worthy descendants of the lovely Graces—Mesdemoiselles Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne. Throughout the season, we have, generally speaking, noticed a woful absence of fashion from the dress circle, which said circle we absolutely saw profaned by two old women, who were very deliberately munching strawberries within its hallowed precincts: this is too bad, and we could with pleasure have committed these well-dressed specimens of Billingsgate to the care of the constable.

N

HAYMARKET.

Since the publication of our last Number, the industrious Mr. Poole has produced another amusing trifle at the Haymarket—Married and Single its name, and the plot is chiefly formed by an old gentleman, called Shatterly (Farren) assuming the name of his young nephew, and involving himself in all manner of difficulties in consequence. Farren was the soul of the piece, and we certainly never witnessed a more admirable performance than was his representation of Shatterly. Two greater men than ourselves, however, differ much in their sentiments regarding the degree of excellence he displayed, and these are the noble critics of the Times and John Bull, the first of whom says—"He," (Mr. F.), took care *not* to confound *Mr. Shatterly* with *Lord Ogleby*, or any of those other characters to which it "may be said to bear some external resemblance." Johnny gives his brother critic the lie, and declares Mr. Shatterly "might have been mistaken for Lord Ogleby's self," or something to that effect,

Tanta est discordia fratrum !

The question now to be decided is which ought to be considered the wiser man of the two—he of the Times, or his fellow labourer of the John Bull—and this being a knotty point, we leave its decision to the sagacity of our readers.—

A new piece, by Kenney, *the Alcaid or the Secrets of Office*, (translated from the French!) was played at this theatre on Tuesday 10th August, with tolerable success. To our great amusement both the Times and Chronicle, complained of the intricacy of the plot: we never knew a simpler one, the tricks of Pedroso (Liston) and Jabez (Harley) upon their master the Alcaid (Farren), together with those of his virtuous wife and amiable niece, forming the sole mystery of the drama—Indeed, there was little or no plot at all; but still its secrets might very well have escaped the penetration of the opaque-headed critics of the papers above mentioned—he of the Times, moreover, instead of attending (as became his duty) to the business of the stage, was, to our certain knowledge, devouring raw apples during the whole of the evening: any one may recognise this critic; he is distinguished for a peculiarly commercial air about him, and is incessantly growling to himself that two and two make four, thus exactly specifying the character of the journal for which he writes. The Chronicle is altogether, as usual, beyond human comprehension. Now for opinions:

"Ample curtailment is necessary to give the Alcaid a chance of existence."—"A very considerable degree of languour affected the audience even in the first act." (*Morning Herald.*)

Thus says the martial Post:

"Some pleasantries are thrown in, which enable the body of humourists comprehended in the cast to

attack the gravity of the audience with great success."

To which it adds and avows, that the piece was received with "*universal applause.*"

The clever New Times speaks thus:

"Lope de Vega would have penned *half a dozen* such (pieces) in *four and twenty hours.*" "The piece was *terribly long* (poor Lope de Vega!) and in spite of applause from friends, went off *rather flatly.*" "At conclusion there was *some* applause."

So decide our whimsical acquaintances and we hope our readers will be amused by their coincidence in opinion.

Miss Love, in consequence of being choked by a fish-bone, could not perform—Madame Vestris appeared in a lady-like pair of ineffables—Farren and Mesdames Glover and Garrick made themselves ridiculously absurd in a dance (three charming figures for dancing, certainly) and the music was by Nathan. We have nothing further to add to our account of this ninety-nine thousandth translation from the French.

LYCEUM.

A thing which the play-bill puffs are pleased to term, in their wonted elegant manner, "of an extraordinary character," (extraordinary indeed!) and yeleft, denominated, or designated "*Der Freischutz*" (Anglice, the Free-Shooter,) has entirely usurped the stage of the little English Opera House for this month past. We had the patience to sit through its whole representation, and can truly affirm that a greater specimen of stupidity and childish nonsense never came under our notice—feeble language, absurd ideas, imps, serpents, owls, an humble representation of the devil, popping of rifle-guns, and Braham in the character of an impassioned lover, formed the united absurdities of the evening. The music is discordant, harsh and every way German, in the usual acceptation of the name, and had it not been for the delightful singing of Miss Stephens there would have been nothing to alleviate the utter tedium that prevailed throughout the three acts of this translated abortion. It has been the fashion (or rather cant) to praise it—and the critics have said many wise things respecting its grandeur, &c. &c. &c. The piece is alone fit for wondering chamber-maids and little country cousins, and to such we heartily recommend it. The plot we shall not retail, as doing so would be merely a work of supererogation, after the thousand commentaries of the thousand periodicals on this exquisite production and its appendages.

An after piece, worthy of accompanying the "German novelty," as it is called, has also been produced here under the name of *The Reign of Twelve Hours*, and we are indebted to it for as pleasant an hour's sleep as we ever enjoyed beyond the limits of our proper couch. Miss Kelly alone saved it from an earlier departure to the tomb of the Capulets, to which it must soon have a speedy and safe passage.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1824.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of yellow *crêpe lisse* over white gossamer satin; the dress elegantly ornamented with puckered flutings of gauze separated by satin rouleaux, and beautifully finished by bouquets of yellow roses; the petticoat part ornamented à l'*Arcadie*. The corsage plain with a Sévigné drapery across the bust. The sleeves composed almost fine soft of fine white blond. Eastern turban, the entirely material divided by bands of finely wrought gold, with a tasteful plume of white feathers tipped and edged with yellow. Broad bracelets of wrought, or chased gold, with a ruby clasp. Necklace and ear-rings set à l'*antique*, of rubies and gold,

SEA SIDE DRESS.

Round high dress of India muslin, with scalloped tack foldings at the border, and blouse sleeves. French fichu tippet, made of ribbon, in double points, the ends brought in front, under a belt of the same, fastened with a gold buckle. Over the fichu tippet, a falling collar of fine lace. Bonnet of pink gros de Naples, with honeycomb edge of pink gauze; the crown ornamented with large bows of broad pink ribbon. Parasol of pistachio colour fringed with white. Over the wrists of the dress, three bracelets of gold and garnets placed at equal distances. Maiden's blush-rose coloured kid gloves and shoes.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

It is at this autumnal period, that the Proprietors of *THE WORLD OF FASHION*, more particularly avail themselves of the indefatigable attention of their numerous correspondents, now stationed at the most favoured summer retreats of the great and gay, where taste, beauty, and elegance hold their temporary reign. From these genuine sources, and the information from one of the most eminent among those who devote their time and abilities to the service of the toilet, we present our kind and numerous patronesses with the following statement, which, if it bears not the importance and versatility that mark our winter fashions, will yet be found to contain some novelties and improvements in modern attire.

The trimmings on dresses are more appropriate

in their mixture and association of colours than they were last month; and white is now very generally worn at all times of the day, either in fine cambric for the morning, the finest decca muslin for the dinner party, or the gossamer-like gauze *lisse* for the *fête champêtre*. We have seen a most elegant India muslin dress for a dinner party costume, it was superbly trimmed with the finest Mechlin lace, and ethereal blue satin ribbon; the corsage was formed entirely of lace, and worn over one of blue satin; the sleeves short, and the full trimmings of lace on them were disposed in those light and elegant wavings, as to preserve all the beauty of the pattern; small sprigs of blue bells ornamented the bust, and caught up a part of the sleeve. Where the dress is of *tulle* or gauze *lisse*, the body is generally of white satin; this body is distinguished by a plainness we never witnessed before; it is, however, a simplicity that is very attractive; for it marks out in a very conspicuous manner the charms of a fine shape: it is, in its present plain state, an article of dress that never ought to be adopted unless made by one at the head of her profession, and well known for her peculiar manner of well fitting; the one we saw sat like a glove; but the corsets made by this Marchande de Modes, are certainly, unrivalled, and therefore it is not wonderful that she so well knows how to set off the contours of the female form: these new corsages also fasten behind, and the full sleeves are ornamented with blond. A dress of gros de Naples, made partially high, and intended for social dinner parties, is much admired; it is of a bright Apollo's hair colour; a collar falls over the shoulders, the edge in battlement indentures, finished by a very narrow binding of lilac satin, which forms a beautiful association with the colour of the dress: this collar is ornamented besides with narrow lilac pearl silk beading and fillagree-wrought lilac buttons. Another dress, for in-door costume, is of Egyptian sand colour, it is made high, with a collar partially standing up, and then turning back again; it has long full sleeves, and is made altogether extremely plain; this colour looks extremely well when trimmed with *ponceau*, or with bright Burgundy colour. Slight silks with stripes or small *chocquers*, are favourite materials for home attire: but white dresses are very general, and ornamented

with rich embroidery; most of them have flounces edged with work, and splendid rows of embroidery between each flounce; such are the petticoats worn with every summer coloured spencer, that can be thought on; and which spencer is often retained the whole day, in the rural residence: this smart and pleasing article of dress is trimmed in various ways; in embossments of satin, representing foliage, Mexican plumes, branches of Lotos, and often with imitative braiding.

As we predicted, the gaudy mixture of various discordant colours in feathers and flowers, is rapidly declining; and the finest bonnet that has appeared at one of our most fashionable summer recesses, is of pink figured gros de Naples, crowned with full blown roses with their buds and foliage: a carriage hat, too, of lemon-coloured crape, has a little of the old finery about it; but it is stylish and becoming: it is ornamented at the edge with long puffs of plaited gauze, the colour of the bonnet; the puffs are separated by scarlet wheat ears, and the flowers that crown it consist of scarlet liehens and corn poppies. Puckered tulle over stiffened net, is a favourite material for bonnets of the transparent kind; the flowers on the crown are numerous, and consist of almost every kind and colour; but as they are well grouped together, and the bonnet is white, they look well. A dress hat, shaped à la *Maryguite*, is of transparent tulle, and is ornamented with a superb plume of flat ostrich feathers.

Amongst the newest head-dresses, is the turban corsette, and a beautiful cap à la *neige*: the former is of ethereal blue gauze; and next the face is one row of very rich white blond, of a Vandyck pattern, set on scanty; this border lies on the hair, and gives a fine relief to the head-dress: slightly scattered amongst the puckerings of the blue gauze, are small bunches of pink convolvuluses, and lilies of the valley; this is one of the most becoming and elegant articles we have yet seen of the corsette kind. The *bonnet à la neige*, is fabricated completely of the best and richest blond; this material forms an ornament in front, and nearly all round the head, *en fers de cheval*, in each hollow is fixed a beautiful flower; a variegated carnation, a half blown rose, &c. &c. Very long lappets of tulle and blond, rounded at the ends, depend gracefully from this head-dress; the novelty and taste of which, certainly form its highest recommendation, as the manner in which it is ornamented makes the head look large, and it will not do for a lady who has a full round face; but the oval countenance will look well in it.

Though muslin pelisses are much in favour when the weather is sultry, yet in September, it is most likely that the light-coloured silk pelisses will be again resumed; indeed some are in preparation of a more demi-saison colour, for the autumn, and it is expected that violet and puce colour will be the colours much in favour for this comfortable

out door envelope. Shawls of Chinese crape are, at present, in very high request.

The form of the crowns of straw bonnets are lower every day; and the ribbon that surrounds it cannot be too broad. Sometimes it is a piece of gauze edged with two narrow straw ornaments, instead of a ribbon: in the front is a bouquet of heath, in flower.

Instead of placing at the bottom of a hat crown, when the hat is of chip, a bow with fringed ends, they now place all over the crown, a quantity of light flowers, with a full ornament on the left side.

The fashionists surround the brims of rose coloured, blue, jonquil, or white crape hats with a broad bias, at equal distances falls a branch of jessamine, seemingly escaping from the full bouquet that ornaments the hat.

The most approved colours are pink, lemon-colour, cerulean blue, Apollo's hair and violet.

ANECDOTES.

STEALING A SERMON.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. "Yes, said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher: he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not, replied the aggressor," very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there"

A CHINESE TAILOR.—A clergyman of Lord Macartney's embassy, whose cassock was so extremely patched and darned, that he could no longer wear it, with decency, applied to a tailor in Canton to make him a new one: he shortly after received the new cassock, with every darn and patch so accurately true to the old pattern, that nothing but the greater strength and freshness of the new material could distinguish the one from the other: the tailor having conceived that the darnings and patches were so many emblems of the clergyman's profession.

DECCA MUSLINS.—These beautiful muslins were once reckoned the finest in all India: but there are many causes, as a learned writer observes, which may long prevent any rivalry of the Indian finest muslins. The low price of labour and the extreme delicacy of touch, which the slender Hindoo obtains, by means of his temperate habits, are among the principal. The peculiarly fine muslins are not now manufactured: when Ali Bey the ambassador from Persia returned from India, we are assured by Tavernier, (a traveller through India, deserving credit) that he presented Shah Seffi, with a cocoon set with pearls, which had inclosed in it a turban of sixty cubits of muslin, so fine, that the texture could scarcely be felt by the hand.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—On a Saturday, in the afternoon, and during a considerable portion of the evening, the grand avenue of Paris, that crosses *les Champs Elysees*, presents the figure of a little *Longchamps*.—The most elegant females are seen in the opposite *allée*; and landaus, caleches, and tilburies, are seen flying to the Bois de Boulogne. The full dress of ladies of a certain age, the head-dresses of the young, composed only of their own beautiful tresses, explain sufficiently that they are going to the subscription ball at *Ranelagh*.

—At Passy when the sound of a carriage is heard, every one is quickly at the window, to behold the pretty *corsage*, the new fashioned sleeves, and to see how the flowers are placed on the head, by our first hair-dressers.

—Glasses are indispensably requisite in our gardens; a pretty woman loves to find at the end of an avenue a glass, in which to repair any derangement that the wind may have caused in her *coiffure*.

—A common sport in the country, a few miles from Paris, is a rope, held tight, that must be held at a certain distance, the eyes blind-folded and then to cut the rope with a sabre. Ladies cut a piece of coarse thread, with a pair of scissors. For the village damsels, the prize is a *fichu*; in town every shawl is a cachemire; in the village every simple half handkerchief is called a shawl.

—Has any one the head-ache, let them bathe in the sea; have they any kind of pain, bathe in the sea; is the stomach weak, the liver disordered; is any one nervous? Take, take to sea-bathing; it is the universal panacea, the miracle of modern medicine.

—It was hoped that the dramatic Panorama would have been re-opened; but the public have been disappointed. The boxes are taken away and the decorations sold. A spacious house is about to be erected on the site.

—Ladies now amuse themselves, during the wet weather, in embroidering screens on glazed cloth, in chenille these are more durable than those of pasteboard; they are cut in the form of vine leaves.

—It is the fashion now to plant on each side, of the principal walk in a gentleman's pleasure grounds, rows of tulip trees, fifty of which generally die in a winter, by replacing them immediately, the plant becomes naturalized, and the proprietor possesses an avenue that excites the envy of all his neighbours.

—The following calculation has been made on those who cultivate the fine arts at Paris, according to their proportion: seven painters to one poet, and nine poets to one composer of music; according to this calculation, there are about four thousand painters, five hundred poets, and only fifty composers.

—In spite of the bad weather, the ball at *Ranelagh* presents a most elegant assemblage. Among the subscribers may be reckoned some of the prettiest women from Passy, d'Auteuil, and other adjacent places, such may be said to form the foundation of the society; the other dancers are Parisian and English ladies.—There is a curious peculiarity in this ball: among the female lookers on, vulgarly called the *tapestry*, there may be seen some very charming young ladies, with whom it is not *dancing day*. To understand this rightly, it is requisite to explain that, at *Ranelagh*, there are two kinds of subscriptions. By paying half the regular price they are only allowed to dance every five, or fifteen days. On Saturdays they never dance, but they may go into the gallery, and see the ball.

—If any one offers a young lady at Paris, a bouquet, on her birth day, and the flowers are not all white, it is looked upon as an insult.

—A new ornament is invented for containing a gas-light. Two winged serpents, with the head of a dragon; these serpents are entwined together, with their heads hanging down, and from their throats issues the flame.

—Many young men are as assiduous in running to every rural ball, during the summer, as they were in attending the balls of the *Chaussée d'Antin* in the winter; they can inform one better than an almanack, who is the patron of the place, and how many inns there are in the vicinity. Last Sunday, Adolphus took a cabriolet in the *Rue Basse du*

Rempart, and was driven to the White Horse, at Montmorenci. In the market-place there was nothing to be seen but landaus, caleches, chariots and cabs. The most singular speculation is that of the Restaurateur Leduc, who has a large table set out in a parlour, where all the coachmen dine, without paying anything.

The fête was given near the Hermitage; Adolphus repaired thither, at seven o'clock, and arrived at Paris in ninety minutes. Provided with a fresh horse, he hastened to the ball at Fleury. The young ladies at country balls, seldom dance except with those young men who belong exclusively to their society; at Fleury it is otherwise, it seems there as if every one knew each other.

—On the canal of Oureq, in preference to the bason of Villette or *à la ville de Paris*, in a little boat with two oars, the ladies are fond of making parties on the water. During the time that the heat was excessive, several embarkations of this kind took place on the canal in the evening. Ladies elegantly dressed were seated at the extremity of the vessel, while opposite to them their cavaliers sat on the bench with the rowers.

In the meantime, it must be confessed, there was one inconvenience in these canal excursions. The dogs were continually jumping into the water, to catch a stone that had been thrown from one shore to the other, or a stick cast into the middle by the master, who wished to bathe his dog. Immersions of this kind cannot be made without much splashing of water; and crape hats, gauze bonnets, sarsenet gowns, and barège blouses, &c., &c., received their share of it. "Oh! the nasty beast;—Oh! the horrid cur!—Sir, do let us pass first, pray.—Stop, only half a minute.—This is really very amiable.—Ah! how shameful this is!—To wet us in this manner; could not he wait a little?—Well that was cleverly done."—The current carries off the stick, the dog is puffing and blowing, he cannot reach it. "If I could but catch it!—There, now I've got it.—Oh! my glove and my sleeve are soaked with wet; never mind; that nasty man shall not have it; this will teach him how to behave!—Ah! my G—d!—Amelia, do keep that dog away from the boat.—Will you go away?—What a figure he has made of my blouse!—There, get along, there's your master's cane, nasty animal!"

—A JUVENILE BALL.—A few days ago I received note, directed in an unknown hand; and constant to my usual custom, I examined carefully the outside; the way in which it was folded; the address; the little seal of perfumed wax, which bore on its impression, the word *sincere*, it was all completely elegant; the note was written in the following manner:

"M. and Madame de L. beg that M. and Madame D. will do them the honour to pass the evening

with them on the 20th inst. to celebrate the anniversary of their eldest daughter's birth.

"We shall have a violin."

"LOUISA DE L."

This invitation had not much attraction for me; I was not acquainted with Madame de L. I only knew that my husband had some literary connexion with her's; and I was about to throw the note on one side when that pretty hand writing again arrested my attention, and determined me, as if by instinct, to accept the invitation. On the day fixed, I employed myself in regulating the simple toilet of my daughter. A muslin blouse, ornamented with three folds, a little pair of pantaloons of the same, with a blue sash, and the natural curls of her light hair, turned with more care than usual, completed her dress.

We arrived at Madame de L.....'s; the courtyard was illuminated, as well as the vestibule, and the stair-cases were adorned with flowers; in a double drawing room, separated by three porticoes, which were ornamented with wreaths of flowers, we found the company assembled. Groups of amiable females, artists and men of letters were the guests who filled the drawing room; the conversation was general, and every where might be found that delightful freedom which the politeness and urbanity of the French know so well how to observe; every thing seemed to confirm the idea I had formed of the mistress of the house, and the sight of her proved I had judged rightly. Polite without affectation, gracious, attentive, amiable towards every one, she inspired me, after a few minutes, with that delightful feeling that forestalls reflection, and that reflection justifies. Figure to yourself near sixty children of both sexes, who had scarcely attained the age of fourteen years; the boys yet drest in childish costume, short jackets, and their hair in curls, with their shirt collars open; the girls dressed in white, having no other ornament than the bloom of early youth, or a simple wreath of violets, hyacinths, primroses, or other spring flowers, as fresh and innocent as themselves.

The amiable child, whose birth-day was celebrated, was only distinguished from the rest of her companions, by a nosegay of white and blue periwinkles; this flower, so dear to Rousseau, was wound, like a coronet across her open forehead, and, seemed as a touching emblem, that involuntarily recalled him to remembrance. Her light hair, in all its native luxuriance, fell in long ringlets over her snowy neck; neither gold, nor pearls were seen to destroy the enchanting harmony of her dress; all was simple, sweet and artless as the beautiful wearer.

In the mean time the sprightly and joyous sound of the tabor called the young dancers to their en-

gagements; each couple took their places in smiling glee; a long country dance was formed, and presented an enchanting sight; the most lively, pure, and animated gaiety was seen on the countenances of these charming creatures; no vexatious thought, no presentiment of the future disturbed the serenity of their looks; coquetry with its deceptive mask, vanity, either gratified or wounded, were not there to destroy the innocent expression of their smiles; given up only to the pleasure that brought them together, they followed her laws without effort, they seemed to resemble the happy inhabitants of the skies, sporting full of innocence and beauty, in the midst of sweet odours, and harmony.

But soon a kind of tender melancholy mingled itself with my admiration: I considered this population of childhood, and looked forward to the increase of years in these amiable creatures; they still offered to my ideas the touching image of youth in its bloom, and already I foresaw the dark clouds, that threatened to blight these delicate and cherished blossoms! I beheld sickness, sorrow, and the passions discolouring those cheeks, now so blooming, and my heart experienced the same kind of emotion, as that caused by the sight of a beautiful orchard, when, in the first uncertain days of spring, we dread the cold and dangerous nights.

Charming beings! thought I, as I took my leave of them, could but the time be prolonged of this season of hope, that now sweetens the pains of study, and all those attached to life, to which you now submit! Above all, may your parents, prudent as they are, be cautious of giving these brilliant festivals too often; they are injurious to your health, and simplicity of manners, and wear out your young minds in pleasures that belong to other years; then, having preserved the innocent candour imprinted on your countenances, the coral of your lips and the purity of your hearts, you will offer to the world models of grace, strength and amiability, worthy of the nation to which you may belong.

A SPECIMEN OF THE ROMANTIC.—A youth who was studying rhetoric, had a decided taste for romances, particularly those that described the most absurd and marvellous adventures; the style of which is the most inflated and emphatic. He was far from idle, but his passion for this pernicious style of reading made him often neglect the duties of his class, and it had rather heated his imagination. Now it happened that having got hold of an English romance, very pathetic, very gloomy, and above all very improbable, the reading it so exalted his fancy, that a few days after, being in want of a small sum of money, he wrote to his uncle, who had always treated him with the familiarity of a friend, the following letter:

“My dear Uncle,—It is with the deepest sorrow that I find myself under the necessity of discovering to you the horrors of my situation; for several days my mind

has been the habitation of care and disquietude; and you only can deliver it from such formidable guests; learn then, that circumstances unforeseen have reduced me to this extremity; the acquisition of a few books, a college festival, the necessity of providing myself with firing, have brought me to such a state, that if you do not soon visit the indigent being that now implores your succour, he will soon become the prey of the blackest despair. Alas! I have calculated....merciful heaven! Thou art my witness! that, to enable me to acquit every thing, I must have, at least, twenty shillings!.....O heaven! I almost cease to breathe.....

I am,

With the most profound respect,
Your desolate Nephew,
A. S. S.

The uncle, that he might come up to the style of his nephew, answered him in these terms:

“A dark foreboding, my dear Nephew, caused my hand to tremble when I received your letter. I opened it with precipitation; every line appeared, in my terrified eye, to plunge a poinard in my bosom. The frightful picture of thy situation made me shudder, my whole body was bathed in cold drops of perspiration; my cheeks turned pale, my hair stood erect on my head, and my lips refused their utterance; my heart became like ice, and my limbs stiffened as at the approach of death; my hand, with convulsive motion, at length, found its way to my pocket, from whence I drew twenty shillings, which I hasten to send you.

I am, &c.”

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVI.—The Viscount de S— had a particular talent at mimicry; he could imitate the King's gait, his manner of looking through his opera glass, his laugh, his way of speaking, &c., &c. One day, at the theatre at Versailles, he, very inconsiderately, yielded to the persuasive requests of some ladies, and mimicked the King, who was seated in the second tier, in the next box. The Viscount, happening to turn about, perceived Louis XVI, who regarded him with coldness and severity. All those who accompanied him thought he was lost. After having gratified himself for a short time, with the alarm of the Viscount, who was the most terrified of the party, the King burst into a fit of laughter; and said, “Well done! my Sosia.” When he returned to the palace, he told the Queen he would divert her by shewing her a most perfect copy, which he himself could not have believed possible to be drawn, had he not witnessed it. The next day the Viscount was sent for, and, notwithstanding all his intreaties to be excused, he was obliged to repeat the scene of the night before. The Queen was astonished! This was the sole revenge that Louis XVI, took of the Viscount, and

he never ceased to treat him afterwards with the greatest kindness.

PRESENTS FROM SAINTS FORBIDDEN.—In the little town of Silesia, is a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, to whom offerings are continually brought. Several of these, which were of intrinsic value, had been found gradually to disappear. Suspicion fell on a soldier belonging to the garrison, who was always very constant at church; he was searched, and in his pocket was found two hearts of gold. He was led to prison, and his process drawn up; he could not deny the fact, but he pretended that he did not steal the golden hearts, but had received them as a gift from the Virgin, who knew his wants and his great poverty. This excuse, as may be expected, did not justify him before his judges; he was condemned to death. His sentence was carried to the King, according to established custom, to be ratified. Frederic sent for some ecclesiastics. "Is," said he, "this gift possible?" "The case is, certainly, a rare and extraordinary one, but the power and mercy of God are infinite; and sometimes he has manifested them thus, in favour of the saints." After this decision, the King wrote under the sentence, "We grant our pardon to the accused, who has constantly denied the robbery, since the favour he boasts of having received, is judged by the doctors of religion to be not impossible; but we forbid him, under pain of death, ever to accept, in future, of a present from *any saint whatever*."

—ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.—On the 19th of September, 1783, M. de Montgolfier, made the first experiment, at Versailles, of his aerial machine, to which he gave his name, and to which he had affixed a cage that contained three animals, of very different species and inclinations; that is to say, a cock, a lamb and a duck. A pleasant adventure befel the princess de Lamballe, which proved how interested she was in anything that afflicted her fellow creatures.

M. Montgolfier, who had followed the direction of the aerial machine, arrived just at the moment when it descended in the Bois de Vincennes, about half a league from the place from whence it had ascended. The cage had been divided from it by the suddenness of the descent and the three animals were all eating in perfect tranquillity: they were carried off in triumph. The King, after having congratulated the inventor of this discovery, ordered that the three animals who had proved the possibility of existing above the clouds, should be in future kept in his menagerie, and fed with the greatest care and attention. As madame de Lamballe was descending the terrace, to take a walk in the grove, she saw one of the workmen that had been employed in the construction of the Montgolfier; she had seen him before working at Rambouillet, and as she now perceived he was weeping, she asked him what ailed him? "By heavens, madam,

said he, "I have cause to weep; I said to M. Montgolfier, let me go up in that gallery that you have placed under the machine; he would not hear of it; and pretended he would not risk the life of any man. He put in three animals; and there are they now, living at their ease, and wanting for nothing; if the King is so good to dumb creatures, what would he not have done for a poor workman like me? My fortune would have been made. Ah! I shall never be comforted." Madame de Lamballe, far from laughing at the poor fellow's simplicity, said all she could to comfort him, and gave him a few louis, to indemnify him for having lost so fine an opportunity of enriching himself.

—A COMPLIMENT ON GOOD ACTING.—A man who was sometimes received by Voltaire at his house at Ferney, was present at the representation of *Zaire*, the heroine of which was performed by Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece. "Ah!" said she, "a person, to play that character properly, should be both young and handsome." "Oh! pardon me, madam," said the man, "you are a convincing proof of the contrary."

—FAMILY PORTRAITS.—There is nothing so interesting as those ancient family portraits, which decorate the walls of the apartments, in some of our old castles. This homage paid to the memory of our venerable ancestors seems to bring back those patriarchal virtues, that do not frighten us by the fear of ridicule, nor extinguish recollection by the dread of irony. The constant image of those who loved and protected us, seems to fix in our minds the gratitude that is their due; and we feel as if we could meet death undismayed, while we look upon the features of a beloved parent, or friend.

I have seen Pauline de S* but once; and already I feel an affection for that amiable child. I called on her mother, a few days ago, to introduce my brother Alfred to her, he is just arrived from Spain, and is seeking to recover, in our drawing rooms, a little of that graceful behaviour, that a sojournment in camps is too apt to make a young man forget. Madame de S. was not at home; but the title of a friend afforded me the privilege of going through the apartments, and I stopped at the door of her closet, which I found half open. I there heard an infantine and melodious voice, and caused me to recollect that this day, the daughter of Madame de S*, was to come from school, and through a curiosity that friendship rendered excusable, I sought to discover the interior of the closet. How was I surprised at seeing the most angelic beauty, yet adorned with all the graces of childhood! half undressed, and wrapping about her, every thing that could give her the least resemblance to a portrait which she was regarding with the greatest attention, although it was, at least, a century old. To make herself like this antique figure, she had covered her neck

with a black lace scarf: some fine bread lace sewed for ruffles; and the beautiful curls of her fair hair, had two butterflies stuck on them, perfectly in harmony with the model before her. The young lass smiled at herself in this whimsical costume, and fancying she was quite alone, murmured out.—“Here I am; almost as pretty as grandmamma was at my age, I have been told I am like her, and by imitating her dress, I was resolved to prove it.—Why cannot I imitate her goodness, that made her so much beloved?” On her pronouncing these last words, her eyes filled with tears. I felt myself tenderly affected; the sight of so much artless simplicity and feeling made me desirous of embracing this interesting girl. I entered immediately into the closet, pressed her to my bosom, and presenting my brother to her, I said, “Remember, Alfred, that she, who can thus reverse the memory of her grandmother, must, one day, make an excellent wife and mother, and that every happiness must await, to crown her future days.” The young lady smiled, my brother sighed, I do not know whether they comprehended me, but, Oh! may I one day say to them, “Do you recollect the family portrait?”

In the evening I returned with Alfred to the dwelling of Madame de S*, I thought his manners were softened whenever he addressed Pauline, therefore I did not interrupt their conversation: and while I chatted with Madame de S*, I had leisure to observe her style of dress; it was truly simple, but such as deserved to be copied as a model of home costume of the most exquisite taste.

—The Tivoli Gardens at Paris, and the *Bosquets* of Beaujou, are threatened with annihilation, from the increase of new buildings. The inhabitants regret the gradual disappearance of all their places of amusement in which they could enjoy the open air and healthful exercise.

—COCK-FIGHTING.—A Paris journalist mentions an attempt to introduce cock-fighting into Paris, and appeals to the sensibility of the French women to oppose so barbarous a pleasure, that it may be left entirely to John Bull!!

—FRENCH PORTER.—A brewer in Paris has lately produced a species of porter, the excellence of which is highly vaunted in one of the French journals. The notice of it is headed “Another conquest over England!” and it is confidently predicted that this new invention will soon supersede all other malt beverage throughout Europe!

—ROSSINI.—The editor of a Paris paper states, on the authority of a letter from London, that the manager of the Opera-house has consented to relinquish the fine of £5000 to which Rossini had subjected himself, for not having produced a new opera

in the course of the present season, and that the composer has agreed to leave £800 due to him in the hands of the manager, as a pledge that he will return next year and furnish the said opera.

—GERMAN LICENTIOUSNESS.—There cannot be a more dissolute city than Vienna,—one where female virtue is less prized, and therefore less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we would call comfortable but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves not so much from inclination as from interest! You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honour from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is less degrading than the mere infamous calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, without even the excuse of poverty.

—DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER. “Sophy, I will not let you run about the garden in that manner, without your bonnet, with M. Ernest.” “But, Mamma, you have been walking arm in arm, in the same way with M.—.” “What a comparison! I am old enough to know what I am about. Sophy, if M. Ernest should ask you at the ball this evening to waltz with him, I forbid your doing so.” “Why, Mamma? Last Sunday you waltzed twice with M.—.” “Oh, that’s quite another thing. Besides, M.—is your papa’s intimate friend; and when you are married you may waltz with your husband’s intimate friend.—Sophy, I do not like your swinging with M. Ernest; it is not a proper exercise for a young lady.” “But, Mamma, this morning you passed half an hour in the seesaw, with M.—.” “How different!—Sophy, I desire that this afternoon you will not seat yourself in the drawing-room by M. Ernest.” “Mamma, I do not seat myself by him, he seats himself by me. Besides, I assure you he does it only to be near you, and in every thing to imitate M.—, who never quits your side.” “Sophy, when we have company, I will not allow you to be constantly playing at cards, gaming is an amusement very unsuitable to a young female.” “But, Mamma, you set me the example. Recollect that only yesterday, having lost all the money in your purse at *Ecarté*, you were obliged to borrow some of M.—.” “What a difference! If I did borrow money of M.—it was only because he is your papa’s intimate friend, and to whom, under such circumstances, should one have recourse but to one’s friend?” “In one word, Mamma, in order to satisfy you, I see that I must follow the advice which the doctor gave to papa—“Do as I say, and not as I do.”

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

*The Troubadour, or William and Margaret, by C. F. L***, Paris, 1 vol. 12mo.*

"WILLIAM de Cabestaing, the son of Valerie, beheld, arriving with the swiftness of lightning, ladies mounted on coursers whose brilliant caparisons were ornamented with studs of silver. He was desirous of assisting her to alight, who seemed to command the cavalcade; but with one spring she leaped from her courser, and casting her eyes on William, she said, 'gentle Troubadour, we have been dancing, will you join us?' The young man, after a proper and respectful answer, gave her his hand. Struck with the majestic air of the unknown, he looked around him and admired the beauty, the elegant shape and artless graces of a young person who walked next to the superior, and who was known by the name of Margaret. The gathering of the olives was just over: the tambourine gave the signal for a favorite air, which every one was emulous to repeat, and which preceded the dance of *des Olivettes*: this custom the French owe to the Phenicians, as well as the culture of the useful tree, sacred to Minerva. In the middle of the plain, the chief of the city (Aubagne) held a long staff to which was suspended ribbons, equal in number to the dancers: doublets and white shoes, wide sleeves, and breeches in full plaits, adorned with ribbons. The young men, were seen girt with sashes, and on their heads helmets surmounted by plumes and flowers. Each one among them seized a ribbon from the staff; they changed hands; they turned round and balanced to the right and left: faced their partners, and successfully turned back to back, till the ribbons of the staff became mingled in a kind of lozenge, where every colour might be distinguished. They then unwound them as they performed a dance the figure of which was contrary to that of the first, and the *Olivettes* terminated amidst the applause of the spectators."

This dance being finished, the Lady of Marseilles demanded of William some extempore verses, these M. L** has translated into modern French. Next comes a *warlike Moresco*.

"The Marseilles Lady having manifested a desire to see William and Margaret figure in a sentimental *Moresco*, the robe of the young female was adorned with flowers; to the knees of the son of Valerie were attached little bells. He saluted his partner, and advanced towards her with out-stretched arms; she drew back; after having expressed, a doubt of his sincerity by a motion of her hand, he advanced a few steps nearer to Margaret, who retreated a little farther from him, with modest embarrassment. He stopped; she followed his example; he feigned to quit her; she called him back; and after several situations of this kind they joined hands and pre-

sented themselves before the lady who appeared enchanted with this ingenious pantomime.

"When they came to the different sports, Margaret received from the hand of the Lady of Marseilles a scarf of blue silk, trimmed with gold lace, as a prize for running, among the young maidens. William disputed that of leaping, and his rivals, in vain essayed to pass over palisade, which he boldly cleared. He hurled the piece of iron at a mark, to which no other one came near. Armed with a strong bracer he caused an enormous ball to rebound, which, in spite of all efforts made by others, scarce rolled along the ground. The Lady allotted three prizes to him."

This work of M. L** is an exact picture of the manners of Provence in the twelfth century. The following is an account of the custom held at a great feast during the summer.

"In the mean time, the servants decorated the walls and chimnies with green branches. Mats of rush were spread under the table. Garlands were woven round the cups and vases. The gold and silver plate was displayed on the shelves over the dresser, which was covered with tapestry. The ivory bugle horn announced the moment that the repast took place. While the meats were served up in dishes of silver; the vegetables on marble, the poultry on glass, and the fruits and sweetmeats in painted baskets, an officer disposed the carpet and the cushion on the bench whereon were seated the Count and Countess. Both entered at the same time, but by different doors, and the pages presented to them little cisterns of vermilion out of which they sprinkled rose-water on their hands."

"The custom was to hang the walls of the *Court of Love*, (a tribunal composed of females), with blue velvet. The seats of the judges were covered over with crimson silk, and the arm chair of the Lady President with rose-coloured velvet. A green cloth was spread over a table, which was supported by tressels of citron wood. On this table was seen a peacock, in a gold bason; and round about the apartment were pictures representing Pyramus who stabs himself beside his Thisbe; Dido on her funeral pile; Leander braving the waves, and Hero awaiting him with impatience; Anthony carried dying to Cleopatra; Ariodant faithful to his Geneva; and Emma, carrying her precious burthen. The peacock, by the splendour of its plumage, was looked upon as the emblem of majesty; and the eyes which ornament its tail, were considered as those of eternal justice. Before any lady gave an opinion, each one placing her hand upon the noble bird, 'vowed to give judgment, according to the dictates of her conscience.'"

Biographie Universelle (Universal Biography) arranged in alphabetical order, of the public and private life of all those who have been remarkable for their writings, their actions, their virtues or their crimes.

[The Nineteenth Number.]

This work is compiled by a society of learned men; and the article in this number, headed *Raynal*, by M. Durosoir, contains some curious particulars. He says: "Raynal composed his books in the midst of society, putting questions to all who came near him, that he might get together every possible document. This method preserves him from many meditations and much reading; while it gave interest to, and fed the vanity of his friends on the success of his works."

M. Durosoir also observes that Rousseau, who, in his *Confessions* speaks ill of almost every one with whom he was connected, renders the most favourable testimony concerning Raynal. "I was always," says Rousseau, "much attached to him, since his delicate and praise-worthy conduct towards me, which I can never forget. This Abbé Raynal is certainly a very warm friend."

Finding an opportunity of consulting Lavater, Raynal wished to know if his features were such as to augur any thing relative to his character. The Swiss doctor, after having long requested to be excused, at length spoke to him in the following manner: "That large head is that of a man who thinks much: those white and thin sown hairs prove that you have not always been temperate amongst the fair sex; that broad and open forehead discovers boldness, even to effrontery; those arched, and thick eyebrows give expression to your physiognomy; those hollow and quick eyes, are those of a witty mischievous man; turned up noses, like yours, generally belong to the impudent; that wide mouth proves you have not been indifferent to the pleasures of the table."—"And my teeth, said Raynal, "have not I preserved them very well?"—"Yes; but if they bite well now, they must have bitten sharper some time ago. And for your turned up chin, it is that of a satyr; and those hollow and livid cheeks discover envy." Raynal, instead of being angry, only laughed at the portrait.

René d'Anjou, born at Angiers in 1406, is amongst the few princes whose flattering surname has been handed down to posterity; he is always styled *René the Good*, in Lorraine, Anjou, and Provence. The maternal uncle of René d'Anjou was Louis, Cardinal of Bar, who meant him to be his successor, when he became Duke of Bar, and caused him to marry the heiress of the duchy of Lorraine. René gave up Lorraine to his son, and was driven from Anjou, the cradle of his ancestors, by Louis XI, his uncle. The writer of this article is M. Villeneuve-Bargemont, and he says, "Literature, and the arts,

charmed the youthful days of René, and added new splendour to his illustration. Adversity and old age caused him yet more to appreciate all the advantages of those innocent occupations. Agriculture is indebted to him for experience in cultivating the sugar cane, and an introduction of plants unknown to France; such as the Rose of Provence, the pink of Provence, muscadel grapes; and several rare animals of different species, amongst which are peacocks of various colours. He bestowed particular attention on the manufacture of glass, and the culture of mulberries; the weaving of cloth, and the spinning of wool."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

We have remarked a very elegant dress of white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with three rows of open honeycomb *à la neige*, in tulle; a toque was worn with it of blond, forming a kind of bonnet; on which were ornaments of white satin arranged with the most exquisite taste. White chip hats are ornamented with pionies, or with a very large full blown rose with buds. The hair, elegantly dressed, is often ornamented with a tuft of flowers, on one temple, and on the other a cluster of curls. Dresses of Organdy, with clear muslin sleeves very full; the corsages the same as last month, nor is there any change in the disposal of the trimming.

At the late brilliant fêtes at Tivoli, the dresses were remarkable for their neat simplicity more than for their elegance: gowns of white Organdy, trimmed in various ways; chip hats, ornamented with flowers and marabouts; pilgrims' hats of leghorn; shot silk scarfs, and sashes of coloured ribbons, were very general. Sometimes were seen very broad ribbons, two ends of which belonging to the sash, hung down in front of the dress; they were fastened at the waist by a buckle: these ribbons were so broad, that they appeared like those little aprons worn by the young swiss females, or like those seen on the stage, where the actress or the dancer is dressed as a shepherdess. Tucks are no longer in favour at the border of muslin dresses, narrow flounces or rows of cockscombs are more admired, between each row of either is one of fine embroidery. A pelisse of cambric, made to wrap over the bust, yet beautifully fitted to the shape, is much admired; a broad honeycomb of plain muslin, formed of three rows of flutings, is placed on the side that crosses over; the neck is partially left open, and a falling collar, with the same trimming finishes it; but this collar is very narrow, and so well cut, that it appears as if it belonged to the corsage, and does not spread over the shoulders. The skirt is finished with only a simple broad hem. Long pointed handkerchiefs, in muslin trimmed all round with a double honeycomb in net, are often

seen instead of shawls or scarfs; a large bow of ribbon is fixed at the extremity of each end of the handkerchief.

Next to the corsages on blouses, which are generally adopted, even when the dress is of silk, muslin, or other summer materials, there are many pelisses with strait backs, and with the body in front laid in plaits from the top, and these are sometimes carried down the whole length of the skirt, which flies open; though the greater part are closed by a row of buttons set very close together. Pelerines, whether formed of ribbons, or in muslin, are very general; but have continually something new in the manner of their being cut or shaped: large scallops, when the pelerine is of muslin are trimmed with a full plaiting of fine net; and in this manner are trimmed the triple falling collar. Some hats of white striped gauze have the brims puckered on each side; the puckerings separated by narrow stripes of straw, and these straw stripes trim the ribbons round the crown. Two narrow scarfs serve for lappets, and are trimmed round with a plaiting of narrow net; the ends terminate by a very full tuft of straw-coloured silk.

White dresses, either in cambric or muslin, and a few gowns of lilac gros de Naples, composed the dress of that small number of females who were present at the last sitting of the Academy of *les Belles Lettres*. The white dresses were made *en blouse*, and those of gros de Naples, had a corsage of drapery, and the sleeves ornamented with plaitings of silk, pinked. Large bouquets placed over the ear were the ornaments on leghorn hats; the flowers are lightly spread out; composed of sweet peas, mignonnet, honey-suckles and syringoes. When a rose is full blown it is worn alone. Some fashionists place, in a strait line, three flat feathers, one of which, that is, the middle one, surpasses the others in height. These feathers are worn instead of flowers: and are seen on some leghorn hats. Two rows of full honey-comb trimming are placed at the edge of bonnets made of gros de Naples, only one of these rows is the same colour as the bonnet.

There are some very beautiful leghorn hats, ornamented with two white feathers, which are elevated on each side, and joining at the top form an arch; at the base of each feather is a cockade of ribbon. Some young persons wear their leghorn hats quite round, and very large, but slightly turned up all round, and these are called *Auvergnat* hats, because they are bordered all round with narrow black velvet, and a black velvet band incircles the crown, fastened with a polished steel buckle. The brims of gauze hats are now very shallow; three bias folds of satin or gros de Naples are placed round the

crown, and between each is a *bouillon* of gauze, of different colour to the hat: the flowers that complete the trimming are small daisies, or chinese pinks with ears of ripe corn. A cockade with the ends fringed, placed on one side and serving as a fastening to a plume of marabouts, forms a favorite ornament on all white hats; the marabouts tower above the crowns. They give the name of Rose-Mazarier, to a rose which appears to be divided in four or five places; this is worn on those cotton hats that are in imitation of straw; it is surrounded by a great number of buds. Bonnets are always trimmed with *chicorée* the same colour as the lining, sometimes the crown is quartered like a melon, and tied with a *ficelle en marmotte*. In undress, the favourite colour for young persons, is the rose; for married ladies, blue; chequers are the favourite figures on silks, very small. The form of blouse pelisses, buttoning down the front, with two pelerine capes, is so general, that even children wear them. With these pelisses, there is usually worn a round collar of embroidered muslin. Many fashionable wear *Organdy* blouses embroidered in cotton over bright rose colour, jonquil, turquoise stone blue, and even lilac; the colour of these underdresses sets off the embroidery, which is between each bias fold. A belt *à la Léonide*, in sarsnet ribbon, is indispensably requisite with an Organdy dress,

Amongst the fashionable jewellery, must be ranked heads in relief, in the antique style, executed on Vesuvian lava. The colour of this lava looks well with dead gold. These heads are used as clasps to girdles, necklaces and bracelets.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

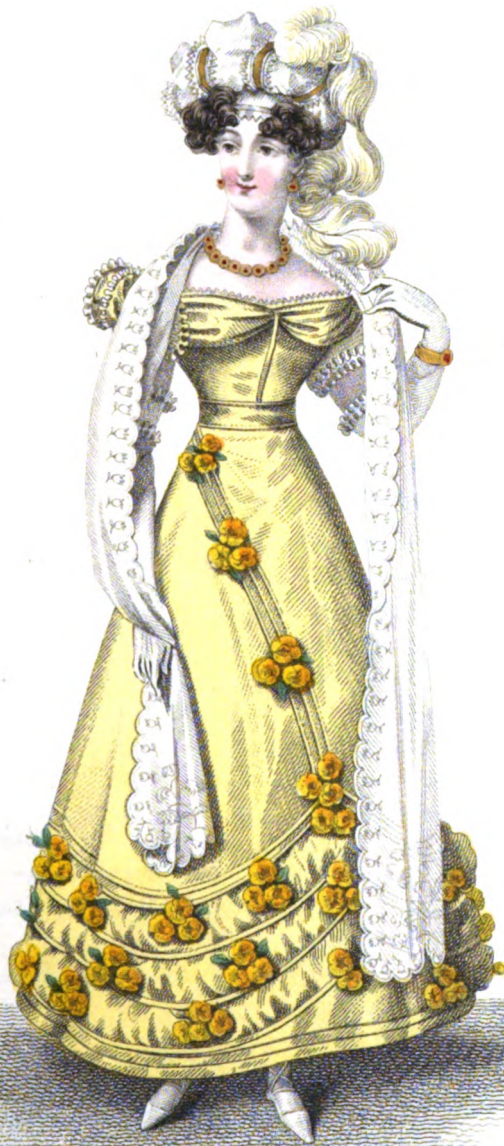
Our correspondents, particularly at Fashionable Provincial places of resort, are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashions. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this. The Fashions, in the Monthly Publications are not Fashions, but are made up by individuals without either taste, judgment, or knowledge of what is suitable to ladies of rank, distinction and respectability.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON: PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
19, POLAND STREET.





Full Dress
Designed by J. J. G. & Co. for the English & French
Exhibited at the World's Fair, 1871

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 5.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1.

Vol. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



DUCHESS OF CLARENCE.

Clarence, Duchess of, came to town on Friday, September 10th, from Bushy, and visited the Princess Sophia at her residence at Kensington, where her Royal Highness partook of a *déjeuner*; and returned to Bushy in the afternoon.



DUKES AND DUCHESSES.

Leinster, Duke and Duchess, and Lady C. Stanhope, at the Earl of Harrington's, Stable Yard, St. James's, from Paris.

St. Albans, the Duke of, and family, in St. James's Square.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Northampton, the Marquess and Marchioness of, from Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire.

Worcester, Marquis of, from Paris.

VOL. I.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Anson, Dowager Lady, in Curzon Street.

Beasborough, Earl of, from Cowdery. Essex.

Caledon, Earl and Countess, in St. James's Square.

Ellenborough, Lady, at Cambridge House.

Hardwicke, Earl and Countess of, in St James's Square.

Holland, Lord and Lady, at Holland House.

Harrington, Earl of, from Elvaaton, Derbyshire.

Kensington, Lady, at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.

Manvers, Dowager Countess of, in Portman Square.

Nugent, Lord and Lady, from Lillleys, Bucks.

Shannon, the Earl of, and Lord Boyle, from Ireland.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Raffles, Sir Stamford, Lady and Family, at Thomas's Hotel, from the East Indies.

Booth, Sir Thomas and Lady, at Thomas's Hotel.

O

Kempt, General Sir James, Bart. at Blake's Hotel, from Bognor.

Astley, Sir Jacob and Lady, in Hereford Street, from the Continent.

Wraxhall, Sir W. and Lady, at the Bath Hotel.



ESQUIRES.

Parker, Esq. and family, from their seat in Wales.

Porchee, Henry, Esq. in Arlington Street.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Fitzgerald, Colonel and Lady, at the Union Hotel, Cockspur Street.

Howard, the Honorable Colonel, M.P. from Walmer Castle.

Bradshaw, General and Mrs. at the Bath Hotel, from Paris.

CHANGES AND DEPARTURES.

Abel, Captain, for the Isle of Wight.

Althorpe, Viscount, at his seat, Wiseton Hall.

Ashburnham, the Earl, Countess and family, for Paris.

Buckingham, Duke of, at his seat, Stowe, from Scotland.

Bentinck, Lord George, for Salt Hill.

Buckinghamshire, the Earl of, at the British Hotel, from the Continent.

Canning, G. Esq. accompanied by Lord Howard de Walden, one of the Under Secretaries of State, on a visit to Marquis Wellesley in Ireland.

Cotterell, Sir George, for Hereford.

Caledon, the Earl and Countess of, and family, for Ireland.

Cotton, Lady A. from Bagshot Park, for Croome, Worcestershire.

Carnarvon, the Earl of, on a tour through Scotland.

Campbell, Lady E. from Brighton to Hastings.

Carnarvon, the Countess of, for Petworth, Sussex.

Dartmouth, the Countess of, for Blithfield, Staffordshire.

Elliot, Lord and Lady, for Woburn Abbey,

Egerton, Mr. and Mrs. for Devonshire.

Exeter, Dowager Marchioness of, for Burleigh, Lincolnshire.

Frederick, Sir John, Bart. for Esher.

Grafton, Duke of, for his seat, Euston Hall.

Gresley, Sir Roger, for Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire.

Heathcott, Lady, for Ham House, Surrey.

King, Lord and Lady, for Ockham, Surrey.

Latimer, Mr. G. for Ramsgate.

Lasdowne, Dowager Marchioness of, at Hampton Court.

———— Marquis and Marchioness, for Bowood Park, Wilts.

Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness of, for Twickenham.

Lieven, Count and Countess, for Passenger, Herts.

Langton, Colonel Gore, for Newton Park, Bath.

Lyall, Miss, for Beckely Lodge, Southampton.

Munro, R. Esq. from Basbridge Hall, for Margate.

Middleton Miss, for Henley, Oxfordshire.

Norfolk, Duke of, at Arundel Castle.

Pembroke, the Earl and Countess of, at Wilton House, Wilts.

Rutland, Dowager Duchess, on a tour.

Sturt, Hon. Charles, for Mitchell House, Salisbury.

Sefton, the Earl and Countess of, and family, for Croxteth Hall.

St. Helens, Lord, for Burleigh, Lincolnshire.

Sparrow, Lady Olivia B. for Brompton Park.

Villeboys, Captain F. for Adbury Lodge, near Newberry.

West, Hon. F. for Henley-on-Thames.

Waldegrave, Lady, for Sandgate.

Willoughby, Baroness de, and the Hon. Miss Burrell, for their Villa, Richmond.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE
CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

A visit which we lately paid to the National Gallery, renewed in our minds the sincere regret we have often felt, that His Majesty, so generous, so good, and possessed of a taste so refined and so excellent, should have been thus long induced to put up with so miserable a residence as Carlton Palace. Whilst we gazed on the immortal works that have now delighted so many thousands of people, from whom had it not been for the bounty of their generous King, they would have been hidden for ever, we could not refrain from wondering that the monarch, who had presented so noble a gift to his subjects, and to whom he had made so great a sacrifice, as the parting with those sublime paintings, should be permitted by them to reside beneath a roof utterly unworthy of the sacred head it is destined to cover. The English are a loyal people, and well would it become them to erect a Palace that should possess enough of grandeur and magnificence to deserve the approbation and to merit the presence of majesty. All the foreign monarchs dwell in mansions whose splendor accords with their rank and greatness, whilst he who is the honored King of the first nation of the world, is constrained to consider as his palace an inferior house situated in a street, that is certainly far from being the *noblerst* of the metropolis. Do not the Parks offer agreeable sites whereon to build a dwelling that shall be fit for Royalty to inhabit? Let the people—let the Legislature look to this desirable object. The appearance of Carlton Palace, as it is called, is a slur upon the nation, for surely in a country so rich as this, there can be no excuse for a faithful people allowing their ruler to reside in any other dwelling, than one whose inward and outward beauty and adornment, may render it becoming the dignity of a King, and above all of such a King as George the Fourth. We have been led to these remarks by true feelings of Loyalty and Patriotism, and we hope soon to hear of proposals for erecting such a structure as we wish to see appropriated for the residence of the monarchs of England.

His Majesty receives continual visits from the nobility and his select friends. We cannot here omit to mention the delight it affords us to witness the kind and fraternal familiarity which passed between His Majesty and His Royal and generous brother the Duke of York at some late Races. Every look and action told of good will and affection, and our pleasure was the greater, as we knew how well-deserving His Royal Highness is of His Majesty's favor and regard. His Royal Highness has of late been at several of the watering places, for the benefit of his health, which we are happy to hear is much improved in every respect.

It gives the Editors of this work the extreme of pleasure to state, that our amiable, accomplished, and highly gifted Sovereign is enjoying the best of health, surrounded by the chosen few capable of giving mirth and cheerfulness to his Majesty's retirement at Windsor. The Dukes of York and Wellington, Prince Esterhazy and the Count and Countess Lieven, have been amongst the visitors to the King. His Majesty's principle amusements, consists in almost daily excursions in his poney phaeton, accompanied by the Marquis Conyngham, and other distinguished and esteemed friends. The King and party have dined occasionally on board the banquetting boat; which is moored

in a shady part on the west side of Virginia Water Lake. It is the intention of his Majesty to renew his aquatic fetes on Virginia Water, upon a scale of great splendor, which, about a month since, were daily given. If the fineness of the season will allow this design to be carried into execution, the marquees, which were originally placed upon the lawn fronting the lake, will be removed, and in their stead the magnificent tents captured at the taking of Seringapatam, will be substituted. These superb specimens of oriental splendor have not been exhibited for several years; but the freshness of the colouring and the beauties of the various Indian fables with which they are interwoven, remain undiminished. The requisite preparations having been made, the tents are ready to be pitched whenever his Majesty is pleased to renew these fascinating entertainments. Great improvements are in contemplation throughout the delightful plantation of Virginia Water. Among the embellishments which art has already added to this charming natural retreat, is a cascade of considerable extent, both as to its breadth and the depth of its fall. It is the intention of his Majesty to erect, at a short distance above this, a rustic mountainous bridge, in unison with the surrounding scenery; the basis of the piers of which will be formed by the stupendous stones which were some years since dug up at Bagshot Heath, and which were supposed to be the remains of a fallen cromlech. These tremendous monuments of the strength and rude skill of our Saxon forefathers, have been for two years one of the ornaments attached to the grounds of the Royal Lodge, from which they will now be speedily removed to Virginia Water. On Saturday, September 11, in consequence of his Majesty having most graciously expressed his intention to give audience to the suite of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, in the forenoon Mr. Rive, Madame Poki, and seven gentlemen composing the establishment, arrived at the Castle for that purpose. About two o'clock his Majesty, accompanied by the Marquis Conyngham, and attended by Hudson, one of the Park keepers and outriders, left the Royal Lodge in his close travelling carriage, and proceeded down the Long Walk, and through the Little Park to the Castle, where he arrived shortly after two; the King was followed in a second carriage by his suite. His Majesty immediately went to the state apartments, where the whole of the establishment were introduced. In consequence of the repairs at the Castle, his Majesty was unable to entertain them with refreshments. There was a sumptuous dinner provided by command of his Majesty at the White Hart Inn, where they expressed the utmost delight at the kind reception he had given them; and after dinner repeatedly drank to the health of "Good King George IV." They left the White Hart Inn at half past six.—After his Majesty's interview with the islanders at the Castle, he inspected the alterations, and returned by the same route to the Royal Lodge.

DEATH OF THE KING OF FRANCE.

His Most Christian Majesty died at four o'clock on Thursday morning, September 16, after a protracted agony. Scarcely had he ceased to breathe, than all the persons collected in his chamber passed into the next apartment. His brother alone remained a moment near the bed; and when he retired, the Comte de Damas, who preceded him by a few paces, threw open the folding doors, and exclaimed, "*The King, gentlemen!*"—At these words, the Princes and Great Officers "*prostrated themselves.*" The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême followed the King, and were hailed by the name of *Dauphin* and *Dauphiness*. Two hours later (six o'clock, A. M.) the new Monarch went to St. Cloud with his family, and at one o'clock received the Ministers at that

Palace. About ten o'clock the public were admitted to the chamber of the deceased King, to contemplate his body. The hands were observed to be wholly discoloured; they were joined together and pressed a Crucifix. His head was covered with a lace cap, and the face though still easy to be recognized was become extremely thin, and displayed traces of the sufferings which he had experienced during several days.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF LOUIS XVIII.—Louis Stanislaus Xavier de France, Count de Provence, second son of the Dauphin, the son of Louis XV. was born at Versailles, November 17, 1756. From his earliest years he manifested a timid and reserved disposition. Educated with his two brothers, the Duke de Berri (afterwards Louis XVI.) and the Count d'Artois, he always displayed a greater reserve towards his elder than his younger brother. He made considerable acquirements in classical literature, and bore the reputation of being an elegant scholar, and a man of wit. On the 20th of June, 1791, he fled secretly from Paris, at the same time as Louis XVI., but by a different and more fortunate route. While his Royal brother was led back from Varennes to prison and a scaffold, the Count de Provence escaped to Coblenz. Failing to rally round him a sufficient number of Frenchmen to attempt his restoration, he sought refuge in Germany; he afterwards lived at Turin with his father-in-law, the King of Sardinia, and then at Verona, under the name of Count de Lille. On the death of his nephew, Louis XVII., he assumed the name of Louis XVIII. In 1796, Louis, who had resided some time at Venice, was, in compliance with a requisition from the government of France, commanded to leave that State. He then, accompanied by only two officers, repaired to the headquarters of the Prince of Condé, at Riegau. Louis learned at the same moment the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and that the order of the Golden Fleece had been bestowed upon Bonaparte. His Majesty instantly returned his decoration of the order, the investiture of which he had received as a French Prince, to Charles IV., with the following letter:—

“Sire and dear Cousin.—It is with regret that I return you the insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece, which his Majesty, your father, of glorious memory, confided to me. There can exist nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed upon my throne, which he has had the barbarity to stain with the pure blood of a Bourbon, the Duke d'Enghien. Religion teaches me to pardon an assassin; but the tyrant of my subjects ought always to be my enemy. Providence, from inscrutable motives, may ordain that I shall end my days in exile; but neither my contemporaries nor posterity shall ever, even to my last breath, say, that in the hour of adversity I showed myself unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors.”

In the summer of 1793, when looking out of the window of an obscure German inn, near Ulm, he was wounded in the upper part of the forehead by a ball, supposed to have been fired from a horse pistol on the opposite side of the street. The perpetrator was never discovered and Louis forbade all search to be made after him. In 1796, Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, Paul I. as King of France and Navarre; and was invited by him to reside in the ducal castle at Mittau, until he could restore him to the throne of his ancestors. Louis therefore left the army of Condé, with whom he had for nearly two years shared all privations, penury, want, and dangers. At Mittau he was first treated with all the honours due to a sovereign, which another more fortunate prince could bestow. He had a guard of honour of 200 Russians in his castle, besides a body guard of French noblemen created for him, and paid by the Emperor. The Russian

commander at Mittau was entirely under his orders; and his levees were crowded by the nobility of Courland, Livonia, and Russia. As the pecuniary bounties of Paul were more than sufficient for a prince, economical from principle and custom, as well as from delicacy, a number of ruined exiles flocked to Russia to share them. The duration of this prosperous adversity, however, was not long; the Emperor, influenced by the power of France, suddenly changed his conduct, and sent the King, whom he had acknowledged and invited to his dominions, orders to quit the Russian territory within a week. Three months previous to this order, the payment of the usual pension had been withheld, and Louis XVIII. and all the Frenchmen at Mittau were, in consequence, reduced to the utmost distress, because they had all been ordered to depart with their King. The Duchess of Angoulême, the virtuous daughter of Louis XVI. had never ceased to reside with her uncle since she had recovered her liberty, and married her first cousin. On the order coming from the Emperor, she inquired of her uncle what he intended to do? The king told her it was his determination “to quit within twenty-four hours a country where insult and humiliation had taken place of hospitality; and that as he had not the means to travel as he had formerly done, and the little that he possessed was necessary for the support of those of his subjects who had accompanied him, he would on the next day leave Mittau on foot, and show the unfortunate French exiles an example how to support misfortune.” At her marriage, the Duchess of Angoulême had received from her first cousins, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, a box of jewels; and without informing any person of her intention, she sent for some Jews, and obtained upon these jewels a sum of money sufficient, not only for her uncle's travelling expenses, but to provide for the immediate wants of her countrymen at Mittau. When her uncle, the next morning, discovered this generous act, the tears of all the relieved Frenchmen told their Prince, that by pressing his niece to his bosom, he should reward, instead of resenting, the first act of her life which she had ever concealed from him. This young Princess had, in the dungeons of the Temple, early learnt to know the little value of either jewels, rank, or even life; as well as the real duty of humanity, and the worth of undeserved wretchedness.

After some wanderings in the wilds of inhospitable Prussia, the policy of Buonaparte to keep Louis XVIII. at a distance from his kingdom, left him at last permission to inhabit the castle of the dethroned King of Poland, at Warsaw; where, in more fortunate times, one of his own ancestors, Henry III., had ruled as a King; where his maternal grandfather, Stanislaus, had been elected King by a Polish Diet, and proscribed as an Usurper by a Polish faction. What painful remembrances, what sad reflections, for the well informed and active mind of Louis XVIII.! The tranquillity of this retreat was disturbed by another humiliation from another Monarch. The Prussian Minister, Meyer, asked Louis XVIII. to renounce the throne of France in favor of Buonaparte; but he refused with a noble dignity, which must have appalled the man who thus dared to insult him. A plot having been discovered, which had for its object, the assassination of the King, he determined to quit Warsaw, which he did within a few days after. The last and only safe asylum of the House of Bourbon was in England, where they were received, not only with the kindest hospitality, but when all the pension from the several crowned heads of Europe (at one time amounting to 120,000*l.* a-year), had ceased, they still received sufficient to enable them to live in splendor. The royal palace at Holyrood was assigned to them; but Louis XVIII., principally resided at Hartwell, a seat belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham. There he remained until the fall of Buonaparte.

unparted enabled him to ascend the throne of his ancestors. When the Senate and Legislature of France had recalled this long-persecuted Monarch, he passed through London on his way to Paris. His entry into the British metropolis on the 20th of April 1814, was like a triumph. The Prince Regent went to Stanmore to meet him, from which place they were to proceed in state. When his Majesty had got within a short distance of the village, the populace took the horses from his carriage, and drew him into the town. The Prince received the exiled Monarch at the door of the inn, according to the French custom, by affectionately embracing him. They then rode together in the state carriage to town, where an immense concourse of spectators of all ranks had assembled to view this interesting procession. On the 23d, the King left town for Dover, and the Prince Regent, who had set off from London two hours before him, dined with him in the evening on board his yacht. The next day he proceeded in triumph to his capital, after an exile of 23 years. Louis XVIII. is succeeded by his brother, Charles Philippe Count d'Artois. Charles X. is nearly 67 years of age. The following are the other members of the House of Bourbon, of the male sex, in the order of their succession to the French Throne:—

1. Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême (now Dauphin), born Aug. 6, 1775.
2. Henry Duc de Bourdeaux, son of the Duc de Berri, born September 20, 1820.
3. Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, born October 6, 1773, who married Maria Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily, by whom he has male issue.
4. Ferdinand, Duc de Chartres, born September 3, 1810.
5. Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours, born October 25, 1814.
6. Francis Ferdinand, Duc de Joinville, born August 14, 1818.
7. Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Penthièvre, born January, 1. 1820.
8. Henry Eugène, Duc d'Anmale, born June 16, 1822.

Of that illustrious branch of the Bourbons, the House of Condé, there is but one individual remaining, Louis Henry Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, born April 13, 1756, who is the ninth in the succession to the French Crown. Of this Prince, who was the father of the Duc d'Enghien, an anecdote is related, which shows a trait of singular delicacy. On the death of his father the Prince of Condé, the title fell on the Duc de Bourbon, but as he has no family, he refused to assume it, saying, "I am not worthy to be the last of the Condés."

COURT MOURNING.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Sept. 18, 1824.

Orders for the Court going into mourning, on Thursday next, the 23d inst. for his late most CHRISTIAN MAJESTY, viz.—The Ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and ear-rings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets. Undress—White or grey lustrings, tabbies or damasks. The Gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles. Undress. Grey frocks. The court to change the mourning on Thursday the 7th of October next, viz.—The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribbons, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribbons. The Gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles. And on Thursday, the 14th of October next, the Court to go out of mourning.

THEIR LATE SANDWICH MAJESTIES.—The remains of the unfortunate King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands have

been removed from the vault in St. Martin's Church, London, in which they had been deposited since their decease, and conveyed in two hearses to the London Dock, and now embarked on board the vessel which is to carry the bodies back to the Royal residence at Woolwich. The hearses were followed by two mourning coaches, in which were Poki, the treasurer, and his wife, Riven, the interpreter, and the other members of the deceased King's suite.

Mrs. COUTTS.—This deservedly esteemed Lady is in Scotland, visiting her friends. She has, accompanied by some Ladies, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and other Gentlemen, visited the Council Chamber, the High Church, the Castle and Crown-room, Heriot's Hospital, &c., and in the afternoon this Lady entertained the Lord Provost, the Earl of LAUDERDALE, and several other persons of distinction, with an elegant dinner, in the British Hotel, Queen-street. We understand that Mrs. Coutts has expressed the sense entertained by her of the attention she has experienced at the hands of the Lord Provost, by presenting his Lordship with a handsome silver vase, bearing the following inscription—"30th of August, 1824. To the Right Hon. Alexander Henderson, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, from his friend, Harriet Coutts, in kind remembrance of her first visit to Edinburgh, the birth place of Mr. Coutts, son of John Coutts, Esq., Lord Provost of Edinburgh, from October, 1742, to October, 1744." Mrs. Coutts has given £150 to the different charitable institutions in Edinburgh. Mrs. Coutts has been to Allanbank, which had been the residence of her late husband during the holidays of his boyhood, (his mother being a daughter of Sir Robert Stuart, Bart.) and attended divine service at the parish Church of Edrom. The poor upon this, as on many other occasions, will have reason to remember her generous and charitable disposition. She forwarded to the minister of the parish £20, to be distributed among those who stood in immediate want of assistance; and generously gave to an old servant of the Allanbank family, who remembered, and had perhaps been the companion of Mr. Coutts during his childhood, an annuity of £20 for the remainder of his life. We understand that £20 have been given by the same friendly hand to the poor of the parish of Coldstream. The Earl of Lauderdale gave Mrs. Coutts a princely reception at Dunbar House; a distinguished party was invited to meet her. She has also been on a visit to Sir Walter Scott. It is truly delightful to know that a lady of such real goodness is received by the Nobility, Gentry and by all ranks as her merits and goodness of heart so eminently deserve.

John Bull has been absurd enough to put forth another ridiculous article, which contains a lie regarding the Duke of Gloucester. It is so easy to invent those things, that no merit whatever can be attached to the contrivance. How little trouble would it cost us to say:

"Mr. Theodore Hook, having been liberated from prison, was taking a morning's walk upon the beach: all on a sudden, he complained to his companions that a stone had got into his shoe. After he had continued his promenade for some time in evident pain, one of them ventured to suggest, that, by taking off his shoe, he would be able to do away with the inconvenience. Mr. Theodore Hook said he would do so—and was for ever after accustomed to pull off his shoe, if, at any time, a stone happened to intrude itself therein."

Such is the fashion of the sapient falsehoods which this paper every now and then relates of His Royal Highness and others. The Editor is silly—let him stick firmly to the Right Honorable Lord Waithman and his associates if he will; but surely no man at all acquainted with decency

ought to treat Royalty in the same vulgar style as he would, those whose vulgarity deserves no better courtesy.

JOHN BULL AND THE SAINTS.—At the same time that we cannot sufficiently express our aversion to the low, paltry attacks which the John Bull newspaper so often makes upon Rank and Royalty, we cordially approve of the determined stand it continually preserves against every innovation upon the noble constitution of our church and state; but even here it frequently becomes ridiculous, and dilates upon the mountebank absurdities of a few ragged maniacs, as if the welfare of the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, were in danger from their ignorant and insignificant cant. The paper in question has lately occupied part of its columns with animadversions upon some wretched fool of a *shoemaker*, named Hale, whom nobody would ever have heard of, had not the Editor been generous enough to introduce his important saintship to notice, thus, doubtless, highly gratifying the *enlightened* handler of the awl. We would recommend the aforesaid Editor to visit *personally* several of those low chapels, which appear to infest him with such laughable terrors—he would then grow too wise to swell obscurity into importance; and utter stolidity into an object for serious reprehension.

For the edification of the writers in the John Bull, and with the view of affording some amusement to our numerous and fashionable readers, we will briefly describe what we ourselves witnessed in two of these *wonderful* chapels, which we visited from a laudable desire of entertaining the public with the result of our observations.

Upon entering one of the above mentioned *places of worship*, which is a miserable garret in a street in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square, (Paul Street is the name we believe), our eyes were enchanted by the appearance of a little *quaker-capped*, cross-eyed woman,* who from a narrow deal pulpit, about two feet high, was haranguing a crew of half-starved mechanics and silly old wash-women—she talked much of St. Paul, whom she honored by terming “the most *wisest* and the most *larnedest* of all the Apostles”: after preaching sometime, she gave up her task as in despair, declaring that her hearers were *dead to grace*, and that she could not “*agonise*” them: her hearers, however, immediately gave her the lie, and began groaning most dolefully, whilst we, in order to avoid singularity, joined in the general chorus, and moaned as valiantly as any heart-stricken soul of them all.

The other chapel in question is in the same neighbourhood but in a different street, (Windmill Street, if our memory serves us), where we witnessed a much more amusing scene than in the former receptacle for sinners. A man, pale and emaciated, was uttering some unintelligible nonsense, (at which, however, his auditors shed tears of piety), the company was groaning as in the former instance, and one mad-looking fellow jumped upon a form and shouted “Amen” with extraordinary vigor. A large dog was quietly sitting under the *pulpit*, when, in the midst of their devotions, another overgrown specimen of the canine race entered, and “to it tooth and nail.” did both animals go, whilst the whole assembly forgot the welfare of souls and directed all their endeavours towards parting the enraged combatants: some fun-loving boys had rolled a handful of detonating balls upon the floor in the midst of the confusion, which kept exploding every moment, and to the no small consternation of the *religious* devotees that occupied the apartment—we left things in this condition, and turning back to take a farewell gaze at the

house we had quitted, we beheld the great black dog, which had committed the assault thrown neck and heels out of the window.

This scene has not been imagined—it actually occurred, and after describing it, we can only the more wonder that John Bull should be weak-headed enough to compare those poor idiots to the covenanters of old—men who had minds gifted with extraordinary powers, and whose actions have inspired the noblest portion of Hume’s admirable history, and the finest work that has proceeded from the hands of Sir Walter Scott.

John talks much of his detestation of humbug—let him take care that he does not incur a suspicion of his being possessed, in no small degrees of that most amiable of all accomplishments.

The Spanish dramatist, Pédro Chaldéron, in a rhapsody on the fair sex, heaps antithesis upon antithesis in the following whimsical manner:

“Woman,” saith he, “is a double-faced picture; regarding her in one light, nothing is so agreeable—in another, nothing so terrible. She is the best friend of our nature; she is our greatest enemy: the half of the soul’s life, and sometimes the half of its death: no pleasure without her; without her there is no grief; one has reason to fear, one has reason to esteem her. Wise is he who relies upon her, and wise the man who distrusts her. She is the source of peace and war, of joy and of sadness: she wounds and she cures; she is the balm and the poison. In fact, she resembles language—nothing so good when she *is* good, and nothing so bad when she *is* bad.”

LORD WATTHMAN AND THE BEARS.—On the third day of August, in the present year 1824, a great sensation was excited at the *Palace* of my Lord Mayor, vulgarly termed the Mansion House, by *His Lordship’s measured judgment* upon Barber’s Bears—its tenor this:

“Mr. Money’s (a Barber) man assured *His Lordship* that the bear could do no mischief—it could only be seen by the public, and surely there could be no harm in the mere sight of such an animal.

“The Lord Mayor.—Yes, there can. *If your mother had happened to have such an animal, we might have had a young bear before us in the place of a spruce young barber (laughter!).* If it be not removed, I shall order it to be indited as a nuisance.”

We submit the above as a *new pattern* of wit, and do not fear to encounter any opposition when we state it to be inimitable. *His Lordship* deals in wit as in haberdashery—that is, by *wholesale*: he is, in fact wits very essence and may aptly be termed the modern “Attic Bee.” We scorn to call him a *Linen-draper*!

A CITY BALL.

“I sing the dance—the wild the mazy dance,
“Where beauty brightens as her steps advance”.

“Delightful sun! charming sun! although it will melt half the butter in Papa’s shop”—exclaimed the lively Amarantha, as she stood at the *drawing-room window*—“Heavens! what a fine day—how lucky, very lucky to be sure! What a dance shall we have—what a company too—no vile English mists to wet people to the skin—no rain to keep the good souls at home—Charming! Charming! There will be Alderman—and his brace of beauties—there will be fat Mistress Smith and half-starved Madam Day—little Scaldier, the sneaking miniature painter, and gruff Dabbler, the critic—we shall have Mr. Hogg, the poet, who loves bacon for his name’s sake, and Mr. Bacon the psalm-singer, who loves his name for the sake of pign in general. Sir Peter is to bring a new plan for executing

* A friend who was near us, whispered that “she would make a capital wife for Mr. Irving,” why we could only guess, and must leave our readers to do the same.

eats and dogs, and Lord Waithman would come, but says he must appear as *fashionable* as he can both at home and abroad, and so would rather keep away—wont send his daughters—too bad! a good cheese is better than a bad shawl—isn't it, dear Papa?" "Hold your noisy tongue, girl!" returned the Sire. "Now, dear Papa, don't be so cross—you will put the ham and the bacon and the cheese and the butter out of the way, before the ladies arrive, won't you? Dear Papa!" "Nonsense, child!" again repeated the venerable man—"let me tell you were it not for these articles, to which you seem to have such an unnatural aversion, you might now have been spinning in a workhouse instead of reckoning on the pleasure of a dance." The father frowned, the daughter kissed him—he smiled—the obnoxious ham, &c. were removed in due time, and one by one in glittering array the much-honored visitors arrived. The lady of the mansion, bedecked with costly silk, upon whose proud tarsi there shone

Deux pierres les plus rares
Que forme le soleil sous les climats barbares,

received each and all with becoming courtesy. The dance began, and such a dance was never, or, as the hostess phrased it, not never seen. Mrs. Grinder, although weighing, by her husband's scales, 9 stone 2lbs, 3 ounces and a fraction, quadrilled it quite à la Sylph, and Mr. Blouze capered a hornpipe to perfection, whilst the ladies complimented him on his dexterity; after which, this perfect Gulliver midst the surrounding Lilliputians, had the imprudence to solicit the favour of Miss Arabella Duncan's hand in the following dance. Miss Arabella graciously consented. Now the lady was particularly *brief*, and the gentleman long as a lawyer's bill, so that in the dance which, as the devil would have it, happened to be a waltz, Mr. Blouze instead of gently placing his arm round the waist of Miss Duncan, could not possibly force it lower than her head, from whence he brushed an immense mass of hair, and left the little woman bald in the midst of the assembly: an abominable tittering arose, and Miss Arabella fainted, as it becomes all ladies of sensibility to do, whenever they meet with a similar misfortune.

A considerable buzz now ran through the whole illustrious company—"for why? as the simple Cowper, or the simpler LAKER says—because Sir Peter had sent a message to say he should not be able to saddle them with his presence—Mr. Hogg another, containing information of his departure for the north, and a third arrived with the doleful news that Alderman and the Misses—had been upset in a Jarvey—all in the mud."

To moderate the grief of their guests at this combination of disappointments, Mr. and Mrs.——proposed a speedy adjournment to the supper-room, which was soon accomplished, and to the no small joy of one or two praiseworthy gentlemen, who longed for something more substantial than hops, skips and jumps. Their wishes being gratified to the fullest extent, the conversation after supper took a very interesting turn—"well, Sir," said one guest to another, "how liked you the book that I lent you?" "Why, I don't know," replied he, "'tis not so interesting as Cook's Voyages." "Johnson's Dictionary was never thought to be so," answered the first speaker—"That accounts for it, then," said the studious gentleman, "but I read it all through though," the ladies smiled contemptuously, one of whom told her neighbour that she was afraid some people did not always speak with voracity—the friend addressed shook his head, and the matter was agreed upon. After this Mr. Bacon yawned considerably, and received an intruding, half-sleeping fly into his mouth—"poor thing! it has met with a yawning grave," said he, in a manner so kind, that it moved more than one lady to tears. The con-

versation then turned upon mad-dogs, and every lip united to celebrate the laudable exertions of his Lordship, which had saved so many of His Majesty's liege subjects from canine incivility and uncivil hydrophobia. It was asserted that Lord W. had killed eight mad-dogs with his yard-measure, thus making the instrument by which he obtains his own life, highly serviceable to that of others: the announcement was loudly applauded.

Miss Amarintha now moved for a return to the dancing-room, which immediately took place. A supper is a mere episode in a city ball, and the gay company gracefully meandered in unceasing circles till a late hour in the morning, when one and all departed, leaving behind them the grateful recollection of their elegance and beauty. Miss Amarintha once more kissed her Papa for putting the obnoxious articles out of the way—viz. the cheese and the butter and the ham and the bacon—and the happy family at length retired to repeat in their visions the scenes of dignity and grace which had just past before their waking eyes.

Coffee—"Coffee," says an old writer, "greatly increases the trade of tobacco, pipes, earthen dishes, tin-ware, newspapers, coals, candles, sugar, tea, chocolate, &c. Coffee-houses make all sorts of people sociable, they improve arts and merchandize and all other knowledge very much." Health to immortal coffee! Little do our fair readers dream, while contentedly sipping a cup of that precious liquid, of the many benefits which, according to our old friend's account, it confers upon society at large.

Our neighbours are noted for blundering in their orthography of English names. Thomas Cornelle (brother to the great author of the *Cid*) in his tragedy of "the Earl of Essex" talks of *Salisbury Soutampton*—"an Coban, an Raleigh, an Cécile," &c. and his commentator (Voltaire, we believe) speaks of *Newton, Loke and Addison*—also of *Bourgley*—so that the modern *Gauls* only imitate their great men of old in the happy knack which they have of misspelling the most simple appellation that appertains to poor John Bull.

LORD WAITHMAN lately observed that he could not imagine how two people were able to make love, neither of whom understand the language of the other. We would recommend his obtaining the opinion of his illustrious spouse, the mayoress on the subject.

Prince Hohenlohe had formerly some hopes of curing a wooden leg: we now understand that he intends praying for the conversion of a real into a wooden one, having no doubt of success, as a similar metamorphosis long ago took place in the head-department of his own saint-like person.

ROYAL COLLEGE PENSIONER.—It is common custom for the Chelsea Pensioners to attend at the gate of Kensington Gardens to hold the horses of those gentlemen who are gallant enough to promenade with the elegant women who frequent that delightful spot. Amongst those poor fellows there was lately observed a man who seemed to possess the faculty, of a "green old age;" he was much taller than the rest, but stooped a little, the effects of hard campaigning; he appeared to be the victim of fortune for he was injured in every limb. The other pensioners paid him great respect, being conscious of his superiority, for he generally had three horses in his hands whilst they were unemployed. He could relate the history of the Peninsula war with correctness, and ended his career with the battle of Waterloo where he received his said, his last finishing stroke; the gentlemen pay him well from his appearance. His grey hair and whiskers betoken hard service. One evening a gentleman after listening to his

accounts of the various battles he had been in, gave him half a crown; the donation seemed to operate like magic, for he became as straight as a lath! and gracefully taking his cocked hat off with his grey wig, discovered to his generous benefactor an old acquaintance. After a hearty laugh at the hoax he had played off he marched away at the head of the poor fellows who knew of his frolic, with half-a-guinea in his pocket to divide amongst them.

On the last anniversary of the King's Coronation the gun being brought out in the Park caused a great and anxious sensation in the breast of a young dandy, who happened to belong to the Guard then on duty. With eagerness he approached a sentinel and enquired into the cause of this warlike appearance? The soldier with all possible decorum explained the enigma, at which the youngster slunk away amidst the laughing and jeers of the surrounding mob.

MORRIS' GARDENS.—We are favored by a correspondent with a further account of the beautiful and choice varieties produced at this depot of Flora, where amongst other elegancies, to gratify the tasteful fashionables of the day, have been produced two rich specimens of Red Geranium to which the "Duchess of Marlborough" and the "Marquis Hastings" have obligingly allowed the cultivator the sanction of their names.

EGREGIOUS FLATTERY PRACTISED IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—We cannot forbear giving an authentic specimen, taken from the papers of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, of the ridiculous adulation paid to the old maiden Queen, in the year 1602, when she took her departure from the Lord Keeper's House, at Harville, where she had been making one of those visits, so heavily expensive to her entertainers: we have not given it in the old spelling of those times; but put it into that, used in the present day, to make it more agreeable to our general readers: such flattery now would be regarded as quizzing.

PLACE, attired in black, gives the Queen this, at farewell:

"Sweet Majesty,

"Be pleased to look upon a poor widow mourning before your Grace. I am this Place, which at your coming was full of joy, but now at your departure am as full of sorrow; as I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful time, but now he must depart with you, and, blessed as he is, must ever fly before you. But, alas! I have no wings, as time hath: my heaviness is such as I must stay, still amazed to see so great happiness so soon bereft me. Oh! that I could remove with you as other circumstances can! Time can go with you: persons can go with you: they can move like heaven, but I, like dull earth, as I am indeed, must stay unmoveable. I could wish myself, like the enchanted castle of love, to hold you here for ever, but your virtues would dissolve all my enchantments. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an angel to be circumscribed in place, so it is against the nature of place to have the motion of an angel: I must stay forsaken and desolate; you may go, with majesty, joy, and glory. My only suit before you go is, that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you have suffered ever since your coming; imputing it not to me, but to St. Swithin,* who of late hath raised so many storms as I was fain to provide this anchor for you (*presenting an anchor of jewels*) when I understood you would put into this creek; but now, since I perceive the harbour is too little for you, and that

you will hoist sail and be gone, I beseech you to take this anchor with you; and I pray to him that made both time and place, that in all places wherever you shall arrive, you may anchor as safely as you do, and ever shall do, in the hearts of my owners."

It is pleasant sometimes to take a peep at the great ones of former ages; the successor of Elisabeth, James I, was quite as fond of flattery as his predecessor, but he did not always get the dose so powerfully prepared: and the Place he often honoured with his presence, would rather he was away; as the following anecdote may evince.

Passionately fond of the chace, James had a favourite hound, named Jowler; he was one day missing, which greatly displeased the King: however, the next day Jowler came in with the rest of the hounds; and, as His Majesty was rejoicing, again to see him, he spied a paper tied to his neck, on which was written, "Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you to speak to the King (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us) that it will please His Majesty to go back to London, or else the country will soon be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him any longer." The King found it convenient to take it as a jest, and stayed a fortnight longer. Let grumblers contrast those times with the more happy present.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—Mrs. L****, a lady who ranks among the foremost of fashion's votaries, and who had been known by them several years ago, as a *Miss* longer than she likes to own, was, when she was very young, esteemed for a remarkable steadiness of behaviour, approaching to gravity: what the skillful in judging of character pronounced dull; she was, also, very careless in her dress, and, indeed, in every thing that merely regarded her person.

Her parents, and those who really had an affection for her, remonstrated with her continually, on a negligence which they regarded as highly blameable in so young a person; but all in vain; they wished her also to be more lively, like others of her age, and endeavoured by every kind means in their power to render her so; yet all without success; and when she was twenty-five years of age on the death of her father and mother, the latter only surviving her husband a few months, she was heard to express her thankfulness that she was, at length, released from *their persecutions*. But ten years afterwards, (she had really in her youth, refused several very advantageous offers of marriage), fell violently in love with a Frenchman, who had only addressed her with that complimentary gallantry so usual to his countrymen; never having the least intention of making her a serious offer.

From that time she became, at five and thirty, more than lively; she was volatile and giddy to excess; she dressed in the extreme of fashion, and figured away at every assembly and public spectacle. Possessed of a handsome fortune, which left her at liberty to set no bounds to her expence, she became indefatigable in her pursuit after her galling beau: he did not like her, but had too much politeness to let her see that she was disagreeable to him; and the only way he had left to be rid of attentions too palpable to be mistaken, and of which he was wearied, was to take french leave; and embarking for Calais, he soon contrived by travelling to various parts of France to baffle the love-sick lady's pursuits, for she followed him to Calais, but he escaped her effectually. Vexed as she certainly was at this disappointment, she resolved in some measure to alleviate her sorrow by marrying one of the same country. She did so, and lived for many years as happy with him, and, indeed happier, than such a rash and hasty marriage promised. He died about five years ago, and left her a widow, in circumstances rather worse than he found her; but with a great increase of vanity: since her return to

* According to the ancient prejudice that, if it rains on the 15th. July, St. Swithin's day, it will be followed by forty days of the same weather. The Queen's visit to the Lord Keeper was in August.

England, she found many of her former acquaintance, with large families, two or three of them grandmothers; these had great difficulty in recognising her. She who was always tall and slovenly in her youth, is now a perfect mad-cap and a romp, she who then spoke seldom more than a few monosyllables, is now most impertinently talkative. She dresses at fifty like a girl of fifteen, dances, sings, and puts herself in every studied attitude, and speaks with the utmost detestation of plain women, declaring they frighten her by their ugliness. Thus, does she exhibit in her person a picture of folly and childish levity in her declining years; totally forgetting that mode of address which might entitle her to esteem and respect.

ANOTHER SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.—Whimsicula has a very comfortable income, arising from funded property, which he spends to the last shilling by the end of the year, and takes care not to be a shilling in debt. The sole ambition he has is to be thought an eccentric character: his dress, therefore, is so studied to be different to that of all the world, that he seldom looks fashionable though he would like to be thought a dashing one: yet those who are familiar with him, perceive that it rather teases him, when they tell him, that there is always a retrospective view to be taken of ten years back, in the cut of his coat and the form of his hat; Whimsicula is nettled, as he would wish it to be thought his own invention, and that he shall see the Bond Street idlers imitating it. He wears a brutus, because almost every one now wears his own hair. His shoes or boots are square-toed, his stockings of a conspicuous colour, and his pantaloons come but a little way below the calf of his leg, he always receives company lying stretched on a couch, (not a sofa). He was a staunch Bardette when that Baronet was not at the height of his popularity; when he became the great favourite of the people, then Whimsicula became strenuously opposed against him. He never goes out when the weather is fine; but when it rains, he is constantly to be seen on the tramp all over London. He eats beef-steaks and drinks porter for his breakfast; lunches on coffee and bread and butter; and dines on fish, with which he drinks water: instead of tea in the afternoon, he takes a pint of wine with fruit and biscuits; and drinks a large bason of tea on going to bed; which is generally between two and three in the morning. He reads an English translation of the plays of Molière, and Milton's and Young's works in French. He never has his face completely shaved; sometimes his upper lip makes him appear like a disciple of Mahomet; but let any one tell him they thought he looked like an hussar, he has it immediately shaved smooth, and a small quantity is next left on the chin which makes him be taken for a Jew. He prefers mutton to venison, and if he is dining with a very intimate friend, who, perhaps, knowing he dines on fish, has provided a fine Turbot for him, he thanks him for his attention, but hopes he will allow him to be indulged with a red herring of which he is remarkably fond. In conversation he is sure never to agree with any one; and if his opponent should, at length, be brought round to his opinion, he directly takes the opposite side of the question to re-confute him. He eats always more vegetables in winter, with his breakfast, than in summer, at which latter season he prefers ragouts and the strongest kind of dishes. Being lately at a coffee-house, a gentleman, who was a stranger mistook him for another person, "Sir, said Whimsicula, directly "is there then, any one in London like myself?" And being told by the gentleman that "he really strongly resembled a friend of his" he went home, and changed his dress, from top to toe. He then returned, and asked the same person if he resembled any one now? "No, really, Sir," said the gentleman, and that reply restored him to himself.

It is needless to say that such an eccentric being is a bachelor; not, but he is a professed admirer of the sex called

fair, though he professes those that are brown, particularly gipsies, whose complexions he declares to be enchanting, and that if ever he marries it shall be to one of that race.

Dr. Goldsmith was so poor, that he travelled on foot most part of his tour on the Continent, when he approached any peasant's house he played the German flute, which often procured him lodging and subsistence for the next day.

Dr. Johnson was arrested for the petty debt of 5 guineas and was obliged to his friend Mr. S. Richardson for emancipation.

The town has been a good deal agitated by the detection of the extraordinary forgeries of Mr. Fauntleroy, the banker, of Berner's Street.—The discovery of the forgery, in the instance for which Mr. Fauntleroy is in custody, arose from the desire of a co-trustee with Mr. Fauntleroy to change the trust, which he mentioned to Mr. F. who declared that the change could not be made without the sanction of the Lord Chancellor—before whose return to town it is presumed he intended to make his escape. But the doubt existed in the mind of the co-trustee by the earnestness of Fauntleroy's refusal to alter the trust being communicated to the third trustee, he, with the second, resolved on proceeding to the Bank, to ascertain whether all was right—which resolution produced the discovery that only 6000*l.* was remaining of all the trust-money, which had been drawn by Mr. Fauntleroy under forged powers of attorney.—It is said that in a box was found a statement, drawn up by Mr. F. himself, of *all the forgeries* he had committed, and which also exonerates, in the fullest and completest manner, his partners from any knowledge of, or participation in his criminality.

DANCING JUDGES.—It is well known that the Lawyers of olden time were fond of dancing, which would at present be, perhaps, a dangerous recreation, as it is fancied now by all our penetrating Attorneys, that a Lawyer who is fond of any thing, or able to do any thing, save and except rank, professional druggery, is quite prepared to be laid upon the shelf. The greatest Dignitaries of the law were wont to assemble round the fire in the Temple Hall, and perform a ceremonial dance. In 1733 when Mr. Talbot took leave of the Inner Temple upon getting the Seals, the dance round the fire was not omitted. These judicial gambols did not outlive that gentleman's appointment—they ceased then. The ceremony itself is thus described in the notes to *Wynne's Brennus* :—

"After the play, which was performed in the Inner Temple-hall, the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Temple, Judges, and Benchers, retired into their parliamentary chamber, and, in about half-an-hour afterwards, came into the Hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place, (but no fire or embers were in it) Then the master of the revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he, with his left, took Mr. Justice Page, who, joined to the other Judges, Serjeants, and Benchers present, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire, according to the old ceremony, three times—during which time they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke the Prothonotary, then of sixty; and all the time of the dance, the ancient song, accompanied by music, was sung by one Toby Aston, dressed in a bar gown, whose father had formerly been master of the Plea-office in the King's Bench."

In these our heartless days, there is no chance of seeing the revival of such festive amonies.

TO PRESERVE THE BEAUTY OF YOUNG LADIES.—
1st. Let her go to bed at 10 o'clock—*if she pleases*. She must not grumble because she may not sleep for the first night or two, and lie ruminating on the nocturnal pleasures she has thus cut herself off from, but persist steadily for a few nights, when she shall find that habit will produce as happy a sleep as that which followed a late ball.

2nd. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer, and about eight in winter, immediately brush her mouth well with a tooth-brush, and cold water, then take a table-spoonful of the following mixture:—

Of decoction of bark, six ounces.

Of tincture of bark, one ounce.

Of diluted sulphuric acid, one drachm.

Mix—after which, breakfast within one hour.

3rd. Her breakfast should be something more solid than a cup of trashy tea, and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take an egg or two, or a little cold meat, or a cup of chocolate.

4th. She should not sit reading romances all day by the fire, or indulge herself with thinking upon the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of a pining damsel, but bustle about, walk, or ride, or make puddings; and when she feels hungry, eat a mutton chop, or a custard, with a glass of wine.

5th. Let her dine upon mutton or beef, without fat; but she need not turn away occasionally from a fowl or any thing equally as good; only observe to drink but little during dinner.

6th. She must not take three or four cups of tea, but one or two, and pretty strong, at about two hours after dinner.

7th. Let her eat a custard for supper, or a few oysters, or a basin of sago and wine, or any light thing of the kind, and then let her go to bed.

8th. Let her read, if she will read, no die-away love tales, but humorous works, so as to keep the mind unincumbered by heavy thoughts.

9th. Let her take a cup of senna tea, or fifteen grains of rhubarb.

AN OLD MAID.—Is a term which is applied to that class of females who have either, through a just modesty, never been able to attract that part of the creation denominated man, or who, by a noble resolution, almost amounting to heroic perfection, have renounced the many pleasing seductions of the world, and in the sweet bowers of retirement have led a life of peaceful serenity, smiling at the follies of them, and shedding a tear of sympathy and feeling over the misfortunes of those whose enjoyments have been embittered by the chilling hand of adversity. And there is another kind—namely, those whom the world has misused, and who, disgusted with the happiness and prosperity of others, by an unnatural dislike of beholding all happy but themselves, have shut their eyes to man and man's false smile. The world has unjustly included these three kinds under one general head, without the least division or distinction; and it is thus that, by the misconduct of one or two of the number, a general slur has been cast upon the whole. The reproachful term ill-natured has always been applied to us: and we have been told that, owing to that bad quality, cycloped *bad temper*, we never could enjoy one hour of uninterrupted felicity. With one voice we deny this; and we can assure the public that the case is

quite different. We have had our days of pleasure—we have had our days of bliss—we have perhaps sketched scenes which in themselves were little heavens. Once we were young; perhaps then the fairest prospects dawned upon us in all the glow of fanciful illusion; perhaps our morning sun shone upon us in all the splendour of his majesty, without one cloud intervening to dim with its darkening colour our future prospects.—Our mirrors told us, that, in the world's view, we made no despicable figure; our eyes, our cheeks, our fingers, we have been informed, were what might be called handsome; how then can it be said we have enjoyed no happiness?

A CATCH.—"Catch," in music, signifies a round or perpetual vocal canon, in the unison wherein, by the ingenuity of the composer, a totally different sense is given to the poetry when it is sung, from that which it has when it is read. One example will be sufficient to explain this. The common jest-book story of the Irishman, who, having been told that the house was on fire, replied, that he was but a lodger, must be generally known, and has been applied as follows, by Doctor Calcott, to the purpose of a Catch:—

*Ah! how Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave!
Go fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet richer far, than that, you bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than me I fear, have part."*

These verses, we conceive, might be read by any one without his imagining that they were at all connected with the story just mentioned; yet, the commencement of the first line, by a little management, is easily reducible to "a house a fire;" the third still more readily becomes "go fetch the engines;" and the fifth is borrowed from the story itself. The first singer is thus made to cry out, "a house on fire!" "Go fetch the engines," exclaims a second; to which the third replies, "I'm but a lodger"—in the very words of the Irishman, as they are recorded by his veracious historian.

ENGLISH HOUSES.—The light and airy style in which some of our houses are built, have not escaped the satirical eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have often heard, that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able workman will build a house *before dinner*, which will let for seven guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of sixteen may dance down before supper, there is certainly some grounds for the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* which is taken from the note of a Parisian Tourist:—"In London," says he, "it is as common for people to be upset in their houses as it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; but that the materials are so light and so slight, that small inconveniences attend these *bouleversements*. A house in England falls down, and all the family tumble odds and ends into the street. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake themselves from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wheel-barrow comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them away. The ex-master of the house then goes to a builder, and treats with him as a Parisian would with his tailor, saying: "My family consists of so many, measure us for a house, and see that it comes home before the end of the week." If he be in straitened circumstances, he adds, "and let it be a tight fit." If he be a rich man, a little more latitude or elbow room is allowed. The builder takes the order, measures the children and servants, and sets up the house."

AMONGST the herd of Joint Stock Companies, forming, formed, or about to be formed, there is one which specially claims our attention—we mean the “Thames New Water Company,” which is to be established, as its prospectus announces, for the purpose of “redressing calamities,” and preventing the “recurrence of misfortunes.” The capital is One Million, to be raised from the public; the water is to be *new*, and raised from the Thames,—and not only from the Thames, but from the pure part of the Thames, and is to be *filtered* previously to passing into the mains to supply the houses. This notable *projection* has already met with a rival in the METROPOLITAN WATER WORKS COMPANY, which sounds more rational, because it professes less; but while these *projections* are going on, in order to extinguish fires, and keep us clean at the same time, other men of mightier minds are employed in greater efforts for the public comfort, and instead of telling us how fresh water is to be conveyed from the pipes into the main, propose to bring us salt water from the main, in pipes. This undertaking, simple as it now appears, and feasible, (for in Marylebone parish alone, there is *double the length* of pipes required, laid down) will be attended with the most beneficial results. There are two rival companies upon the same ground, but without giving any unfair preference, we believe that the more extensive, and, indeed, the original company of the two, is that called the Metropolitan Marine Bath Company. It is admitted that no difficulty whatever will arise in bringing the sea water to LONDON raised at the rate of thousands of gallons in an hour, and conveyed rapidly, fresh, and full of virtue, to the metropolis. Have the projectors calculated what is to be done with this delightful liquid, after all the nobility at four pounds a head, all the gentry at two pounds ten, all the tradesmen at thirty shillings, all the nursery maids at four and sixpence, all the tinkers and cobblers at one and three-pence, and all the beggars and chimney sweepers at two-pence each, have carefully and luxuriously washed themselves in it? Have they ascertained by what means this delectable composition is to be “returned when done with,” from the metropolis?—because if it be to be disposed of, by means of the sewers, and conveyed into the Thames, our unhappy friend, Mr. LANE, whose projection we have alluded to, will indeed have to furnish his friends with *new* water from the river. We quite rejoice in the prospect of dabbling in the baths; but, though perhaps we ask it somewhat too jocosely, we really should like to know if the ulterior disposition of the dirty water has occupied any part of the attention of the directors.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.]

SALISBURY MUSIC MEETING.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

WHAT is there, Sir, that bears along with it much more of splendor, science, and gaiety than a music meeting? does it not collect together a mighty congregation of the rich and the powerful, of gay equipages and noble company? Does it

not gather together a bouquet of animated flowers, a coronet of sparkling living amulets? Is it not the court of beauty and the palace of fashion, and is it not filled with a concord of sweet sounds that lift the imagination above mere earth, and, (raised as amidst the tombs and the sarcophagi of the great and the hallowed dead,) which teaches the heart to exalt itself beyond the grovelling propensities of every day life and occurrence? Such is a music meeting, I have been at such lately, and if it so please you, Sir, here a few memoranda of its details. “Lend me your ears,” ye sons and daughters of Fashion, whilst I my “plain unvarnished tale deliver.”

Salisbury was hardly ever before so gay as at the late musical festival, all that paint and whitewash, and the carpenter and the upholsterer could do for it, was done previous to the great event, and the dull town looked for once as gay as a birth-day jubilee. The company began to arrive, from all the quarters of the wind, two or three days previous, and by Tuesday evening the 17th, of last month, every Inn of respectability and lodging house were full. Madame Catalani with her husband and suite were at the Black Horse Inn, and Mrs. Salmon, of whom as a singer England ought to be proud, was at the friendly mansion of one of her aunts, where I had frequently the gratification of meeting her, as well of hearing her sing some pretty ballads unfettered by the clamour of an Orchestra. This as well as a delightful rubber or two played together, and our hosts famous Madeira, not to talk of any thing so vulgar, but so excellent, as his “*home brewed*,” I shall not very easily forget. They will live upon my palate, and my memory till time shall have made its attacks upon them, and the withering wind of dissolution shall scatter thought and recollection into dust. On Wednesday morning, as early as ten o'clock, the anxious visitors were wending away to the Cathedral, where was very soon assembled much of the wealth and beauty of the county. A selection from Handel, Haydn and some other composers of their school was now performed, and in general with satisfactory and powerful effect. In “*gratias agimus tibi*,” and in “*Luther's Hymn*” Catalani was exceedingly great, but in many of the sacred english melodies she was compelled, by the universal voice, to yield the palm of superiority to Mrs. Salmon who was almost universally great in the strains of the mighty Handel and the scientific Haydn. The effect of her “*From mighty Kings*” was particularly great, and she was called upon to repeat it on Friday, the last day of the meeting. I had the gratification of meeting her and Mr. Cramer and Sapio and Sir George Smart, after her exertions on that day, and she then shewed me some lines which were given her on descending from the Orchestra, written by a friend of mine in the Church, and on a book of the performance during her execution of the song I speak of. I asked her permission to copy them, which was granted, and these be they.

Judeas monarch took from mighty Kings
The spoils of pomp and pride—mere worldly things!
Whilst thou, fair minstrel, of his honour'd name
Eclipse his splendor, and surpass his fame;
He brought mere man beneath his great controul,
You rob the eye, and trammel up the soul,
His was the victory of sword and dart
Thine is the triumph over hand and heart.

A Miss George, whose school of tuition was the Bath Concerts, sang very prettily in two or three of the melodies

in "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre" at the church, and "should he upbraid" which she sung at the Concert Room she gave great satisfaction, and gained a good deal of applause. Mr. Sapio, of whose many "golden opinions" were previously spoken, was applauded to the very echo; but though he certainly acquitted himself throughout very praiseworthy, I could not help now and then thinking of Braham, and Vaughan, and in some songs bewailing their absence. Mr. Sapio's "deeper and deeper still" had not that feeling, touching effect about it as I find in Braham's version of the same song, and I do not think that a gentleman who sat next me was very wrong in his opinion when he said, that Mr. Sapio would succeed better in pieces that required more depth and less exertion to render them palatable. The instrumental department was capital, and the concertos of Lindley on the violoncello, and Willman on the clarinet were indeed "discourses of most excellent music."

Why should Madame Catalani have been permitted to open the Messiah? Her "Comfort ye my people" was anything but *comfortable* to those who remembered her in other days, and to those too, who like to hear Handel unmitigated. All the parts were transposed to a lower note to suit her failure in power. If this gifted foreigner would but be content with Rule Britannia and Italian songs, how much would the world be a gainer? In Rule Britannia she is wonderful, the spirit she puts into the song does one's heart good, and is cheering to an Englishman. Then her eye, her smile, *Oh! c'est charmant et brillant*.

At the evening performances, which for company was splendid indeed, both Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon exerted themselves to the utmost,

"—to give the listening ear a joy
Which soon shall reach the heart."

On the first evening the former of these musical wonders sang "*Se mai turbo*," and "*Al dolce canto*" with Rodes' variations, and also took a part in that beautiful terzetto from the *Ricciardo e Zoraida* of Rossini with Miss George and Mr. Sapio. Mrs. Salmon sung *Di piacer* from *La Gazza Ladra*, and the translated air from the same composer *La Donna del Lago*. But it is entirely impossible to enumerate, or individualise all the great and little efforts, every body seemed determined to be pleased, and even the most fastidious found something to calm their perturbed spirits. Bochoa's Venetian ballad *La Biondina* was exquisite with Mrs. Salmon's voice and science to recommend it, and Catalani's execution of *O Patria* from Rossini's *Tancred* was *très-superbe*. I wish I could pay an equally just compliment to her "Cease your funning;" but I cannot, that was indeed a failure, the air was totally smothered in unintelligible flourishes and cadenzas. Her endeavours to reach a very high note, when she can hardly compass F is really distressing, and should teach her prudence.

Mr. Bellamy got himself great credit by his spirited performances at this Meeting, and instead of retrograding as time progresses, he even seems to get younger in ability, though older in years and we fear in constitution. May his time, however, be far distant!

On the whole Mr. Corfe, the conductor, and half proprietor with Madame Catalani, merits the pity, and all interested have to congratulate themselves on a fortunate and splendid result. The company was numerous, and of the first consequence, the singing was good and from the greatest professors, and in my estimation the only regret is that one

performer should carry away her five hundred pounds, leaving for some of the others barely five shillings, and for charity, for the noble institution the infirmary, for the useful one the poor schools nothing! "Tis true, and pity, 'tis true."

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
I. F. STUART.

Salisbury, Aug. 1824.

BRIGHTON.

His Majesty is not expected to return to the Pavilion until early in November. The gloom which has enveloped the Palace since the departure of the Commander-in-Chief, has produced one common feeling of regret.—We do not exaggerate when we observe, that, at least, from eight hundred to a thousand beds have augmented the accommodation, at this place, since the commencement of the year past. Much of the new town at Black Rock will contribute to the splendour of our local means next year, the buildings at which are already in request. To the west, ground plots are sold for noblemen's residences—new designs exclusively are also in contemplation to improve the growing beauties of that quarter. Brighton has been fuller this season than it has been known for as eries of years; it has now two seasons—a Summer season and a winter one. The company that resorts to Brighton in the Summer consists of the rich London trades-people; in the winter months the nobility and gentry throng to Brighton to partake of the hospitality of his Majesty. It is to be regretted that the invitations to the Pavilion are not issued previous to the evening the company is to assemble. The cards are sent at 5 o'clock; which does not leave sufficient time for ladies to make preparations to attend his Majesty; and the Nobility and Gentry being uncertain when they are to be invited, makes them defer their own parties; in fact there are very few routs, balls, &c. in consequence of the invitation to the Pavilion being always doubtful. We very much suspect that the person appointed to send out the cards does not consider the mischief and inconvenience he creates by such neglect and delays.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

The Grand Musical Festival and Regatta, which took place here the last week in August, drew together the most numerous and distinguished company that has been seen in Portsmouth for these many years; the former, having been supported by the talents of Madame Catalani, Miss Goodall and other eminent vocal and instrumental performers, consisted of two grand Concerts at the Theatre and an Oratorio at St. Paul's Church, got up by Messrs. Sibby, who were rewarded for their exertions by crowded audiences. The weather, during the two days of the Regatta, was the most favourable that could possibly be wished for, and the spectators, in consequence, were beyond calculation. The vessels that contended for the different prizes appeared to attract but a trifling share of attention, so highly interesting was the general scene both on the water and on shore. The ball at the Promenade Rooms on the first evening, was the most splendid ever known in or near Portsmouth. The company amounted to four hundred and fifty. The week's amusements concluded with a grand display of fire-works from the different yachts and on the shore, and the whole went off with the greatest éclat.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

III.—English Dukes.

SOMERSET, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

GENEALOGISTS have taken great pains to prove the descent of this illustrious family by the male line, from Geoffrey Plantaganet, Earl of Anjou, son of Fulco, King of Jerusalem, and grandson to Fulco Rechis, Earl of Anjou, Touraine and Maine, by Maud the Empress, his wife, daughter to Henry I, King of England. Had there been no illegitimacy in their descent from John of Gaunt, son to Edward III, they could not have been denied the privilege of tracing their pedigree upwards, even to the Saxon ancestors of our present royal family. But a claim of this kind is absurd; and common sense is sacrificed, to pay a compliment of antiquity, where it is neither due nor expected.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had four natural children by Catharine, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, Guyon king of arms, the widow of Sir John Swynford: on those children he conferred the surname of Beaufort, in the county of Anjou, the place of their nativity; and having afterwards married their mother, he procured, in their favour, an act of legitimacy by which they were entitled to every benefit and privilege of children born in wedlock. The male line became extinct in 1471, when Edmund de Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was beheaded. The elder brother of this unhappy nobleman who had also been beheaded, about eight years before, was never married; but by Joan Hill, or de la Montaign, had one natural son, named Charles, who is, properly, the founder of the present noble family.

It is objected that the pretensions of Henry VII to the crown of England were founded on his descent from John of Gaunt, and that the illegitimacy of John de Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, was wholly superseded by act of parliament; but Henry VII could have had no right to the crown even if the Earl of Somerset had been born in wedlock.

The father of Henry VII was Edmund of Hadham, Earl of Richmond, son to Owen ap-Merideth, ap-Tudor, and Queen-Catharine widow to King Henry V, whose houses had not any affinity to the house of Lancaster or to the throne of England. His claims by descent, proceeded from his mother, the Lady Margaret, only daughter to the first Duke of Somerset; and grand-child to John of Gaunt, father to Henry IV.

Charles, however, the real founder of the present Duke of Beaufort's family, the natural and only son of Henry de Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was greatly in favour with Henry VII who, upon several occasions, acknowledged him as his kinsman. He was styled Sir Charles Somerset, and through the King's favour, he obtained in marriage Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon: in the right of this lady he became Lord of Ragland, Chepstow and Gower; and was created Baron Herbert, by letters patent.

Upon the accession of Henry VIII he was summoned to parliament among the Barons, by the name of Charles Somerset de Herbert, and continued in all those honours he had enjoyed under Henry VII.

VOL. I.

When peace was concluded between France and England, in 1513, and the royal nuptials between Louis XII and the princess Mary sister to Henry VIII were commemorated, the Earl of Worcester was present and also at St. Denis on the coronation of their Majesties, on the 5th of November following. The Earl was also employed in many other public transactions and continued in the highest esteem at the English court, till the day of his death.

This nobleman had three wives; the first was Elizabeth, daughter of Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, by whom he had a son who succeeded him, as second Earl of Worcester, and who was one of the most chivalrous noblemen of his time; he departed this life on the 26th of November 1549. By his wife Elizabeth the daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, standard bearer of England, he had four sons and four daughters. His eldest son, William Somerset, succeeded him, as third Earl of Worcester. This Earl was, in 1573, commissioned to carry into France a font of pure gold, as a present to Charles IX on the christening of his daughter, and to personate His Majesty as sponsor for the royal infant. He was one of the noblemen that sat as judges at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. He died on the 21st day of February 1588. His wife Christian, daughter of Edward, Lord North, bore him one son and two daughters. His son Edward the fourth Earl of Worcester, was upwards of thirty-six years of age at his father's death. His first public transaction on record was the carrying letters of congratulation to James VI of Scotland, on his marriage with Anne of Denmark. On the accession of James to the English throne, in the year 1603, he was constituted Earl marshal of England. On the 1st of January 1615, he resigned that post and was the day following appointed Lord privy seal with a salary of 1500 pounds per annum during life, which he enjoyed to the 3rd of March 1627, when he departed this life at Worcester house. Sir Robert Naunton, speaking of this great man, says, that, "being of the ancient blood of the Beauforts, and of the Queen's grandfather's line by the mother, there was a mixture of blood and fidelity in him that rendered the Earl a favourite with Elizabeth;" she respected his youth, and, indeed, he was one of the finest gentlemen of her court; he had the honour to see his renowned mistress laid in her place of rest, and he himself died rich, and in a peaceable old age.

He was married to Elizabeth daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon; and had a numerous issue; his second son named Henry succeeded him and became the first Marquis of Worcester. He was of the communion of the church of Rome, but proved one of the most loyal and serviceable friends to Charles I. His honest heart rendered him the one, and a princely fortune was productive of the other: yet, he was particularly fond of society, and always averse from military exploits: the greater was his merit, when seeing the danger of his sovereign, he plunged into all the tumult of civil war, and acted bravely and consistently through the whole of it. He had been advanced by patent, in November 1642 to the dignity of a Marquis, by the title of Marquis of Somerset. Contrary to the stipulations at the surrender of his castle, he was committed to the custody of the parliament's black-rod, who lived in Covent Garden, London. After his arrival at this place of confinement, he was seized with mortal symptoms, which put a period to his life in December 1646, or 1647, at a time, however, when his possessions had been so thoroughly ransacked, by the rebels, that there was

P

scarcely left sufficient to defray the expences of his funeral.

During the troubles of those days, the King had more than once visited the Marquis, at his castle of Ragland. Here the unfortunate monarch stayed three weeks, and was entertained with greatness and liberality by the old Marquis, who, to divert the mind of his Sovereign made use of that facetious pleasantry, which his Lordship has been said to possess, of an original kind. The King said once to him, "that no man would trust him with so much money as he had done." The Marquis replied, "Sir, I had your word for my money, but I never thought I should be so soon repaid, for you have now given me your thanks, which was all I expected."

Many little incidents happened, during the stay of Charles, which marked the great lenity of that excellent King towards his subjects: on one instance of this kind, the Marquis shrewdly remarked, "Well, Sir, this forgiving temper may chance to gain you the kingdom of Heaven; but if ever you gain the kingdom of England by these means, I'll be your boudsman."

The first Marquis of Worcester married Anne, the only child of John, Lord Russel; she was grand-daughter and heiress of Francis, Earl of Bedford, and by her, who died at Worcester House in the Strand, he had nine sons and four daughters; his eldest son Edward, succeeded him, as second Marquis of Worcester.

He was secretly employed on many weighty occasions, and the few particulars that have come to light concerning him, render this nobleman's character very doubtful. He acted, however, by a very extraordinary commission from the King, which has been the cause of much slander against that unfortunate Monarch: such things are better passed over in silence; the turbulent and desperate state of affairs at that time, may excuse much that would not in happier ages be justifiable: however, on the restoration of Charles II the patent given to the Marquis was judged to be of so dangerous a tendency, that on the 18th of August 1660, a committee of the House of Lords was appointed to inspect it, and they reported the readiness of the Marquis to give it up.

Edward, Marquis of Worcester, was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Dormer, by whom he had one son and two daughters; the son, named Henry, succeeded his father, and was by patent in December 1662, created first Duke of Beaufort; his Grace was one of the principal supporters of George, Prince of Denmark, and chief mourner at the funeral of Charles II, on the 14th February 1684; at the coronation on April 23, 1685, he carried the Queen's crown. He was strongly attached to the Stuart interest, and took every measure that he thought would defeat the success of the Prince of Orange; and when that Prince ascended the throne of England, with his consort Mary, he refused to take the oaths to the new establishment: he, therefore, retired from Court, and passed the remainder of his life, in a quiet and inoffensive manner.

His Grace married Mary, widow of Henry Seymour, by courtesy, Marquis of Hertford, and daughter of Lord Capel, and by her had issue nine children, who most of them died young. His successor was the son of his second son Charles, and became possessed of the family honours, and took his seat in the house of Lords on the 25th of October 1705. He married three wives. First, Mary, daughter of Charles, Earl of Dorset; she died in childhood. His second wife was Rachel, daughter of Wriothsley, Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough. His third wife was Mary, youngest daughter of Peregrine Osborne, Duke of Leeds. By his second wife, his Grace had three sons, the first was Henry the third Duke of Beaufort: he married Frances, daughter of James, Viscount Scudamore, by whom he had

no issue. This Duke and his Duchess were publicly divorced from each other, on account of her very profligate conduct, and the Duke dying at Bath on the 24th of February 1745, the honours of his family devolved upon his brother, Charles Noel, fourth Duke of Beaufort. He was born on the 12th of September 1709, one day before his mother died; his Grace was possessed of every qualification requisite for his high station, he was as much beloved in private life as he was respected in his public capacity; and was a man of letters and erudition. Unfortunately, rather by violence than by any inclination of his own, his Grace was placed at the head of a party that gave great umbrage to the court; but, even this afforded him an opportunity of exemplifying his own moderation, which he did in so eminent a manner as to break the edge of that censure, which the whigs so liberally threw on others: He died on the 28th of October 1766, in the forty eighth year of his age. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Berkely of Stoke Gifford, in Gloucestershire, Esq. by whom he had two sons and four daughters. The eldest son Henry, was the fifth Duke of Beaufort, who was born on the 17th October 1744, and married on the 2nd of April, 1766, Elizabeth, daughter of the honourable Edward Boscawen, late admiral of the blue; by whom his grace had several children; his eldest son the present and sixth Duke Henry-Charles succeeded him, October 11th 1803. His grace was born December 22, 1766. He married, May the 16th 1791, Charlotte Levison, daughter of Grenville, Marquise of Stafford, and has issue Henry, Marquis of Worcester, heir apparent born February 25, 1792. His grace has other children.

The motto of this illustrious family is, *Mutare vel timere sperno*. I scorn to change or to fear.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

What is this soft bewitching spell

That like the airy vision flies;

The poet's pen has fail'd to tell

What is the form he knows so well,

That rules with magic power all human destinies?

Is it the eye that beams with fire,

And glistens brighter for the tear;

Whose glance can kindle young desire,

Yet leave its victim to expire,

Without one pitying look his wither'd hopes to cheer?

Is it the cheek, where dwells the smile,

Enshrin'd within its roseate fane;

And plays the tyrant for awhile

Whose radiance serves but to beguile,

And clothe in double gloom refusals wintry reign?

Is it the portal of the soul

Whose op'ning leaves like rubies glow

Where dwells, within the heart's control

The power that arbitrates the whole

Cheers with the beams of joy, or clouds with hopeless woe?

G.

ASTROLOGY.

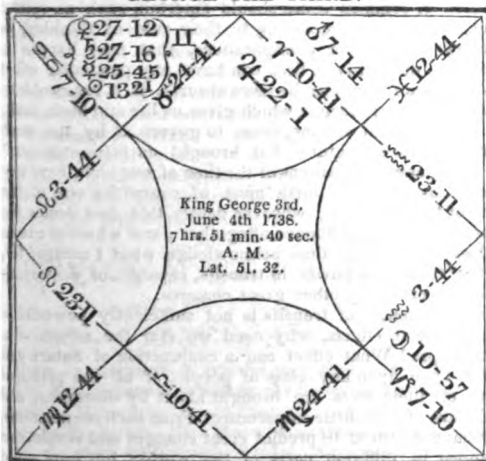
No. 2.

SOME REMARKS ON THE CAUSES OF
SUICIDE AND INSANITY.

I should not have been induced to notice this subject at present, had I not felt confident that it would afford a striking example of the effects of planetary influence. It is a well known fact that there has been a great increase in the number of cases of the kind since the month of May last, the principal cause of which, was the combination of influence in the sign Gemini, and which, on the 8th of June, was joined by the planet Saturn.

As far as I have been able to observe, insanity—apoplexy—obstructions of various kinds in the head—delirium—weakness in the eyes—and severe head-achs, are complaints that are peculiar to the sign Gemini, and of which there is little doubt but we shall have many singular examples while Saturn remains in that sign, but more particularly at those times when the Sun or planets are in the same sign with him or in the sign *Sagittary* which is in opposition to him.

That insanity is peculiar to the sign Gemini I can prove by a number of examples, but I can find none so well calculated to convince the public as

THE NATIVITY OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING
GEORGE THE THIRD.

This nativity was taken from "Sibly's Illustration of Astrology," and is said to have been calculated by Mr. C. Brent.

Upon examination, it will be found that a most singular and powerful combination of planetary influence occurred in the sign Gemini, at the time of that unfortunate and ever to be lamented Monarch's birth. There are some particular parts in this sign that I have at all times found to be more particularly evil, and which extend from about the 11th to the 16th, and from about the 24th to the 28th degrees.

By referring to the nativity it may be seen that the Sun,

Mercury, Saturn and Venus, were all posited within the compass of those unfortunate places.—Those positions, together with the peculiar quality of the influence arising from the combination of Saturn, Venus and Mercury, was beyond all doubt the radical cause of his Majesty's unhappy affliction. To prove that the above mentioned positions were the cause of his affliction, I will refer to the time when he was first attacked with that unfortunate malady.

About the 12th of October 1788 was the time when he was first attacked with that complaint; however there is little doubt but he had experienced symptoms of sickness, during the greater part of that year, or at least for some months previous to its being generally known.

By referring to an Ephemeris for that year it may be seen that Jupiter was in the sign Gemini, and continued passing over that unfortunate combination in his Majesty's nativity, until the latter part of May—not that, that was the principal cause of his illness, but it, in a great measure, served to excite and bring their radical influence into action, which was continued and much increased by the greater power of Saturn who, in the forepart of February, entered the sign Pisces, which is in quartile to Gemini. He continued to advance in that sign until he had reached about the eleventh degree—he then turned retrograde, and consequently became more powerful—on the 10th of July he was met by the opposition of Mars from the sign Virgo, which gave additional force to his influence, and on the 13th of October, the day following that on which his Majesty became deranged, the planets Venus and Saturn, who were the principal cause of his illness, and who were in conjunction at the time of his birth, made an opposition from about the fifth degrees of Virgo and Pisces.

Although we have no particular accounts of his having been ill, during the forepart of that year, there remains not the least doubt, in my opinion, but that the complaint, which was constitutional, was brought into action by the transit of Jupiter over the radical position of those planets that were the cause of it, and was continued and increased by Saturn entering the sign Pisces, whose *qualities* are in many respects similar to those of Gemini.

However his Majesty soon recovered from this attack, and in the forepart of the following year, went in procession to St. Paul's to return thanks, which was followed by a general illumination as a mark of joy and respect.

We have no accounts of his being attacked with any symptoms of the kind again until about the month of November 1810, when he again became afflicted with that distressing malady, which continued until within a few days of his death, and was supposed to have been occasioned by the loss of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia.

By referring to the Ephemeris for the year 1810, it may be seen that the planet Saturn had been in the sign Sagittary during the whole of that year, in opposition to the radical position of those planets that were in Gemini at the time of his Majesty's birth.

The peculiar nature of some of the configurations that occurred in the months of May and June of that year, lead me to suppose that his Majesty must have experienced some symptoms of the kind in the earlier part of that year—however, I will refer to the positions that occurred at the time of the Princess Amelia's death, which were of a most singular complexion and whose influence must have had a powerful effect in promoting his Majesty's disorder.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia died on November the 2nd 1810 when the planetary positions were as follows:

\odot 9— ♂ 16— ♂ 13— ♂ 28— ♂ 23— ♀ 25
 ♂ 20— ♂ 14

I have repeatedly observed that in the Signs *Gemini*, *Sagittary*, *Virgo* and *Pisces* the influence of planets has been greatly increased when they have been passing some particular parts of those signs, and which seems to extend in all of them from about the 11th to the 15th and from the 23rd to the 28th degrees. It is particularly worthy of remark, that, on the 19th of October, Venus made a conjunction with Saturn in those remarkable degrees in the forepart of *Sagittary*, and on the 2nd of November, when the Princess died, she had reached the 25th degree of that sign, and had separated but two degrees from the quartile aspect of Mars, who had just reached the 23rd degree of *Virgo*.

Again, in reference to his Majesty's nativity, it should be observed that the conjunction of Saturn and Venus at his birth was in those very degrees before alluded to (*viz.* 27 degrees of *Gemini*); and that the conjunction of those two planets on the 19th of October, was within those ominous degrees in the forepart of *Sagittary*, the opposite sign to that in which they were posited in his nativity.

On the 2nd of November Venus was within two degrees of the opposition of her own and Saturn's place in the radix, and Mars was also afflicting their radical position, by a quartile aspect from the sign *Virgo*.—From all that I have stated, it must appear plain to every one that has any knowledge of astrology, that the influence of such a train of aspects, all of which was directed to that evil radical position, was more than sufficient to excite a complaint, that he was subject to, which was the natural effect of the peculiar quality of his constitution, and had the Moon, Jupiter or Mars been in any other sign than *Aries* and *Capricorn*, he would have been afflicted in the earlier part of his life.

On the evening of the 29th of January 1820 his Majesty, after many years affliction, departed this life: it was generally reported that he became perfectly sensible within a few days of his dissolution, but whether that report was correct or not, is not in my power to state—However, upon referring to the *Ephemeris* for that year, the planetary positions will be found as follows:

January 29th 1820.

\odot 8—34— ♂ 0—31— ♂ 27— ♂ 24— ♂ 21— ♀ 5
 ♂ 18— ♂ 26

After a slight examination of the above positions, they will be found to contain such convincing proofs in support of what I have before asserted (*viz.* that those planets in *Gemini*, but more particularly the conjunction of Saturn and Venus were the cause of his Majesty's unhappy affliction) as cannot do otherways than clear away all doubt from the mind of any unprejudiced person.

It should be recollected, that in the year 1788, when his Majesty first became afflicted with that distressing complaint, the planet Saturn was in the sign *Pisces*—he advanced as far as the 11th degree of that sign and then retrograded back again—at the time of his death Saturn was again in the sign *Pisces*, and had been afflicting all those that

were in *Gemini* at the time of his Majesty's birth, by a quartile aspect, and on the day of his death was within the compass of those degrees before alluded to in the latter part of *Pisces*, in exact quartile to his own place and that of Venus.

It should also be observed, that Venus who was in conjunction with Saturn at his birth, had entered the same sign (*viz.* *Pisces*), and was acting in concert with him by traversing that part of the zodiac in which Saturn's influence had proved so very unfortunate to his Majesty.

Independent of all those causes there was a quartile aspect of Saturn and the Georgian from the signs *Sagittary* and *Pisces*—an aspect that, on account of the slow motion of those two planets, can very seldom happen, at the time when that aspect was nearly formed they were both in the parts of those two signs that I have before described, and both were afflicting the radical place of those planets that were in *Gemini* at the time of his Majesty's birth—Saturn by quartile, and the Georgian by opposition.—Thus it may be perceived that with the cause of our first life the cause of death is mixed, after we have attained to the height allotted for us, we then decline, and die of diseases, or accidents, resulting from the quality of that cause which gave us life.

After all these proofs, I think no one who is able to form an opinion of them can, with satisfaction to their own feelings, deny the great power of transits.—I know it is an established opinion among those who consider themselves to be the most learned in this science, that transits, unless accompanied by directions, have no power to destroy life or effect any particular changes whether good or evil.—If they were to reverse that rule, I am certain they would come much nearer the truth.—That men who have studied the science, during the greater part of their lives, and consider themselves possessed of common sense should entertain such an opinion is truly surprising, according to their rule of thinking, no planetary positions or configurations, that may happen in the course of a native's life, can have any particular effect upon him; can any idea be more absurd; is it reasonable to suppose that the influence which gives us life and birth, shall, from that moment of time, cease to govern us by the same unerring laws of nature that brought us into existence?

If the planetary positions at the time of our birth have any influence over us, our birth must of course be one of the effects of that position; whoever denies this fact denies the power of planetary influence altogether; and whoever admits it, does at the same time acknowledge what I contend for, *viz.* that there is a power in transits, capable of destroying life, or affecting any other great changes.

If the influence of transits is not sufficiently powerful to produce great effects, why need we fear the effects of a great eclipse? What effect can a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter have upon any class of people, if all the principal actions of their lives are brought about by directions, and transits are of such little importance? From such *conjunctions*, many have ventured to predict great changes and revolutions to happen in different parts of the world; but how could the meeting of those planets produce such effects if their influence did not affect certain classes of people, and excite them to action? Yet it is the opinion of our modern professors, that the art of astrology lies in laborious calculations and that all accidents or changes that may happen in the course of a native's life, of whatever nature they may be, must be accounted for by some direction, when it is a well known fact, among those very gentlemen, that many people marry and experience other great changes, at times when no directions can be found to account for such events.

Their nativity is then supposed to be wrong and to want rectifying, which is accordingly done, and is then judged correct, until some other circumstance happens that, according to their rule, cannot be accounted for; the nativity is then altered again, and all this nonsense is followed because it would be deviating from the supposed meaning of some of the incomprehensible rules of Ptolemy to do otherwise.

That transits have a very great effect is indisputable. Mr. Wilson, the writer of the astrological dictionary, was evidently of this opinion, as may be perceived by the following lines which occur in page 378 of that work. "I suspect there is great power in transits, and I would recommend them particularly to the consideration of the artist;" however, the meaning of the aspects and positions that occur at the time of birth must be well understood before it is possible to judge of what may be the effect of any transit.

By the above example I have clearly shewn that any powerful combination of influence in the sign Gemini, is one powerful cause of insanity; that insanity is the cause of suicide is a fact too well known to require any proof. This being understood, it is very reasonable to expect a great increase in the number of cases of the kind, when either Saturn or Jupiter are passing through that or the opposite sign which is Sagittary, and which is equally powerful in producing the same effects. The signs Virgo and Pisces have also a similar tendency, but Gemini and Sagittary are the most powerful, and next to them is Pisces; however it must be understood that those signs have no effect in producing any thing of the kind in any nativity, unless they contain a strong combination of planetary influence, and that influence becomes more effective if it happens to fall within the compass of those particular degrees before alluded to.

By referring to those times that have been marked by singular cases of the kind, any person, that has any doubt as to the truth of my remarks, will find many additional proofs in support of what I have asserted. I have taken the liberty of pointing out a few of the most remarkable that have occurred within my recollection, and have also attached the planetary positions.

On the 17th of January 1810, Mr. Lyon Levy, an eminent Jew dealer in diamonds, threw himself from the top of the Monument and was dashed to pieces—the planetary positions on that day were as follows:

♊ 26-49—♊ 21-49—♊ 11-52R—♊ 17-21

♋ 4-30—♋ 12-58—♋ 8-16—♋ 13-39R

Upon examination, it may be seen that Saturn was retrograde in Sagittary and within the limits of those particular degrees. Mars was also in Pisces and applying to a quartile aspect with Saturn. The Moon was also in the sign Gemini.

On the 2nd of November 1818. Sir Samuel Romilly was reduced to a state of mental derangement by a paroxysm of the brain fever, in which state he unfortunately destroyed himself, when the planets were posited as follows:

♊ 9-29—♊ 1-0—♊ 11-39—♊ 9-0—♊ 14-29

♋ 25-3—♋ 4-51—♋ 18-31

Upon inspection, it may be seen that Saturn was in the sign Pisces, and within the compass of that part before alluded to; the Moon had just left Sagittary after having made a conjunction with Venus who is in that sign, and within a particular part of it before described.

The circumstances attending the death of Sir Richard Croft in the forepart of 1818 and Lord Londonderry in August 1822 are too well known to need any explanation. I am not in possession of the dates, or should have inserted them, but any person who has got them, and can refer to the Ephemeris of those years, will find that, in the forepart of 1818, Mars was retrograde in the sign Gemini, and Saturn was in the forepart of Pisces, and in the month of August 1822 Jupiter will be found in the forepart of Gemini.

There has been a great increase in the number of suicides since Saturn entered the sign Gemini in the present year; hardly a day has passed, since that time, but our Newspapers have been furnished with some melancholy account of the kind.

I am more particularly induced to notice this subject at present, because Saturn is now in the sign Gemini, and will therefore afford every one an opportunity of judging how far my observations are correct. I have not involved this subject in obscurity, by decorating it with unintelligible phrases, a fault that most of our modern astrologers are too often guilty of for the purpose of appearing learned in the opinion of those who have no knowledge of this art, but have rendered it as plain as I possibly can, that every one may understand it.

The nature, and qualities of the Twelve Signs will be fully explained in a future number.

REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE SCIENCE OF ASTROLOGY;

In which is introduced a new system elucidated by examples taken from the natiivities of Martin Luther and the Right Hon. George, Lord Byron.

As the greater part of the rules for judging natiivities, which I intend to submit to the public, are so very contradictory to the long established and superstitious ones laid down by old authors, and practised by most artists of the present day, it becomes highly necessary, in support of my opinions, to lay before the public a well selected train of evidence for their inspection, as such means only can afford conviction and eradicate all doubts as to the truth of the principles which I have begun to explain. In order to more effectually accomplish this task, I design to collect the natiivities of a number of popular and well known characters who have flourished within the last thirty years, many of whom are now living and will give a short but clear explanation of these upon my own principles. Those persons who admire this science will then have a fair opportunity of becoming acquainted with the system that I am bringing forward, and will be able to judge of its merits. The chief end for which I write will be answered, if I succeed in establishing a small portion of truth, and can make the public sensible of the great extent of absurdity and superstition with which the art of astrology is confounded; and which is, from motives of gain, cried up and imposed upon the public as the genuine offspring of observation and experience by

some pretended artists of the present day, particularly by one who has published several letters in praise of his own abilities, in one of which he has bestowed the most extravagant commendations upon his own "extraordinary genius," at the same time asserting that it is the production of a *female* correspondent.

Before the astrological cause is explained of those particular qualities which are necessary to form the mind of a man, celebrated for the excellence of his literary productions, it must be known and well understood, that he should possess a great share of coolness and sound judgment, with a mind exceedingly *strong, vigorous* and independent, to which may be added a *quickness* of apprehension, an *active* and unbounded *imagination* with a great share of *sensibility* and *taste*.

The signs Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius are called *fixed* signs; and a native born when these contain any powerful combination of planetary influence, will possess sound natural abilities, a strong imagination, and a mind firm, collected and persevering.

The signs Aries and Libra are called Equinoctial, Cancer and Capricorn are called Tropical: those signs cause a *sharp, clear and active* fancy, with great powers of invention, and a fine taste for science; however the influence of Mars therein is by far the most active, more particularly in Cancer, Libra and Capricorn.

The common signs, which are Gemini, Sagittary, Virgo and Pisces, relate more to matters that are the effects of *sensibility and feeling*, they are not remarkable for giving firmness nor sound judgment; but if they contain a strong combination of influence at the time of birth, they have the effect of filling the mind with an immense variety of ideas, but without any judgment to direct them. I have seen a great number of natiivities, but hardly ever found a fortunate one, that had many planets in common signs: * they give too much sensibility and feeling, and even those that are possessed of better judgment have seldom resolution enough to avoid the temptations, signified by the quality of the planetary influence, that the common signs contain at the time of their birth.

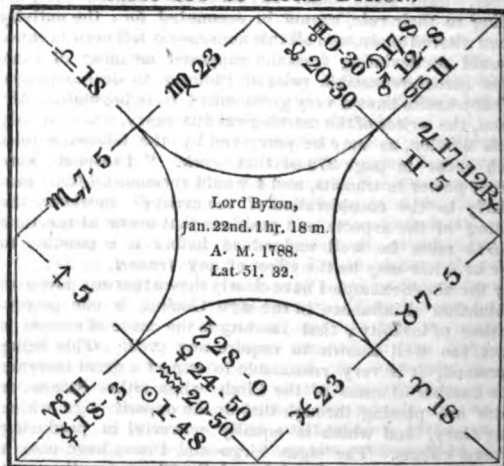
Strong positions of the kind are the cause of persons being very unfortunate in their attachments, and married persons that have such positions seldom live happily together, and never fail of meeting with some misfortune, calculated to injure, if not altogether to destroy, the peace and happiness of their domestic affairs.

At present, the planet Saturn is in the sign Gemini, which is a common sign, his influence, while in that sign, will have a great effect upon those that were born under corresponding positions. For this very reason we may expect to hear of many *seductions, elopements and crim. con. cases*; for although Saturn is considered to be a *very cold* planet, I am very much mistaken if there are not some distinguished subjects, upon whom he is working a *very warm* effect;

* Great numbers of persons that were born when Saturn and Jupiter were in Virgo, in the years 1801 and 1802 will no doubt feel the justness of these remarks, it is not, to many of them, that the last two years have been very productive of much good. I would advise those persons to make their property as secure to themselves as possible, and at all times to avoid hazardous and extensive speculations.

but this will be more visible when he is between the 11th and 15th degree of that sign.

NATIVITY OF LORD BYRON.



I will now examine Lord Byron's nativity by the short rules which I have laid down, but to do justice to such positions and configurations, would fill a volume; I must therefore confine my observations to some of the *most prominent*. I first of all look to the Sun, I find him in the very beginning of the sign Aquarius; he is there surrounded or guarded by Saturn and Venus in the same sign, and by Mercury in Capricorn; those positions according to the rules laid down in lesson 1st, would cause the native to become very popular. However, it is not likely that a man could rise to any great degree of popularity unless he possessed some qualities for which he was admired; and for this to be the case, he must possess a considerable share of ability: his mental faculties must be *strong, clear and active*. I therefore look to his nativity, and examine whether the elementary impression which he received at his birth was such as would confer upon him those *necessary* qualifications.

If there are any planets in common signs I always look to them first, and consider what may be their signification. I here find Jupiter in Gemini which is a common sign, and retrograde there, consequently more powerful in his effects; the effects of his position in that sign, was a fertile imagination, with an unbounded variety of ideas; but had the mind been weak and inactive, those effects would never have been visible, for Jupiter in Gemini will neither make the mind *strong nor active*, both of which qualities are indispensably necessary to set in action those given by Jupiter.

If there are any planets in the tropical or equinoctial signs, I next take them into consideration, as their influence, in those signs, have the greatest effect, in giving ready wit, and making the mind clear and active.

By again referring to the nativity, I find the Moon with Mars in Cancer, a tropical sign, and both in opposition to Mercury, who is in Capricorn, the southern tropic.

The position of Mars only in a tropical sign has a very powerful effect in making the mind sharp and active, and at the same time, extremely hasty and irritable: but in this nativity those effects are wonderfully increased by his being retrograde in that sign, and by the additional influence of the Moon and Mercury, who are not only in tropical signs

and in aspect to each other, but were so powerfully impregnated with the influence of Mars. It was those positions that were the cause of the lofty ideas, the active fancy and fine taste which this native, in such an uncommon degree possessed, yet unfortunately there can be no *strong* positions but what must bring evil as well as good, the influence of Mars being so very powerful, made qualities less commendable as easily excited, as those which have caused him to be so universally admired.

However, all those qualities would not have been so conspicuous, nor more than ordinarily visible, had not his mind been remarkably *strong* as well as active, there are many men who are very learned, and possess very superior abilities, yet have not the power of making them known, or setting them in an advantageous light; it is also a well known fact that there are many persons whose depraved inclinations would lead them to an untimely end, had they also an equal stock of boldness and assurance. Whatever qualifications a man may happen to possess, whether good or evil, will remain in obscurity, if he have not sufficient strength of mind to act them and make them known: such a man may be compared to a fine vessel in the ocean, but without either sails or rudder to guide her.

To account for the great firmness and strength of mind which Lord Byron possessed, I refer to his nativity, and examine the qualities of the planets that were in those signs that are termed *fixed*. I there find the slow and ponderous planet Saturn in the sign Aquarius, the most fixed and violent sign of all the twelve. Venus, who has a *remarkable* effect in creating firmness when in this sign, is little more than three degrees from him; the Sun had also just entered the same sign, in opposition to the Georgian who was in the first degree of Leo, thereby, adding to the effects of both Saturn and Venus. It was those positions that gave him that otherways unaccountable degree of eccentricity, firmness and great strength of mind; and which was the *SPRING* that set all his other qualities in action, and made them appear in such a striking light, but the strength of his mind being principally formed by Saturn and Venus, made him particularly eccentric, and was one cause of the immoral tendency of his works; the latter combination which *guards the Sun*, is the strongest in the nativity, and with the quality of their influence was the whole of his productions tainted.

The different positions of the planets as they respect the Earth had a great share in forming his mental faculties, and demand particular attention, but my limits will not at present allow me to explain them.

I am decidedly of opinion that the principal cause of his death was anxiety, his mind was too powerful for his constitution, which I am inclined to think was not very strong.

LESSON I.

The best method that can be adapted for the purpose of rendering the pursuit of this art more easy and intelligible, is to get as complete a knowledge as possible, of the effects of the planets different positions in respect of the Sun, for their influence in a great measure becomes fortunate or unfortunate to the native, in proportion to their distance from

that luminary. However this requires some explanation, for it is the extreme of absurdity to suppose that *ASPECTS* to the Sun are the only positions that ought to be attended to, if such were the case, a planet could only be fortunate in respect of the Sun, at those times when it might happen to be in sextile or trine to him; for they are considered to be very unfortunate when in quartile or opposition; and as combust and deprived of their influence when they are in conjunction or within twelve degrees of him. Such doctrine is extremely erroneous, of which any one may be convinced by referring to the position in the nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte, of which the following is a copy,

\odot 22-44— ♂ 29-18— ♂ 25-47— ♂ 15-9
 ♂ 12-8— ♀ 7-2— ♂ 6-11— ♂ 11-37

Upon examination it will be found that not one planet, at the time of his birth, could be properly considered as in *aspect* to the Sun; the positions of Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Mars, were all within 60 degrees of him, and only the Moon and the Georgian were elongated from him more than 90 degrees.

I have always found that planets were most fortunately placed in respect of the Sun when they were on either side within about 60 degrees of him; and when several are so situated, their influence has a very strong tendency to bring any one, that may happen to be born under such positions, into public notice; and let them be born rich or poor, they seldom pass their lives in obscurity. I have frequently observed that persons, who were born under such positions, rise from a state of poverty, and become admired and popular characters. A cluster of planets with the Sun, or within about 60 degrees of him, is one of the greatest causes of popularity that can possibly be, and those who study and admire this science will find few positions so deserving their attention, or so likely to crown their studies with success. Of course some allowance must be made for the *quality* of the combination, as it might happen to be of an evil tendency, and so bring the native into public notice, by an exposure of his vices.

Whatever can have given rise to the idea that planets are deprived of their influence by being with the Sun, I cannot imagine; all authors agree that planets, in a state of combustion is a great evil, but they have given no positive examples to prove it, nor do they state what kind of evil such combustion is likely to produce; it is true that they say Jupiter, under the Sun beams, denotes *loss of property*, but they do not signify by what means.

Probably the idea of a planet's being combust arose from the supposition that the Sun was a body of fire; but the discoveries of latter ages, if not sufficient to prove to the contrary, are such as render that supposition very doubtful; there is much greater reason to suppose that heat is produced by the peculiar action of the Sun's influence upon the earth, than that he is a body of fire.

There is no doubt but conjunctions with the Sun have their peculiar effects as well as other conjunctions; but that planets, when in such a situation, are unfortunate, and deprived of their influence, is all nonsense.

Whoever will take the pains attentively to examine Ptolemy's chapter on the quality of the profession, may soon be

convinced that he entertained a very different opinion; he begins by stating that "The Lord of the Profession is taken two ways, *from the Sun*, and the sign which hath dominion of the midheaven. Therefore we ought to observe the *star* that maketh oriental *next the Sun*." If he thought that planets were unfortunately situated, or deprived of their influence by being with the Sun, why did he give such rules for taking the Lord of the Profession? Again, if his mode for taking the ruler of the profession is correct, and planets are afflicted by being in such a position, every one that follows a business or profession would be continually involved in trouble and misery; on the contrary, it is well known, that following a respectable profession is one of the most probable means by which any one can advance himself in the opinion of the public, and become eminent. However, I have seen a great number of nativities and could never perceive that it made any difference whether a planet rose before or after the Sun; its influence seems to be equally powerful on either side.

As a farther proof in support of what I have advanced, I have inserted the planets' places from the nativity of that very popular and celebrated character Martin Luther.

"At the time of this native's birth, the 21st degree of the sign Capricorn was ascending on the eastern horizon, with 25 degrees of Scorpio on the midheaven, and the planets were placed as follows:"

♂ R ☉
19-21 m—16-22 m—29-47 m—8-30 m

♀ ♃ ♄
12-30 m—18-42 m—9-5 m—♂ 8-55 m

The planets' places are taken from "Lilly's Merlinus Anglicus," and upon examination it may be seen that no less than four planets were in the same sign with the Sun, and all within those limits that are considered to be a state of combustion; if they became weak and deprived of their influence by such a position, how could that man become so extremely popular, and gain so much power as to enable him to lay the foundation of a reformation in religion? If the evil effects that have hitherto been assigned to a state of combustion did really exist, this nativity, above all others, would have been the most likely to have proved it, for there are no less than four in that state, viz. Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and Saturn.

According to the old foolish system, Saturn is Lord of the Ascendant, and is in conjunction with Mercury, who, by the same rule, is Lord of the Eighth house, the supposed

* Gassendus who wrote a work, called the "Vanity of judicial Astrology," has given a different time of this native's birth; but it is evident that he was much prejudiced against astrology, and suffered many of his remarks to extend far beyond the limits of truth. Lilly was a very good judge of this science, and no doubt, had he not thought his time correct, would not have inserted it. I am decidedly of his opinion, but any person who doubts and wishes farther proofs of what I have advanced, had better collect the nativities of a number of remarkable persons, particularly such as have risen from poverty and become popular, for they, above all others, are likely to afford the strongest proofs.

house of death, both being at the time in a state of combustion; this, according to old authors, is a sure argument of death in infancy, or a short life and a violent death: however, all this will only, in a small degree, enable the public to judge of the extent of absurdity, contained in the greater number of astrological works.

J. ENGLISH, *Teacher of Astrology.*

DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING ELEVATION IN LIFE.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

WELL, Sir, I see you have placed me in your "World of Fashion;" as to my wife, the poor, good old soul, she has been dragging me into her's, *will I, will I*, as the saying is; so, as I began to set forth my grievances to you, and you was kind enough to give them a place in your fashionable intelligence. I will e'en put the finishing hand to them, without any more palaver, because I see you're a merry gentleman; and you give a portion of your entertaining work to those who *ape* fashion, as well as to those who *adorn* it.

I began, if you recollect, telling you, how we were all getting on at Brighton. My wife informed me, for she takes upon her the tuition of us all, in the line of fashion, that all the royal family was near-sighted; and that the nobility and gentry all thought proper to imitate them, as being a most convenient defect, because they could overlook the friends they were ashamed of, without offending them; she, therefore, made me walk on the Steine, in spectacles; but I looked, to her fancy rather singular, and so she made me part with a pair of fine pebbles, mounted in silver, and that I could see as well with, as I could when I was a boy, with my naked eye, and behold, compelled me to please madam to take up with a thing, set round with chased gold, which dangled to a ribbon, and this gimcrack, she told me to be always lifting up to one eye, to look knowing. My wife next said, I wanted to improve my *carriage*—"Why, bless you, my love," said I, "was not it made in Long Acre, and a long price it cost, and was it not finished, and painted, and all that, under your own direction?" "Oh! Mr. Diaper," said she, "I do not mean the coach, but your walk; your manner of holding yourself; O, dear," added she, putting in a bit of borrowed wit she had heard from an elegant female author, "your walk, my dear looks so like what the army calls a *counter* march: do, deary, take a few lessons of a dancing master."

"Fire and furies! Madam" said I, "a dancing master, at my time of life! I'll tell you what, my dear Betty:" "O heavens!" interrupted she, "how often must I tell you to call me Eliza?" "Ah! indeed," said I, "it must be oftener still, I believe, because I never called you that name in all my born days; nay, I am told, that your father, who was a plain honest cit, really had you christened Betty." "I want not to hear," said Mrs. Diaper, "of my vulgar parents,

but will you be pleased to attend to the manners of the gentlemen you see on the Steine, and try to square your own behaviour accordingly."

I mounted my new boots, all in rucks and wrinkles about my legs; I declare I do not know what I looked like; but I took my daughter's riding whip in my hand, and I whacked away at my puckered boots, without mercy: I saw several noblemen and gentlemen betting about I knew not what, and *done*, and done for a rump and dozen, and done for a hundred, and for five hundred, whizzed in my ears. Presently, I saw my old *patriotic* friend, Alderman Wiseacre, among some of the staunch oppositionists: Huza! thought I, opposition for ever! I betted; but deuce take me, if I did not always bet on the losing sides; and Wiseacre and myself generally came off *minus*.

When Mrs. Diaper, during the fine warm weather, wished to take her carriage airings, she begged I would be *coachman*. "Lord, my dear," said I, "why should you wish me to turn off honest Jem, as has drove us so carefully, for many years, even when we kept the *no-taz* cart." "Confound the cart," said she, "will you never be a gentleman? Don't you know that all gentlemen, now, drive like coachmen, their own carriages?" Well, I do not like to contradict Betty more than I can help; so I e'en consented to make a trial of my skill in driving the very next day; and down I came in a new brutus, and a most elegant real cachemire shawl waistcoat (I sold them things once, Mr. Editor, but that's by the bye.) "La! said my eldest daughter, Pa don't look a bit like a coachman." "Not in the least," said her mother. However, off we set, and not being much used to coachmanship, I could not pass a coal cart, and so drove my party into a ditch.

Thank heaven, there were no bones broke.

As the men of fashion all went to the gaming table, of course, I went also, and I soon was as fashionable in my losses as the best of them: at last I won a little; and my wife complained that I was most abominably *unfashionable*, because I came away with my winnings, and was resolved to play no more: for I can be resolute sometimes; and then, pray, what do you think is the *elegant* name my *fashionable* wife gives me? She calls me *pig-headed*! Now if I had said such a thing; my pert daughter would have cried out, "La Pa, how can you be so *vulgar*?"

However, in our rambles on the Steine; we had seen a foot-race: and that very night when I was undressing, Mrs. Diaper said, "Lord, lovee, how well you do look in your flannel dressing jacket! I do think you might now be talked about, if you chose, as much as you was when you took an address to"—"Pshaw, pshaw," interrupted I, "there is nothing of the kind going on now, positively nothing to make one self popular; why, a certain great man, who knew how much I was in the opposition, has now got himself so popular, that

blessings follow him wherever he goes; and I dare not turn on the other side, for don't you know that fellow's down here, that used to say, 'Diaper a Patriot!' give him a place of only one thousand a year, and he'll turn tail to-morrow." "Ah! you dear, little gay deceiver!" said my coaxing partner, "you won't understand me now. Hang the fustly politics; do you think we women of fashion trouble ourselves about them? There's that haughty fellow, the pastry cook, with the dutch name, come here with his young chit of a wife, and he always boasted he could beat you in walking from *Black-Friar's Bridge*, to the *Mansion-House*; now I should like you to challenge him to a walking match."

I, foolishly agreed; and under pretence of keeping me in wind, as they called it, they soon left me with nothing else in me; and was so puffed out that, Green the aeronaut might have made use of me for a balloon. I resolved then, in spite of notoriety, to have my roast beef and turtle, as usual, and then I had spirits to make the match; so the pastry-cook and I set off, and as it was down hill, we both tumbled down before we got half way; and having become a laughing stock, to many of the quizzers at Brighton, and got caricatured in all the print shops, I retired for a few days to a neighbouring town.

I now listened to a plan of my daughter for private theatricals; Mrs. Diaper wished to play Desdemona, and have me for Othello: then Romeo and Juliet was proposed; first one thing then another, and, at last we agreed on playing "the School for Scandal;" when a young female relation, with a large fortune, who was under my care, while we were all performing, our parts to a miracle, marched off with Charles Surface, a young ensign without a sixpence: oh! how I stormed at my wife for encouraging these abominable theatricals; when she said, "Do not put yourself in such a passion, lovey; it is not the fault of the *theatricals*; you see the *elopement* is not in the play!"

The rage for private acting having subsided, we now patronized the country players, and accordingly we bespoke a play. Now, you must know, Mr. Editor, I had one very fashionable propensity, I had not confided to Mrs. Diaper, I kept a mistress, when I first determined on this requisite to every man of fashion, whether single or married, I first thought of the bewitching Mary Anne, whose staunch votary I had always been; but still she was too knowing a hand for me, and, between friends, getting on the wane; and whether I made my proposals to her or not, she knew *best*, at that time: so I took a dear little girl, to whom I never told I was married, for fear of hurting her *tender* and *virtuous* feelings; but, to return to the play, having given her a ticket, she came to the house in high spirits, and placed herself in the next box to us: I gave her a *wink*, when she came in, to excuse my not speaking; but some gay bucks entering, and talking rather too familiarly with her, I gave her

a second wink, which was noticed by Mrs. Diaper, who instantly ordered me to accompany her and her family home. A scene of hysterics, and scolding followed; I was obliged to own my fault and promised never to repeat it, and we bade adieu to fashion and salt water the next morning, for rural retirement at my estate in Berkshire. There I hoped to enjoy myself at a harvest-home; but the harvest was all got in, and I had to look for it in the farm-yard.

Mrs. Diaper declared, that on taking possession of the estate, we must give a *fête champêtre*; we had so many boughs, and flowers, and green-house plants crammed in every part of the house, that it looked like a pastry cook's shop on twelfth day: this *fête* was accompanied with a fancy ball, under the direction of a fiddle faddle kind of a man, that was said to be truly *classical*. I was to be the God *Pan*; my daughters *Ham* and *Dry-heads*, and my sons *Scenters*, and *Setters*. The *classical* gentleman was to dress Mrs. Diaper, his own self, for she was to be *Diana*. However, to make my story short, the company came at eleven at night, to begin the evening; and they said, every thing was delightful, how charming, how *dear*, how rural! It was, indeed, *dear*, for it took all my corn to pay for it.

When the sporting season began, I took my double barrelled gun, with a gold touch-hole, from Manton's, and my pointers from a dog-shop: but no sooner did I enter the field, than the mongrels ran away; and I, seeing as I thought, a large *grey partridge* (I have heard since it was an old goose) among the stubble, I let fly both barrels, and was knocked backwards into a drain, where I completely spoiled my new shooting jacket.

Notwithstanding, however, all my misfortunes, I am now in a very elevated situation, and shall consequently aim still higher at notoriety; I must own I cut but a poor insipid figure, at present, in my public capacity; and nobody seems to care a straw, whether I am pleased or displeased: but my dearest and our family are gone to Cheltenham, and I am obliged to attend at the *Great House* in town, to hear some business that is almost daily brought before me; I go down, however, occasionally, to Berkshire, where I expect Mrs. Diaper and the young ones to join me before Christmas.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
BILLY DIAPER.

SONG OF MY HOME.

"—— humble, but cheering benefits,
That oft outlive more swaggering promises.—
As I have heard the shepherd's pipe outvie,
When it caught echo in my far off hills,
The war trump's hoarser muster."—

OLD PLAY.

Nay, heed not the wind, nor the arrowy shower,
Though they bend the stern forest and deluge the tower,
Though the proud turrets rock at the voice from on high,
As the giant of winter in pride sweepeth by;
We, if honest and hearty shall flourish through all,
Though the oak should be splinter'd the palace should fall.

Let war sound her trumpet, and plume her array,
'Till man and his empire shall crumble away,
'Till the corn-field be wasted, the banner be torn,
And the steed, and the rider to earth shall be borne,—
Still the honest and happy our laurels shall wave,
If not twin'd round our brow, blooming green o'er our grave.

Let fortune her velvet robes scatter around,
Let her altar for service with jewels be bound,
And her incense be flattery, her worship be pride,
And her victims the vain, that lie prostrate beside;
We the honest and happy, such shrine never trod,
Though we boast but one cottage, and own but one god.

Then haste to my arbour, for there we'll entwine
For all guests a choice garland, a king deem'd divine,*
Old books for the head, and old wine for the heart,
And old friends in the profit of each to take part.—
Then ye honest and hearty, shall still transcend far
The war of proud fortune—the fortune of war.

J. F. S.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A HANDSOME MAN.

To the Editor of the World of Fashion.

SIR,

It is Juvenal who laments, in his celebrated satire on the vanity of human wishes: that "the accomplishment of our wishes often leads to our destruction; and such are our prayers that, were they granted, Heaven would be more unkind than in refusing."

The inference to be drawn from the above quotation comes very home to my own case. I am one of those envied, though not less unfortunate beings,

* I believe it was a wise king of Spain that uttered the sensible and moderate wish for "old friends, old books, and old wine." I have here alluded to whether without a pun I show my own by trenching upon his *manors*, it is not for me to add—but this I will add—subject as I am, and reverencing as I do his taste, that nothing would have pleased one better than to have been installed His Majesty's boon, and bottle companion.—

denominated a handsome man. That the prayers of my parents were listened to when they begged that I might excel in beauty, was the worst thing that could befall me; a brief recital of a few of the miseries I have undergone will, I feel confident, sufficiently testify this truth.

When I was but an infant in arms, the beautiful transparency of my skin, the delicacy of my features, and the harmonious symmetry of my limbs, were the theme of universal admiration. I was evidently no common child, and therefore was not treated as one. Lest the delicacy of my bloom should ripen into the ruddy glow of health, I was seldom permitted to be taken into the open air, but slumbered away my infantile years amidst coverlets and blankets. As I grew up, my unfortunate beauty deprived me of the usual privileges of boys. I was not suffered to rove about the fields and acquire strength and energy, lest I should injure my complexion! I did not acquire a knowledge of the alphabet till other boys were beginning their latin and greek; nor was I allowed to be corrected lest I should spoil my beautiful eyes with crying; consequently I grew up a very pretty, but very illiterate, peevish and perverse lad. My parents were so doatingly fond of me that, in order to give the best proof of their affection and solicitude for my future welfare, they would not shock their feelings so much as to send me to school; till, in consequence of my backwardness, (not but what every body acknowledged me to be *forward* enough) giving rise to an observation from every one, my parents were at last prevailed upon, to place me at a fashionable academy near their residence. Here my neglected education exposed me to the taunts and contempt of the whole of my school-fellows who declared that I was *nothing better* than a girl in disguise, and altogether treated me as a *miss* as they possibly could. I put up with all their little insults and petty triumphs, feeling the consciousness of superiority. But when they threatened to spoil my pretty face, I determined to show them that I was not a girl, and accordingly became subject to all the malice and envy these miniatures of men could inflict; they seemed to consider me as a fit object for their pugilistic practice, till I became as confirmed a cuffer as the ugliest dog in the academy. When I came home, my poor dear mamma could not at first recollect me, but when she found that I was really her beautiful boy transformed, her rage and disappointment knew no bounds. The fact was, I had cut off, in consequence of the many insinuations I had received, the beautiful ringlets she had taken so much pains in cultivating and was as ruddy as a milk-maid and as tanned as if I had made a voyage to India.

Instead of that interesting effeminacy for which I was once distinguished, I had acquired a bluntness of manner and a boldness of style that at least thrice a week put my good mother into hysterics; she declared it would be the death of her if I went to school

again, and accordingly determined on placing me under the care of a tutor at home, she herself undertaking the restoration of my personal beauty. With the help of Macassar oil and Gowland's lotion, I recovered my ringlets and removed the freckles, but (fortunately for me), not my enervation of faculties. I was deprived of my mother early in life, who was cut off by a cold caught one May morning when she went out before sun-rise to bottle dew for her darling's complexion. She died easy with the thoughts of meeting me in a happier sphere; for she said she felt convinced, that God Almighty would like to have such a beautiful angel as myself, amidst his heavenly host. Poor woman! her heart was too simple to admit of her doubt of going there herself. Peace be to her manes!

I mourned her loss affectionately as a son, and yet in some degree felt my affection softened, by the certainty that I should not have my intellectual pursuits, any longer in trammels. I therefore very assiduously cultivated my understanding and prepared myself for a learned profession, knowing, with all my mother's adulation, that beauty is but a slight support towards a man's existence.

About this time I must date the beginning of the misfortunes my envied beauty incurred on its possessor. By dint of great interest I was recommended to a nobleman then high in power, as a secretary. I was elevated with the brightest expectation and almost transported with the brilliancy of my prospects.

Previous to my interview, I had entered into a correspondence with him, and he was pleased to express himself highly satisfied with the talents I had evinced in so confined a sphere, and only wished for a personal interview before I became an inmate of his house.

I must confess, conscious as I was of an attractive outside, I was not averse to such an arrangement, and accordingly bestowed more than ordinary care on my appearance, knowing that all at first depended on a favorable impression; I accordingly waited on him and felt a secret satisfaction, at the surprise that he manifested, on my entrance. I could soon perceive, however, that his lordship was any thing but pleased at my appearance, although I endeavoured to preserve my manners in keeping. His coldness petrified me, and I became so confused and embarrassed, as to acquit myself very unfavorably: as I saw that his prejudice strengthened, I became more and more confounded, till he at last seemingly, much disappointed, told me he would send me his final reply. His decision was, as I anticipated—a polite refusal. I conned over every passage of my letters, and endeavoured to discover some part of my conduct which was to blame, and never did I before feel myself unhappy—because there was nothing in me deserving of reprehension. The secret was at last, through the medium of a “good natured

friend," discovered to me. The earl had three marriageable daughters: gratifying as this was to my vanity, I believe at the moment I would have exchanged faces with the ugliest phiz that ever grinned through a horse collar.

This was not the only disappointment I received, the want of success, in the profession I was brought up for, was entirely attributed to my personal appearance. Those who could have supported me declared it was impossible! for one who took *so much pains with his person* was only fit for a man-milliner or to measure out tape behind a haberdasher's counter.

You may suppose, Sir, I am effeminate in my manners; on the contrary, they are quite at war with my appearance, which borders upon prettiness. I endeavour to unite in my person elegance with manliness of deportment.

With these endowments and qualifications you will at least give me credit for being a favourite with the opposite sex who are enthusiastic in their admiration of handsome men: alas although devotedly attached to them, I am doomed to feel all the pangs of neglect, from beings I could hazard my existence to serve. I remember particularly a lovely and amiable girl on whom I was anxious to make a favorable impression, observing, when I complained to her of the coldness of her sex, "that it was impossible for gentlemen who admired themselves, so much, to feel interested for the unfortunate women." This sarcasm I should inform you originated from the circumstance of my having been detected four or five years previously arranging my cravat, before a pier-glass: it was immediately reported throughout the whole circle of my acquaintance and as generally believed, that I spent three parts of the day at the looking-glass, such has been my fate with all those amiable beings I have endeavoured to kindle with any affections for me; although I have every reason to believe there is nothing objectionable in my manner, character or conversation, yet, I have never been as yet blessed with that greatest treasure on earth a woman's love. In saying so, I do not include those many connexions, "joyless, loveless and unendured, which, in the absence of anything more intellectual or refined, I have taken to my bosom, but can really assure you, I despair of being able to captivate a girl, who will, I believe, received my attention more as an homage due to her worth, then the motive of displaying my own advantages.

Thus, Sir, although I am five feet ten inches high—have a fine figure, and elegantly formed—large dark eyes—a beautiful complexion—aquiline nose—fine teeth—and admirable hair—dance well—dress well—play well and am a proficient in all the elegant and useful accomplishments—I am still a very miserable man.—

These confessions egotistical as they are, are not without their moral, they may serve to shew that the possession of beauty in either sex, is not that blessing

so universally imagined by those to whom it is denied: and that whatever situation of life we are placed in, we shall find it has its proportionate draw-back to our felicity.

I remain, Sir,
Your disconsolate friend

NARCISSUS.

SONG.

When gallant youths are by your side,
Young maidens! let your bosoms glow,
And scorn the vain and foolish pride
Which old dames gravely bid ye show:
When maids are young and ever dear,
Let love in all their looks appear!

Freely sigh for faithful swain;
Deride the fools that seek to blame you;
Gentle hearts should not disdain,
And cruel accents ne'er became you:
In the days when maids are fair.
Love should be their only care!

LAUDABLE AMBITION.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"The mouse that always keeps to one poor hole,
Will never be a mouse of any soul."

POPE.

SUCH was the quotation made use of by the lively Lisetta Melmoth to her cynical elder brother, as she jumped into the post-chaise into which he was handing her, in order to take her to the town from whence the stage coach sat off, that was to convey her to London, whither she was going to reside with a lady of high family, in the quality of companion and humble friend; in other words, to be a kind of factotum to the caprices of an infirm, vain old woman, who had been a reigning belle, and who found it as hard to part with beauty as with life.

"She will stay with Lady Osville, as many nights as days," said her brother, surlily, as he returned to the parlour where his father was puffing away his anxiety with a cigar: Edward's mother lifted up her tearful eyes, from the warm worsted stocking she was knitting for her husband, and said, "Well, well, Edward; Lizzy has now got her wish; and there's enough said: I think, myself, the girl will do well." "I do not believe any such thing," said Thomas, the second son; "Liz was always a vain creature; why couldn't she content herself at home? Why not stay and help to do the household work? If she had, you might have kept one maid-servant

the less.”—“Or if she must have gone out, said George, the youngest, “why did not she try to get a situation wherein she might get her bread? She’ll never do that in the school of vanity she’s gone to.” “There’s no doubt, however,” said the mother, drawing herself up, with some consequence, “but that Lady Osville will take care of her as long as she lives; she’s very fond of Lizzy, and when she dies”

—“Ah!” said George, “what then? Then Madam Lizzy, with all her fine clothes, will be turned adrift by my lady’s relations, to shift for herself.” “Ay, but,” said the mother, “do you think that her ladyship will not remember my child in her will?” “Whew!” whistled out Edward, “why the old soul is over head and ears in debt, and spends all the ready she has, in expensive cosmetics, to preserve that beauty, which will never charm any more. I have not lived so long in London, and at the west-end, too, without knowing pretty well the characters of all the great folks in it: some of them, not much to the owners’ credit.” “Peace; said his father, sternly, “I’ll have no slander spoken under my roof; I had, certainly, rather that Lisetta should not have left us; but she is going to a respectable situation; it was always her wish to accept what has been often offered her; poor child! she had always an aspiring mind. I beg, however, that you, my son, will not give way to listening to the low scandal of people, placed at too great a distance from their superiors, to judge them as they ought.”

Edward contented himself with inwardly sneering at his father’s wisdom; and boasted that he should walk to the town, to take the outside of the opposition coach, because it was the *cheapest*, when he returned to his business in London.

The father of this numerous family was a learned and worthy clergyman; the increase of these tender claims on his love, and devising means to support them, had brought on sickness and a premature old age: the expensive education of a minister of the church of England, with the precarious prospect of ecclesiastical preferment, had made him resolve not to bring up either of his sons to his own sacred profession: he, therefore, gave them a plain education, and, at a proper age, apprenticed them to those trades that, when learnt, might maintain them in a respectable, but frugal manner. He had four daughters, the third was Lisetta; all her other sisters had bestowed their youth and beauty on men in plodding business: the youngest had married the best of all, to a rich and substantial farmer. Lisetta, more beautiful than any of them, had refused some good offers, but the manners and minds of the men were so very un congenial with her own, that, being possessed of a high spirit and lofty way of thinking, she resolved, at length to quit the paternal roof, and accept the repeated offers of Lady Osville, her god-mother, who had bestowed on her an education superior to that of her sisters.

VOL. I.

The predictions of Lisetta’s brothers were, however, fulfilled in regard to her ladyship’s property, after their sister had been an inmate of her house about five months, when Lady Osville resigned her breath in the arms of her young protégée, overwhelmed with debts, and Lisetta had nothing in the world but a handsome stock of clothes, and the greater part of fifty pounds, that the generous old Lady had given her a few days before her demise; it was fortunate; for not one shilling had she to bequeath.

Lisetta though she sincerely mourned her loss, knew it was now, that it behoved her to exert all her energies: during the time she had lived with her god-mother, she lost her excellent father; who, by dint of rigid economy, had left her mother better provided for, than could have been expected: the brothers were rather harsh with Lisetta on her determination to remain in town: they told her now she ought to leave off her ridiculous pride; and as she was the only single one, to go home, and save her mother a servant; while they thanked God their other sisters had *got into good bread*, by marrying honest, hard working men, and were able to help their mother: “Then,” said Lisetta good-humouredly, “there is the less need of me.” However, she resolved, that sooner than marry any one resembling the husbands of her sisters she would die single.

She had made some good connections, while she was staying with Lady Osville: who were always happy to invite her; for her beauty, her taste in dress, and peculiar talent for lively conversation, rendered her an acquisition to their parties. In a private way, she also did for them many little works of ingenuity, in which she excelled; but she avoided in her industry, all that publicity, which would, certainly, according to received etiquette, have made it impossible for the noble families she sometimes mingled with, to have received her as an intimate acquaintance.

Her brothers could have gained for her a profitable situation, where an elegant woman was wanted to preside over a fashionable department; but she rejected the proposal, as making her person too conspicuously known, which would ruin her in the estimation of her fashionable friends. Something seemed to whisper her, she should yet see days and years of prosperity; while her brothers deprecated her pride and vanity, and declared she had *no good* in her head, and that none would come of her.

But Lisetta was virtuous from principle, as well as from inclination: a young female, living alone, beautiful and unprotected, did not fail to have some illicit offers made to her, which might have tempted one in the excess of penury, but that she had not yet fallen into: nay, her mother had told her, she had always a humble home to give her! She closed her doors therefore against all male visitors, and some of her great, and free-minded friends, though truly virtuous, laughed at her, and called her prudish; she would not tell

Q

them her reasons, as the libertines who had made such degrading proposals, belonged to those very families, and one of them was married to an amiable female, who had been the first to rally her on her *nun-like* conduct, as she called it. The younger females shunned her, after this act of prudence, for was it not, they said, a tacit declaration that she thought herself a beauty? Perhaps she might be so, according to the taste of the gentlemen; for their part, they saw nothing in her; but they succeeded in persuading their Mamas not to invite her to their parties. Lisetta felt this neglect; she felt it keenly; for the little work she did, though not *scantily*, was *irregularly* paid, and her finances were become very low; yet she resolved to persevere in her exertions, and she made a bold attempt: she wrote a small work and published it, by subscription; then did her noble and wealthy acquaintance come forward, in the most liberal manner; it took up, near a fourth part of the volume, to insert the names of the subscribers, and her brothers, though not reading men, were proud of having such a genius in the family, and exerted themselves to the utmost to forward the success of the work, which went through seven editions in the course of a few months.

Again was Lisetta caressed, again received, with all the pride of patronage, into crowded parties, and Miss Melmoth, the authoress, was buzzed through every apartment. A wealthy gentleman, of high birth, amiable manners, and handsome person, had long beheld her with admiration: he thought it was a pity, that eyes like Lisetta's should dim their brilliancy by study, or that she should waste her youth in a pursuit, always injurious to health and beauty. He was his own master, and he made her, without delay, an offer of his hand; he was the only man she had ever regarded with interest, but had always carefully checked the rising preference, looking on the prospect of an union with him, as one never likely to be realized.

They were married; and raised to a state of affluence, she generously forgave all the taunts of her brothers, and shewed her remembrance of them only by continual acts of friendship towards them, and her numerous nephews and nieces. She had a charming family of children, and her eldest daughter is advantageously married: she has been some years a widow; but still lovely, still engaging, the *ci-devant* Lisetta Melmoth is to be seen amongst all the higher circles of fashion, and in all its most correct and elegant walks; and, captivating as she still appears, we have been told she is a happy grandmother. V.

LOUIS IX actually stopped a priest who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his future welfare.—“Hold! hold!” cried the monarch, “you have gone far enough for once—never be tiresome in your addresses to God—stop now, and *pray for my soul* another time.

STANZA.

Ah! deck your victim in her best,
Twine gaudy flower's amidst her hair;
Tie o'er her limbs the rustling vest,
And wreath the beads with cruel care.

Place the proud noble by her side,
Answer for her thou heartless sire;
And make her, spite of love—a bride,
And tell her, joy cannot expire.

Then bear her home in pride elate,
To scented couch, and gilded hall;—
Father! for all this heartless state,
The night shall see her off her pall!

Doest thou not know, what hearts can do,
How strong their pang—your pride how weak!
In hope how vast, in love how true
And, wounded, Father; hearts will break!

The bride-groom waits, come lead ye on,
Oh in the morn his dame looks bright!
But I have seen flow'rs quickly gone,—
Will he embrace a corse at night?

I. F. &

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF THE THISTLE.

THIS ancient order was founded by King James V, of Scotland, in 1540, revived by James II, of England, in 1697, and re-established by Queen Anne, December, 31st. 1703. In 1714, King George I, confirmed the statutes of Queen Anne, and several others, particularly that of making rays of glory to surround the figure of St. Andrew; this figure of the saint is suspended to the collar, and his Majesty was pleased to order, that, in future, chapters of election should be held in the royal presence: to consist of the Sovereign and twelve brethren, or knights, making in all thirteen; and four officers.

The star belonging to the Knights of the Thistle, is worn on the left side of the coat or cloak: it consists of a St. Andrew's cross of silver, richly embroidered, with rays of light issuing from betwixt the points of the cross; on the middle of which is a thistle of gold and green, upon a field of green; round the thistle and field is a circle of gold, having on it the motto of the order, in green letters: (*Nemo me impune lacessit*, (None shall touch me with impunity.) The badge or jewel is worn pendant to a green ribbon over the left shoulder, and tied under the arm; the jewel consists of the image of St. Andrew, with the cross before, enamelled and chased on rays of gold, the cross and feet resting upon a ground of enamelled green; and, on the back, enamelled on a green ground, a thistle, gold and green, the flower reddish, with the motto, before mentioned, round it.

The collar consists of thistles and sprigs of rue growing between, and at the middle thereof is hung the image of St. Andrew as above, the whole being of gold, enamelled.

There being no installation of this order, the knight wears the collar and star immediately after his investiture.

Some Scotch writers who are fond of marvellous and traditionary tales, are not satisfied with the novelty of this institution, but give the following ancient derivation to the order; namely, that Hungus, the Pict, dreamed that St. Andrew visited him at midnight, and promised him a sure victory over his foes, the Northumbrians; and that the next day St. Andrew's cross appeared in the air, when he made good his words, and the Northumbrians were defeated. In consequence, King Achaius, in the year 800, formed the order of St. Andrew, 700 years before James V, revived it.

As for the Thistle, there is every reason to think it was transplanted from France; for the house of Bourbon formerly established a fraternity, called the Order of the Thistle, with the very same motto.

King James appointed the knights to wear the image of St. Andrew upon a blue ribbon; which continued so, till Queen Anne changed it for one of green.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER, by *Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*
8vo. 2 vols.

THE author of this work, is the distinguished essayist, who has founded his celebrity by writing the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. The present publication, though light and agreeable, does not possess the merit of the author's former works; some of the tales are quite destitute of interest: they are divided into four parts;

1st, ghost stories, entitled "Strange stories, by a Nervous Gentleman;" 2d, literary and common life stories, head "Buckthorne and his Friends;" 3d, "Stories of Italian Banditti;" and 4th, "Stories of American Money-diggers."

The ghost stories are neither very novel nor very good: some of them are complete *baulks*, an offence to the lover of unrealities not to be forgiven.

THE ADVENTURE OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

"On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, a young German was returning to his lodgings, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets—but I should first tell you something about this young German.

"Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good

family. He had studied for some time at Göttingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students. His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences, until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or spirit seeking to ensnare him and ensure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preying upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

"Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day: but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature; disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the *Pays Latin*, the quarter of students. There in a gloomy street not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors, rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel-house of decayed literature.

"Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair, but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

"While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

"Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his

situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the *Marais*, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

"Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heartbroken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

"He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

"Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

"I have no friend on earth! said she.

"But you have a home," said Wolfgang.

"Yes—in the grave!"

"The heart of the student melted at the words.

"If a stranger dare make an offer," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a

devoted friend. I am friendless in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you."

"There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

"He supported her faltering steps across the Pont Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne to the great, dingy hotel he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

"On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old-fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

"When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

"The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like

himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

"In the infatuation of the moment Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had ever seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away; every thing was under the sway of the 'Goddess of reason.' Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honorable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day.

"'Why should we separate?' said he: 'our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?'

"The stranger listened with emotion: she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

"'You have no home nor family,' continued he; 'let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever.'

"'For ever?' said the stranger solemnly.

"'For ever!' repeated Wolfgang.

"The stranger clasped the hand extended to her: 'Then I am yours,' murmured she, and sunk upon his bosom.

"The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly,—in a word—she was a corpse.

"Horriſied and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

"'Great heaven!' cried he, 'how did this woman come here?'

"'Do you know any thing about her?' said Wolfgang eagerly.

"'Do I?' exclaimed the police officer: 'she was guillotined yesterday!'

"He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

"The student burst into a frenzy. 'The fiend!' the fiend has gained possession of me!' shrieked he: 'I am lost for ever!'

"They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

Here the old gentleman with the haunted head finished his narrative.

"'And is this really a fact?' said the inquisitive gentleman.

"'A fact not to be doubted,' replied the other. 'I had it from the best authority. The student told it me himself. I saw him in a mad house at Paris.'"

MY VILLAGE BELLS.

Yea, ye do speak mixed music, and your chimes

Like to a flatterer's voice, or favorite's tongue

Shout dole, or joy, to suit the hour and time

Heedless o'er whom the dinning note be flung,

So lordly custom and command be sung:

And ye do tell, as though ye were but mimes,

In the same hour of virtues, and of crime.—

Ye are the cradle song, when infants breathe,

Ye are the coffin's dirge when manhood dies,

Ye laugh for love successful, and ye grieve

O'er the same lover's blighted destinies;—

So strangely ye do teach us to believe

To joy this moment and the next to grieve,

We hope, yet fear, to list your mingled cries.

J. F.

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

HAY-MARKET.

"'NOTHING new,'" as the accomplished cits say, "nothing new at all." The great men at the Hay-market have been asleep, which has also been the case with the greater men of the press: the reopening of the large theatres will soon, however, give occupation to these latter worthies, and we congratulate ourselves and the public upon the prospect of much amusement from their Solomonic-like dissertations on the affairs of the drama. "Twould puzzle a conjuror," a two act farce, is the only *new-modelled* thing (for *new* things are out of the question at present it seems), that has crept forth here; it would indeed puzzle a conjuror to prove the piece to possess more than the usual degree of

* The latter part of the above story is founded on an anecdote related to me, and said to exist in print in french. I have not met with it in print.

farcical merit, which, generally speaking, belongs to this kind of ephemeral production. The story is the old one of *Peter the Great's* turning carpenter and joiner, &c. and the mystery of the piece consists in the monarch's escape from being imprisoned through the blunder of the official authorities, who apprehend an honest shipwright in his stead. Mr. Liston was the *beau* of the night as usual, and charmed the ladies by the elegant figure he cut in a pair of rose-crowned shoes: without him the piece would have been utterly spiritless, but he is a kind of magician in his way, and makes wonders out of nothing.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

That most stupid of stupidities, "*Der Freischutz*," has been *variegated* here by a Mr. Beral, (nephew to Weber) in the character of *Caspar*, and Miss Paton as *Agnes*—but nothing can lessen the absurdity that reigns throughout the piece. This German beauty, it is said, will be dized forth in due order at the great theatres—it will be a worthy successor to the horses and other cattle that have so often delighted the frequenters of these abodes of amusement.

Two new pieces have been produced here, "*Jonathan in England*," and "*the Frozen Lake*." The first written on purpose for the admirable Matthews, and we have never seen him shine more in any character than in that of *Doubikins*—there is no plot in the piece worth mentioning; but Mr. Peake's puns and Matthews' acting, together with that of Keeley, have made this ingenious production eminently successful.

"*The Frozen Lake*" is one of those heavy affairs whose very weight induces their speedy dissolution. *The Grand Duke of Suabia* (Bartley) has a daughter Louisa (Miss Noel) who is betrothed to the *Prince de Neubourg*, (Wrenchy), but loves the *Count de Linsberg*, (Pearman) to whom she is privately married. The Prince takes lessons in love (which, our fair readers must confess, is a very difficult science) from the *Baroness de Rosefield*, (Miss Kelly), but, nevertheless, makes a great many blunders, and is at last deprived of the lady's hand, which is duly and positively bestowed upon the happier Count—a novel plot it must be confessed! This thing is another of the indefatigable Mr. Planche's *adoptions* from the French. Miss Kelly alone made it tolerable, but even her character was unworthy of her powers: "It is neither humorous nor pathetic, but a sort of *mule*, the offspring of both," as the *asinine Times* says in a truly *asinine* manner, but to which we assent, as in duty bound.

COBURG THEATRE.

It is going out of our road even casually to notice any one of the hapless minors; but the managers of this theatre deserve reprehension from every public print, fashionable or unfashionable, for their profanation of all that is great and sacred in the dis-

gusting exhibition of that intolerably stupid drama, absurdly called "*George the Third, the Father of his People*." We need only mention that our late venerable, and our present august monarch, with the noble Duke of York, and those great men Fox and Sheridan, are all represented by a set of as vulgar fellows, as we would ever wish to fix our eyes upon. The managers are either fools or madmen—perhaps both, and we recommend the immediate application of the strait waistcoat.

MATRIMONY AND DIVORCE.—An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day about the year 1770 observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one; "For," (said he in his broken english, "White man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—well!—may be then got *very good* wife—but may be *not* / may be *very cross*!—Well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he must keep *him*! White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do?—Indian when he see industrious Squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look Squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* says *Yes*! so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! no, no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross!—throw *him* away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! Squaw do every thing to please husband! he do the same to please Squaw! live happy!

MATRIMONY.

Cries See to WIFE, midst matrimonial strife

"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."

"By all the powers (said Will) but that's too bad, You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

ATHEISTICAL WRITERS.—It is mentioned by two ancient authors that the atheistical writer Lucretius was driven mad and killed himself. Mr. Cruik and Mr. Blount, two ingenious Englishmen who turned his works into prose and verse, found something sit so heavily on their minds that they both followed their beloved author in his dismal exit—the one *hanged*, the other *shot himself*.

GEORGE II said of the Duke of Newcastle, that he lost an hour every morning, and was running after it the rest of the day.

Specimen of Alliteration in the Tragedy of Douglas.

"My father feeds his flock, a frugal swain.
But when the matter matched his mighty mind.
But with the froward, he was fierce as fire!"

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR OCTOBER 1824.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

DRESS of sea-green gros de Naples, made partially high, with light ornaments on the corsage, in stripes downwards, but so calculated as not to take off the close fitting to the contour of the waist, which is finished by a narrow tucker of blond. The border of the skirt ornamented *en Cherubins*, with a novel kind of puckering next the wadded rouleau over the hem. The long sleeves rather close to the arm, with full mancherons, and the wrist confined by a finely-wrought gold bracelet, with turquoise-stone fastening. Canezou fichu, of Ulking or french tulle, trimmed with very fine lace or blond, and finished at each end by a rosette of white watered ribbon. Ariadne-touque, of pink and white satin, with a delicate plume of white feathers, tipped and edged with pink. Ariadne streamer, fastened on one side as a lappet.

BLOUSE PELISSE DRESS.

Pelisse of pale cinnamon brown of gros de Naples, lined with pink, faced and trimmed round the border with ethereal blue and pink; sleeves *en gigot*, confined at the wrists with two bracelets. Falling rounded collar trimmed at the edge to correspond with the skirt, and fastened in front with a rosette of ribbon of the same colours. *Colerette* of fine India muslin, trimmed round with lace. Bonnet of white watered gros de Naples, bound and trimmed with blue and pink striped ribbon. Walking slippers or half-boots of kid, the same colour as the pelisse, and canary yellow kid gloves.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway."

So says the bard, and his assertion is verified by the continued sojournment in the country of the higher orders, in spite of chilly rains, and the daily decrease of the sun's enlivening light, because fashion so ordains. The summer recesses are all life, gaiety and bustle, while the west-end of the town presents a dreary vacancy, wanting the splendid carriages to give brilliancy to the spacious streets and squares of the metropolis, and the presence of those for whom the tasteful saloons pour forth at the midnight hour, the blaze of an artificial day, equalled only,

"By gems and radiant eyes."

The orders, however, given to the most skilful of

our marchandes de modes, keep *them* in continual employ, and they are preparing, with incessant assiduity, those various auxiliaries to beauty that the toilet affords, especially when guided by the suggestions of elegance and taste.

The versatility and beauty of the head-dresses, in the cap and cornette style, we believe were never equalled in the appearance they bear, this month. The *cornette à la neige*, is much more becoming, from its dimensions being less broad, than the cap *à la neige*, worn last month: this cornette is composed of blond, narrow rouleaux of pink satin, and detached bouquets of various flowers, placed in the interstices of points formed of blond, lightly quilled. The *déjeuné* cornette is of fine mechlin lace, with two simple bows of striped, coloured ribbon, and the home, or half dress cornette is of blond of an entire new pattern, the edge in Castilian points, and very open; it is very tastefully ornamented with small bows of rich brocade gauze pink ribbon; a friendly party dinner cornette of the same kind of blond, is lightly scattered over with small bouquets of different flowers grouped together. The summer theatre turban cap is a very elegant head-dress; it is composed of plain white Japanese gauze, laid in bias folds, ornamented with full blown roses and lilies of the valley. The half dress cornettes of tulle and blond, are trimmed with blue or rose colored satin; the blond border is caught up over each temple, with a variegated carnation: when the cornette is trimmed with blue, it is ornamented in front with a half wreath, of the flower called Solomon's seal, made of feathers. A blouse head-dress is in favour for receiving morning visits, or when a lady is indisposed; it is of signed tulle with a very broad border of blond, and is finished with single knots of blue satin ribbon; two very long lappets of blue satin and blond hang depending over the shoulders: the face should be young and pretty that wears this head-dress. The Mary Stuart hat-cap is a charming evening head-dress; the front consists of a double row of fluted broad blond wired, by which means it bends over the forehead, and extends wide over each temple, in the true ancient scotch style; the crown is of blue gauze with plaid work in narrow rouleaux of blue satin; to divide the crown from the head-piece is a broad blond, set on *en fers de cheval*, one standing up like a wing on the left side and on the right, and in front is a full blown rose.

On the left temple, under the border, but without catching it up, is a sprig of acorns and oakleaves.

Black is expected to be very much worn at the decline of the year; at present that sombre tint is confined to richly figured gauze and lace; and then it appears not gloomy, because it is generally spread over a white satin slip, or one of peach, pink, jonquil, or bright ruby; black satins, however, elegantly embellished with broad white lace of a vandyck pattern, are among the promised dresses for the close of autumn. The embroidered muslin petticoats, worn with silk pelisses and spencers, have much open work in the borders, and very deep scallops at the edges. Coloured dresses of gros de Naples, richly trimmed about the corsages and sleeves with blond, are much worn at dinner and evening parties; a broad border of double *rouleaux* of satin in separate rows, divided by chain beading, or rich silk cordon, forms the favourite ornament on the skirt of this dress. High dresses of gros de Naples or Levantine, are now more worn than those of white muslin for home costume; they are of light, but unobtrusive colours, such as fawn, date leaf, or light slate. Ball dresses are of tulle generally placed over white satin: the border of puckered tulle; each pucker which is long and full is confined by white satin straps of fluted *rouleaux*, with small bouquets of flowers. The corsages most preferred are of satin of a light summer colour; they are rather more ornamented than they were last month, with drop flaggee buttons and silk cordon.

Black satin bonnets are already in preparation; they are of a beautiful shape and moderate size; they differ, however, in form from those worn last winter, and the strings are placed very backward, underneath the bonnet: one we have seen is lined with coquelicot, and is ornamented in wreaths, placed horizontally, of scarlet thistles made of feathers. As the winter comes on, these bonnets will, no doubt, be succeeded by those of velvet. White hats and bonnets are, however, at present, the rage: some transparent white hats are made of stiffened net, and *rouleaux* of satin, in alternate rows; the puffings of the white Japanese gauze round the crowns have only novelty to recommend them; the gauze of this kind is rather thick, and muslin-like in itself, and such a mode of trimming, if not relieved by light bouquets of coloured flowers, or a plume of variegated feathers, has a dead whiteness that is unbecoming to the complexion, and though the hat is transparent, makes it look heavy. A large carriage bonnet of plain white gros de Naples, is much in esteem; it is bent down on the forehead, and has a prodigious number of marabout feathers playing over the crown and brim in various directions.

The gowns for home costume, as we observed above, are made high, or sometimes only partially so; admitting a handsome lace frill, or collarette tippet below the throat, so as not to hide its beauty

when well turned: we are happy to observe that the English ladies attend more to what sets off their peculiar charms of person, or what may best improve their slight defects, than to general fashion, which will not suit all alike. There is nothing new in the make of the spencers or pelisses, nor is it likely there will be till the winter months. French pelerine tippets made of broad ribbon, with very long ends in front, chinese crape shawls, richly bordered silk scarfs and cachemires are among the most favourite out-door envelopes of the day.

The colours most in esteem are pink, cerulean blue, fawn colour, and bright geranium.

ANECDOTES.

BRIBERY.—Lady Sundon, in the reign of George II, was the patroness of what were called the low church clergy of whom many were advanced by the Queen's influence, and Lady Sundon was more than suspected of turning her favour to pecuniary profit. One remarkable pair of diamond ear-rings which she had received for some place obtained, she wore on a day that she paid a visit to the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. As soon as Lady Sundon was gone, the duchess said to the witty Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was present, "What an impudent creature, to come with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," said Lady M. W. Montague, how should people know where *wine is sold*, unless a *bush* be hung out?"

A NEW EVANGELIST.—Sir Matthew Decker a baronet, was a great merchant, and a man of extensive piety and benevolence; he once received a very extraordinary compliment on that account. Lord William Paulet, second son of the first Duke of Bolton, was so extremely ignorant as to ask who wrote St. Matthew's gospel? A wag replied, Sir Matthew Decker. Lord William, who had heard Sir Matthew's character for piety and charity, believed it, and being himself a pious person, left Sir Matthew a legacy in consideration of the excellent work of his Gospel!

TO A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

If to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the Devil;
So little mischief dost thou, from the laws,
Thou'lt surely go below without a Cause.

ON THE STATUE OF GEORGE I BEING PLACED ON THE TOP OF BLOOMSBURY CHURCH.

The King of Great Britain was reckon'd before,
The head of the church, by all Protestant people:
His Bloomsbury subjects have made him still more,
For with them he is now made the head of the steeple.

Homer, poet and blind, resorted to public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread. Milton sold his immortal work for £10 to a bookseller, being too poor to print it on his own account.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes; Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—It is now as easy to go from Paris to Havre, as it formerly was tedious and expensive. One may go at eleven o'clock, after the Opera is over, and arrive at Rouen, by ten the next morning. In eight hours a diligence takes you to the sea-side; you stay there six hours, you look about you, you take your dinner, take the stage again and return to Paris, in time for the Opera Buffa.

—*Les Eaux d'Enghien* have obtained a celebrity which attracts to this picturesque spot as many visitors from curiosity, as invalids. Parties of pleasure rapidly succeed each other since the park has been opened to the public where the inhabitants of the valley of Montmorency are continually assembled as well as some of the most charming women of Paris.

—A short time ago, one of the prettiest females living in the *Chausée-d'Antin*, gained a wager that caused all her female friends to flock to her dwelling. It was, that she would form, in a very short space of time, twelve different turbans, with one single scarf and four pins. The lady not only made these turbans up with the most exquisite taste, but she placed them on her head in admirable style, without the help of a looking-glass.

—For riding on horseback in town, a habit is indispensable, but when in the country a lady only wears a spencer with a merino petticoat, or a cambric blouse. A pilgrim's hat is also frequently worn with this equestrian costume. Young ladies, when they have not pantaloons that fasten round the ankle, have button-holes made at the hem of their petticoats that fasten them down, on the right and left, by one of the buttons of their gaiters.

—A gentleman who was married about three months since, to a very charming female, with whom he was passionately in love, and to whom he presented a most magnificent marriage *corbeille* has just given her a lamp, of beautiful china, on which is painted a bouquet of *hearts-ease* (called in French *penstées* thoughts) which explain the gallantry of the motto beneath, "By day and by night."

—A Dunkirk Journal asserts, that a cloth

merchant of Abbeville has taught a drake to sing several airs; and encouraged by success, is now proceeding to teach a turkey to take parts in a duet with a quack Musician!

—There has lately appeared in the gardens of the Tuilleries, a gentleman to whom the French have given the English term of a *Fashionable*; he is much gazed at; his costume is composed of a shirt of jacanot muslin, with narrow blue stripes, a cravat formed of an India handkerchief; an under waistcoat of Camel's-hair-brown satin, quilted, a jacket of blue cloth, with metal buttons; a very light grey hat, pantaloons of striped ticking, made like those of a sailor and gaiters of raw silk.

—The ivory handles of knives for the table, have on them the initial letters of the owner, either in a cypher, or in German characters; when the owner is noble, these initials are surmounted by the coronet of a count, a marquis or a baron.

—A lady was jestingly asked how many ells of ribbon she thought it would take to measure round the world? "I do not know," said she, "but according to the bills of my *marchande de modes*, I think, that a woman who dresses after the present fashion uses every year as much ribbon as would measure out the road from Paris to the farthest frontier."

—For morning deshabelle, a man of fashion has an enormous number of trinkets and seals suspended from his watch-chain; in the evening he wears a gold watch-chain with two large seals and a key; in visits of ceremony, it is a swivel-seal of petrified palm-tree, surrounded with a wreath of bright coloured gold; or else he wears a chain and key of polished steel.

—On the road to the Bois-de-Boulogne has been remarked a carriage, that resembles a cart with benches or an open caravan; but its pannels are lined and painted, and it has a cover that may be used at pleasure, of white ticking, which is supported by spokes and buckles. The train of this waggon-kind of cover is white and green.

* We hope this is not given as a *novelty*: the English have been more than a century before, these *soi-disant* masters of invention, in this as in many other elegancies of the table. T.

— Formerly at those public gardens where we pay for entrance, it was usual to see among the female dancers, many of genteel and attractive appearance, and in general the ladies' dresses were more studied than those of the gentlemen. Now, on the contrary, the men are well dressed, and they are of the better sort: while the youngest, prettiest, and best dressed females, who compose the chief dancers, are only *grisettes*. White is worn by fifteen dancers out of twenty; but rose colour and light blue prevail much in the dance at the gardens of Tivoli, Beaujon, Delta, and Belleville, as at all the public promenades, and theatres.

— "By Heaven," said M. D. to his friend P. "you have a delightful piece of water, and the swans that enjoy the limpid stream have a happy time of it." "Not so happy, as you may imagine; in the summer my wife tears the large feathers from them to make pens of, because she is writing a romance; and at the beginning of autumn she is continually plucking off the down from three or four of them, to make a tippet and a bosom friend for the winter."

— There are two parties now among the ladies; those who wear the wide sleeves, *en gigot*, and those who wear them short, *à la Diane*, which are greek sleeves; so that it may be called a struggle between the romantic and the classics.

— For many ages, the table-cloth among our ancestors, served to wipe the mouth; and for twelve or thirteen centuries they were called *doublers*.

In process of time, instead of the cloth being doubled, two were put upon the table, the upper one the smallest. Henry III was fond of seeing this cloth beautifully plaited: this fashion, we believe, continued without interruption till the reign of Louis XIV. Certain it is, that under his reign, a book appeared with instructions on *plaiting* table-linen; it taught how to fold a napkin in the shape of a melon, a cock, a hare, and a sucking-pig. At the present day it is the fashion to fold a napkin in the shape of a heart, a maltese cross, or a Z.

— At table if a young man does not assist in carving poultry, or serving fish, he is looked upon as one who usually takes his dinner at the restaurateur's.

— There are two places where men are on a perfect equality; at the gaming table, and at the watering places; whoever risks much at play will feel this; and as for the watering places, the last comer, be he duke or prince, is obliged to take the lower end of the general table.

— It is painful to see that all the young french painters are becoming *mannerists*; and it is also deplorable to reflect, that they sacrifice design to colouring; so ambitious are they of being *colourists*.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

ACADÉMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE--*Les deux Sœurs*, (*the two Sisters*,) an opera, in one act.

A man, or rather a magician, has, by the help of his art, taken the form and features of a beloved and absent husband, and, like Jupiter, finds himself made welcome by a second Alcmena: such is the story of the opera entitled *the two Sisters*: which it is not requisite to say, wants originality. The poem itself is very feeble, and the music as poor as the poetry; its small success was owing entirely to the performers.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS, by *Mademoiselle Faure*.

ATTENTIONS, PREVENTIONS, CARES.

By the words *attentions*, *preventions*, and *cares*, are expressed every thing that in conduct or behaviour, evinces towards another a sentiment of affection, respect, or at least, the desire of pleasing. "The word *cares* particularly distinguishes what is done with a view of serving any one, or of proving to him that you love him. That of *preventions* comprehends all that you imagine can satisfy the wishes you suppose him to have. And the word *attentions* serves to recall those actions that may equally be regarded as a sort of *à-propos* politeness or sensibility, since they consist, as occasion may offer, in avoiding all that can be unpleasant, and in conforming themselves to whatever is agreeable to a another. Respect is proved by *attentions*; the desire of captivating by *preventions*; tenderness by *cares*. We pay *attention* to age; have *prevention* for the object of our love; and shew *care* for a child or friend. *Attentions* require choice and circumspection; *preventions* a limited delicacy; *care*, zeal and intelligence.

WHAT IS AGREEABLE TO THE TASTE AND THE LIKING.

"Whatever is to the *liking* pleases, independent of our reflection; what is to our *taste* flatters the understanding, and comprehends more or less those qualities that constitute, according to our opinions, whatever is good or beautiful. Those who judge only by sentiment have no right to make use of the expression, *according to my liking*; a well informed man has alone the privilege of saying, *that is after my taste*. The picture of Leonidas is, to my *liking*, the finest work of David's. *Athalie*, according to the *taste* of connoisseurs, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Racine."

VISAGE, COUNTEenance, PHYSIOGNOMY.

"The *visage*, properly speaking, the face, is the forepart of the head. The word *visage* has been adopted to designate its physical qualities: as a round *visage*, an oval *visage*, &c. The *countenance* expresses the visage with the influence of the passions on it. A dark looking *countenance*, sprightly, &c. The *physiognomy* is alone the moral expression, without having any connection with the features. Voltaire had a remarkable *countenance*, a thin *visage*, and that *physiognomy* expressive of great genius. Regular features are indispensibly requisite to make a handsome *visage*; an interesting expression and fine features are necessary to form a fine *countenance*; mind and sensibility are sufficient to form the *physiognomy*. The famous actor Lekain was extremely ugly, and yet when he played the character of Orosmane, an involuntary exclamation of '*how handsome he is!*' was heard from every box. Such is the influence of *physiognomy*."

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF DIEPPE, ARQUES, AND SOME ADJACENT MONUMENTS. *By P. I. Feret, Paris, 1 vol. 8vo.*

THERE were discovered, about two years ago, near St. Marguerite, about three leagues west of Dieppe, some tombs and a pavement in mosaic. M. Feret has given this mosaic in lithography: the work is evidently roman.

M. Feret imagines that the destruction of the roman establishments on this part of the coasts of Normandy was the work of the Saxons, and that the city of Dieppe owes its birth to the frequent communications which took place after the expedition of William the Conqueror, between Normandy and England. Philip Augustus sacked the town of Dieppe during his quarrels with Richard Cœur de Lion. This little city rose again from its ashes when Richard exchanged it for the Isle of Andely with the Archbishop of Rouen. The inhabitants of Dieppe, by their industry, their fishing, and their sea voyages, made their port one of the richest staples in Europe: they had even the glory of making some discoveries. Under Francis I. there lived at Dieppe, John Anjo, a merchant as famous by his riches as at Bourges, was James Cœur, under Charles VII. M. Feret says, that the country house of John Anjo, about a league and a half west of Dieppe, is still to be seen, and offers some fine remains of what it must have been originally. Formerly they constructed vases at Dieppe, from a shell called the *nautilus*, the surface of which was engraved; they were fixed on gold or silver feet, and ornamented with precious stones. They now work in ivory in the most ingenious manner. "Our workers in ivory," M. Feret writes, "fabricate little boxes of nine lines in diameter, in which are twelve others, the last containing a set of pins; from one single globe of ivory, there are

thirteen detached spheres, which remain moving one within the other. They also construct ships in miniature, which, by the justness of their proportion, give the exact idea of the largest vessels: cordage, sails, and pulleys, all in ivory. But this is not their sole merit; they form sculpture after the antique models, and after religious subjects in painting; so that the finest specimens of modern art ornament their work shops." The principal industry of Dieppe consists in fishing; M. Feret describes a great many kinds. "In winter they fish with lines, and catch whittings, burt, soles, rays, conger eels, turbot, and cod. They catch mackarel in nets in the summer. Their voyage to the cod fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, lasts four months; they generally take their departure in March or April." M. Feret speaks of some marine plants and oyster beds on the shores of Dieppe. He says, "A curious phenomenon takes place almost constantly twice a year in some one of these beds: it is the oysters taking a green colour. Several naturalists have ventured to give causes for this phenomenon, and have set forth divers opinions, which, however, experience does not sanction. M. B. Gaillon, more happy in his researches, has discovered that this colouring was owing to an innumerable quantity of green animalcule; and the oyster absorbs them with the water whereby they are inhaled."

From Dieppe to Arques the distance is about a league. M. Feret has made a drawing of a gate of the castle of Arques, such as it was in 1708, and the ruins of this same entrance, as in 1824. Arques, in the middle ages, was the principal boulevard in the northern coast of Normandy.

M. Feret has enriched his work with a little story translated from the english: it treats of an officer retired from the service, an excellent performer on the flute, who had lost his left arm, and whose right leg was supplied by one of wood. Introduced to this old colonel, who had received two wounds from a canon, at the battle of Hanau, the narrator says, "A guitar was suspended to a hook, over the gothic mantelpiece of marble; a violin lay on a table, and on the edge of another was fixed a kind of wooden vice, which held a flute of the usual size, with three holes and eleven keys of metal, but of a construction capable of astonishing Monzanini. My host, possessed only of one leg and one arm, drew the most delightful sounds from this flute, and his precious right hand was the only instrument that had hollowed out, and polished the wood, had forged the iron, and turned the ivory."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

BUTTONS, placed very close to each other, are not only worn to fasten down pelisses, but there are three rows placed down the front of the skirts of

gowns: the rows on each side extend towards the border, so as to form a kind of apron. There are generally nine dozen of buttons made use of in this new species of trimming. There is nothing new in the manner of arranging the hair, nor in the form of the hats; the pilgrim's hat predominates when it is of Leghorn. Straw hats have a large bow on one side, and are in the shape of those worn by the Swiss peasantry. Plumes of Marabout feathers are often worn on hats; chip hats are ornamented with large roses, or with pionies.

The lappets of some chip hats are lined, they are generally of *tulle* lined with broad coloured ribbon. They are sometimes an ell in length, and are not unusually fixed under the sash. Bonnets of *gros de Naples* are generally of sea green or of rose colour.

One of the prettiest blouses in Organdy, embroidered in coloured worsted, has been seen at Dieppe, since which the most elegant Parisians have adopted them: the embroidery consists of three rows of bunches of lilacs, alternately lilac and white; to separate each row are two bias folds, very close to each other: the flowers are diversified contrariwise in each row. Some fashionists place at the edge of white chip hats a border made of rose leaves; round the crown is a band of the same, fastened on one side by a bow of white satin, with long ends, and on the other are two bows of ribbon; Leghorn hats are generally ornamented with a bunch of pinks or red daisies, and on hats of crape or *gros de Naples*, scabious with blue or green pistils. Blue bells, or single hyacinths of rose colour, are scattered over blond cornettes, they are also placed on most dress caps. Among the bonnets of *gros de Naples* that are trimmed with *chevaux de frize* of pinked silk, those of a bright apricot colour are most admired. We have seen at a brilliant evening dress party, a Spanish toque formed of striped gauze in bias; the stripes of rose colour on white; the centre was ornamented with a rosette of pearls, which was placed at the base of two curled feathers, one white, the other rose colour.

Straw colour, flesh colour, camel's hair, or white, are the favourite colours for bonnets; those that are white are tied with white watered ribbon, or not unusually, with shaded ribbons, striped, and chequered with the most striking colours. On hats of *gros de Naples*, when the brims are plain and extended, the only trimming is a *chichorée*,* formed *en dents de loups* to the top of the crown: this trimming is always of some very conspicuous colour; for example, bright crimson on dark green, lemon colour on blue, mahogany brown on white. The fashionmongers have made use all this summer

of satin and ribbon by whole pieces, in the trimming of hats. The crowns of Leghorn hats are encircled by a band of flame coloured *gros de Naples*, made in the form of cockle shells. Musk roses are often placed in the front of these hats, of a brighter red than the natural flower. Dress toques are of *crêpe lisse* or *crêpe gaufrée*, and are generally rose colour; they are made in the Russian form, and are filled up with as many marabouts as they can find folds to stick them between; a plat of satin or crape serves for a bandeau. The uncertainty of the weather is the reason, that, instead of a white dress, even in a calash, a tilbury, or a landau, a black crape dress is adopted. With this dress, which is worn over a black satin slip, white gloves with open work, are seen; the shoes are of black shining satin, or of Turkey leather: the hat, scarf, and sash are coloured.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather in the morning, and though the evenings are damp, the *fête* at Vincennes was beautiful. There were some charming dresses of that material woven from the bark of trees; they were white with blue, or mahogany brown stripes; others were of light grey with yellow and walnut tree brown stripes. These dresses were made with falling collars, and the corsages were plaited in regular plaits; two broad bias folds finished the border, and worn under the dress was a *fichu* of muslin, laid in large plaits. Some gowns of checkered muslin, called English muslins, with the corsages puckered, and confined at intervals by bands, crosswise, had very full sleeves, and long sleeves of plain muslin; these were terminated by three embroidered wrist bands; the trimming at the border of these dresses was composed of three rows of muslin *beuillonnés*, each separated by a row of embroidery in white.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashions. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON : PRINTED BY G. SCHULKE,
13, POLAND STREET.

* A trimming resembling the curled leaves of endive.



Blouse, White Dress
Invented by M^{rs} Bell, 52, N. Tammany Street.
Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, Oct. 11, 1874.



*Winter Dress,
Invented by, Mrs. Bell, 52, St. James's Street,
Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion, Oct. 1, 1824.*

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND
CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 6.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1.

Vol. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Portland, Duke and Duchess of, at Welbeck Notts, from Scotland.
Wellington, Duke of, from Hatfield.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Salisbury, Dowager, Marchioness of, in Arlington Street, from the Continent.
Lothian, Marquis of, from Brighton.
Cornwallis, Marchioness and family, from North Cray.
Graham, Marquis, from Cheveley, near Newmarket.
Exeter, Marquis and Marchioness of, from Newmarket.
Tavistock, the Marquis of, at Oakley House, Bedfordshire.
Lansdown, the Marquis and Marchioness of, from the Isle of Wight.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Carnarvon, Countess of, from Petworth, Sussex.
Carrington, Lord, at Whitehall, from Wickham Abbey, Bucks.
Cowper, Earl and Countess of, for Passenger, Herts.
Granville, Viscount, from the Netherlands.
Grantham, Lord and Lady, from the Isle of Wight.
Jersey, the Earl of, from Middleton Park, Oxfordshire.
Anson, Lord, from Shagborough, Staffordshire.
Langford, Lord and Lady, from Cooper's Hill, Englefield Green.
Gosford, Earl of and his Son, Lord Acheson, from Suffolk.
Bentinck, Lord W., from Bramton Park, Huntingdonshire.
Somerset, Lord Granville, from the Isle of Wight.
St. Antonio, Countess, from Wimbledon.
Lieven, Countess of, from Windsor.
Raymond, Baroness, at Fladong's Hotel.
Saitour, Lord, at Hyde Park Hotel, from a tour.
Walscourt, Lord, from Dublin.
Harvey, Lord, at Toulbridge Wells, from Ireland.

Vol. I.

Gambier, Lady, at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.
Mount-Edgumbe, Lady E., from Twickenhahn.
Fitzroy, Lord Charles, at Thomas's Hotel, from Suffolk.
Orckney, the Countess of, from Berkshire.
Craven, Earl, at Hempstead Lodge, Berks.
Pembroke, Earl, Wilton House, Wilts, from a tour.
Folkestone, Lord, at Langford Castle, Wilts.
Belfast, Lord and Lady, from Brussels.
Aboyne, the Countess of, and Lady Gordon.
Besborough, the Earl, from Bocket Hall.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Abdy, Sir William, Bart. from a tour.
Oglander, Sir W. and Lady, from Euston Hall.
Gerrard, Sir W. Bart. and Mr. from a tour.
Jones, Sir F. Bart., from Shropshire.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Hope, General Sir Alexander, Lady and family, from Scotland.
Baker, Admiral and family, from a tour.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Angerstein, Esq. and Mrs. at Weeting Hall, Norfolk, from Spa.
Egerton, the Hon. Mrs. from Berkshire.

R

Lawrence, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel, from the Continent.
 Corbett, Esq. and Mrs. at the St. George's Hotel, from Lincolnshire.
 Barclay, Mrs. G. at the Pulteney Hotel, from Dorking.
 Drake, T. F. Esq. M. P. and Mrs. from Buckinghamshire.
 Norris, Esq. and Mrs. at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street.
 Neville, Esq. and Mrs. from Leicestershire.
 Knight, E. Esq. and Miss Knight, at Blake's Hotel, from Kent.
 Lepascombe, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel, from Paris.
 Wright, Anthony, Esq. at the British Hotel, from Cambridge.
 Hesketh, R. Esq. at the British Hotel, from Oxford.
 Summer, Esq. and Mrs. at the British Hotel, from Bath.
 Caulfield, G. Esq. at Mivart's Hotel, from Paris.
 Burgh, Hubert du, Esq. at Mivart's Hotel, from Spa.
 Lyell, Charles, Esq. and family, from Bentley Lodge, Southampton.
 Wilson, C. E. Esqr. and Mrs. from Bognor.
 Scudamore, Dr. and Mrs. in Wimpole Street.
 Morgan, F. Esq. from Horn Dean.
 Field, M. Esq. and Mrs. from Brighton.
 Oglesby, R. Esq. from Scotland.
 Greenhields, Esq. and family, from the Continent.
 Price, W. Esq. from Salisbury.
 Leigh, Chandos, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from Storeleigh Abbey, Warwickshire.
 Grady, Hon. Mrs. and family, from Harrowgate.
 Seymour, Hugh, Esq. and Lady, from the Continent.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Anson, Lord, for Staffordshire.
 Althorpe, Viscount, M. P. for Northamptonshire.
 Bristol, Earl and Countess of and family, from Tunbridge Wells, for Suffolk.
 Bentinck, Lord William and Lady, for Huntingdonshire.
 Bury, Viscount, for Paris.
 Brown, Hon. Mrs. and family, from Arlington Street.
 Beauchamp, Countess of, for Paris.
 Billington, Revd. J. for Kent.
 Bective, Earl, for Cheltenham.
 CLARENCE, DUKE OF, and the Duke of Meiningen for Bushey.
 Carrington, Lord and Lady, and family, for Wycombe Abbey, Bucks.
 Camden, the Marquis of, for Bath.
 Devonshire, the Duke of, for Derbyshire.
 Drake, T. F. Esqr. and Mrs., for Bucks.
 Drake, Rev. W. W. and family, for Aversham.
 Dolbecker, Capt. and Mrs., from Scotland.
 Exeter, Marquis of, at Newmarket, from Burleigh, Lincolnshire.
 Exeter, Dowager Marchioness of, for Roehampton.
 Grenville, Viscount, for Paris.
 Gresley, Sir Roger, and Lady Sophia, on a visit to the Marquis and March. of Vane Londonderry's, at Seaham.
 Gosford, Lord, for Suffolk.
 Goodrick, Sir Harry, Bart. and F. H. Standish, Esq. for Leicestershire.
 Gambier, Lady, for Hants.
 Hampden, Lady, for Bognor.
 Harewood, the Earl of, at his seat, in Yorkshire from a tour.
 Hardinge, Sir Henry, and Lady Emily, for Seven Oaks.
 Heathcote, Lady, for Ham House, Surrey.
 Howard, Hon. Col. M. P. for Surrey.
 Holywell, Sir James, for Cheltenham.
 Hamilton, F. Esq. at the Royal Hotel, St. James's Street, from Constantinople.

Jersey, the Earl and Countess, for Brighton.
 Kilbourn, Viscount, for Newmarket.
 Lambton, J. G. Esq. M. P. and Lady Louisa, at Lambton Hall, Durham, from Doncaster.
 Londonderry, Emily, March. of, for North Cray, Kent.
 Lotherian, Marquis of, for Norfolk.
 Lamb, Hon. F. for Hatfield.
 Langford, Lord and Lady, for Cooper's Hill, Surrey.
 Lamb, Hon. G. and Mrs. at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire, from a tour.
 Madden, Col. and Mrs. for Bedfordshire.
 Melbourne, Lord, for Passenger, Herts.
 Mitchell, Esq. and Mrs. for Scotland.
 Mure, Samuel, Esq. for Suffolk.
 Normanton, Dowager Countess of, on a tour.
 Nevill, Hon. Mr. for Audley End, Essex.
 Nelthorpe, Lady for Lincolnshire.
 Nugent, Lord, for Worthing.
 Ormonde, the Dowager Countess and suite, for Dublin.
 O'Neil, Earl, for Tunbridge.
 Osgaroffsky, Count and Countess, for Hatfield.
 Oglander, Sir W. and Lady, for Dorsetshire.
 Ogle, Colonel, for Ireland.
 Ponsonby, Rt. Hon. W. and Lady Barbara, for Cowes.
 Petre, Lord and Lady, from Thomas's Hotel for Sussex.
 Pole, Sir Charles, Bart. for Hants.
 Prescott, Sir George, Bart. for Brighton.
 Peel, Esq. and Mrs. for Bath.
 Rutland, the Dowager Duchess, for Salop.
 Russell, W. Esq. M. P. for Brancefeth Castle, Durham.
 Roach, Sir Philip, Bart. for Brighton.
 Robarts, Major, for Raby Castle.
 Rivers, Lord, for Newmarket.
 SUSSEX, DUKE of, for Nottingham.
 Say and Sele, Lord, for Ramsgate.
 Spencer, the Earl and Countess of, for Wimbledon.
 Strathaven, the Earl of, for Yorkshire.
 Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness of, for Hatfield.
 Stanhope, Earl of, for Paris.
 Smith, Hon. Robin, from Bucks, for Leicestershire.
 Stourton, Hon. Mr. for Yorkshire.
 Surrey, the Earl and Countess of, from Worksop Manors, Notts, for Trentham Hall, Staffordshire.
 St. Albans, the Duke of, and family, for Surrey.
 Spencer, Earl and Countess, for Northamptonshire.
 Titchfield, the Marquis of, for Eastbourn.
 Tarleton, J. C. Esq. for Collingwood Hall, Northumberland.
 Vivian, Sir H. for Hants.
 Wiltshire, Lord, and Sir W. Scott, for Salt Hill.
 Wellington, Duke of, from Hatfield.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

THE KING.

WE are happy to state that his Majesty is in the best state of health; he takes much exercise on horseback, and in his poney phaeton. His Majesty has had several shooting parties; and has proved himself to be a very superior shot; he brought down a pheasant at every shot he fired. It has been asserted that it is his Majesty's intention to visit his Hanoverian dominions, in the early part of next summer; we can state from the *best authority*, that he has no such intention at present; and that it is not probable his subjects, in that part of the world, will again have the happiness

of a visit, however much his Majesty may desire it. His health will not permit such long journeys. Windsor and London will, for the future, have the enjoyment of his presence. We have heard that Brighton will not have much of his company this winter. His Majesty has been much offended at some of the inhabitants having been guilty of too much freedom of speech, bordering on ingratitude. It is a pity that a town growing into so much importance, should be precipitated into ruin, through the indiscretions of some particular inhabitants. The generality of the people are loyal and affectionate to his Majesty—their best patron; and who has brought the town to its present grandeur and opulence; it cannot, however, be endured that a factious few should be uttering the most disloyal assertions against their Sovereign and his friends, that no private gentleman would allow; how much more abominable then must it be to hear *certain individuals* scandalising their King, and those he chooses to select for his friends.

The Duke of York is passing much of his time amongst his friends at their different seats. No prince can enjoy more of public approbation than his Royal Highness. There is not a person but who speaks almost in idolatrous language of this illustrious prince: his amiability is proverbial. The other branches of the Royal family, vary their time in visits to one another, at their different seats in the country.

THE INFAMOUS ATTACKS OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER ANSWERED.—Another mean and senseless attack has been made in one of the late numbers of the John Bull, upon H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. An attack so evidently the work of a drivelling fool—so vapid and asinine, and so devoid of the slightest particle of wit, or humor, that merely to copy the article, would, perhaps be the surest mode of displaying the writer's ineffable stupidity. Malice is at all times disgusting, and when in powerful hands, it is to be dreaded—in those of folly, however, it becomes the object of laughter and derision—and a malicious fool, we have always considered to be one of the most despicable creatures with which society is pestered. A finer specimen of that illustrious character, surely cannot exist, than the writer of the above-mentioned nonsense, which is the most absurd of the many dull, ridiculous attacks which he has made upon H. R. H. It is infinitely amusing, truly, to see a hack-scribbler for a Sunday paper, pretending to know any thing of the proceedings at a Duke's table. We know that the festive board, over which H. R. H. presides is only distinguished for the elegance, kindness and liberality that adorns it. As to the absurd story about "water-men," we have little doubt but that it would never have entered into the writer's head, had he not found the cause of it at home. The John Bull scribes must assuredly be all "water-men," for ill can the pockets of a Sunday-going hack contrive to furnish the cost of even a humble glass of Cape. As to the long rigmarole stuff, about Warburton's madhouse, on the invention of which the man seems especially to congratulate himself, we have every reason to believe that it had its foundation in a circumstance which occurred to a person who is supposed to "do" much of the John Bull newspaper: he was at the Royal Menagerie, and being attracted by an *intelligent* monkey, the cut of whose phiz very much resembled his own, he magnanimously entered into conversation with it, about his favourite theme, "humbug," and the ape, in answer, chuckled and seemed to say "*Hokey, Hokey, Hokey*," upon which the happy man exclaimed "dear fellow, he knows me!" "Yes," replied the keeper, "*as has his sensible moments*." The Bull-man stared

and walked away—we leave our readers to imagine the rest. Added to the stupidity of the lie, the composition of it is distinguished by several instances of bad grammar, in what the writer would call, "his own part" of the story—this is as it should be. Such errant drivelling would soon bring any paper into contempt, and we doubt not that the Lethan dulness of the John Bull is gradually meeting with its merited reward—at all events we hope so.

MRS. COUTTS.—The same wisacre, we suppose, who feebly snarls at the illustrious Duke of Gloucester, has kept up his character for blackguardism by an impudent and low sneer at Mrs. Coutts—a lady distinguished for every virtue and accomplishment, and whose riches, moreover, would smother the whole of the idiotical John Bull tribe, with their Printing Office, and the entire bundle of types, about which they have lately made such a laughable fuss. Not that we consider the mere riches of any person as forming a title to esteem and respect; but when they are used in the noble and generous manner of the lady in question, they must certainly render all such trumpery as the John Bull Editors put forth more truly contemptible, and little than ever. And why should not the Morning Post, publish the paragraph quoted by this weekly paper? What objection has the sapient Editor to the word "suite?" for a *suite* Mrs. Coutts certainly has, and very properly too—it might become such men as her abusers to travel alone in a dirty corner of a stage coach, but assuredly it would be utterly inconsistent in a lady of so high a station, to journey in any other way than that suited to her consequence. And why should she not be "accompanied" by the Earl of Lauderdale? His lordship could not be in more delightful society. As to the scribbler's absurd phrase of "this mummery must be put down," (printed in capitals, in order to make it vastly imposing we suppose) it is too laughable to be seriously thought of, and the words "disgusting," and "disgraceful," can only be properly applied to the vituperous and stultified ribaldry of the hack-writer himself. A contemporary well observes that the attacks of this said paper upon Mrs. Coutts, have much the appearance of being made for the purpose of extracting money. The lady, however, can only despise the libellous nonsense written against her—and the John Bull gentry, we know, might starve before she would bribe them to silence by a single farthing. Charity, certainly, might induce her to save the wretches from lamentable hunger—nothing else—We heartily advise the John Bull to continue in its *gallant* career, as by so doing it will inevitably render the objects of its slander more esteemed in private society and more honored by the world at large.

Thus far, for the present—in a subsequent number we may again have occasion to revert to the same subject.

MATRIMONY OFFICE.—From the period at which little Adam wore petticoats unto the present moment, no country, no people have so astonished the world with marvellous contrivances, as have England and Englishmen! The glories of Babylon, Egypt, Athens, Rome, Carthage, sink into nothing compared with those of the British metropolises, and how trivial appear the fair-famed Augustan and Elisabethan ages when considered, at the same instant, with that of the illustrious George the Fourth?

"Mere shadows all."

Speculations and inventions for ever! If half a dozen Creoles in an obscure corner of South America choose to call them-

selves "a kingdom," we generous Britons lend them a million or two with the greatest imaginable pleasure, although certainly from *interested* motives. It would be folly indeed to assert, that such money would be better employed in relieving the miserable part of our fellow creatures at home—arrant folly! for charity never yet could allure your capitalists from the seductive charms implied in the very sound of "per cent"—that phrase can always render their ears deaf to every other auricular application, and the words "6 per cent" have a most irresistible magic, a magic that laughs to scorn all the fabled verbal enchantments of old.—But a truce to loans. What rare inventions are daily introduced to the admiring public! We have steam that sets wind and waves at defiance—it impels a ship with the same ease that it boils a potatoe; and whirls the intricate machinery of a manufactory with as much facility as it turns the simple apparatus of a kitchen cookery stove. Then we have wonderful canals, and still more wonderful tunnels; balloons travel as regularly as a stage coach, and some astonishing gentlemen, it is said, mean to bring the sea to London, as easily as they would drain a fish pond—and for what? why, to give the cocknies a notion of salt water, where clever people catch *red herrings* and *pickled salmon*. Some wag proposed what he called a "*blow-pipe*," one end of which was to open at London Bridge and the other in the Indies.—The courageous traveller, upon entering this novel species of wind instrument, was to be blown through it with a vengeance, and carried from the regions of frost to those of overpowering heat with incredible swiftness. Another suggested the practicability of boring a passage under sea to the North Pole and elsewhere, which would be a very laudable undertaking, and entirely supersede the necessity of Captain Parry's adventurous expeditions. These and many other plans, inventions and contrivances do honour to this surprising age—but the light, the gem, the star of the whole is an interesting and never-to-be-too-much-praised establishment in the Matrimonial way, at "No. 5, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, City," where bachelors and spinsters may register the catalogue of their beautiful qualities, and be fitted with wives and husbands to perfection. The managers of this admirable institution, nobly and justly observe, that marriage is indispensable towards obtaining that acme of human desire—happiness; and in order to facilitate its attainment, they charitably afford every opportunity to the unwilling votaries of the goddess of celibacy—to abandon her shrine for that of Dan Hymen, and thus to realise their romantic visions in the calm retreats of domestic life. Referring our readers to the advertisements which have already appeared on this subject, we, with submission, proceed to state one or two curious instances that have occurred since the opening of this patriotic establishment.

A young man thus described himself: "I have a good figure, handsome face—gentle address and £1000 in the Poyais funds." The last part of this intimation attracted the attention of an elderly lady—the attraction led to an interview—when, unpleasantly enough, the graceful youth proved to be the widowed matron's own dutiful offspring—both were amazed and looked remarkably wise of course—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba to a tittle.

A veteran Gaul thus intimated his excellence, "*me am von angel—me charms de vominus—me say no more*"—and after travelling several times to Bishopsgate for an answer, he was so disappointed at not finding any, that he grew desperate, and loudly exclaiming, "*me am lost man—me am*

desolate," he pulled off his powdered bob in a fit of distressing agony and dashed it into Mr. Jameson the manager's face, thereby nearly choking him with its pulverised contents. "Gently, Monsieur, 'quoi!'" meekly entreated the injured director—"Monsieur 'vat!'" Pong! shouted the irritated Freuchman and rushed into the street wigless and alone.

These are two of many events.—The office is generally thronged by men of all sorts, from the banker's clerk to the drudge of an apothecary: women, long and short—in fact of all shapes and wizes, are in constant attendance—and the institution, in good truth, promises to be a real blessing to the country.

Several enterprising characters have it now in contemplation to construct a machine for plucking fowls, which is to clear their bodies of every feather in the short space of two minutes. Another society proposes to erect a self-moving pulpit for the convenience of street preachers. In fine so rapid and so various are the improvements which daily gather around us, that we soon expect to have a bridge built to reach from Earth to the Moon; or even a Macadamised road, to conduct to the fiery gates of sparkling *Apollo*; or, in vulgar language, to *the Sun*.

MR. HAYNE AND MISS FOOTE.—The proposed marriage of Mr. Hayne, of Burderop Park, Wiltshire, with Miss Foote, engages much of the conversation of the higher ranks; in consequence of that gentleman and Miss Foote having excited attention to the circumstances by the several statements they have put forth. Mr. Hayne certainly was *inspired* with the personal attractions of Miss Foote, and notwithstanding he was apprised by Colonel Berkeley in the month of June last, that the lady had had *children* by him, and of which, of course, *he was quite certain*—be, Mr. Hayne, continued to solicit the *lady's* hand in marriage, even to a late period in September. There is a great deal of incongruity in Mr. Hayne's appeal to the public; it may naturally be inferred that he never seriously intended to marry Miss Foote, but was using some *legerdemain* to inveigle the *lady* from the *all-bewitching Colonel*; that he might have her on something like the *terme*, she was possessed by the *Choltenham Theatrical Hero*. The Colonel was, of course, *jealous* that Mr. Hayne should take the *lady* from him—and therefore was on the *alert* not to be *out-manœuvred*, and adopted a sort of *russe de guerre* to keep her entirely to himself. The Colonel was certainly very *busy* on the subject; and has drawn his *loving movements* before the world in a way that may not add to his respectability. We would ask the Colonel whether Mr. Hayne ever called upon him for an explanation of his intimacy with Miss Foote? and whether he was *compelled* to speak the truth of his having the lady under his protection? Fye! fye! Colonel! your conduct on this and similar occasions, it is hoped, will teach you, for the future, to be more guarded in your conduct. The Colonel, a correspondent says, has lately been at a *loss* for a female companion, and has made overtures to a *cast off* mistress of Mr. George Wombwell's; it is added the lady did not like the Colonel's late disclosures, and thought he was not the sort of gentleman to be depended upon, as he would "*kiss and tell*." His *Colonelskip* (and, by the bye, where has he distinguished himself as a military man?) will have some difficulty in getting the *ladies* to listen to his *proposals*. Rank and riches are badly bestowed on men (and we could name them) who will prowl about the theatres and the town seeking to contaminate the defenceless—and even married females. The following are the documents we have alluded to:

MISS FOOTE'S STATEMENT.—It was not the intention of the friends of Miss Foote to say one word upon the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Hayne, but to wait patiently the result of her appeal to the Court of King's Bench. Since, however, the *missacres*, in the pay of that gentleman, have trumpeted through the London, and even Provincial Papers, a garbled and untrue statement, and having besides insinuated that he had not intended to marry the young lady, it will suffice, for the present, to state—That Mr. Hayne directed (and his Solicitors approved on his part) the rough draft of the settlements to be made on his intended bride; that he fixed the day to be married; that he caused the bride's-maid to be brought a distance of 200 miles, and to be introduced to him; that he purchased and tried on the wedding ring, and, in his own proper person, procured, at Doctors' Commons, the license.

"This statement will be sufficient for the present to re-verse the minds of Miss Foote's friends.

"At the trial a recital of facts, demonstrating one of the most aggravated cases of 'breach of promise' will be brought forward that has ever occurred in a Court of Justice.

"Mr. Hayne is invited to contradict one iota of this statement if he dare.

'Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.'—*Hamlet*.

"The paragraph announcing the day for celebrating the marriage of Miss Foote with Mr. Hayne, we have authority to state, was inserted at the express and earnest desire of Mr. Hayne. We have the same authority to add that neither Miss Foote, nor any friends, at her suggestion, have written, or caused to be inserted, one line in any Newspaper."

MR. HAYNE'S STATEMENT.—It never was my intention to have troubled the public with any circumstances which have taken place between Miss Foote and myself, had I not felt something was due to truth in the contradiction of those paragraphs, which made it necessary my Attorney should do, in your columns of yesterday. And there I hoped the matter would have rested, until the action Miss Foote has thought proper to commence, developed every thing; but the challenge which appears in your paper of this morning, "inviting me to contradict one iota of the statement if I dare," compels me reluctantly to put the public in possession of facts, which I think will justify my conduct—intending to leave my power of contradicting such statements to the proper time and place. Delicacy to the lady would almost silence me, did I not feel and know it is so little attended to by, or heeded on her part.

But to the point:—I was not aware, when I made a proposal to Miss Foote that she had ever been under the protection of Colonel Berkeley—her father and mother having always upheld (and I believed) her to be a paragon of virtue; and had not Colonel Berkeley, in the latter end of June last, in the presence of James Maxse, Esq. (as the Colonel's friend) and Thomas Best, Esq. (as my friend) owned her having had children by him, *the youngest then not a month old*, I should have been in ignorance of the facts, until too late to retrieve my happiness.

If I were to make every other circumstance public at this moment, I should be anticipating the defence I have at that trial, "where a recital of facts, demonstrating one of the most aggravated cases of breach of promise will be brought forward."

"My withers are unwrung—"

Now a word for Mr. Foote—who, under the plea of purchasing a Paymastership, borrowed the sum of one thousand one hundred and fifty pounds from me; may I ask him (if he is in this country) to what purpose it has been appropriated?—being given to understand that the fear of being "called upon to return it," has induced him to make a *continental tour*.

The mention of the above facts "*out of the many*," will, I trust, induce the public to suspend their further opinion, until the appeal made to the Court of King's Bench is decided. And in thus intruding upon their notice, I cannot but congratulate myself at my escape.

I am, Sir, Your obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH HAYNE.

28, Upper Grosvenor-Street,
Friday, Oct. 15.

The following are the particulars of the few hours before the marriage was to have taken place.

The morning appointed for the happy event had arrived—a sumptuous breakfast was provided by the father of the intended bride—the clergyman was in waiting, and nothing but the presence of the gentleman was wanting to consummate the ceremony. It appears that he had come to town for the express purpose, and had taken up his residence at Long's Hotel, to which place, after the appointed hour had elapsed, a messenger was dispatched, when it was found that his friends, averse to the match, had locked him in his chamber. Under a similar confinement the messenger was immediately placed; and a second messenger, who soon after arrived, shared the like fate. At length some of the lady's friends went in quest of the lover, and reached Long's just at the moment he was stepping into his carriage, which conveyed him into the country. Thus has terminated the hopes of Mr. F. and his beautiful daughter.

An old actress, very proud of her charms, used to have the play-house call brought into her bed-room every morning. One day a man came in, whom she thought was the call-boy. "Lay it down," says she, "Ledger," "What do you mean by Ledger?" says the man "I dye for you," "Lord bless me! who can this be?" said the actress—"I die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love with me; let me see who it is." She put the curtain aside, and seeing a shabby fellow, demanded what business the impudent rascal had there? "I dye your clothes ma'am," said he, "and have come for your *bombasin petticoat*!"

A singular equipage has been seen for the last six months in the Streets of Munich. It is a calash drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K. formerly a merchant at St. Petersburg, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and has so well tamed that they have all the docility of horses. These animals are harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and have entirely lost their ferocious instinct. The police have only required that they should be muzzled. M. W. K. parades the city in this equipage several times a day, and always attracts an immense crowd.

"LORD BYRON was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and little-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation,

and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. Lord Byron was irritable in the extreme; his vanity was excessive. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Bonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming. He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent. At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; he was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way, he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*. There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy, he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of Elwes and other great misers on record. Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy, from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but mustered his indistinct direction in three languages.”

Lady Byron has been extremely ill with an inflammation in her stomach.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—A recent traveller in the United States gives an account of a matrimonial lottery, which was formed there with beneficial effects. At a wedding in South Carolina, a young lawyer moved, “That one man in the company should be selected as president: that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night: that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry; then hand it to the president, for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, kept entirely secret.” After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choice; and the traveller states that eleven of the twelve matches were solemnized.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE—Of all the arts, architecture seems at present to meet with the most encouragement, and yet to make the least progress in improvement. In one of the new

churches the doors have been so ill placed that the greater part of them have been obliged to be stopped up; against one of the new Club-houses we already see a scaffolding erected for repairs; and the splendid mansion of a certain opulent merchant, only wants a crane to give it all the outward appearance of being intended for a warehouse.

THE GALWAY CADETS AND THE WELCH RABBITS.—Some days back two *gentlemen*, who had just been imported from their native wilderness in the county of Galway, arrived in London, having come over, like many of their brethren, to seek their fortune in this grand emporium for talent of all sorts, whether wild or cultivated.—They were not overstocked with *the ready*, and were therefore under the necessity of “cutting their coat according to their cloth,” by visiting those minor houses of public entertainment with which this great city abounds. The kindly hints of a friend soon put them in full possession of the best cook shops in town, where, for a single *sixpence*, and by a little gentle persuasion, they could humbug their stomachs into the belief that they had dined in a most plentiful and substantial manner, and were enabled to pick their teeth with an air of as much sincerity as if they had been feeding on venison, fat sorrels, and all the solidities of Corporation cheer. It chanced one night, as they were wandering down Fleet Street, their stomachs crying “*cup-board*” most obstreperously, that they popped into the Cock at Temple-bar, where some of their countrymen occasionally smoked their pipes and quaffed a glass of stout. On taking their seats, Mr. Murphy, who imagined that he spoke the best English, called the waiter to know what he had in the house to *ate*? The waiter made no answer, but, like a man of business, pointed to the bill of fare which lay on the table. “Umph,” said Mr. Murphy, and he took up the list of good things, which included the usual recapitulation of beef-steaks, mutton-chops, pork-chops, sausages, rumps and kidneys, tripe and other savoury viands, with which the humbler order of our *cits* are wont to gratify their palates by way of evening pastime. Mr. O’Leary, the companion of Mr. Murphy, also had his eye on the paper, and as each dish passed in review before him, he played a sort of second fiddle to the *tooth-watering, liplicking* overture in which Murphy was indulging himself, during a mental contemplation of the luxuries. The price of each commodity was prudently marked in an opposite column, so that no mistake could arise. At last, on coming to the bottom of the catalogue they discovered an item which fixed their fancy, it was “a *Welch rabbit*—4d.”—“That’s *chaps*,” says Murphy; “very *chaps*,” says O’Leary; “but I’ll be bound they’re like the Welch mutton we hear of, rather small.”—“Och, by Jabers,” says Murphy, “they’re small enough no doubt, but they must have four legs and a body, any how, and they cannot have them without *mate* upon them, so for worst we’ll see what they’re made of; what do you say?”—“With all my heart,” says O’Leary, “only I’d like a few onions with them.”—“To be sure,” says Murphy, “let’s have plenty of vegetables, and that’ll help to fill them out.” The waiter was then called, and the orders given “for a couple of Welch rabbits and plenty of *onions and praties* with them.” Thomas looked at his customers—he was a taciturn fellow; it was not his business to quarrel with the taste of his friends, and he called to the cook to prepare “two Welch rabbits, some *ingins* and plenty of *tators*!” placing a particular emphasis on the latter part of the order, and looking round at the other inmates of the room with

a most knowing sort of leer, as much as to say, "Did you ever hear the like of that ere?" The cook repeated the order twice to have it confirmed, and it was confirmed accordingly; but she was not satisfied till she had a sly peep at the persons for whom the order was given, and in whom she at least expected to see a brace of *Esquimaux* or *Kangaroos* or other *hottlandish animals*. Murphy and O'Leary sat quite unconscious of the surprise they had occasioned, and were quietly ruminating on the destruction which they intended to hurl on the aforesaid rabbits and their appurtenances. Their patience being a little exhausted, the bell was rung twice, and twice did the cry of "coming, Sir," amuse their ears; at last Thomas bustled in with the tray, on which were, what an Englishman would call, a couple of Welch rabbits, two large raw onions, and a dish of smiling potatoes; and as if desirous of suppressing a laugh, the moment he put the tray on the table he darted out of the room, with a towel to his mouth. Murphy looked at O'Leary, and O'Leary looked at Murphy. "Where are the rabbits?" said Murphy; "Och, he's gone for them," says O'Leary; "but he ought to have *biled* the onions," says Murphy; "so he ought," says O'Leary, "but that's the way they do them here, I suppose." "But why the devil do they bring us the *cheese* first?" continued Murphy; "Och! by J—s, I don't know," says O'Leary, "that's the fashion I suppose; and as we're in Rome, we must do as Rome does,"—and the toast and cheese vanished in a jiffy. Murphy now rung the bell a third time, and in came Thomas—"Where's them rabbits?" says Murphy;—"What rabbits?" cried Tom;—"Blood-and-owns man, didn't we order two rabbits an hour ago?" "Yes, Sir," says Tom, "two Welch rabbits, and I brought 'em." "Devil a rabbit you brought here, I'll take my oath!" says O'Leary, "how dare you tell me such a lie"—and he was about to split poor Tom's skull with the edge of a plate, when a gentleman in the opposite box, who had been enjoying the joke from the first, stepped in between them, and good humouredly explained the mistake. Our Galway emigrants at once saw their mistake; they laughed at their own blunder, seized on the raw onion and the *praties*, and, having called for a piece of butter, cooked up a *made dish* in their own national style, and were as content, as they themselves very judiciously observed, as if they had swallowed the *Monument*!

COCKNEYISM.—Amongst the gross vulgarities of Cockneyism, perhaps none are more strikingly distinguishable than the "this here" and "that there" which are constantly adopted, and which, pronounced after the fashion of Cockneys, sound "this ere" and "that are." Those very words were used the other day by a most distinguished nobleman, a scholar, and a minister; and, although they were so used, as far as the sound went, his Lordship said nothing either vulgar or Cockneyish. He was seated at dinner near a window, suffering at the moment under violent rheumatism in the side of his face which was opposed to it. "Might I," said his Lordship to the lady of the house, "beg to have that window closed. I am in considerable pain, and find this *ear* very much affected by that *air*!"

HOW TO CLEAN PLAYING CARDS.—Nothing soils sooner than playing-cards, and they are an expensive article to replace, owing to the high duty they pay. The following method will be found to remove from them every thing but a stain, and will give the dirtiest pack possible the appearance of being quite new:—Rub the soiled card with a piece of flannel and some good fresh butter, until the butter shall

have washed off all the dirt. So soon as the dirt is removed, wipe off the butter with a clean rag; and to restore to the card its former gloss, rub the surface sharply with a piece of flannel and some flour; cut the edge neatly with a pair of scissors, and the operation will be completed.

MR. MARTIN.—It is a fact more curious than surprising, when it is considered, in connexion with Mr. Martin's love of the brute creation, that the Hon. Gentleman has latterly become a stedfast believer in transformation, transmigration, and metempsychosis!!!—hence, we learn, has been produced his philanthropic suit of feelings, with regard to the lower order of animals. Mr. Martin never, like vulgar people, speaks of *death*—*LORD* bless you! never. He talks only of his *metamorphosis*. He prays, not to be converted into a saint, or into an angel, but rather to become a lady's pet *donkey*, instead of a brewer's *gelding*—he prays to be a *tortoise-shell tom cat*, purring on his lovely mistress's pillow, in preference to being a pond *frog*, or a *rattle-snake*! He (perhaps wisely) thinks, that if he be kind to a *Queen-bee*, or a *blue-bottle* in this life, he will be himself treated mercifully in the next should he be fated to buzz—in a *larder*, for instance, where he might have to exercise his functions upon cold meat, preparing it, by his *fly-blows*, for the first stages of putrefaction. It would be an awkward thiug, in Mr. Martin's opinion, were some unlucky urchin to stick a pin in his tail, out of pure revenge for his natural pursuit. With Mr. Martin, it would be the very heaven of his hereafter were he permitted to rove in the regions of air, like a *king-fisher*, or a *tillark*—indeed to be a *martin* in the next world, as well as in this, would be the most blissful of all his labours on behalf of the beast tribe. Nothing, we are persuaded, would shock the Member for Galway more than his merging into a *water-rat*, a *church-mouse*, or a *watch-dog*. Only conceive for a moment how Mr. Martin would look were he transformed into a huge, surly mastiff, chained to a kennel.

CHAMPAGNE.—It may be rather mortifying to some of our Champagne drinkers to learn, that a great part of what they sip with so much *goût*, at the rate of fifteen shillings a bottle, is the produce and manufacture of their own country, made from gooseberries before they ripen, the want of the saccharine acid being supplied with loaf sugar. Indeed, much of the native Champagne is a composition of green grapes and sugar; which is, probably, the case with all wines exhibiting effervescence.

BATHS IN LONDON.—The National Bath Company is reported to have obtained the royal permission (should the plan be realized) to erect one of its grand baths, as a termination to Portland Street, in the Regent's Park. Three of the other great depôts are projected,—in the centre of Leicester Square, in the centre of Moorfields, and another near the banks of the Thames. We are not informed that the King has actually consented to the first of these propositions, but it certainly has been made. The Marine Company, whose chief object is to introduce salt water bathing to the metropolis, also proceed in maturing their plan. The new bathing Companies, now give out, that besides enabling the whole population of London, to pickle themselves at home, they actually intend to lay the dust in the streets with salt water (which some philosophers in the North are said to have discovered to be one of the properties of salt), and that their

dividends will amount to 22½ per cent.!! Fair and softly, gentlemen—fair and softly. Pray remember good Mrs. Glass's direction—"First catch your hare." We do not say that the plan of bringing sea water to London is impracticable—far from it; but we do conceive that it is not quite so much a matter of course as these projectors give out, and that both on its journey to town, as well as after its arrival (if it ever gets there), it may have some obstacles to encounter which may tend to curtail the dividend. Is the soil which they are to occupy, as well on the coast as on the road, and in London, to be purchased or rented? If purchased, we presume it can only be affected by means of an Act of Parliament; which will also be necessary to give the company right of entry to repair and protect their pipes or aqueducts, as well as for many other purposes. And it is usual with Parliament (whether justly or not, we do not say) to limit the amount of the dividend which Joint Stock Companies are allowed to make. Another question of a more serious nature arises—viz., will the sea-water retain its virtue after having been first raised into the company's tanks on the coast, then passed through their forty miles of pipe, afterwards deposited in their reservoirs in London, and lastly, distributed into the baths themselves? We have always heard that sea-bathers were recommended to prefer the freshness of the water at the coming in of the tide. Another obstacle to the success of these undertakings is, that bathing is not a national habit of this country. We wish it were. All medical authorities concur in pronouncing it highly salubrious: yet so would many other habits be, which, unfortunately, we do not adopt. After all, we do not mean to throw cold water upon the project (which would, in a scheme composed of that commodity be rather superfluous): we only think that when a statement of immense profits are put forth, which is likely to entrap the unwary, there can be no great harm in recommending people "to look before they leap."

THE BISHOP OF DUBLIN has twenty thousand Irish acres of land; the Archbishop of Armagh has fifty thousand acres; while his Lordship of Derry has not much less than a hundred thousand. The three between them have therefore, the enormous amount of about two hundred and fifty thousand English acres! What benefit does Ireland receive from the archbishop of Armagh, and the bishops of Dublin and Derry, that can be at all set in the balance against revenues so enormous?

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK used to dine every day by himself, in one of the boxes of a common coffee-house in Covent-Garden, drink two bottles of port, and then rumble home to St. James's Square in a jarvie.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR still remains at his seat at Encombe, in Devonshire, where his Lordship complains heavily of the scarcity of game. The noble Lord's presents to his friends in London, have, in consequence, this year been exceedingly circumscribed.

LORD STOWELL, notwithstanding his advanced age, and the increase of his bodily infirmity, has just returned from a trip to the islands of Jersey and Guernsey; an especial yacht was sent from Cowes to convey him to England, where he has arrived in good health and spirits after a delightful voyage.

THE DOUBTFUL FRANK.—Some time ago, a member of parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied at

the Post-office to know why some of his franks had been charged. The answer was, "We did not believe them to be yours, the hand-writing is not the same." Why there is a little difference, I grant; but the real truth is, I had made rather free with the bottle when I wrote them. "Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to write drunk when you frank in that state."

A lady of high fashion having once given out that she wanted a female attendant, one of a very promising appearance presented herself. Being asked whether she understood combing the hair and arranging the head-dress, the new candidate replied that was precisely what she excelled in, as she only required five minutes to comb and arrange the largest head of hair. "You may go," said the lady, heaving a deep sigh; "what! comb a lady's hair in five minutes!.... And pray how am I to pass the rest of the morning?"

As a remarkably solemn Old-Bailey Barrister was soberly twisting down a dozen of natives at Pocknell's the other night, a young lawyer, in an adjoining box, observed to his friend, "That is the most solemn barrister in the whole list; I have known him for years, and yet I never saw him smile, or even move a muscle!" "Every one to his taste," rejoined his friend—"though he cannot move a muscle, you see he can easily move an oyster!"

"Pray, Sir, do you sell pies?" said a gentleman, as he strolled into a pastrycook's shop, the other day.—"Oh, yes, Sir!" replied the pastrycook; "pies of all sorts." "Why then," said the gentleman, "let me have a magpie."—"That is the only sort of pie in which I do not deal," replied the pastrycook; but you will find plenty of them as you go along—for birds of a feather will flock together, they say.—"Humph!" said the gentleman.—"Humph!" rejoined the pastrycook—and there the matter ended.

A *chef d'œuvre* painted by Raphael, the subject *The Tribute Money*, was picked up the other day, at a broker's shop for a few shillings. The present proprietor has the modesty to ask for it ten thousand pounds.

A CURE FOR WARTS.—Peel a large turnip, slice it on a plate, shake over it some white vitriol in powder, lay a plate over it, and let it lay for twenty-four hours—put the juice into a small bottle; frequently rub a little of it on the warts, in a short time they will disappear—keep the bottle corked.

Blackfriars Bridge was *formally* named Pitt's Bridge, in honor of the late Earl of Chatham, it has merely by common consent and long custom changed its appellation to that, of the part of the town wherein it is situated—we believe the fact is not generally known; but it is so.

GAMING HOUSES.—An entirely new gaming concern has just been opened by a monied company of gamblers in South Molton-Street, Oxford-Street, upon a most extensive scale. To keep up its respectability, none but subscribers are admitted. Ten guineas is the amount of subscription.

HONOUR.—A rich man being asked to pay a debt of a hundred pounds, contracted by his son, who had fled from his creditor, replied, "I have sworn by my honour, and by all that is most sacred, never to pay one of my son's debts; and I should be wanting to my honour if I were to break my word."

The exorbitant and disproportionate charges of the turnpikes, on the Hammermith road are discontinued. The Gate at Hyde Park corner clears all the way to Hounslow, not excepting the side gates—the enormous profits made during the existence of this extortion, may be guessed at by the possibility of relinquishing such a vast proportion of them. The Uxbridge trust must next be looked to.

St. James's Park has been greatly improved. The Duke of YORK's garden presents a beautiful object, as it is now open to public view; and that part leading into the Green Park from St. James's Park, which was formerly impassable in bad weather, has now become a favourite promenade. The Mall, and the other walks, which were in a very bad condition, are now undergoing a thorough repair.

HOW TO CATCH AND HOW TO CURE A COLD.—At this time of the year colds are easily caught, and difficult to cure. The following will be found effectual.—After a quick walk in the evening, sit in the draft to cool; the consequence will be a severe cold, attended with cough; the next day hoarseness, short breath, and much expectoration; in the evening, at seven, go to a well-frequented tavern, and drink three or four glasses of strong punch, or stiff rum and water; stay till eleven, walk home easy, and go to bed: you need not get up the next day, but send for the apothecary, the following day for the physician, and the third day your friends will send for the undertaker. You will never feel the effects of an autumnal cold afterwards.

A lady who had just been three days married, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss. The husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. Pardon me, exclaimed she, I did not know it was you!

PROVERBS EXPLAINED.—He that wears black must hang a brush at his back to clean off the dust, which it shows more than any colour. Men, or rather boys and monkeys, are very imitative creatures. The King, on one occasion, was reported in the newspapers to have had on a black stock, and ever since black stocks have been worn, *à la militaire*, by every apprentice and serving man in the metropolis. As to myself, I think black an odious colour. First, because it is a professional cut, with which are associated ideas of cant and law, of lawn sleeves, wigs, and gowns, all of which I despise. Secondly, it is a grave and melancholy costume. It is long since gravity was considered a type of superior intellect (a part, by the bye, of the "wisdom of the ancients,") and why should a black coat indicate superior holiness, learning, or respectability? It is clearly a colour that tends to excite gloomy ideas (the devil himself being black,) and there are, certainly, abundant subjects of melancholy in this world without any artificial creations that way. My last objection to it is philosophical, and applies only to hot weather.

GO TO BATTERSEA, TO BE CUT FOR THE SIMPLES.—The origin of this saying, which is applied to people not overstocked with wit, appears to be this: formerly, the London apothecaries used to make a summer excursion to Battersea, to see the medicinal herbs, called simples, which abounded in that neighbourhood, cut at the proper season. Hence it became proverbial to tell a foolish person to go to Battersea to be cut for a simple, the equivocal being on the word simple, alias simpleton.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.]

BRIGHTON.

THE weather has been so damp and variable, much beyond what is usual at this place, at this period of the year, that the *délicates* have been confined to their several mansions. It has been common to calculate upon about twenty fine days in October:—but such calculations must be widely different with the existing facts of this year; though the sanguine say, that a brilliant opening and continuance of November, may be destined to compensate for all disappointments. At the time we are writing, there is no change in the face of affairs at the Pavillion—but every thing there is continued in complete order for the King's reception. His Majesty's arrival may confidently be looked for early in November. Houses are engaged for the Duke of Bedford and family, Lord Holland and family. The Dowager Countess of Clonmell, and the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, are removed to this place, from Worthing. Lord Eardley, and Lord and Lady Say-and-Seale are expected. The Libraries, notwithstanding the weather has been so repulsive, have been very elegantly and numerous visited of an evening. Miss Healey, who has been singing at the Libraries at Hastings, has been added to the vocal attractions at Tuppen's. This young Lady's voice is peculiarly full and melodious, and her style very much partakes of that of Mrs. Bland,—it is impossible, therefore, to listen to her, in the light and airy compositions, where arch expression, and mellifluous tones are required, to approximate them with perfection, without exciting feelings of admiration and delight. Lucombe's Library enjoys its due meed of fashionable encouragement—the Dutch Conjuror there, with Loo and Song, continues his specimens of amusing legerdemain, and, to do him justice, with brilliant success—surprise and laughter, amidst the plauditory peals of his gay patrons, have nightly rewarded his efforts. The reading lounge of Donaldson, throughout the whole routine of the day, seldom exhibits a vacant seat.

In the early part of October, about eight o'clock in the evening, was observed, after much equally weather, a lunar rainbow; and one of the most perfect ever beheld, challenged observations, and induced multifarious questions and remarks, as it formed a semicircle in the north. Many persons were of opinion that it portended tempests, with an increase of rain; others, that it was but the harbinger of fine weather; some said, that it denoted great political events, and commotions in States; while a few were candid enough to confess, that they knew not what inference to draw from it, and that they believed its influence over the future, would bring to them and their connexions neither joy nor sorrow. In some measure to discover which were right, it may not be regarded as superfluous in us to observe, that of the phenomena termed meteors, there are three kinds,—the Igneous, the Aerial, and the Aqueous, each consisting of a transient mixt body, or resemblance of a body, formed out of the matter in the atmosphere

in which it floats. The Igneous involves the lightning, Aurora Borealis, ignis fatuus, and other fiery semblances;—the Aerial consists of flatulent and spirituous exhalations—such are winds, whirlwinds, and hurricanes; while the Aqueous are composed of vapours or watery particles, variously separated and condensed by heat and cold—and such are clouds, rainbows, hail, rain, snow, dew, and the like. The solar rainbow is frequently seen in a rainy sky, opposite the sun, by the refraction of his rays on the drops of falling rain; this rainbow never appears but where it rains in the sunshine; it may be produced artificially, by causing water to fall in a quick succession of small drops, like rain, through which the sun shining, will shew a bow to the beholder standing between the said drops and the solar orb. The moon will sometimes occasion a rainbow through similar means, but with colours, in general, less marked and distinct—hence the cause of that before alluded to. There are also marine rainbows, and such are produced by a turbulent sea, when the wind sweeping part of the tops of the waves carries them aloft, so that the sun's rays falling upon them, are refracted, and hence the effect. So much for rainbows and their prognostications.

The following are amongst the late fashionable arrivals; but until his Majesty causes it to be announced when he may be expected, the arrivals will not be numerous. Earl of Whitworth, Duchess of Dorset, Countess of Normanton, Hon. Miss de Grey, Lieut. Gen. Lightburne, Hon. E. Law, Baron Dalmer, Sir W. Adams and family, Hon. Mrs Fergusson, Hon. Mr. T. R. Curzon, Lieut.-Col. Shaw, Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald, Dowager Lady Galloway, Major Askew.

WORTHING.

A constant succession of wet weather for some time past, has had a tendency to put a material check upon all outdoor movements in the way of pleasure, as also, to thin the ranks of the summer company, and the Libraries and Theatre have consequently been the principal mustering points.

HASTINGS.

This place is now losing its summer visitors, but they are gradually succeeded by company who purpose passing the winter season there. The Libraries have closed their evening recreations—the Theatre, therefore, beyond the private circle of *haut ton* pleasures, only remains to challenge attention. The Right Hon. Lady Montgomerie bespoke “the School for Scandal,” and “a Rowland for an Oliver,” and the house was elegantly and numerously visited. Lord Bathurst and Miss Fitzgerald, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Parker, Sir William Ashburnham, Capt. Burgess, and other fashionables, gave brilliance and interest to the boxes. The late arrivals are Sir Eardly Wilmot, to Pelham Place; Lady Wilmot, in her progress hither, was detained, by indisposition, at Seven Oaks, where her Ladyship has since given birth to a son, and, we have the pleasure to add, is doing well; Lord and Lady R. Fitzgerald, from Tunbridge Wells, to East Hill; Lady Ashburnham, to Hastings House; and Lady Ongley, to York Buildings. Mrs. Camack has commenced her entertainments to her numerous friends, consisting of a ball, cards, &c., and which, as is usual with that much respected Lady when here, is to be repeated every Monday evening. Private entertainments are becoming *tonish*, with us, as must always be the case, the *publico bono* is desirably involved in them.

SOUTHSEA, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

The principal event of any interest here during the past

month, has been the visit of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence accompanied by Colonel Fitzclarence, and the Hon. Capt. Charles James Fox, for the purpose of H. R. H. seeing his daughter, the lady of the latter, embark on board his Majesty's ship *Cambrian*, for a passage to the Mediterranean. During his stay with the Commander in Chief Admiral Sir Geo. Martin, G. C. B. his Royal Highness went on board several of the ships of war, then lying at Spithead and in the Harbour, where he was received with proper honors—the whole of the Squadron firing Royal Salutes, and the crews manning the yards and cheering him as he past. His Royal Highness also visited the Promenade Rooms, and received marked attention from the company present: he expressed his delight at the grandeur and interest of the scenery by which they are surrounded, and was also pleased to give permission to the proprietor to name them the “Royal Clarence Promenade Rooms.”—these are now about to close for the season after having been frequented by more than double the number of Subscribers they were two years since. A Miss Willis, from the Italian Opera House and London Concerts, who possesses a fine and powerful voice, has greatly contributed to the pleasure of the company by her style of singing many of the best Italian and English songs as well as her bold and rapid execution on the Piano-forte.

MARGATE.

This place has fallen with the fall of the leaf; many of the bathing machines are laid up for the winter, most of the *magazins de mode* are closed; the Jewish Boulevards are about to take their flight to Duke's-place, and the *dépôts* of smuggled French silks to Spitalfields; the brilliant illuminations of the Libraries are no longer eclipsed by female beauty, and the sprightly reigns of *Pam* and the *Dias* are no more.

An elopement has taken place from here which has plunged a respectable family into extreme distress. The seducer is a married man, and resided in the vicinity of Thames-Street. The young lady, who is not more than sixteen years of age, came also from London, and resided with part of her family in Queen-Street, adjoining Cecil-square. The parties became acquainted last season when on a visit to Margate, at one of the public breakfasts at St. Peter's, where they danced together. On their arrival here this season, the young lady was unfortunately permitted to take occasional airings with her gallant in a single horse chaise. The last time he drove her out, they were anxiously expected for several hours; on enquiry at the Royal Hotel, where the gentleman lodged, they found that he had left it, and that his trunk had been removed. On further enquiry, they ascertained that the parties, after having driven home the chaise, had hired a boat, remained on the water till the arrival of the Calais steam packet, and then embarked for France. The young lady's father and mother immediately left Margate in pursuit of the runaways, but the other part of the family still remain there.

A handsome cast-iron archway, surmounted by a gas light, has just been placed up at the entrance to the new jetty, with the following inscription: “Jarvis's Landing Place, 1824.” For what reason, Mr. Jarvis, who is a surgeon and apothecary here, is thus distinguished, it is not easy to divine, but the name thus emblazoned will probably remain until the landing of Royalty on the jetty, or of some more dignified professor of the pestle and mortar.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND ;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSE OF THEIR ELEVATION.

VI.—English Dukes.

BEAUCLERC DUKE OF ST. ALBANS.

Who has not heard of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn, the founder of this noble family? without exception, the most lovely, and we will venture to say, in spite of the disadvantages of her birth, education, and profession,* the best, and most amiable of all the female favourites of Charles II. She had an abundant share of natural understanding and good sense, and never evinced that rapacity and ambition so evident in her rivals; the generous king rewarded her for her forbearance, and naming her first son, after himself, Charles, he created him first Duke of St. Albans; bestowing also on him the surname of Beauclerc. He was first created Baron of Heddington† in the county of Oxford, and Earl of Burford in the same county; and advanced to the style and title of the Duke of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, on the 10th of January, 1683. After the accession of King James II. his Grace was appointed to the command of a regiment of horse, which regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Langston, was the first that joined the Prince of Orange after his landing. The Duke himself, at that time, was serving, by permission, in the Emperor's service, in Hungary, where, at the siege of Belgrade, he gave unexampled instances of valour. After his return to England, he made a campaign, in 1683, under King William, having joined the camp at Park, near Louvain, from whence, returning with his Majesty to England, he was appointed captain of the band of pensioners, and a lord of the bed chamber. In 1687 he was sent to compliment the French King on the Duke of Burgundy's marriage with Adelaide, the fascinating Princess of Savoy. On the accession of Queen Anne, a change in the ministry caused him to be dismissed from his post of Captain of the pensioners; but in 1714, he was restored by George I. His Grace died on the 11th of March, 1726, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had married on the 13th of April, 1684, Diana, daughter and sole heir to Aubrey de Vere, the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford of that family. By this lady, who was first lady of the bed chamber to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales, he had nine sons and three daughters; his eldest son Charles was second Duke of St. Al-

* That of an actress; a profession by no means then so reputable as the excellent conduct of our present female performers has now rendered it.

† The following circumstance has been handed down to us, that the early honours bestowed on that (then) very young nobleman, were occasioned by Mrs. Gwynn saying to her child, in the king's presence, "Come here you little bastard." Charles reproved her for the expression, on which the favourite said, "I have no other name to give him." The monarch, therefore, took the first opportunity of ennobling him.

bans; who, during the life of his father was called Earl of Burford. On the 13th of December, 1722, his Grace married Lucy, daughter of Sir John Werden, of Leighton, Cheshire; by her he had one son and a daughter; his son George succeeded him at his death, which took place in December, 1751; and this, the third Duke of St. Albans, married in 1794, Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Walter Roberts, of Glastonbury, Kent, Bart. Having no issue, his Grace was succeeded by *Aubrey*, Lord Vere, the fourth Duke, son of Vere, the third son of Charles, first Duke of St. Albans. This nobleman was born June 3rd, 1740, and was married May 4th, 1763, to Lady Catharine Ponsonby, daughter of William, Earl of Beborough. By her he had one daughter and two sons; the eldest, *Aubrey*, succeeded his father as fifth Duke of St. Albans, at his death, which took place on February 9th, 1802. His present Grace of St. Albans married Miss Carter Thelwall, of Redburn, in Lincolnshire, daughter and heiress of the late Reverend Robert Carter Thelwall, Rector of Broughton in that County, who died without issue, October 19th, 1797. His second wife was Miss Nelthorpe, only daughter of John Nelthorpe, Esq., of Lincolnshire, by whom he had several children. William, the present Duke, succeeded his nephew the late Duke, on the 19th of February, 1816; the Duchess of St. Albans died the 7th of January, 1822, and had issue, William Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Burford, heir apparent, and other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Auspiciis melioris avi*.—A pledge of better times.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY.

BRavery of an Ancestor of the Duke of St. Albans.—Lord Aubrey Beauclerc was the youngest son of the first Duke of St. Albans, and grandson to Charles II. and Mrs. Eleanor Gwynn. He went early to sea, and was made a commander in 1731. In the year 1740 he was sent on that memorable expedition to Carthage, under the command of Admiral Vernon, in his Majesty's ship, the Prince Frederic, which, with three others were ordered to cannonade the castle of Bocca-Chica. One of these being obliged to quit her station, the Prince Frederic was exposed not only to the fire from the castle, but to that of Fort St. Joseph, and to two ships that guarded the mouth of the harbour, which he sustained for many hours that day, and part of the next, with uncommon intrepidity. As he was giving his commands upon deck both his legs were shot off; but such was his magnanimity, that he would not suffer his wounds to be dressed till he had communicated his orders to his first lieutenant, which were to fight his ship to the last extremity. Soon after this he gave some directions about his private affairs, and then resigned his soul with the dignity of a hero and a christian.

Thus was he taken off in the thirty-first year of his age, a pattern of fortitude and clemency; amiable in his person, steady in his affections, and polite, modest, candid, and benevolent.

SOME PARTICULARS IN THE LIFE OF MRS. ELEANOR GWYNN, BUT LITTLE KNOWN.—Various have been the memoirs published of this famous actress and favourite of

Charles II., the foundress, as she may be styled, of the St. Alban's family: the following particulars are taken from the writings of one who knew her in her profession, when living, and therefore deserve credit. It has been said that she was born in a cellar in the coal yard in Drury lane: the writer of these particulars does not absolutely deny that circumstance; her mother was a woman of very loose character, and given to violent drinking; it is probable, therefore, that she might separate from the father before Nelly was born: she was, however, the daughter of a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Though it is reported that she accompanied her mother through the streets, who sold fish, we do not think it likely; and we should rather imagine, that the father took his innocent child home; for she sold fruit at the play house before she became a performer, as may be proved by the following lines written on her by Lord Rochester, one of the greatest wits of the age:

"The orange basket her fair arm did suit,
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit,
This first step rais'd, to the wond'ring pit she sold
The lovely fruit, smiling with streaks of gold.
Fate now for her did its whole force engage,
And from the pit she mounted to the stage:
There in full lustre did her glories shine,
And long eclips'd, spread forth their light divine:
There, *Hart's** and *Rowley's*† soul she did ensnare,
And made a KING the rival to a player."

Ellen was always distinguished for a very ready wit; and in a court where such a qualification was particularly estimated, it is no wonder that she continued to charm, to the end of his days, the volatile taste of Charles II. Her shape was remarkably fine, and her foot was supposed to be the smallest of any woman's in England. It was in 1663 that she first joined the company of comedians in Drury lane, a few years after the opening of that house; having been strongly recommended to Messrs. Lacy and Hart, by a Mr. Duncan, a merchant, who had taken her under his protection. She made a conquest of the King, at first by her fine dancing, and fixed it by her humorous way of speaking an epilogue, written purposely for her. On her becoming the King's declared mistress, she was by no means lifted up, but sought only to please her royal master, to whom she ever behaved with the chaste fidelity of a wife. Some sharp satires were written on her, but they were dictated by envy, not by her unworthiness: Sir George Etherington prostituted his elegant style in vilifying her: but she troubled her head with no one, and never interfered in business not suited to her sex: if, as Lord Shaftesbury accused her, she was chargeable as the rest, she had, at the same time, more wit, spirit, and pleasantry, justice, charity, and generosity: she left all high and imperious airs to the other mistresses; she was always free and *dé-gagée*. There is a beautiful picture of her, still in being, that was taken by Sir Peter Lely; in our opinion she is the most captivating of all the King's ladies, though her hair is reddish: the copy in Mezzotinto of this picture, has too much *peneroso* in the countenance; it wants the colouring to give it that vivacity which always distinguished the original. She lived to a good old age, and died at her house

* A famous actor at that time.

† Perhaps the witty Lord meant the King; otherwise we know not who is meant by *Rowley*: it is certain that the name of *Old Rowley* was given as a *sobriquet* to Charles, from the circumstance of a song being parodied, concerning an old horse of that name.

in Pall Mall, in 1691: Mr. Pennant describes the house in his "London," as being the first good house in Pall Mall after passing St. Alban's-street. She had a very magnificent funeral, and was buried at the church of St. Martin's in the fields. Archbishop Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, but then vicar of St. Martin's, preached her funeral sermon, and spoke highly of her. Queen Mary, the wife of William III., always expressed herself as being convinced of Eleanor's sincere repentance for her former errors, the effect of circumstances, more than from naturally vicious inclination. Among her donations, she left a sum of money for a weekly entertainment to the ringers of St. Martin's; which we have been informed, though we cannot vouch for it as certain, they enjoy to this day.

VII.

OSBORNE, DUKE OF LEEDS.

THIS illustrious house may be reckoned among those of our nobility who have sprung from trade: the first of the family we find on record was Richard Osborne, a private gentleman of Kent, probably seated at Ashford in that county, because he has been thought by some to have descended from a John Osborne, whom we find in that place in the reign of Henry VI. However, it is a very doubtful point, as he did not bear the same arms as those now borne by the Duke of Leeds. Richard Osborne of Ashford married Jane, daughter of John Broughton, of Broughton in Westmoreland, Esq.: by her he had issue, three sons, of whom we have no account, except of the eldest, Edward; who, naturally inclined to an active and busy life, early discovered a propensity to trade: his father, therefore, placed him with Sir William Hewit, knight, of the cloth-worker's company, a merchant of great eminence, then residing on London Bridge, where, at that time, there were houses, the back apartments of which looked towards the Thames. The attention of the young man to business, joined to a sweet and docile disposition, soon obtained for him a high degree of favour from Sir William Hewit: when an accident of a very extraordinary nature afforded young Osborne an opportunity of laying his master under the greatest obligation. His only child, Anne, then about eight or nine years of age, by leaning too far out of a window which hung over the Thames, fell into it, and was almost miraculously preserved by the courage and presence of mind of Mr. Osborne, who, regardless of his own danger, immediately leaped into the river, and brought the young lady out safe. When she was of a proper age, her father bestowed her hand in marriage on her brave deliverer: and, on the death of his father-in-law, on the 21st January, 1566, he found himself one of his executors, and heir to a plentiful fortune. The above mentioned accident must have happened about the year 1551, as the young lady was born in 1543. This Edward Osborne was sheriff of London, and was Lord Mayor in 1583, at which time he received the honour of knighthood. He served in parliament for the city of London in the 28th year of Elizabeth, and dying in 1591, left issue, 1. Sir Henry Osborne, who, in 1590, attended the Earl of Essex into Ireland, and was knighted in the field, by the Earl, for his skill and valour. 2. Edward Osborne, who died a benchman in the Inner Temple, in 1625. 3. Anne. 4. Alice. 5. Jane. Sir Hewit Osborne, the eldest, who died in 1600, married Joyce, daughter of Thomas Fleetwood, Esq. of Buckinghamshire; by her he had a son and a daughter; Edward, the son, received the honour of knighthood in the 17th of James I.; and in the reign of Charles I., in 1629, he had the presidency of the north conferred on him; on the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1641, he com-

manded the royal forces. He married two wives, first, Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg; and by her had a son Edward, who was unfortunately killed by the falling of a stack of chimneys, at York Manor, where his father resided. The second wife of Sir Edward was Anne, relict of William Middleton of Stockeld, in Yorkshire, and daughter to Thomas Walmsley, Esq. of Dunkelhalgh, in Lancashire; by her he had two sons, who narrowly escaped the fate of their eldest brother, being on their way to his apartment, in the very next room when the chimneys fell. The eldest of these two sons was Thomas, first Duke of Leeds: scarce any nobleman ever experienced such vicissitudes in his political character than he did; after struggling with the envy and malice of his enemies for several years, he rose superior to calumny, and ended his days in peace and honour. During the exile of Charles II. he was an eminent royalist: after the restoration, the King appointed him treasurer of the navy, and in 1671 called him to the privy council. On the 15th of August, 1673, he was advanced to the degree of a baron of the realm, by the title of Viscount Latimer; he was soon after created Earl of Danby; and on the nineteenth of July, 1675, was created a peer of Scotland by the title of Viscount Dumbliin. That which crowned all the other merits of this noble lord, was his finding means in his high office, to satisfy hundreds of starving orphans and creditors, who had been ruined by the shutting up of the exchequer: but the commons were jealous of his interest with the King, and struck at him by drawing up an impeachment against him; they were, however, obliged to strike out so many articles, that it was found there was not sufficient cause for an impeachment. In order, however, to displace him, they resolved not to give the King any money while he continued in the office of treasurer. Nevertheless, the King would not abandon his favourite, and the commons were brought to grant a supply of three hundred thousand pounds, for the building of twenty ships of war. The next material transaction of a public nature this nobleman was engaged in, was the marriage of the Princess Mary to William, Prince of Orange. The King declared that his brother, the Duke of York, would never consent to this match, therefore, the Earl of Danby advised his Majesty to command it. Charles sent for his brother, and the Duke seemed much concerned at the King's request, and Charles simply said, "I desire it of you for my sake as well as your own;" on which the Duke consented. On the Prince's arrival, the King very obligingly said to him: *Nephew, it is not good for man to be alone; I will give you a help, meet for you!* The Duke with seeming heartiness gave his consent, also; politely adding, "Nephew, remember that love and war do not agree well together." In 1678, the popish rebellion of Titus Oates and others, which aimed at the King's life, the Earl of Danby, by virtue of his office, had to examine the ring-leaders, without being able to make any discovery: his Lordship thought, however, it was not only a plea for asking something of parliament, but that it might also give him an opportunity of ingratiating himself with his enemies, by bringing Oates's information before the commons. This incensed the King, who told the Earl he had given his enemies a handle to effect his ruin: this he found to be true. The Earl endeavoured all he could to bring the King out of those destructive measures, that he had been led into through the French interest. The Duchess of Portsmouth, the King's favorite mistress, at the head of a powerful party, did all in her power to lessen his reputation with his royal master: there wanted only a fair opportunity to accomplish it, which was by means of Ralph Montague, the English ambassador in France, who was the depository of many of the Earl's secrets. Montague had letters which he pro-

duced before the commons, who readily found sufficient articles for an impeachment, into which we can neither go nor to the Earl's defence. Fitzharris, a bigotted papist, was wrought on to accuse the Earl of Danby as one of the murderers of the unfortunate Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. But he afterwards retracted what he had said. In 1684, the Earl of Danby, who had lain some time in the Tower, was enlarged upon bail, and on petitioning the house of Lords, his bail was discharged. In concert with the Earl of Devonshire, this nobleman suggested to the Prince of Orange, the plan of England's glorious revolution, which was happily effected without bloodshed. When the government was settled, he was made Marquis of Caermarthen, on the 20th April, 1689; and on the 4th of May, 1694, he was created Duke of Leeds. He died July 26, 1712, aged eighty-one years; and we have been particular in our account of him, because he was one of the greatest statesmen, and most serviceable patriots that England ever knew. His Grace married Lady Bridget, second daughter of Montague, Earl of Lindsey: by her he had three sons and six daughters; Peregrine, his third son, succeeded him, as second Duke of Leeds. This nobleman was bred to the sea, and highly distinguished for his courage, as a naval officer. In the unfortunate expedition at Cameret he commanded seven men of war, and behaved with remarkable valour. His fire was so great, that he twice drove the French out of Cameret fort. In 1697, he was raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the white, and on the 11th of March 1702, was made Vice-Admiral of the red; in Queen Anne's reign, he continued to be an acting Admiral. He died on the 25th of June, 1729, and left, by his wife Bridget, only daughter and heir to Sir Thomas Hyde, Bart. of North Myms in Hertfordshire, two sons and two daughters; his eldest son died of the small-pox, and Peregrine Hyde, his other son, succeeded his father, as third Duke of Leeds. His first Lady was Elizabeth Harley, daughter to Robert, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by her he had issue, Thomas, who succeeded him in his honours. His second wife was Lady Anne Seymour, third daughter to Charles Duke of Somerset: she left a son who died in his infancy; his third wife was Juliana, daughter and co-heiress of Roger Hale, Esq. in Devonshire. His Grace died on the 9th of May, 1731, and was succeeded by Thomas, the fourth Duke of Leeds: he was born on the 6th of November, 1713; on the 26th of June, 1740, his Grace married Lady Mary, youngest of the two daughters of Francis, Earl of Godolphin, and by her, who died on the 3rd of August, 1764, had issue three sons and one daughter: the two elder sons died young, and Francis Godolphin, the 5th Duke succeeded his father; his Grace was born January 29, 1751. He married on the 1st of November, 1773, the beautiful Amelia d'Arcy, only surviving daughter, and sole heir of Robert, the fourth and last Earl of Holderness, whose marriage was dissolved by act of parliament, in May, 1779, and she re-married with John Byron Esq. who, after her death, by a second marriage, was father of the recently deceased noble poet, Lord Byron. By his first lady, from whom, as we mentioned above, he was divorced, his Grace had a son, George William Frederic, who succeeded him as the sixth and present Duke. The late Duke was an enthusiastic lover of music, and was one of the promoters of the Grand Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, still in the memory of many amateurs. He married again in October, 1788, Catharine,* daughter of

* This lady, whose correct and amiable conduct rendered her justly deserving of the high rank to which, from the daughter of a private gentleman, she had been raised, and whose accomplishments were not only useful, but splendid and ornamental; was much in favour with the late Queen

Thomas Anguish, Esq. late a master in chancery. The amiability of her person, character, and manners, with her unrivalled skill in music, caused her to gain a complete conquest over the heart and mind of this worthy nobleman, with whom she enjoyed uninterrupted felicity in the wedded state. By this lady his Grace had a son, named Sidney Godolphin, born December 16, 1789, and a daughter, Catherine, Anne, Sarah. His Grace died on the 31st January, 1799. The present Duke was married August 17, 1797 to Charlotte, daughter of George, first Marquis of Townsend, and has issue, Francis Godolphin d'Arcy, Marquis of Caermarthen, born May 21, 1798, and other children.

The motto of this noble family is, *Pax in bello*.—Peace in war.

TO ———

Yes, thou hast beauty, maiden dear!
Thy form is all of symmetry;
And thy blue eyes of love appear
A heaven, where heaven's own colours lie.

Thy forehead bears a grace divine;
Beauty's ownself thy cheek arrays,
And on that bosom soft of thine
A seraph might enamour'd gaze.

Yet, 'twas not this, nor all the charms
That in thee, as their centre dwell,
Which fill'd me with those strange alarms,
Whose sweetness all that love, can tell.

No—'twas the dear and matchless tone,
Which from thy lips did gently move,
That chain'd me with its sound alone.
And drown'd my conquer'd soul in love!

October, 1824.

Z. H.

THE MONASTERY OF OTROTCH,

A RUSSIAN TRADITION.

FROM the mouth of the Tverza may be seen, on an elevated situation, forming a most picturesque view, the ancient Monastery of Otrotch: this religious establishment owed its origin to hopeless love; and the following tradition concerning it, is related, and implicitly believed, by the Russians in that vicinity.

Grigor was an orphan of noble birth, and was educated at the court of Yaroslaw, the prince of Twer; he enjoyed the peculiar favour of his patron, and he was no less distinguished by his outward attractions than by his rank and fortune: he was able to select a bride from among the most beautiful and captivating daughters of the highest nobles, who would deem themselves peculiarly honoured by the offer of his hand. Grigor had arrived at that age when the passions are experienced in all their energy. At the court of Prince Yaroslaw, Love reigned triumphant: the sovereign, himself, sighed at the feet of the most

beautiful female amongst his subjects; while Grigor was the confidant of the tender weakness of his master. In the mean time not one among the many beauties attendant on the court, had yet captivated the heart of Grigor; but his fate was then preparing. In the village of Jedimonovo, over which his prince had appointed him governor, he first beheld the lovely Xenia, the daughter of a poor sexton. Conformable to the ancient custom of Russia, this beautiful village maiden went to bathe in the Tverza with several of her companions. After they had, in a retired spot, divested themselves of their clothing, they plunged into the limpid stream; while Xenia, who appeared incapable, from her timidity and delicacy, to enjoy this violent exertion, first put her feet gently into the water, and held, by the branch of a tree, as if loth to trust her whole person to the boisterous element. Grigor, having wandered out of his way, passed by just at that interesting moment: he averted his looks from the young bathers, and passed rapidly on; but he had seen Xenia; and to see and love her was the effect of a moment. He soon after offered her his heart and hand, and the prince, incapable of refusing any request of his favourite, readily gave his consent to the marriage. Great preparations were made for the approaching wedding, and every thing was conducted in the most princely and magnificent style: the hut of the sexton, handsomely decorated, was transformed into the nuptial apartment; and the ringing of bells called the happy couple, to plight their faith at the foot of the altar. With a wax-taper in her hand, Xenia, led by her father, advanced with solemn step towards the sacred temple, where she was about to vow eternal fealty to her husband. On a sudden the crowd dispersed, and the Prince Yaroslaw made his appearance; his falcon having alighted on the cross of the church steeple, as the prince was taking his diversion of hawking, was the cause of his directing his steps to the village of Jedimonovo: he had seen the villagers in all their holiday clothes, and he, therefore, hastened to the church; guessing what was going on, he felt desirous of gracing the festival of his favourite by his presence.

Xenia lifted up her charming eyes, and a sudden blush suffused itself over her cheek, while her hand fell from that of Grigor. The prince cast on her a look, that in a moment expressed astonishment, admiration, awe, with all the intoxication of a new born passion. Subdued by the powerful influence of the attractions diffused over the whole person of this youthful maiden, he approached her, he seized her hand, yet trembling from Grigor's pressure, and making a cruel abuse of that respect and silence his high state inspired, he asked her if she would there swear to him eternal faith and love? To a female who had really loved another, the answer to such a question is not difficult to be imagined; but had sufficient time elapsed for Xenia to love Grigor? or rather had

Charlotte, to whose grand-daughter, the ever lamented and illustrious Princess Charlotte of Wales, she was appointed governess after the resignation of her predecessor in that most honourable office.

not that young noble taken advantage of the gifts of wealth and rank to draw from her that consent to which her heart was a stranger! The Russian historian has not entered into these nice distinctions; he has only simply related the result of this extraordinary scene. Intimidated, or deluded by the prince's magnificence, whether the victim of force or perfidy, it matters not; Xenia suffered herself to be led to the altar by the Prince! A priest united them by indissoluble bonds, and, in the midst of the joyous acclamations of the multitude, Yaroslav conducted his beautiful bride to the capital of his sovereignty. The unhappy Grigor, after this overwhelming blow, remained sometime motionless, a wretched spectator of this unforeseen misfortune: if love appeared to arm his hand with the sword of vengeance, his gratitude and fidelity to his benefactor withheld his hand, and prevented his giving way to his just indignation. Indeed, no one thought of him; his friends, who had accompanied him, to celebrate his wedding, now flocked round the prince, and he was followed only by a few of the lower order of people, who looked on him with pity. He concealed himself among the crowd, he changed his nuptial garments for those of a peasant, and the thick embowering forests became the retreat of the wretched Grigor. Sleeping in savage dens, and seated, in the day time, on the summit of a rock, he looked forward to a premature death, as the end of his sorrows; his grief was poignant, as it was irremediable. As for Yaroslav, when the first intoxication of rapture was over, he deeply reflected on his tyrannic conduct; he felt, as it but too often happens to despotic monarchs, regret and bitter sorrow for the past, when it was too late. He recalled to his tortured memory the favourite whom he had so cruelly sacrificed. Sometimes he would offer a great reward to any one who would bring Grigor before him; at others, with only a feebly escort, he would, himself traverse forests and deserts, in search of the miserable youth; but it was all in vain; and it was generally believed that Grigor was numbered with the dead. The courtiers essayed all in their power to divert the thoughts of their young prince from this mournful subject; and perhaps, their efforts might have been crowned with success, had not, one day, Yaroslav, accompanied by Xenia, gone to follow the sports of the chase, in the environs of Jedimonovo, the place so dear in their heart's remembrance: here, the Prince's falcon again placed itself on the cross of the church steeple, and would not, as before, be lured away. They entered the village, and approached the rustic temple. On the steps of the church a pilgrim lay prostrate; his eyes fixed on heaven, he perceived not the crowd that surrounded him; but no sooner had his pale and haggard countenance struck the sight of the princess, than she fainted in the arms of her husband, and, from her quivering lips escaped the name of *Grigor*! It was, indeed, that unhappy

man, who had been supplicating heaven to end his sorrows: he already felt his soul as if separating from the body, and taking its flight to a happier world. One look from Xenia restored him, against his will, to life: he looked up, and he saw the light of day, with regret. Yaroslav offered Grigor all that repentance had to offer: but could that heal a heart so deeply wounded? The unhappy victim refused all the honours and treasures which the prince was anxious to heap upon him; and asked only, as a last favour, to be allowed to build a cell near the conflux of the Tverza. After having selected as a companion a sensible anchoress, Grigor shut himself up in this lonesome cell, where he past the remnant of his short life in the exercise of a piety the most austere. Yaroslav built over his grave, the MONASTERY OF OTKOTCH; but neither stone nor inscription marks the spot where Grigor lies buried. V.

KONISMARK, KHAN OF TARTARY.

YOUNG persons who are about to enter into life, ought to collect with the utmost exactness every necessary provision that they may stand in need of, and cannot too closely imitate those navigators, who wisely ship an ample store of food, fearing to pay dear for their negligence, if they should be in want ere the end of their voyage. May my readers fully appreciate the moral of the tale!

Konismark, Khan of Tartary, being on a journey with several lords of his court, met a Dervise who cried aloud: "I will give a piece of good advice to whomsoever will give me one hundred pieces of gold."—Konismark, who was much struck by the words of this singular salesman, stopped, and ordered his attendants to count out the required sum: upon which the Dervise said to him, "*My advice is, never to begin any undertaking, until you have well considered the end of it.*" The courtiers no sooner heard this simple counsel than they began to laugh, and utter a thousand pleasantries upon the Dervise, whom they considered to be too well paid for such trivial advice; but the King was so fully satisfied with it, that he commanded the words should be engraved upon every ornament, and every wall of his Palace. A short time after this, some disturbances having taken place in the kingdom, his Majesty's surgeon was suborned by the rebels; who formed the project of destroying his master, by means of a poisoned lancet, whenever the occasion for bleeding him, should occur.—A day arrived for that operation to be performed: already the bandage was tied around his arm—already the fatal lancet was in the hand of the surgeon—when casting his eyes upon the basin which he held, this chief traitor, read the inscription—"*Never begin any undertaking until you have well considered the end of it.*"—At the sight of these words, the surgeon turned pale, and trembling, let the lancet fall to the ground.—Astonished at his confusion

Konismark enquired the cause of it: when the culprit, throwing himself at his feet, confessed the whole plan of the conspirators. They were all immediately seized and preparations made for their execution. At this moment the Dervise appeared, and laying before the King, the hundred pieces of gold which he had paid him, for that wise maxim that had saved his life, knelt, and humbly besought his Majesty to spare those guilty men.—Konismark equally generous and prudent, granted his request, and raised the Dervise to the most exalted dignities. The courtiers then, who had despised the wise man's advice, instantly surrounded and congratulated him: but with the utmost modesty and diffidence he accepted the King's favour, continuing ever to be his truest friend and his best counsellor.—The people, in their turn, looked upon the Dervise as their benefactor; considering that the man could not be held in *too great esteem*, whose wisdom had saved the life of a KING!

THE HISTORY OF A PIN,

FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF A FANCIFUL
FEMALE COUSIN.

I WAS once acquainted with a very good sort of a *pin*, with whose society I was much better pleased, after I discovered all its worth; it never left me an instant; and often, after having passed the evening with people who had the reputation of being very witty, I was surprised, on my arrival at home, to find more rationality and justice in the pin's observations, than in all the past discourse put together.

I begged of her, one day, to recount to me the events of her life; this queer request set her a laughing; but as she has a great partiality for me, besides being naturally very communicative, she was not long in complying.

"You will see," said she, "that I owe all my safety to chance. When I recollect the little box wherein I was placed, on my entrance into the world, I yet feel a painful weight at my heart. Happy for me, were those concurring circumstances that caused me to fall into your hands; but nothing could be more simple. From the little box, which I just mentioned to you, I passed to the toilet of Rose: where after having enjoyed for some time the pleasure of admiring her grace and youthful bloom, I was one day picked out from among my numerous sisters to fasten together the most charming of all fashions. Rose sat down to her writing desk; she wrote; her complexion became more animated, a tear glistened in her eye, her hand shook. Poor little girl! How often she looked towards the door! She appeared in haste; she folded up her note in a hurry; hunted about, in vain, for a wafer; and, in her impatience, I saw her blush yet deeper; she was quite in a bustle; at length, stopping on a sudden, she put her hand upon me,

and with a smile of mingled archness and sentiment, she took me from the *sichu* to place me on the letter. She then slipped it into a roll of music, which was closed up with care; she cast one glance at her mirror, and after having put on as calm a look as possible, she slowly descended, and put all into the hands of a servant who stood waiting in the hall. It was in this way I arrived at the dwelling of Victor. The letter was read over and over again; covered with kisses; then folded up again, and it was then that he perceived me. In his transport, the idea of Rose appeared to him as ingenious, as it was delightful; he took out a diamond shirt pin that he wore, and I modestly took its place. That very evening he met his beloved at a brilliant party; he approached her, she perceived me, and a look full of soft emotion put the finishing stroke to Victor's rapture, and completely turned his head. When he went home, he carefully took me out, and, in spite of my aversion to boxes, he shut me up in another of those prisons, where I found a nosegay of dead flowers, a lock of hair and an old green ribbon. I remained some time in this sentimental society, where I was more weary than I can describe. At length, one day, my prison was suddenly opened, and I saw my companions thrown into the fire. Victor, his eye darting rage and indignation, seized hold of me: "Accursed pin!" cried he, as he beheld me, "it is thou who hast been the cause of all I suffer." He endeavoured to smile, but could not; he threw me into a corner, took his hat, and went out in haste.

The attentive chambermaid arrived soon after: she picked me up, stuck me on one side of her corset, and walked quietly down with her broom in her hand. A fine lady came up just at that very instant; and appeared much hurried. She had a pretty little foot, but she had very awkwardly caught it in the new trimming on her dress: "My good woman," said she, "have you a pin you can give me?" "At your service, Madam," and behold me sustaining a part of the frail and elegant ornament at the border of a dress belonging to a Lady of honour; Madam B. went to call on one of her intimate acquaintance; the conversation was very animated; I never heard so much without once speaking. At the end of a quarter of an hour, they separated with deep regret, and Madam B., throwing herself back in her carriage, yawned in the most expressive manner.

When she arrived home, the unfortunate dress was put under the care of her waiting woman, who took me out to examine the fracture. I remained then on a very pretty pincushion, where I felt comfortable enough, when a young person, about sixteen or seventeen years old, adorned with the charms of candour and modesty, entered timidly, with her work in her hand. "Ah! my dear Emilia, I am sorry to send you back so soon! I promised your father to keep you a whole day; but we have company to dinner, and that will only weary you, you will not know

what to do with yourself. How happy you are, my dear child, to live still in retirement, a stranger to those duties society demands, and which I find so troublesome; how happy should I be to be freed from them!" I know not how Emilia was persuaded of the truth of her mother's assertion; but she soon prepared for her departure; and the carriage being yet at the door, I soon arrived with her at the boarding school, where she was educated. I compared the affectionate embrace of her instructress with the cold kiss which she had received from her mother. I saw her young companions flocking round her, and on her sweet face I beheld a pure delight take place of that anxiety which had for an instant darkened it. I remained but a short time in this house; and I always remember it with pleasure. She who presided over it was an angel of goodness; she united to a well cultivated and superior mind, the most simple and artless manners, which are particularly pleasing in persons whose superiority we are obliged to acknowledge, because they seem to endeavour to conceal it. The superior seldom quitted her children, for so she always called her pupils; she was tenderly beloved by them, and they all strove who should most please her: scarcely had I arrived in this asylum of innocence and peace, when I saw a person make his appearance, who did not appear at all in unison with the other objects by which I was surrounded: it was the physician of the house, a tall, lean man, whose countenance was very much against him. After a short visit, and some insignificant advice, given with much importance, he was going away, when our amiable preceptress reminded him of the care she had desired him to take of an indigent family whom she wished to assist in every possible way. "Ten thousand pardons, Madam, but I am so occupied! I have not a moment to myself; the season has been so bad, every body suffers. Would you believe that I have, at this moment, at least twenty sick persons that are impatiently waiting for me!" "Good Heaven! Sir, why did not you tell me sooner? I should be miserable at keeping you a minute."—"If I might make so bold, said Emilia, coming forward; these wretched people are also waiting"—and she presented me to the Doctor, whose habits she was acquainted with, who stuck me, with a smile, upon his sleeve. He came to visit you the same day; I had the good fortune to attract your attention; you took me off, playfully, with that grace which is so peculiar to you; and it was thus I found the most precious good in this world,—A real friend!"

BURNS, SCALDS.—A Correspondent writes, that having lately scalded his hand to such a degree, that the back and fingers were covered with blisters—by applying common writing ink, he was almost instantly relieved from pain; and suffered nothing more after than the inconvenience of keeping the blisters from breaking, for three days, until the new skin was sufficiently formed.

MISFORTUNES ATTENDING AWKWARDNESS, OR ACCIDENT UPON ACCIDENT.

I EXIST under a peculiar kind of misfortune, which, I fear, will, in the end, compel me to renounce that society in which I feel an anxious desire to mingle: but I will inform you of my origin, and my present situation, whereby you may judge of the difficulties, which I have to get over.

My father was a farmer, and rather a fortunate one; but without any other instruction than that which he had received at a charity school; my mother being dead, he resolved to bestow on me a brilliant education, in hopes of rendering me happy. I was sent to a latin provincial school, and from thence to the university. I intended to have taken holy orders; having but a very small allowance from my father, and not wishing any longer to be burthensome to him, I was not long in forming this determination.

I must inform you, that I am tall and thin, that I have a fine complexion, with hair of a light flaxen; and that I have such a susceptibility of shame, that the smallest cause for confusion, makes the blood fly up to my face, and I look like a full blown damask rose. It is from an inward feeling of this unfortunate defect, that renders me so fond of a college life.

I, therefore, took a few pupils, and remained at the university. Already I congratulated myself on my resolution, when two unexpected events changed the posture of my affairs: the death of my father, and the arrival of one of my uncles from America.

I wept for the loss of my father, whom I both loved and revered. As for my uncle, I had long thought him dead; when, behold, he disembarked in England a week too late to close the eyes of his brother. My uncle was but little affected by this misfortune; besides his having been separated from my father, for thirty years, the great fortune of thirty thousand pounds, that he had acquired at sea, took up all his thoughts; he founded all his happiness, and built all his hopes on this fortune, laid plans of pomp and pleasure, to enjoy it; when he was cut off, by a short illness, leaving me heir to all his wealth.

Behold me, then, at the age of twenty-five, well versed in mathematics; a thorough greek and latin scholar; immensely rich, but, unfortunately, so awkward, and so little accustomed to the graces and manners of a gentleman, that I was named the *rich and learned rustic*.

You must know that I have lately purchased an estate. In spite of my origin, and my want of the usages of society, mine was very much courted by some very distinguished families in the county I inhabit, and I was especially sought after by those who had daughters to marry. I have received from my neighbours the most friendly invitations, but, notwithstanding the desire that I may have had to avail myself of their politeness, I have often sent my

excuses, under pretence of not feeling yet sufficiently settled.

At length, I conquered my timidity, and about three days ago, I accepted an invitation from one whose frank and agreeable manners led me to expect a cordial reception.

Sir Henry Meanwell lived about two miles from my dwelling; he had a wife and three daughters, all residing at home.

Conscious of the awkwardness of my gait, I had, for some time before, taken private lessons of a dancing master; and though at the beginning, I should have found numerous difficulties in the art he was teaching me, thanks to my knowledge of mathematics, I knew perfectly well how to keep my equilibrium, and the posture suitable to the centre of gravity in the fifth position.

Knowing then how to make a bow, I doubted not but this new talent would make me quite intrepid in the presence of the ladies; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when they are not sustained by the habits of practice! As I drew near the mansion, the sound of a bell gave me a kind of terror; I thought I had kept dinner waiting. Impressed with this idea, when I heard my name repeated by the different livery servants, as they conducted me to the library, my face was all on fire.

When I entered, I recovered my courage; and made the last new bow I had learnt, to lady Meanwell; but, unfortunately, as I drew my left foot back, into the third position, I trod on the gouty great toe of poor Sir Henry, who had followed to introduce his family to me. My confusion increased, and I know not what would have become of me, when the politeness of the Baronet dissipated my embarrassment; I was even surprised to see how good breeding will make a person conceal his pain, and appear perfectly tranquil after such an accident.

It was not long before the gaiety of the Baronet's lady, and the sprightly conversation of her daughters, made me throw off my reserve; I joined in the conversation, and started subjects to prolong it.

The library was richly ornamented with books most elegantly bound; I found that Sir Henry was a literary man, and I hazarded my opinions on the different editions of the greek classics. That of the Baronet exactly coincided with mine. I was led to this subject by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes; which greatly excited my curiosity.

I rose to examine what this might be; Sir Henry perceived it; and supposing that he wished to spare me the trouble of taking down the book, I darted forwards, and hastily putting my hand on the first volume, I drew it out with force; when, immediately a piece of wood covered with leather and gilding, to represent sixteen volumes, fell with a violent crash, threw down the inkstand on the bureau, and caused the ink to run from the table over the Tur-

key carpet. In vain Sir Henry assured me there was no harm done; my confusion was at its height, and I essayed to wipe up the ink which kept running about. In the midst of this confusion, a servant came to announce dinner.

As I crossed the hall, and the different apartments leading to the dining parlour, I had time to collect my scattered thoughts. I was desired to place myself between lady Meanwell, and her eldest daughter.

Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been in a flame. I began to feel calmer, when a new accident made me blush again.

Having put my plate too near the corner of the table, as I was bowing to the sister-in-law of Sir Henry who politely praised my manners, I overturned my plate of scalding soup into my lap. In spite of the speedy aid of napkins to wipe it off from the surface of my clothes, those called *small*, of black silk, were not thick enough to preserve me from the painful effects of my awkwardness, and for many minutes, my legs were in agony; but calling to my mind how Sir Henry had concealed his pain, I supported mine in silence, and I sat, with my scalded legs, in the midst of the stifled laughter of the ladies and the servants.

However, the first course passed off pretty well, and I began to congratulate myself on my address, when new disasters fell upon me, and entirely overwhelmed me.

We had almost finished the second course; I had a piece of excellent pudding on my fork, when, suddenly, Miss Louisa Meanwell begged me to help her to some pigeon; in haste to obey her, I put the piece of burning pudding into my mouth. In vain I sought to hide my agony, my eyes seemed bursting from their orbits. At last, not being able to endure it any longer, I was obliged to get rid of the cause of my torment, by dislodging it from my mouth.

Sir Thomas and the ladies pitied my sufferings, and, as it always happens on such occasions, every one proposed a remedy: one recommended oil, another water; at length, they all agreed that wine was the best to take away the inflammation.

A glass of sherry was brought from the side-board; I hastily seized it.—But, O Heavens! how shall I relate the rest?.....

Whether the butler was deceived, or whether he did it with the design of making me drunk, but the pretended sherry was brandy, of which I had taken a mouthful.

What could I do? my tongue, my throat and my palate were burnt to the quick! I could not possibly swallow it; and putting my hand tight across my mouth, the confounded liquor spouted out, in spite of all I could do, like a fountain, over all the dishes; I rested petrified by the immoderate laughter that now prevailed. In vain Sir Henry scolded his servants; in vain Lady Meanwell reprimanded her daughters; in vain the rest of the company screwed

up their mouths, to hide their laughter; all their efforts were unsuccessful; but, *alás!* the measure of my shame and their mockery was not yet full.

To assuage a little the insufferable state of transpiration into which this accident had thrown me, not regarding what I was about, I wiped my face with the fatal handkerchief that was yet wet with the fall of Xenophon, and I covered my visage with stripes of ink, in every direction.

The Baronet, himself, could not stand this, but joined the ladies in the general laugh.

For my part I rose from the table in a state of despair, and flew from the house, as if I had committed some atrocious crime. When I arrived home, I wrote an account of all that befel me on this fatal day. Thus, without having deviated in any one point from moral rectitude, I have suffered unheard of mortifications. My legs were scalded, my tongue and mouth burnt, and I carry on my forehead the marks of Xenophon in wood. But what are these trifles in comparison with that eternal shame that I shall experience every time this adventure will be told in my presence? May those who hear it, apply it to themselves, that they may avoid those inconveniences attached to a too great timidity, and pity those who have had the fatal experience of it! Too much confidence is blameable; there is a line to be drawn, which we should never go beyond. My readers shall never know the name of him who gives them this lesson; I wished to make it public, but dare not: *one appellation*, however, will be found to suit me, which is that of

A VERY AWKWARD MAN.

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN FRANCE, AND OF EXPENSIVE BINDINGS.

THE Gauls were indebted to the colony of Marseilles and to the conquests achieved by the Romans for the introduction of greek and latin literature.—In the eighth century, the destruction of libraries plunged the ancestors of the French in ignorance; but after the defeat of the Saracens, they wrote to Rome, to London and Dublin, and obtained the communication of some manuscripts which they hastened to copy.—During the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, they were incessantly copying in the different monasteries.—Saint Louis, on his return from Palestine, caused to be copied, at his own expence, all the good books that were to be found in the abbeys, and had them brought together into the library of the Holy Chapel, belonging to his palace; and he willingly granted to the studious, the privilege of coming to read there. Queen Margaret, his wife, Philip their eldest son, and Thibault King of Navarre, their son-in-law, took part in the King's designs.

In the 14th century, the *Historical Mirror*, written by Vincent de Beauvais, was translated into french

by order, and for the use of Jane of Burgundy, first wife to Philip de Valois.

Charles V. following the example of Saint Louis, established a public library at the Louvre: the tower that contained it was called the library. This prince always retained about him John of Bruges, a famous miniature painter.

A book that was correctly written was regarded as a treasure, and left as an heir boon to descendants or to some public establishment, and was sold by contract like an estate or a mansion. A contract, before a notary, was past in 1392, between Geoffry de St. Leger, librarian, and Gerard de Montargis, the King's advocate in parliament, for a book on the customs of Paris. Lantimor of Gisors gave the manuscripts of the *Pilgrimage of Human Life*, to the Hotel Dieu at Paris.

The ornaments on manuscripts began by initial letters, beautified with red flourishes; and next the letters were all red. They then wrote in letters of gold, and to the gold were added vignettes, and different subjects painted on vellum. The volumes thus ornamented were very attractive, and excited curiosity, not only by the whimsicality of their ornaments, but because the miniature represented the architecture, the furniture, and the dress of the times.

The learned Greeks, who, after the taking of Constantinople, in 1453, had sought refuge in Italy, contributed much to ameliorate the state of learning and of human knowledge. Another yet more powerful cause, was the invention of printing.

Louis XI. towards the year 1462, gave to Nicolas Jenson, engraver to the Mint at Paris, an order to go to Mayence to study the process of this new-born art.

Paris began by the publication of the historian *Florus* in 1469. Three workmen had been taken from Mayence and had set up a press at Paris; and the first book printed there, in french, was by Peter Caron, in 1474.

As all interesting matters were only treated of in latin, the most famous printers of that time, were not employed in printing french books. The first that made himself remarked was Verard. His large capital letters and those at the beginning of every book were, as in the ancient manuscripts, flourished over in such a way as to represent the visages of different kinds of animals.

They continued, after the invention of printing, to make miniatures, but they took less pains with them, because the engravings supplied their place.

Manuscripts not being used any otherwise than as copies for printing or for general correspondence, the art of writing was neglected. A square and angular kind of hand-writing was substituted for round and well joined letters, which was more expeditious and less difficult than those that were symetrical and detached.

Those manuscripts that were bound in the twelfth

and thirteenth centuries, may give some idea of the origin of binding. The gilding was confined to the title; the cover of oak wood, supplied the place of the present materials; every corner was ornamented with a plate of copper; and there were always clasps to keep the inside of the book from dust. The binder often placed little nails or studs, and embossments on the plates; there were also roulettes to the volumes that were large, to keep the binding from rubbing against the table.

Almost all the bindings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were of brown calf, or of velvet satin, and shagreen. Some were enriched with thin plates of silver, others with incrustations in ivory. We read in the *Sealigerana*: "My grand-mother had a psalter, the thick cover of which formed a little closet, in which was contained a silver crucifix."

The binding of the books in the library belonging to Henry II. is attributed to a workman named Gascon; it is supposed that he worked for the wealthy amateur, Grollier. This financier had been ambassador to the court of Rome under Francis I. His library, composed of about three thousand volumes, was sold by public auction. Vigneul Marville, who had profited by the wreck, says, that there was nothing wanting either for the fineness of the paper, or the neatness and beauty of the binding. The compartments were painted with divers colours; and on the first side of the cover were seen, in letters of gold, the title of the book, and the name of its owner; on the other a device. The title of the book was also on the back; for books then began to be vertically arranged on shelves. When the french librarians take a catalogue of books in a great library, they never fail to mention the bindings *à la Grollier*.

Desseuil succeeded Gascon, whose bindings are as elegant as they are solid: except in elasticity, these old bindings are worth more than those that are modern. The compartments in gold are more perfect and more regular.

The finest bindings now are in morocco, calf or or russian leather, watered; they are enriched with vignettes and gold mosaic. The various ways of colouring the calf-skin, such as marble, calf, jasper, porphyry, &c. &c. are many. Sometimes binding in morocco is lined with a different colour, in tabby, watered silk, or satin, and enriched with a border.

Some amateurs are at great expence in the binding of the works that compose their libraries. They have landscapes painted on the edges, before they are gilt. At first sight, the gilding only is visible; but reclining a little to the edge, as in opening the book, the gilding seems imperceptible, and only the subject that is painted is to be seen.

THE CACHOETHES SCRIBENDI.

THIS disease, though its history and symptoms may be traced as far back as the invention of writing,

when the laminæ of different barks, the leaves of divers trees, and the pointed stylus of wood or metal, were employed as the media of communication between mind and mind, ere the modern discovery of pens, ink, and paper, were adapted to that end; yet, though I have been indefatigable in my researches among the works of physicians, both ancient and modern, I have never yet seen its description in any treatise on nosology. Though every complaint both mental and bodily "that flesh is heir to," has been minutely treated, and the causes, symptoms, and cure, elaborately discussed; yet this most inveterate, universal, and contagious malady, has been passed over in silence. The impudent host of quacks, whose poisonous nostrums, together with their ignorance, have consigned more suffering mortals to their parent dust than the diseases which they affected to cure; yet, strange to say, none of these have ever attempted to eradicate, "with ease and safety," this formidable and spreading evil, whose insidious character is so conspicuous, and whose symptoms are so self-evident, nay more, whose prevalence would have insured immortal honour and inexhaustible riches to the fortunate projector of a specific.

From the total apathy displayed by the M. D.'s, both empiric and regular, I was induced to take the glorious, and yet unheard of, task of examining this formidable and pestilential epidemic. In this patriotic endeavour, I am most happy to say, my efforts, laborious, fatiguing, and dangerous as they have been, are crowned with the most unexpected and brilliant success. Yes, Mr. Editor, I have been the individual who, in contempt of the ridicule with which I have been assailed by authors, booksellers, and readers, have visited many hopeless cases of this disease; cases, Sir, which, from the violence of the symptoms, and the alarming stage of the complaint, would have been treated as insanity, and the patient condemned to the rigours of a straight waistcoat, and placed in the Lunatic Asylum in St. George's Fields, or some other receptacle for incurable and dangerous maniacs.

Far from being one of those who lock up their discoveries in the healing art in impenetrable secrecy, or conceal them from vulgar eyes with unintelligible jargon and inexplicable hieroglyphics, mine, Sir, is the patriotic motto "PRO BONO PUBLICO," and in obedience to its estimation, I shall proceed to lay before your readers a few of those alarming cases which have fallen under my notice, and the remedies I prescribed with success in each, as well as the infallible specific to which my researches have led, and by the gratuitous publication of which, I expect to reap a deathless fame in ages yet unborn, which is all the reward a patriot should seek when he confers an invaluable benefit on his country.

CASE 1.—*Theophilus Scribble, critic and reviewer.* On being called to attend this patient, I found him

in a miserable garret in the neighbourhood of Pater-noster row, seated on what had once been a chair, but whose delapidated seat had long since yielded to the weight and friction to which it had been un-remittingly exposed, and its place was supplied by a bulky folio, whose dark and substantial binding and fantastic embellishments bespoke it of early date in the 17th century. Before him stood a small deal table, on which appeared a heterogeneous mass of papers, filled with compositions both in prose and verse, together with sundry open volumes, whose leaves were scarred in the margin with a multitude of unknown characters, both in ink and pencil. The patient appeared in a state of high mental and bodily excitement; his pulse was 120, his eyes flashed with a maddening glare, he raved incoherently of editors, authors, and readers, on whom he discharged a volley of the most bitter execrations; his breath was extremely foul, and he was of an atrabilious habit. On enquiry, I found that he was a complete literary anthropophagus, and possessed an insatiable appetite for books of every kind, which he devoured with an alarming rapacity, that impeded the digestive powers and produced an irritability of mind, that vented itself without distinction on all those luckless authors who came under his lash. I was informed that he had been recently visited by some of the most eminent physicians, who had declared him insane, and strenuously recommended his confinement: but on a minute examination of the symptoms, I discovered that he was labouring under a severe attack of the Cachoethes Scribendi, which was aggravated by extreme penury. From his conversation, I gathered that he had been author of several learned but unsuccessful treatises on Political Economy, and after enduring "th' oppressor's wrong the proud man's contumely," and the rejection of the public, he became so much a prey to the Cachoethes Scribendi, that, in order to satisfy his depraved appetite, and glut his vengeance against what he termed the ingratitude of the public, he turned critic and reviewer, and was now starving on the scanty pittance allowed by a rapacious publisher.

This being a desperate case, I prescribed a complete change of regimen, forbidding him to touch those political dishes which he had fed on so voraciously, and substituted the substantial viands of history in their stead, and ordered him the following mixture to be taken every morning:

R Candour and Judgment a.....6 ounces.
 Benevolence.....4 drachms.
 Loyalty.....4 drachms.
 Good humour.....quan. suff.

By a perseverance in this treatment, I have happily succeeded in restoring my patient to tolerable health, though the complaint was of such long standing, that a perfect cure was not to be expected; but I soon

found him not only much more cheerful, but he informed me that he had concluded a most advantageous engagement to conduct the Historical department of a long established Tory Review.

CASE 2.—*Claudius Daggerwood, dramatist.* This patient, though equally afflicted with the former, was in different circumstances, and exhibited different symptoms. I found him seated in an elegant apartment, on the table of which lay a number of unfinished dramas, tragedies, comedies, and melo-dramas, part of which he was reading with great vehemence of voice and gesture. He raved of battles, murders, enchanters, and spectres, and quoted with rapture the works of Goethe and the Great Unknown, from whom he selected his materials. His admiration for all the horrors of *diables* appeared to know no bounds, he was subject to fits of delirium and somnambulism, during which he was reported to have done much mischief when fancying himself the hero of his drama.

In order to remove the morbid sensibility and diminish the irritation, I interdicted the stimulus of romance, and proposed the remodelling of Shakespear, pointing out the facility of turning his tragedies into melo-dramas with processions and equestrian tournaments, and his comedies into operas by the introduction of songs. The idea struck him as admirable, he immediately abandoned the study of romance, bought a splendid edition of Shakespear, and remodelled Anthony and Cleopatra into an equestrian melo-drama with Davis's stud, and introduced a grand aquatic scene, which was received with thunders of applause by an overflowing and admiring audience. He has since produced a very delightful opera formed on the Merry Wives of Windsor, which has met with the most brilliant success.

CASE 3.—*Gordon Graceful, poet.* This was one of the most singular and deplorable cases that has come under my notice. The patient had long been known and admired as one of the master spirits of the age, the force of his genius and the richness of his imagination were unrivalled, but alas! he at length became a victim to this fell disease, and when I visited him was far gone in its worst symptoms. He was engaged in the composition of an interminable poem, the hero of which was a compound of every vice that can disgrace humanity, and his adventures were made the vehicle of the most blasphemous impiety and the most scurrilous abuse. The influence of the complaint had induced the patient to associate himself with the most abandoned and profligate infidels, with whom he triumphed in ridiculing all that is held sacred in civilized society; and producing compositions that set the sober rules of criticism at defiance. The most powerful applications of reason were unavailing to stem the fury of the complaint, when the Greek cause struck his attention, the effect was instantaneous, the whole energy of his mighty mind was

bent upon their relief, and in becoming their champion, he transformed himself from a poet to a hero, his imagination dwelt on nothing but military glory and battles, sieges and victories were alone the theme of his discourse ; to this his time, his talents, and his fortune were devoted, and even the Cachoe-thes Scribendi was forgotten ; but to the grief of the brave patriots in whose cause he had thus magnanimously engaged, his course was arrested by the hand of death, and left me no opportunity of recording more than the symptoms of his disease, and the singular accident to which he owed his cure.

These, Sir, are a few of those numerous cases that have fallen under my view, of the causes of this malady of which I have generally foamed vanity and an overheated imagination to form the chief, these are rendered more or less active by the public taste in which the patient dwells, and to this I would, in great measure, ascribe the malignity of the disease, and in the purification of this consists the infallible specific that must be applied to its cure. This rests with the public themselves, and on them it must depend to restore it to that state of purity which fostered the healthy sons of literature during the last century, ere ingenious compilation was originality, impiety wit, scurrility satire and nonsense genius. When the public shall reform these abuses and reject the productions of their promoters, then will the scourge of the Cachoe-thes Scribendi vanish, and no more employment will remain for the talents of

A LITERARY M. D.

FRIENDSHIP'S VISIT.

Once Friendship a visit to earth had concerted,
And determined to fix her abode in the Heart ;
But she found the sweet tenement cold and deserted,
And the last kindly feeling about to depart.

At the gate of the lips fell Suspicion was seated,
And sternly enquired what her errand might be ;
And added, " So often the Heart has been cheated,
" That no visitor passes unquestioned by me."

Cried Friendship, " I wonder that you are selected
" For the station that Candour was wont to supply ;
" The care of that Heart must be surely neglected
" Which submits all its friends to be watched by a spy.

" I once was received with the warmest affection,
" And welcome'd with pleasure whenever I came ;
" The Heart may be certain of Friendship's protection,
" So do me the favour to mention my name."

Suspicion replied : " You look honest and steady,
" But of you amongst others I'm bid to beware ;
" For many have come with your title already,
" But they were Profession, Want, Folly, and Care."

Now Friendship recorded the favours she tendered,
The wholesome advice she so often bestowed ;
Till Suspicion convinced, the vain contest surrendered,
And without further scruple her passage allow'd.

Within she beheld a wild scene of confusion ;
Indeed she could scarce a known feature discern ;
Before her were spread the thick mists of delusion,
But feelings of Pity forbade her return.

A groupe of rude passions pass'd by her unheeded,
She distinguished their forms by their torches' red glare ;
To these a long train of pale phantoms succeeded,
Whom she knew to be Sorrow, Remorse and Despair.

In an inner apartment mild Conscience was seated,
Around her a pale lambent radiance still play'd ;
To this lonely spot she in silence retreated,
When her voice had been alighted, her counsels betray'd.

Said Friendship, " What failure of judgment or reason
" Could silence your voice, or your reign disobey ?
" Your power must have yielded to menace or treason,
" For till now the Heart always acknowledg'd your sway."

Cried Conscience, " Dear Friendship, when you were discarded,
" Pride called me intrusive, and thought me a spy ;
" He laughed at my warnings, my threats disregarded,
" And fix'd upon Cunning my place to supply."

" In vain Reason argued, by Flattery persuaded,
" She consented my wholesome restraints to resign ;
" From my throne she dismiss'd me, despised and degraded,
" And I soon found that Cunning was plac'd in my shrine."

Now Reason advanced, but Dejection and Sorrow
Had blighted her beauty and clouded her brow ;
And vainly she strove the expression to borrow
That virtue alone has the power to bestow.

Seeing Conscience she blush'd and was quickly retreating,
When Friendship restrain'd her and ask'd her the cause.
She timidly answer'd, " I dread such a meeting,
" When I calmly reflect on my breach of her laws."

" And you, dearest Friendship, I little expected
" A visit from one I have treated so ill ;
" But tho' your advice I so often rejected,
" I rejoice to observe you are true to me still."

" Believe me," said Friendship, " I grieve'd that Suspicion
" Was ever entrusted your Porter to be ;
" Or that Reason surrendered to Pride and Ambition,
" The regard that had once been bestow'd upon me."

Said Conscience, " Though Reason has long been secluded,
" Yet now you are come, she may hope for relief ;
" For when Pride had dominion, the Passions intruded,
" And brought in their train Disappointment and Grief."

Cried Friendship, " No longer let servile Submission,
" Acknowledge that Reason can stoop before Pride ;
" Or that Conscience can yield to the voice of Ambition,
" And throw her appointed dominion aside."

" Assert but your powers, and your presence shall banish,
" The traitors that now have the rule of the Heart ;
" At the firm voice of Reason the Passions shall vanish ;
" At the bright glance of Conscience, Suspicion depart."

As she spoke, around Conscience a brilliance descended,
Her eye shot a lustre that spoke her divine,
In her look stern reproof was with dignity blended,
As she summoned Suspicion his post to resign.

This traitor dismiss'd, at the firm voice of Reason,
Each tumultuous Passion was heard to depart ;
No longer was Friendship the victim of Treason,
But welcomed with joy to her home in the Heart.

SUMMARY OF WORKS OF MERIT.

A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair, from a widowed Wife.

The book is divided into two parts; the first containing councils to the Benedict; the last advice to the Wife.

We shall from this manual give to our male readers a lesson how they ought to behave (matrimonially).

A man, in the first instance, must ever hold in remembrance, that his wife has made great sacrifices to him; in short, has given up every thing for his sake! Grateful for this,—the maxims for his “general conduct” (*Whisper third*, p. 11) are, “Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions; and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and approbation; and the rationale of this is very conclusive, for there is in all “women (*Whisper continued*, p. 12) an intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event, that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice.”

“Have you any male acquaintance, whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities, or even the friendship, of any one, compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life—whose comfort you have sworn to attend to; and who has a right to demand, not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices if necessary?”

After having dismissed his old associates, a man (*Whisper*, p. 13) must give up every thing else in the universe, for which his beloved partner thinks fit to cry. “Words, looks, actions—all may be artificial, but a *tear* is unequivocal; it comes direct from the *heart*, and speaks at once the language of truth, nature, and sincerity! Be assured when you see a *tear* on her cheek, her heart is touched.”

The unhappy man, not to see her unhappy, and raining “woman’s weapons, water drops,” is bound to *give* in accordingly; and the authoress fits the case as a boot would his leg, for she exclaims, “My good Sir, allow me to ask what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please *your wife*? No, truly; it was to oblige and please *yourself*, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you, you would have been (in lovers’ phrase) a very miserable man. Did you never tell her so? Therefore, really, instead of upbraiding her, you should be very grateful to her for rescuing you from such an unhappy fate.”

The remaining rules for general conduct, plainly prove that there is no kind of wife whom a husband ought not to worship—if mean, she may be fond; if ugly, she may be amiable; if a scold, she must have his good at heart; if a bad cook, she may be a nice wet nurse; if a stately dresser, a sharp housekeeper; if a careless housekeeper, a clever school-mistress; and if all these negatives together, she is

nevertheless positively the best wife for the individual husband which the world could produce.

The next Chapter IV, is assigned to a *Whisper* on the home subject of “Constancy and Fidelity.”

“I do not think (says our fair authoress) that wives in general (though quite divested in other respects of envy or jealousy) feel any very *over-boiling* pleasure at hearing their husbands run on in enthusiastic encomiums on other women. I knew a gentleman who was constantly in the habit of saying: ‘O dear, such a charming woman!—such beautiful eyes! such a fine-turned shape! such elegant manners!’ &c.; and I have at the same moment glanced at his wife, and observed a degree of awkwardness on her countenance, struggling with an effort to look pleased. And yet, had any one, but her husband been the panegyrist, she would have listened most probably with pleasure, and heartily concurred in the encomium. You call this jealousy! No: in truth, I call it a *natural* feeling, which can be better felt than described.”

“Proud lords of the creation, let me intreat your attention to the above.”

Dare to stray—

“Lost to feeling, lost to virtue, lost to heaven, go on in thy vile pursuits: and when the Almighty tells you, the adulterer shall not inherit his kingdom, mock at the threat, and, for the sake of this horrible crime, welcome hell! welcome flames! welcome devils!”

On domestic habits, *Chap. and Whisper v.*, the author is a little milder and cooler.

“Sometimes, if husband and wife happen to spend the day, or evening from home, scarcely does his lordship address a word to her during the time; scarcely does he go near her; and at night, when a little attention would be really necessary in muffling and preparing her to go out, *he* do such an unfashionable thing? No, truly. She may wrap round her mantle, or tie down her bonnet herself; and coughs and colds, ‘with all their train of rheumatic ills,’ may await her; but *he* will pay her no such attention. Admirable character!

“Other men there are, all cheerfulness, gaiety, and good-humour, while in the houses of their neighbours; who, as they return home, and knock at their own hall-door, appear to turn round, and say to their harmonious attendants, cheerfulness and good humour, “My good friends, I am now about entering my *own* doors, where I shall probably remain for a few days totally destitute of all society but that of *my wife and family*. Of course, it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble you again till Monday next, when I am to dine at my friend, Mr. B’s. with a large party: I know I may be certain of your attendance on that day; till then, good bye!—shake hands!—good bye, my two worthy friends;—good bye!” Then entering the hall, he hangs up his violin (as some one or other remarks) behind the door, and proceeding, he arrives in the parlour. ‘O dear,

such a fire!—Just five o'clock, and no sign of dinner!—Well! what an irregular house!' His wife then pulls the bell,—and up comes dinner,—'Why, I thought this beef was to have been roasted? You, know, I detest boiled beef!—Oh, really, those fowls are quite underdone!'—'Why, surely, you might yourself have given some directions!' 'O! say an excuse! Excuses never fail when there is occasion for them!' Such is the language of this fine *manly* man; his ill-humour and loud-speaking rising in proportion to the silence and gentleness of his wife. Admirable character, again, say I! a mausoleum should be erected to your memory!"

Whisper VI, is devoted to our instruction under the head of *absence*; the chief piece of proper behaviour connected with which is noticed in the following:—

"I really think a husband, whenever he goes from home, should always endeavour, if possible, to bring back some little present to his wife. If ever so trifling or valueless, still the attention gratifies her; and to call forth a smile of good humour, should be always a matter of importance."

A silk gown, or a shawl, now; a pretty dressing-case, or some smuggled gloves, stockings, or lace—

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from those trifles springs.

The next *Whisper*, on Expenditure, is quite in keeping:

"In pecuniary matters, do not be penurious, or too particular. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all your worldly possessions. 'With all my worldly goods, I thee endow,' was one of the most solemn vows that ever escaped your lips; and if she be a woman of prudence, she will in all her expences be reasonable and economical: what more can you desire?—Besides, really, a woman has innumerable trifling demands on her purse, innumerable little wants, which it is not necessary for a man to be informed of, and which, if he even went to the trouble of investigating, he would hardly understand. —"

"I really cannot see the necessity of obliging her to account to you for the *exact* manner in which she has laid out each penny in the pound. Pray, do allow her the power of buying a yard of muslin, or a few penny-worth of pins, without consulting the august tribunal of *your* judgment whether they shall be quaker-pins or minikins."

Nothing can be more confiding and more proper; the fellow who acted otherwise should be made a pincushion of, and have all the minikins and quaker-pins too, stuck into his roundest part. If this did not teach him to sit still, it would teach him to be less inquisitive when he was allowed to go about. But yet a man might under these circumstances enjoy too much independence, and in fact, fancy himself of some consequence in the world. To cure him of this ridiculous notion, and reduce him at once to his proper station of factor for others, and slave to his

sovereign wife, it is *Whisper* (p. 37) "When once a man has entered the marriage state, he should look on his property as *belonging to his family*, and act and economize accordingly."

We have now shown Gentlemen how they ought to acquit themselves to the satisfaction of their dear helpmates.

As Wives need very little advice, and would not take it if they did; we shall not prolong our quotations from the *Whispers* of Part II. There is indeed but one piece of advice, which we beg to enforce, as it may prevent many, very many excellent women from falling into a mistake which their sex is extremely apt to commit. It is this (*Whisper*, p. 78): "I never would recommend a wife to have on a visit with her an attractive girl. Novelty and constant opportunity are so powerful, and the young lady, full of vanity, and wholly divested of care, forms perhaps a very agreeable contrast to the many anxieties and annoyances which may at times cloud the brow of the best tempered wife in the world. Do not entangle yourself with the *cause*, if it can be avoided, and you will not have to lament its *effects*."

With this so necessary caution we humbly take our leave.

The following Extract is taken from Fosbucke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities.

Dancing.—In Ireland, on the patron day, in most parishes, and also at Baster, a cake, with a garland of meadow flowers, is elevated by a circular board upon a pike, apples being stuck upon pegs around the garland. Men and women then dance round, and they who hold out longest win the prize.

In the Grand Rebellion, a clergyman was charged with having taught in the pulpit, '*that we ought to learn to dance, and that if we could not dance we were damned*.'

In the most ancient dances, a man and a woman danced together, holding each other by the hand or arm; and a kiss was the established fee of the lady's partner. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, at a solemn dancing were first the grave measures (as now minuets,) then the corrautoes and galliards; at length to Frenchmore, (or Trenchmore,) and the Cushion dance, after which all the company danced, lord and groom lady and kitchen-maid without distinction. Before the reign of Francis I. they danced abroad to the fife and drum. Coryatt notices, that the brother to the Duke of Guise and his gentlemen danced corrautoes and lavoltos in the court of an inn.

WEDDING RINGS.—Many married women are so rigid, not to say superstitious, in their notions concerning their wedded rings, that neither when they wash their hands, nor at any other time, will they displace it from the fourth finger of their left hand, extending, it should seem, the expression of "till death do us part," even to this golden circlet, the token and pledge of matrimony.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER 1824.

MORNING DRESS.

MILANESE robe of fine French lawn, elegantly ornamented down the front, and without side of the arms of the long sleeve with delicately wrought *cordon*. The petticoat ornamented with two broad tucks, between which is fine lace, pointed *à la neige*, one row of which finishes the hem next the feet. The corsage made *en blouse* and the sleeves *en gigot*. Morning corsette with broad lace *en dents de loups*, next the face, and crowned with leaves of ribbon; sash fastened with a buckle in front instead of a bow, the ends descending to the knee. Black satin shoes.

WALKING AND CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Pelisse of Japanese rose colour silk, elegantly trimmed all round with a rich sable fringe fur, and narrow satin rouleaux, or silk braiding, down the sides in front; collar partially elevated and surmounted by a ruff of Urling's lace. Aragonese hat of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plumage of black ostrich feathers. The waist of the pelisse encircled by a belt of the same material as the pelisse fastened with a gold buckle. Reticule *en gibecière* of Japanese rose colour, and holly-leaf green ribbon.

NEWEST FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Through the fogs and thick atmosphere that generally prevail in this most unpleasant month of the year, we have been gratified with beholding some ladies eminent for rank, fashion and beauty, who have already emerged from their country recesses, to grace the first metropolis in the world; where, shining like glittering stars amidst the gloom, they cheer the sight, and dispense pleasure and hilarity by their enlivening presence.

The bleak north-wind has, at times, been heard, and has warned the fair to wrap round her form the warm enveloping Pyrenean mantle, or the yet more comfortable and close pelisse; the former are expected to be much in requisition at the commencement of winter; they are chiefly of levantine, of a dark hue, well wadded, and lined with bright and

VOL. I.

beautiful colours; when the mantle is puce-colour or black, the lining is generally the colour of the bright Ceylon ruby, which, being paler than the other Oriental rubies, and particularly bright above even the Brazilian ruby, has a charming effect. Mantles of a fine lavender grey of the new Pyrenean form, are lined with rose colour. Pelisses, when of velvet, are of amaranth; royal purple or black; those of the two latter colours are fastened down the front with the delicate *pattes* of the little *zibeline* in finely wrought gold, and gold bracelets confine the sleeves of this most comfortable of all winter out-door coverings. Fur tippets of every description are worn over warm high dresses, or over the rich silk pelisse, they consist chiefly of ermine, the grey squirrel, and the valuable *zibeline*. The Norway-rat-fur declines in price; it was getting very common last year; we shudder at its plenitude, yet till that Norwegian scourge is totally annihilated, we yet wish to see it worn; as it encourages the hunters to attempt its destruction.

Several ladies belonging to our court, during the short mourning for Louis XVIII. wore, in ordinary costume, rich, and highly glazed black satin, with three rows of narrow triple flounces of italian net, bound and headed by black satin narrow rouleaux: the corsages were quite plain, and were made high or low, with short sleeves or long, according to the time of day or style of dress. Satins are expected to be very prevalent for dresses this winter. We have seen a most beautiful robe for half dress, which is perfectly unique in its kind, and is called the Arachne robe; if that unfortunate nymph ever spun anything of so fine a texture as the material this dress is made of, we wonder not at her daring to rival Minerva at spinning: it is made of the fine elastic net-work, which compose the rainbow elastic shawls, and is lined throughout with white gossamer satin: the ground of the net is of the palest shade of peach-blossom, with sprigs of different colours, of the Indian kind, beautifully shaded. The body is made partially low, and the front *en gerbe*; the skirt is trimmed *en pelisse* down each side of the front, and round the border, with satin rouleaux and cordons, corresponding in colour with the sprigs: these trimmings separate, as they reach the hem at the bottom, and the

T

separation is filled in by an antique point à la grecque, which has the appearance of a *semi-tablière*. The sleeves are moderately wide, and are fastened from the wrist, half way up the arm, with straps the same as the rouleau trimming; the only fault we find with this expensive dress, is its not appearing so valuable as it is; it requires a close inspection to discover its beauties. White dresses are not yet laid aside: they are of fine jaconet muslin, trimmed with flounces of exquisite embroidery; over the last of these flounces is a slight bouillon of embroidered muslin, with open-work, through which is run a broad lapis coloured satin ribbon; the corsage and sleeves are beautifully embroidered or trimmed with that elegant and continually improving article, Urling's lace, and fanciful ornaments of satin lapis ribbon. Gauze, richly figured, either brocaded, or flock gauze is preferred for ball dresses to tulle or *crêpe liase*. The half-dresses are simple: they are made much *en blouse*, but the blouse of the English is certainly an improvement on the French. Striped silks of a thicker texture than those worn in the spring, seem in favour. A few corsages have been seen, very fancifully trimmed about the bust; some with points, from whence depend drop buttons, others with *chicorée* trimmings laid in bias; and as these trimmings are put on, in a way that seems an improvement on the gallo-greek style, when they are well disposed, they impart a fullness and breadth to the chest, where it is wanting; but that is not a defect among the English ladies, and therefore, this way of making the corsage only looks well on those that are spare. The borders of dresses are ornamented with rows of triple flounces, points à la neige, reversed bunches of lotus leaves and *bouillons*. Flowers on ball dresses are, at present, but carelessly scattered; bouillons of gauze or tulle, with blond flounces, form the other ornaments, interspersed with satin in various ways, and these materials are equally in request, either for the dress evening party, or for the ball-room.

Last month was famous for the invention of several charming head-dresses; a few have now been added of a still more novel description. One is a full dress Neapolitan cap of white tulle over white satin, richly embroidered, and sprinkled over with ornaments of polished steel; nothing can equal the work on the summit of the crown, where the steel, in fine threads, forms the finest open work, surrounded in a superb pattern by thicker threads and beads in embossments; in front is a small sprig of wheat-ears, in polished steel, and a plume of marabout feathers finishes the splendid head-dress. Another new full dress toque did not please us quite so well; though it is well fancied, there are but few faces that it will become; the part that lies on the front of the hair, and it is brought rather low over the forehead, is of

silver net; and is surmounted by points *hérissées*, of blue satin edged with silver, and finished by a plume of white feathers, tipped with blue. The Euphrosyne toque hat is most beautiful; for, as that nymph was symbolical of variety, so, that of the bendings of this head-dress, its light caul of tulle and narrow pink satin rouleaux, with the delicate pale rose colour of the satin hat part, that is turned up and down, and sideways, in so many bewitching ways; while an unrivalled plume of short white marabouts, is taught to play over the whole in all directions: but all description of this truly unique article would fail; it must be seen to be rightly appreciated; it is only fit for a fashionable belle; and *belle*, or of a much animated countenance, she ought to be, who wears it. A new cap for the *déjeuné* is invented, seemingly formed of two fichus, trimmed round with Urling's lace; one point of these lies on the forehead, like the front of a cornette; it ties under the chin, and is slightly ornamented with a handsome striped ribbon of two colours. The St. Cecilia diadem cap, for private concerts, is another novelty; it is of tulle and blond. Encircling the hair in front are regal points, like those of the martyr St. Catherine's crown, these are of tulle edged with blond, and white satin; the caul is transparent and very simple: this head-dress requires fine hair, and much taste in the putting on. A very superb cornette of blond, of a most rich and beautiful pattern, is well worthy of admiration, both for its shape, and the elegant manner in which the blond borders fall over each other: it is ornamented with pink gauze, brocaded ribbon. Caps of fine Mechlin lace, ornamented with lapis blue ribbon, or with white flowers are much worn for in-door costume: and a turban toque is expected to be much in favour at the theatres, and friendly evening parties; it is of white satin; in the front is placed an ornament formed of turquoise stones, and the white satin is relieved by blue crape, and plumes of blue and white feathers. Black satin hats, with plumes of either black or white feathers, slightly curled, are in high favour; and black bonnets, with coloured flowers are expected to be again in request this winter; already some of them have made their appearance; their size and shape are very becoming; the lappets that confine them are of black satin ribbon and tulle, but they no longer float; they tie under the chin, or the left side, which is certainly, more appropriate to winter. Chip hats are no longer seen, and transparent bonnets have totally disappeared; a few of white gros de Naples, are still seen in carriages, and leghorn hats and bonnets ornamented with richly striped dark-coloured ribbons are yet in favour for the morning promenade.

The colours most in esteem are lapis, barbel-blue, amaranthine, royal-purple, and pale pink.

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri

Fortiàs et meliàs * pterumque secat res.

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

THAT well conducted little theatre, the Lyceum, closed, with a suitable speech, on 5th October,* and at the same time ceased the flourishing reign of its German absurdity, in which we would suggest one, or two improvements, by Mr. Arnold's leave, in case he intends renewing the monster's life next year. Let him extract one of the owl's eyes, reserving the other as a mark for Mr. Braham's gun and bullet instead of the eagle—the effect would be much finer. And in place of the shouts of "One," "two," "three," &c., let him give directions for the substitution of "Old clothes," this cry would make all the dealers in such articles alive that might chance to be spectators and would cause much general amusement.

Although dead at one Theatre, the illustrious "*Der Freischütz*" has been resuscitated with new honors and with the additional title of "*The black huntsman of Bohemia*" at another—Covent-Garden, which opened on 27th September. Several alterations, scarcely worth mentioning, have been made in the plot, "and the devil" is a more respectable gentleman than the one at the English Opera House. The scenery is splendidly beautiful, but with regard to the rest of the affair, we have only to refer our readers to the observations made by us on its predecessor at the Lyceum, in a former number of the *World of Fashion*. Mr Bishop's opinion that the music of this German Opera is not calculated for English ears is a just one, and not in the least impugned by the cant admiration of the critics. As a drama, *Der Freischütz* is a disgrace to the British stage, its scenes, which the wise morning and evening papers sweetly call "terrific," "fearfully gloomy" and so on, are only calculated to excite *ennui*, and would send many sensible people to sleep, were it not for the abominable noise made by the actors and other non-descript animals. The piece, however, fills the galleries well at least, and the pit and boxes tolerably, though the latter, with any thing rather than what becomes them, for rank and fashion wisely keep out of the way of such enormities. Miss Paton sang delightfully as usual, and Keeley showed himself to perfection:

* Having produced nothing new since our last notice, with the exception of a farce called "*The Bashful Man*," and written expressly for Matthews, who personated the modest gentleman (one Mr. Blushington), and caused much diversion by his excellent acting. There was something in the plot of the piece that reminded us of our old acquaintance "*Cymon*."

he is certainly an admirable actor, and has an inimitable knack of keeping a steady countenance, which is no trifling qualification for such characters as he represents.

Romeo and Juliet was the tragedy with which Covent-Garden opened, and in which Miss F. H. Kelly performed *Juliet* with all her gifted excellence. We should not have noticed this, were it not for a mean and illiberal paragraph respecting this lady, which appeared in the *John Bull* of 3rd October, running thus—"Miss F. H. Kelly played *Juliet*, and mentioned that *Romeo* was banished, but except in her mode of conveying this intelligence, she produced no particular effect." Honest man! she received unbounded applause for the great effect she did produce, and was never seen to more advantage,—the low illiberality of the *genius* that could only find a comprehension for the little syllable "*ed*" in the midst of such a host of fine language, delivered too with all the glowing eloquence of poetry, is heartily to be laughed at, and we entreat our readers to laugh accordingly. The same "*Critic*" rails against the engagement of Talma, another laugh, gentle readers! if you please, and yet another, when you are informed that this very clever fellow boasts exceedingly of his knowledge of what he calls "*good society*" a page with such utter nonsense.

The Haymarket lately indulged its patrons with an Interlude, named "*Birds without Feathers*," written, say the newspapers, by "a respectable gentleman." The story is the stale one of a male never having seen ought of "lovely woman," and Mrs. T. Hill appeared in inexpressibles. The "respectable gentleman's" piece was damned, and we think the "respectable gentleman" had better have been asleep than have written so divine and original a composition.

ANECDOTES.

RESPECT OF PERSONS.—In the Church service for the thanksgiving of women after child-birth, a certain curate, afraid of offending his patroness, who was a person of title, introduced the word *lady*, instead of woman, and said, "O Lord! save this *lady*, thy servant." When the clerk, not to be outdone in respect, immediately answered, "Who putteth her *ladyship's* trust in thee!"

BON MOT OF THE LATE LORD MELBURN.—The celebrated Foote having been tormented for some time by a violent tooth-ach, at length consented to have the tooth eradicated by the late Chevalier Ruspini. After it was drawn, notwithstanding its carious state, Foote still lamented its loss, as it was one of those that are of particular use in articulation. Lord Melbourne, who was present at the operation, said, "Pho! pho! Foote, do not be so concerned about the *only* bad thing that ever came out of your mouth."

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

— ALLEGORICAL paintings have lost their credit. Amongst all the pictures of this kind that have been exhibited this year that of *Love and Psyche*, only, is worth looking at. Views of the interior, and portraits seem to be the chief subjects that are now required of the artist.

— Madame R***, not being allowed to enter the saloon with her little dog, which she absolutely idolizes, has had it introduced in a painting with her own portrait, that it may be exhibited, and that she may always have it before her eyes, in spite of all regulations.

— There are tickets of several kinds for admission to see the paintings: those for the morning, to enter before ten o'clock, which time those belonging to the different public offices, avail themselves of; there are those for Fridays and Saturdays, that are as eagerly sought after by all the pretty women as a box at the theatre on the first representation of a new piece; and lastly, there are certain medals, and certain tickets, that only belong to very distinguished personages, and with which, such persons are allowed to remain when every one else is ordered to retire.

— Notice has been given, that the new passage from the Rue St. Honoré to that of Rivoli, opposite the Marché des Jacobins, will be open to the public in the course of October; it will not be so wide, but will be quite as light as the Passage de Lorme.

— Amidst the flowers that were presented to Madame Louise A. D. on her birthday, was a green basket, thus filled—A pine-apple, large ripe pears *à la neige*, apricots, equal in size to oranges; orleans plumbs, with all their bloom on them, grapes, both white and black, and chinese strawberries.

— The luxury of the shops has now extended itself, even to our dairies; at least to those at the best part of the town. All round the shop, instead of boards, are small marble tables. The cream is contained in superb vases of China, and little pats of butter are seen swimming in a bowl of cut crystal.

— One of the commodious public carriages, that go every day from Paris to St. Germain, is in the form of a round gallery, open on every side. There is a

free circulation of air through curtains of slight sarco-net, which serve as pannels.

— The exhibition this year has a greater number of pieces than has yet ever been known. They reckon 2180 pictures, drawings, engravings, lithographics, and pieces of sculpture, produced by 782 artists, male and female, as appear underneath. Painters 602, 81 of whom are ladies; Sculptors 54; Engravers 92; Lithographers 23; Architects 11.

— Among the female portraits, which are only marked in the catalogue by initials, but which are highly to the honour of the artists, are those of the Duchess of Dino, and of Mrs. Smith, a french lady, married to an english gentleman; a beautiful portrait, also, in full length, of Madame Thivet, one of the most elegant women in Paris, she has on a dress of black velvet: this portrait is universally admired.

— M. Ducis has painted, with all the grace of his esteemed talent, the interesting subject of *Bianca Capello*. This noble venetian beauty is represented, just as she regains the house of her father, and finds that door closed against her, through which she hoped, unperceived, to enter and hide her fault. The next picture represents the youthful Bianca and her lover, in their flight towards Florence.

— During the month of August, there were twenty-five new dramatic pieces performed:—at the Opera-Comique, two; at the Theatre Français, one; at the Odeon, three; at the Gymnase, five; aux Variétés, three; at the Ambigu, two; à la Galté, two; à la Porte St. Martin, two.*

— The restoring of the chinese baths is just terminated; the kiosks and characteristic figures that are seated on each side the boulevard, have been new painted.

— A new kind of furniture for a boudoir consists of a time-piece of blue crystal, in the form of a lyre, and in two vases of the same material, mounted in gold. At the bottom of the time-piece is a drawer, to contain letters and trinkets. The vases are filled with perfumes.

— One of the most painful situations is that of a young man, without fortune, but who, for family

* We can only make *twenty* out of all these.

considerations, is obliged, as one may say, to frequent the houses of the opulent. Can such an one, when the card-table is covered with gold, hazard an humble piece of six sous? Can he give his opinion of a pack of hounds, a livery, or a carriage? He, who has neither dogs, nor servant, and who very seldom can afford to hire a hackney cabriolet?

— What is called a *visit of digestion*, is that which is paid by one of the guests, after he has been invited to a formal dinner. Till lately these visits were confined to the capital, now, they are observed even in the country. Custom requires that they should not arrive till late in the evening, full dressed, and that they should chuse the eighth day.

— Men of fashion now fasten their cravats with a pin; the ornamental head of which is a very small rose, in gold.

— In the country, ladies have their reticules made of little plaits of two very striking colours. These plaits, formed into a kind of net-work, are bordered or bound with silk, and are fastened by two buttons of mother of pearl; they are hung over the arm by a cordon of polished steel.

— The tailors now put on the hunting jackets, buttons in cameo, representing dogs and other animals. The ground of the cameo is of mother of pearl, and the relief of bronze or polished steel.

— At Ranelagh, on a Saturday, there is always a reinforcement of musicians, and an augmentation in the price of tickets (three franks instead of two, for each gentleman). It is not for concert-music, nor for singing, but for *harmony* between every country-dance. It is remarked that there is more waltzing than usual; and that, it is said, is the reason, there are so many more young married women there, than single ladies.

— During the late warm weather, when a party dined under the trees, it was the fashion for gentlemen to throw off their coats; this custom has been imported from London.*

— St. Felix, though, by no means, fond of travelling, has been to London, merely to purchase some *sporting dogs*, which belonged to the late Lord Ormsby. Durville, furnished with a new fowling piece, *à piston*, expects to perform wonders, though he is short-sighted, and has an unsteady hand. Monbel reckons much on his russian helmet, and his indian hunting jacket, for exciting the envy of all the most fashionable sportsmen.

— The front of the shops at the best end of the town, are no longer made of wood, but of copper. The rods and frames are also of copper.

— By what indication is it that we can perceive

at our rural balls, the distinction between those young people who have a knowledge of polite life, and those who have not?—Is it by their air?—We see those of a good mien, those that are passable, and plain, in every class. Is it by their dress?—On a Sunday, the style of dress is the same among almost all classes. By their manner of dancing and their countenances? They walk the figure instead of dancing it; they have very little to say to their partner, when he is not an intimate acquaintance; thus, you may lose your time in examining the feet of a female dancer, or by listening to her conversation. Wait till the country dance is finished, and follow with your eyes the partner that hands her to her place, which is kept for her by a mother, an aunt or a female friend; he bows to the lady with whom he has been dancing, and the bow is returned. Well! now comes the proof. It consists exactly in the graceful bend of the body, devoid of all affectation, and is distinguished from the little jerking bow of the other. In the polite world, when a lady is deficient in its graces and usages, and makes a jerking kind of courtesy as she enters a room, or in going out, it is called the little courtesy of a sempstress.

— It is now the fashion for those who are frequent visitors at the most famous restaurateurs to dine, once at least, in the english style, at *Little Garraway's* between the Colbert Arcade and the Rue Vivienne.

— Vapour is now all the rage; it is used for heating, for lighting and machines of every kind. This vogue suggested the following reply; a marriage was proposed to an artist; the lady was very pretty, very young, and had a good fortune; but it was said she was capricious, and subject to vapours. "To vapours! so much the better; a woman that has the vapours! it is as if you said a woman of universal qualifications!"

— When there are two pieces of water in a park, gallantry requires that the most limpid should be chosen, (especially if it is well shaded) as a kind of bathing school for the ladies. A hedge of young elm-trees defends the entrance, where there is a little pavillion for the chamber-maids to air their linen.

— A MONKEY BELONGING TO A LADY IN PARIS. —A french lady of fashion has a charming little monkey, which would really make a savoyard's fortune, if he had it to make a public show: it is unlike the rest of its species, clean, fond and affectionate. It is often so weary of the admiration it excites, that it hides itself entirely under a little coverlet, for it is a chilly creature, even in summer, and it will sometimes not come out again till all the company are gone. But to those with whom it is well acquainted and particularly to its mistress, it is always visible. At meal times, he comes, like any one else, at the sound of the bell. He does not precisely place himself at table, but he climbs up the back of Madame's

* We are much amused by hearing of these strange customs, from foreigners, that we know nothing of. We wonder what *English* man of *fashion* would throw off his coat, when dining with ladies on a rural party. T.

chair, whom he can look at after he has reached the top of it. Perched on this summit, he receives from her hand sweetmeats, biscuits, or any thing she pleases to give him. A few days ago Madame was absent and her sister took her place at table. The monkey, as usual, placed himself on the back of her chair, and thought it was occupied by his mistress; but no sooner did he discover his mistake, than he refused all the food that was offered him, threw himself on the floor, and shrieked with anguish. He has imbibed a great affection for two little kittens, but which is sometimes the cause of vexation to himself: He is generally seen with one of these under his arm, and at times, he will place them on his head; but, as in this situation, the kittens are afraid of falling, they stick their claws in the monkey's skin, who suffers patiently all the pain that he endures. Two or three times he has examined the paws of these little creatures very attentively, and after having discovered their claws, he has tried to draw them out, but only with his fingers; and not being able to accomplish this task, he resigned himself to his sufferings sooner than sacrifice the pleasure he has in playing with them. He is not very clever in handling the utensils of the table; but his intelligence makes up for his awkwardness: when the food, that is put upon his plate, cannot be easily taken up with a spoon, he gives it to any one next him to fill. He drinks very well out of a glass, as he holds it between his two paws; if it is a wine glass he holds it with one only. Once having set down his glass on the table, he perceived it did not stand firm, and seemed in danger of falling, he immediately placed his paw on the side where it leant to support it. It would take a volume to enumerate all the tricks, played by this monkey; he is the delight of his mistress, who, for his sake, forgets her parrot, her pug-dog, her turtle-doves, and even her god-children.

— ANECDOTE.—M. Gueulette, who has distinguished himself in the literary world, by several very pleasing dramatic pieces, and also by some romances and tales, which, at the time they were written, were very successful, had a country-house at Choisy-le-Roi, where he amused himself with a society of people of his own stamp, lawyers, notaries and attorneys, in acting comedies; but more especially farces, showy spectacles, and puppet-shows. M. Gueulette had, among other qualifications a superior talent for playing *Punch*. Although the pleasures of this society were very innocent for the wives and children of all these honest men were of the party, yet, as these acting amateurs would, at times, make use of jests that were rather coarse, it happened that the clergyman of Choisy thought proper to find these assemblies reprehensible; he mentioned this in his sermon, which determined M. Gueulette and his friends to absent themselves from high mass; but it was not long before they were obliged to have recourse to their pas-

tor. Every one knows that in order to play *Punch* well, a little instrument called a *pratique*, should be put in the mouth which gives the proper *squeak* to the voice. M. Gueulette, though often accustomed to make use of it, had the misfortune to swallow the *pratique*; and it stuck in his throat, so that it was thought he would be strangled; he begged some one would come to his assistance; but they thought he only cried out in jest: however, seeing him become black in the face, they found he was no longer joking; and were very much alarmed: the surgeon of the village was called in, and found the case of so serious a nature, that he advised him immediately to call in the aid of spiritual comfort; the clergyman was sent for, who found the dying man surrounded by his friends, *Gilles, Cassandra, and Madame Gigogne*, who were weeping beside him. Poor *Punchinello* wished to testify his penitence to the clergyman; when that fatal *pratique* caused him to announce himself in a manner so truly comic, that instead of satisfying the poor curate, he caused a great scandal by putting the holy man in a violent passion; he thinking that Gueulette was only making a jest of him and his cloth. It was only requisite, it seemed for M. Gueulette to be buried to prove to the pastor that he really died in the true faith; but at length, all was cleared up: the clergyman was convinced of his error, M. Gueulette was cured of his malady, and renounced for ever, as may be well imagined, the dangerous personification of *Mr. Punch*.

— When a time-piece is of bronze, it is no longer covered over with a glass, neither is the foot of wood but of marble, the colour of which should suit with the chimney-piece.

— Bridges are very fashionable in architecture. A country-house in the environs of Paris, lately constructed by order of the Marquis de B—, has the two wings of the building to communicate by covered bridges.

— With two thousand crowns per annum, a young man, at Paris, may keep a cabriolet: maintenance of the horse, 730 fr.; shoeing ditto, 30 fr.; keeping the cabriolet at livery and in order, 240 fr.; Total for the carriage, 1000 fr.; a servant at 3 francs per day; 1095 fr.; lodging on a third floor above the *entre-sol*, 600 fr.; food, &c. 3 francs per day or by the year, 1825 francs. What remains is for dress; for a prudent man does not game, and a man of limited income does not frequent the theatres, except he goes in a friend's box, or gets tickets from an author.

— For common use, the ancients had many vases made of glass; they also inclosed the ashes of their dead in glass vases. Their industry in the fabrication of this material was astonishing. Winckelmann has cited, as a proof, a piece resembling a bird. He says, "The artist has employed, according to the exigency of the case, opaque glasses, and those that are transparent, each side presents

the same bird, nor is the smallest difference between them to be perceived.

— **NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.**—Henry III of France the conqueror of Jarnac, could not see a cat, without shuddering.

The duke d'Epemon, who protected the person of a Queen, and braved the excommunication of an Archbishop, trembled when he saw a hare.

Albert, marshal of France, fell backward in a swoon, at the sight of a pig, that was served up for dinner.

Sealiger, that wonder of erudition, that ocean of science, Sealiger shuddered at the sight of water-cresses.

Chancellor Bacon swooned away whenever there was an eclipse.

The learned Boyle, who brought the pneumatic machine to such perfection, could not bear the sound of water, that issued from the top of a tub or barrel.

La Motte-le-Vayer, could not endure the sound of a violin, while he delighted in the noise of thunder.

Marie de Medicis fainted at the sight of a nosegay of flowers.

— **COSMETICS.**—There are some individuals to whom it is difficult to give a nick-name, equivalent to what may be regarded as a serious misfortune. A country gentleman very amiable in every other respect, abandoned the noble dwelling of his ancestors to avoid meeting with a neighbour who had given him the surname of Whimsy: this neighbour, who is really his friend, was an inhabitant for some years of the little town of G—; and giving way to a certain humorous propensity, he generally bestowed some nick-name on the different individuals he met with in society, which he found analogous to their character or their physiognomy. When I was last engaged to pass a few days with this singular man, I became the object of his attention; and to diversify my pleasures, he wished to give a little unexpected fête. My title of a *Parisian* had already given me some little consequence, and I was not much surprised, therefore, at all the fine folks of the country flocking round me, and scrutinizing me from top to toe; notwithstanding my friend had invited me to a rural fête, all the ladies came in splendid ball dresses, and their curiosity was not much gratified at beholding my parisian costume, consisting of a simple blouse of *Organdy* and an *Owika* ribbon, forming a scarf. I endeavoured to supply the negligence of my toilet by the amiability of my manner. I sought to render myself agreeable, and my unwearied politeness might perhaps have succeeded in breaking the ice of a first interview with female strangers, if my attention had not been frequently diverted by the whisperings produced at the entrance of every individual. It was very rare that any one was announced without a surname being given him by the little circle that surrounded me more or less whimsical,

and I began to fancy that the pleasure of giving nick-names was the mania of the country, when I heard murmured from every part, "There is the empress Popea." At the same time I saw a lady advancing about fifty years of age, dressed in a robe of puce coloured satin, trimmed with three flounces of black lace; her cap was of canary yellow *crêpe lisse*, and was surmounted by a garland of blue bells; and a scarf of *ponceau* barège silk floated negligently over her shoulders; though there certainly was nothing wonderfully harmonious in this costume, I yet saw nothing to justify the imperial nick-name that I had heard, and, curious to know its origin, I sought out my old friend. "Oh!" said he, "I wash my hands of *this*; I have done enough for others who have really merited the appellations I have given them: as for Mademoiselle Duportail, she only claims her title from her cosmetics, and to her slices of veal!" This strange association of slices of veal and coquetry excited my curiosity too much not to have it satisfied, and my friend, in compliance with my desire, led me to a window recess, and explained to me the unlucky adventure of the *Empress Popea*.

"Mademoiselle Duportail," said he, "set free these forty years from the decorum attached to a single state, lived alone on an independent fortune; surrounded by birds, little dogs, and receipts for making preserves. No cares troubled her days; no uneasiness banished sleep from her pillow; and every one admiring the freshness of her complexion, would remark among themselves: 'It is certainly true, that happiness drives away wrinkles, and that time loses his power over those features which grief has never attacked.'"

"In effect, Mademoiselle Duportail had attained her fifty-first year, and the roses on her cheeks yet rivalled those of the prettiest young virgins in the country; her skin, white as the garden lily, had not lost any of the downy softness of her early years; all the men admired the brilliancy of her complexion, all the women secretly envied her. But in the middle of a dark autumnal night, the tocsin was heard; and brought with it trouble to the poor and to the rich. Every one rose up in dismay, and guided by the alarming cry of *fire, fire!* the crowd rushed towards a house from every opening of which issued volumes of flame and smoke. A general conflagration was apprehended. They knocked at the door, forced it open, called the mistress of the house, ran to her chamber, to her very bed, and there they found a creature already half suffocated by the smoke; they raised her, and carried her out in the midst of the alarmed multitude: but in vain they sought to discover any human kind of features, a mass of white flesh only offered itself to their eyes; the most curious put their hands upon it, and, on a sudden a large slice of veal came off under their fingers; another and another then succeeded. At length, this strange mask entirely disappeared and discovered to the

crowd the visage of Mademoiselle Duportail. She gave a sigh as she was restored to life ; but scarce did she come to herself, than her first movement was to put her hand to her cheeks. Alas ! what became of her then ? who can paint the sentiment of terror that seized on her whole form ! Forgetting the danger that she had just been in, and the loss of her house, devoured by the raging element, she gave a scream of horror, for her secret was known. However, as she recovered from the first impression of terror, Mademoiselle Duportail, calling to her mind that it is in the midst of the most dreadful accidents a great character is best displayed, after having cast her eyes around upon the crowd that surrounded her, cried out on a sudden : " Well, it is true that, for twenty years past, I have owed the freshness of my complexion to the secret that you have just discovered ; but in that I am no more blameable than the most celebrated Roman dames, who plaistered over their countenances every night with the strangest compositions, which Pliny the naturalist informs us, were made of the ashes of snails mixed with honey, or large ants bruised and salted. They joined also swan's grease to efface wrinkles, and oil of roses to destroy the scurf sometimes formed on the skin, and among other ingredients was a simple slice of veal.' At this unexpected oration, a general laugh proceeded from the auditors ; but it was considerably increased when Mademoiselle Duportail energetically taking up the thread of her discourse, added, ' In a word, the *Empress Popea*, only preserved her skin from the effects of the air by the thick coat with which she covered her face, when in the interior of her palace, or she would never have been celebrated for that astonishing freshness that prolonged her beauty after the loss of youth.'

" At this last citation, at a moment so unopportunity, we could not repress our risibility. Mademoiselle Duportail, alone wished, in spite of the incidents which, at that moment overwhelmed her, to preserve her theatrical dignity, and perhaps, she would have endeavoured to give us another proof of her erudition, if the fire-men had not come to give her notice that the fire was entirely got under ; she, therefore, returned home, not without carrying with her, the surname of the *Empress Popea*, which she has borne ever since that memorable night."

After having listened to this recital, I could not forbear smiling, when I looked on the visage of Mademoiselle Duportail. I figured her to myself, in about two hours, when her face would be covered with slices of veal, and I thought, that if every nick-name applied to those persons I had seen, had as comic an origin, I might hear some curious narrations, but every body being now arrived, we were obliged to return to the duties of society.

The adventure of Mademoiselle Duportail, was however, not without its advantages. These citations from Pliny, reminded me of all the testimonies

of this ancient writer, and what he has transmitted us from antiquity, and which prove to us, that at all times, and in all places, the desire of pleasing is the strongest motive in woman. Among other strange receipts for preserving the skin, which Pliny recommends, is the scrapings of sheep's skin, mixed with gall and spiders' webs. To render the breath sweet and preserve the enamel of the teeth, the ashes of rats or mice, burnt and mixed with honey and the root of fennel.

Certainly our modern perfumery does not consist of such extraordinary compounds, and if we may judge by this comparison of the different periods of coquetry, our strictest censors would be compelled to acknowledge, that the females of the present age have much less vanity than those wise and heroic roman ladies, whose noble actions and masculine virtues have been so much celebrated by historians.

CONSTANCE.

— UNJUST SUSPICION.—Sleep is but the image of death, thought I this morning when I awoke before the clock struck six. So, that if I rise now, I shall add four or five hours to my existence, and perhaps, continued I, as I put on my morning gown, I may add some recollections to those that are the charm of my old age. Who knows what events may be brought about at this early hour of so fine a morning ? Scarcely had I finished this matinal eclogue, when, opening my window, I perceived an object worth the most attentive curiosity. A young woman was walking hastily along, holding down her head under the triple folds of a veil that covered it, and seemed in as great haste to expedite her pace, as she was to conceal her features. Every thing about her appeared to announce disquietude and agitation. A large black cachemire shawl entirely hid her shape ; but a charming foot which nothing could disguise, a noble carriage that no shawl could destroy, and above all, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, a certain indication of a distinguished being, only rendered me the more surprised at this rencontre, when a gentle breeze, lifting up the mysterious veil, discovered to my view the pretty face of Madame de St. Clair ; she that I had left the night before, or rather at three that very morning, in the midst of a brilliant drawing room, a model for every envious female ambitious to please and fascinate ; surrounded by admirers, and shining in all the splendour of gold and diamonds. In a word, Madame de St. Clair, the most elegant and renowned female of polished society, was at that hour, when I saw her, traversing the *rue **** on foot, and consequently a prodigy capable of exciting all my curiosity. But to the first emotion of wonder succeeded a painful feeling which rendered me uneasy. The young woman whom I had just discovered was my friend. More than once had my experience been the guide of her conduct, and subdued the natural vivacity of her disposition ; more than once had my affectionate counsels saved her from taking

an imprudent step, or yielding to a dangerous temptation. Perhaps my presence at this juncture might again preserve her; perhaps I might save my friend from future sorrow and regret! this last reflection determined me. I wrapped myself up in a large mantle and hastened to overtake Madame de St. Clair; but it was in vain; I forgot the decay which had already attacked my feeble limbs; my steps could not diminish the distance that separated us, my voice could not reach her, and a deep sigh burst from my heart when I saw my young friend enter a little door which opened immediately on a given signal.

No, never could Madame de St. Clair render herself worthy of vile suspicion, thought I, as I advanced to the little door; whatever her conduct may appear at this instant, it must be cleared up before it is judged, and my friendship owns no other delicacy on this occasion than that of effacing the doubt that such an incident must inspire. Determined to brave every thing for the interests of my friend, I knocked at the fatal door, an old man opened it: "I am come," said I, "to join the lady who just now entered—" "Oh! on the sixth story," replied the aged porter, "No. 16, but," added he, taking hold of my arm, "do not behave like that young man who came here about a minute ago, who having taken No. 17 for 16, awoke my poor wife on a sudden, and she is not used to such visits. These fine gentlemen with their gold seals and trinkets, care but little about disturbing a poor person's rest, the only pleasure they think on is..." "Enough, enough," said I, and to avoid his tiresome remarks I went up the stairs so quickly that, in a moment, I was in the corridor where I found the apartments that formed the sixth story.

With a beating heart and opprest respiration, I slowly approached No. 16, and through the crevices of a clumsy door I distinguished the voice of Madame de St. Clair. "How!" said she, with a faltering accent, "is it two hours that he has been waiting for me? I must have been very late! and did he suffer much?"—"Oh! yes," replied a strange voice, "he suffered very much; but when he heard that you were coming, he seemed to have new life; he was so happy, he called you his angel, a divine creature."—"Ah! and I have made him wait," replied Madame de St. Clair mournfully, "well, now at least, his wishes shall be fulfilled. Interesting young man! how delightful his joy will be to my heart!" On hearing this conversation my imagination wandered through a labyrinth of obscurity. Every word seemed to unfold a mystery which I dreaded to penetrate. In the mean time, that second voice, that poor looking dwelling, that porter so willing to gossip, afforded some indications which made me waver in my opinion, when a fresh incident soon overthrew them. I heard Madame de St. Clair move to another part of the room, from whence issued sup-

pressed sighs and indistinct sentences. The word *adieu* only reached me: it was followed by a long and deep sigh! I felt then that my unhappy friend was lost; and wishing, at all events, to give her a lesson that might influence her future conduct, I opened the door and abruptly entered the chamber; and I saw the beautiful, the captivating Madame de St. Clair on her knees beside a bed, on which lay a poor sick man, who pressed to his heart the hand he had just kissed: a decent looking woman, at some distance, contemplated with pleasure this tender scene, while a young physician, seated on a wooden stool, was attentively reading over the prescription he had just written. At this unexpected sight my heart beat with wonder and happiness, I alone felt guilty at that moment, my unjust suspicions were changed to remorse: Madame de St. Clair divested of the auxiliaries of luxury and wealth, with no other ornament than the irresistible charm attached to bounty and compassion, dispensing her benefits under the appearance of mystery, appeared to me as a consoling angel!

How interesting were the blushes that suffused her cheeks, when she perceived me! hers was the embarrassment of innocence and virtue. "Ah!" why, said I, with emotion, "why, this disguise to cover a good action? Thus alone at this early hour?"—"Ah! my good friend," replied Madame de St. Clair, pointing to the young physician, "you know not how precious every minute is to the doctor. I could only obtain of him a short visit at six o'clock this morning for poor Antoine. This unhappy being has neither friend nor relation, and I wished to be present myself at the first visit of the physician in order to give directions to the nurse, and tell her what plan to follow; then" added Madame de St. Clair, with timidity, "I had not another hour of leisure. Have you forgot our charming party for the country? Do not you recollect, that at ten o'clock, *precisely*, we are all to be ready to go and pass the day at Montmorenci? If I had not seen poor Antoine before my departure, he would have imagined, perhaps, that I had forgotten him; and, for myself, could I have enjoyed any pleasure, when thinking I had not done my duty; and that an afflicted creature was suffering and expecting to see me? Now my mind is at ease, and I can, without regret, enjoy our little fête, and put on my pretty new hat with taste. Oh! I am sure you will find it very becoming, and I shall feel no remorse to impair my countenance; I shall look handsomer for the thought that I have done some good; it will render me pleasing to Augustus." "He will adore you," said I, as I pressed the hand of my friend, "he will cherish you, when he finds you are as good as you are lovely; the graces alone, can but charm and delude the imagination, but goodness and benevolence have claims more sacred, they not only soften but fix the heart."

After this short and interesting conversation, we quitted the poor patient; I accompanied Madame de St. Clair home, and I saw again in her an example of the union that may exist between a noble mind and a volatile spirit. My young friend, returning to all the attributes of youth, seemed only taken up with fashion and trimmings; every thought appeared to be absorbed in the cares of the toilet; and when clothed in a beautiful muslin dress, richly embroidered, having on her head a straw hat, turned sixty different ways, and over her neck a scarf of english point lace, Madame de St. Clair came to ask me what I thought of her? my remembrance carrying me back to that place where I had admired her in her morning deshabille, I could not help answering: "Not near so handsome as I found you a few hours ago."

BATHILDE.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—CLEOPATRA, a Tragedy in five acts.

AFTER the famous battle of Actium, Anthony, the colleague of Octavius in the triumvirate, and the lover of Cleopatra, has survived his defeat and is sought after by Octavius, who sends envoys, in his name to claim him from the Queen of Egypt. She, guided by love, ambition, and jealousy, abandons and defends her lover by turns, according to the fears and hopes with which she is inspired by the envoys of Octavius. But Octavia, the sister of Octavius and wife to Anthony, presents herself, and comes, like a true Roman lady, to share with her son the misfortunes and the exile of her husband. Jealousy, then fires the whole soul of Cleopatra; her irritated passion prompts her to vengeance, and she prepares herself for it. She descends into the immense caverns of the pyramids, and sends for that living poison that is to cause her death. Octavia soon arrives at these gloomy vaults in search of her husband, and is stabbed by Cleopatra. Anthony falls at the feet of his mistress, as he curses her, while she, just then feeling the venom of the asp, breathes in her last sigh, her hatred to Rome and to Octavius.—Mademoiselle George is a fine representative of Cleopatra, and plays the character admirably.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

THE WORKS OF CHAMFORT, with an historical Notice of the Life and Writings of the Author, by P. R. Auguis. Paris, 4 vols. 8vo.

AMONGST the different pieces in this work is an *Eulogium on Moliere*, who was crowned by the Academy in 1769, and an *Eulogium on La Fontaine*, who carried off the prize proposed by the Academy of Marseilles in 1774. "It has been repeatedly declared," says Chamfort, "that if Moliere had publish-

ed his works in our time, the greater part of them would never have succeeded. But this saying was absurd. How could he paint manners that no longer existed? He painted ours: he tore away the veil which hid the different shades from our sight. It is the property of genius to render nature, in general, worthy of the fine arts. What he saw existed; but it existed only for him. The painter who regards with you the landscape over which your eye wanders, traces it on canvas, and it lives for ever; but you only see it for a moment! Moliere is this painter.—Every thing becomes theatrical in the hands of a man of genius. What more odious than *Tartuffe*? more sterile than *Les Femmes Savantes*? Are these the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the stage? What can be more melancholy than a pedantic Pyrrhonian uncertain of his own existence? Moliere places him on the scene with an old man about to be married, who consults him on the danger of such an engagement. All the comic effect may then be conceived of that pyrrhonism that is exercised on the fidelity of a pretty wife."

Speaking of La Fontaine, Chamfort remarks, thus: "What distinguishes him from every other moralist, is that wisdom, which is so natural to him, and which seems only a happy development of his instinct. With him, virtue does not appear surrounded by those terrifying attendants that are generally made to accompany her; she has nothing afflicting, nothing painful. Does he offer any example of generosity? any sacrifice? He makes it emanate from love, or friendship; or from some simple sentiment, so gentle in itself, that even the sacrifice appears to be happiness.—The mind, after a perusal of his works, is calm and resigned, like one, who, returning from a solitary and rural walk, finds in himself a tender compassion for the whole human race, and a quiet resignation to the decrees of Providence; in short, the happy temper of supporting patiently the faults of others, and even our own, are not the least useful lessons that philosophy affords."

SOCIETY.

The Great, The Wealthy and People of the World.

"That Society which is styled *the World*, is merely the struggle of a thousand little opposite interests; an eternal struggle of all those vanities that cross and jostle each other; each wounded in their turn; each humbled by the other; and which expiates on the morrow, in the disgrace of a defeat, his triumph of the day before. To live in solitude, and not to be crushed by those miserable shocks, from which they turn their eyes for an instant to sink under them the next: this is to be nothing, it is to be without existence. Poor human nature!"

"Suppose twenty men are together; even worthy men, who all know and esteem one of acknowledged merit. Dorilas, we will say, for example; they praise

him; they applaud his talents; and one among the company adds: 'It is a pity he is so little favoured by fortune.' 'What do you mean?' says another, 'it is only his humility, which will not suffer him to live in luxury. Do you know that he has twenty five thousand livres a year?'—'Really!'—'Be assured of it, I have proofs of what I say.' From that time when this man of real merit appears, he compares the reception he meets with in society, as more or less cold, however distinguished, than that with which he was formerly received. But it is exactly so, and he has sighed at it. Yet, in that society, there was one man who behaved always the same towards him. One among twenty: and our philosopher says, I am satisfied.

"I would advise all those who wish to obtain a favour from the minister, to address him with a melancholy, instead of a smiling air. No one likes to see another happier than himself.

"If we wish to please in the world, we must resolve to hear of a great many things that we already know, from those who are ignorant of their value.

"A sensible man pretended, before those that were worth millions, that he could be happy with two thousand crowns a year. They strenuously supported the contrary, and even with anger. When he retired to his home, he sought for the cause of that acrimony shewn to him by people who had a friendship for him; and, at length, found that he had proved he was independent of them."

On Women, Love, Marriage and Gallantry.

"A MAN in love is one who wishes to make himself more amiable than he possibly can; and that is the reason that almost all lovers are ridiculous."

"Young women have a misfortune in common with *Kings*; that is to be without friends; but, luckily, they do not feel this misfortune any more than a *King does*: the grandeur of one, and the vanity of the other takes from them all disagreeable feeling."

"Love is reckoned pleasanter than marriage; as romances are more amusing than history."

"If we wish to form an idea of the self-love of women in their youth, we may judge by what is left them at that age when they have ceased to charm."

"A witty lady once pronounced a sentence before me which might be said to be the secret of her sex: it was, that every woman in accepting a lover, thought more of the opinion that *other women* formed of him, than of that which she felt herself."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

On the 17th of September, the court went into mourning for seven months, on the death of his Majesty, Louis XVII.

The time of mourning is divided into three degrees; the first for three months, the second for two,

and the last for two months; the orders are as follows:

FIRST MOURNING—*For men's full court dress, and for ordinary costume.*—Crape sword knots, waistcoat and breeches of black cloth; the shirt frill and ruffles of plain lawn, the sword-hilt and buckles lackered black. Black worsted stockings and black gloves. The military wear only a crape round the arm, crape sword-knots and hat-bands. The usual dress is a complete suit of black, without buttons, with very deep weepers, during the first month, and narrow ones during the second and third; frill and ruffles of plain lawn; sword-hilt and buckles bronzed, stockings of black worsted, and long crape hat-band.

For Ladies.—During the first month, dresses of black stuffs, trimmed with the same, coil and fichu of black crape. During the other two months, of the first period, a dress of black stuff, trimmed with crape, cap and fichu of white crape, stockings and gloves of black silk, jet ornaments.

SECOND PERIOD.—*Court and civil costume.*—Crape sword-knots, waistcoat and breeches of black cloth. Shirt frill and ruffles of muslin with a broad hem, black silk stockings; sword-hilt and buckles as before. Officers with crape sword-knots and round the arm.

Usual Dress.—An entire suit of black with buttons; frill and ruffles of broad-hemmed muslin, black silk stockings, sword-hilt of polished steel or silver, silver buckles, and the hat without a hat band.

For Ladies.—Dress of black silk, trimmed with white crape, white crape cap, stockings and gloves of black silk, ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

THIRD PERIOD.—The men to wear waistcoats and breeches of black silk, and the sword hilts and buckles as usual, at court. For the usual dress costume, coat, waistcoat and breeches of black silk, sword-hilt and buckles of polished steel or silver.

For Ladies.—A dress of white or black and white pearl and diamond ornaments. No coloured gems to be worn during the whole time of mourning.

During the time that the theatres were closed, there were seen on the Boulevards, and in the Champs Elysées, a great many ladies in white dresses of muslin, organdy, or cambric, with black crape hats, ornamented with black flowers, or black ostrich feathers, slightly curled, or else with flat, triangular bows of crape. On some of the white dresses were worn black sashes, *à la Léonide*, where the ribbons formed an X on the breast, and a V behind: others wore *fichus à la neige*, forming two pelerines, one over the other, cut in very sharp points.

There have lately been produced from the work-rooms of our dress-makers, some gowns of black cachemire, the corsages of which are ornamented with broad worsted braiding. The mancherons, on the sleeves of these dresses are *bouillonnés*, and are bordered and relieved by the same braiding; the

sleeves are long and wide, and are confined by five or six bands of puckered crape. The trimming round the border of the skirt is composed of *bouillons* of cachemire, separated by rows of braiding.

Many black satin hats are seen covered with crape. The strings are of ribbon, the lappets of gauze, but either are tied and form a bow near the left ear. The crowns of the mourning hats are very low and the brims large.

The toques for mourning are of *crêpe lisse* in bias, and are more in the form of a diadem than a turban, on one side is fixed a plume of drooping feathers.

The fans are of *crêpe*, or of black glazed paper: black sticks and fastenings.

Among the colours that are worn with black, by persons who are not in a situation to wear mourning according to the order, we have remarked various shades of grey. All the grey stuffs, whether they are of lavender or of blue grey, have broad black stripes. Young persons and children, who are not dressed entirely in black, have, at least, a sash, gloves, and veil of black; the ribbons on their hats are also black. The rest of the costume is white.

Some fans have been seen in ivory stained black, they are carved in open work; there are also some black paper fans, striped with white.

Diamonds and pearls cannot be worn during a court mourning for the first three months. Jet, *fer de Berlin*, and polished steel, bronze, are the only ornaments allowed in the jewellery line. The last of these articles are most admired. Small bags *à la Melpomène*, or *au Phénix*, present an elegant disposal of foliage in black gros de Naples, ornamented with open tufts; this foliage being united forms a kind of basket, either round or square. The new mourning pins and brooches are simple but allegorical.

In the first visits of ceremony paid at court, it was remarked that the dresses of the ladies were of bombazin trimmed with crape; the bodies were made very low, and the short sleeves remarkably full. Some had long transparent sleeves of black crape. The head-dress was a cap of black crape, which discovered two tufts of hair; depending from these caps was a long black veil.

At all the public places, whether at the theatres or the promenades, we meet more than two thirds of the people in mourning: ladies, whose limited income will not allow them to adopt the complete costume, are, nevertheless seen with all the accessories that mourning requires; such as black shawls, sashes, hats, stockings and gloves of the same sable hue; in order to evince the share they take in the general sorrow.—Several ladies distinguished by their rank in society, and famed for the elegance of their taste, have as yet worn no other dress than bombazin, made *en blouse*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three bias folds, very

close to each other; often a fold of crape between the two that are of the same material as the dress. Dresses of black cachemire, the trimming formed of one very large *bouillon*, fastened with tufts of worsted trimming and crossing diagonally the *bouillon*, at equal distances, are much admired. However, the generality of dresses are of gros de Naples, trimmed either with bias folds, honeycombs, or *bouillons* in flock gauze. They are made low to display the bust; and the fichus and colerettes of black gauze are marked by much diversity in their make.—We have seen in the Tuileries a very pretty dress composed of a black crape pelisse lined with black satin: between the two broad folds with which it was faced on each side, from the shoulders to the feet, were placed small black buttons of jet; these buttons were of the same shape as those worn by the Hussars; they were placed very close to each other; the sash and bracelets were of jet.—The black caps that were requisite for admission at Court, in the commencement of the mourning, were of black cachemire.—The hats are of gros de Naples, with a round crown, placed very backward; the brim is long in front and short at the ears: the bows and lappets are of gauze; the ends of the lappets are sometimes finished by an acorn. Undress bonnets are of gros de Naples, gauze or crape; they are bent down over the forehead, and they have a *chicorée* trimming at the edge.—The cold has, for a few days, been intense; so that pelisses and mantles were almost universal; those that were made for the late occasion, were of black cachemire, lined with satin, and satin collars. However, coloured mantles are often seen with mourning dresses, and are allowed, even on the days of the King's entry, at the Tuileries, and on coming out of the theatres.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to High Life, Fashionables and Fashions. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON : PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
13, POLAND STREET.





London - 1854
W. & A. Godefrid, London

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND
CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE
LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 7.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1.

VOL. I.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Portland, Duke of, from Newmarket.
Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, from Brighton.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Stafford, Marques and Marchioness and family, from Staffordshire.
Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness, from Berks.
Lothian, Marques of, from Norfolk.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Karoll, Count, from Paris.
Portales, Count, from Paris.
Jersey, Earl and Countess, from Brighton.
Colchester, Lord, from East Grinstead.
Cavendish, Lord and Lady G. and family, from Eastbourne.
Harvey, Lord, from Suffolk.
Eardley, Lord, from Kent.
Lisborne, Earl of, from Cheltenham.
Halford, Lady, for Colchester.
Allen, Viscountess and the Hon. Miss, from Ramsgate.
Gower, Lord F. from Hants.
Dartmouth, Countess of, at Blackheath.
Dartmouth, Earl, and brothers, at Berkeley Square, from the Continent.
Legge, Lady Caroline, from the Isle of Wight.
Lamb, Lady Caroline, from Bracket Hall.
Orkney, Countess, from Bucks.
Gosford, Earl of, from Suffolk.
Chetwynd, Dowager Lady, from Oxfordshire.
Chichester, Earl of, and family, from Hastings.
Bentinck, Lord and Lady, from Welbeck, Notts.
Smith, Lady, in Piccadilly, from Yorkshire.

VOL. I.

Vincent, Dowager Lady, from Hants.
Spencer, Earl and Countess, in St. James's Place.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Dashwood, Sir H. and Lady, in Cavendish Square.
Gore, Sir John and Lady, from Chichester.
Nugent, Sir George and Lady, from Bucks.
Long, Sir Charles, from Kent.
Owen, Sir W. from York.
Fitzherbert, Sir Henry and Lady, from Derby.
Caulfield, Sir George, from Paris.
Ricardo, Sir James, from Scotland.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Bromley, Colonel, from Worcestershire.
Thompson, Major, Mrs. and family, from Paris.
Gosling, Admiral, from Kent.
Noble, Colonel, from India.
Rowan, Colonel, from Portsmouth.
Dacre, Colonel, from Paris.
Asker, General Sir H. Bart. from Scotland.
Fitzclarence, Colonel, and Mrs. from Petworth, Sussex.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Ainslie, Dr. from Lancashire.

U

Field, J. Esq. and family, from Yorkshire.
 Camac, W. Esq. at Thompson's Hotel, Cavendish Square.
 Burningham, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, from Hants.
 Parish, H. Esq. from Paris.
 Grenville, Rt. Hon. T. from Dropmore.
 Twisleton, Hon. F. from Belvidere.
 Prendergrast, M. G. Esq. M. P. from Newmarket.
 Markham, John, Esq. from India.
 Long, Hon. Mr. and Lady Mary, from Hants.
 Petre, Hon. S. from Paris.
 Dunbar, Thomas, Esq. and Mrs. at Cornwall Lodge, Regent's Park, from Worthing.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Beresford, Ladies Sarah, Susan, and Elizabeth, for Paris.
 Bedford, Duke and Duchess of, and family, for Brighton.
 Brereton, Mrs. Trelawney, for Paris.
 Burningham, Esq. and Mrs. Hughes, for Hants.
 Dormer, Lord, for Warwickshire.
 Dowbiggin, Capt. W. H. and Mrs. for Italy.
 Edwards, Hon. G. from Norfolk.
 Foley, Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady, for Paris.
 Fane, Sir H. for Northamptonshire.
 Fitzherbert, Sir H. H. Bart. for the West Indies.
 Fitzherbert, Lady and family, for Derbyshire.
 Farrant, George, Esq. for Bath.
 Graham, Marques of, for Powis Castle.
 Holland, Lord and Lady, for Brighton.
 Hopper, Mrs. and family, for Tunbridge Wells.
 Hippeasley, Esq. Mrs. and Miss, for Colchester.
 Knox, Esq. and Misses, for Bath.
 Longford, Esq. for the Continent.
 Lothian, Marques of, for Cirencester.
 Lansdown, Marques of, for Bath.
 Lynedock, Lord, for Cosgrove Priory.
 Love, Capt. and Mrs. for Bath.
 Lopez, Sir Mameh, Bart. M. P. to Maristow House, Devon.
 Maxse, T. Esq. for Melton Mowbray.
 Newcomb, Esq. and Mrs. for Paris.
 Sparrow, Lady A. for Brighton.
 Scott, Sir W. Bart. for Florence.
 Standish, Frank, Esq. for Leicestershire.
 Thanet, Earl, for Paris.
 Tyrone, Earl of, for France.
 Titchfield, Marques, for Welbeck, Nottinghamshire.
 Tuffnell, W. Esq. and Mrs. for Essex.
 Vivian, Sir Hessey, Bart. for Southampton.
 Waterford, Marques and Marchioness, for Paris.
 Wesley, Hon. Mrs. and family, for Hastings.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

OUR much loved King arrived at his Palace in Pall Mall, on Saturday, November the 20th, in perfect health, expressly to attend a Privy Council, to take into consideration the crimes of several unfortunate individuals, who had offended the laws

of their country, and were sentenced to suffer an ignominious death. The feelings of our most gracious Monarch on these occasions, is most poignant—he has been known to shed tears—and to make the most anxious enquiries, whether the lives of the individuals could not be spared. His heart is so kind, benevolent, and good, that nothing but the most imperious circumstances can induce him to allow the culprits to suffer death. That such a King should ever have had his life conquered and insulted by a vile race of beings, will ever be lamented. The good old King George III, was most shamefully abused, by a clamorous and infamous set of writers and brawlers, but his breath had scarcely left him, before all and every body, even his vilest calumniators acknowledged his virtues and goodness; hundreds of anecdotes were recounted of the departed monarch, which will be handed down to posterity, as a lasting proof of the shame and disgrace that will ever rest on the names of his detractors. Such will again be the case when our present sovereign shall have breathed his last, which time we pray to God may be very distant. George IV. has had troubles, which none but an unspotted heart and mind resolved to bear up against the shameful assaults of a conspiring rabble could have withstood. Had not the King, at the period we allude to, evinced the greatest fortitude, (and a strong and unclouded mind he did possess) the country must have been plunged into anarchy and blood. Our present state shows the King to have had truth and honour as his supporters, and a correct and proper resolution. We are sure it may now be said that there is not a voice in the United Kingdom, but that will cry *God save King George IV.*

His Majesty has not been able to enjoy his usual rides at Windsor, during November, so frequently as his best friends could wish. Air and exercise are indispensable to the present state of his constitution. At the time we are writing *we have had no official communication*, respecting his Majesty's departure for Brighton—we understand, however, that the King will go to his Palace there for a short time, and *only for a very short time.*

That most excellent Prince, the Duke of York, is so rapid in his movements, that we cannot keep up with him, and accurately state where his Royal Highness has been during the month of November. The invitations which pour in upon him in numbers, render it impossible for his Royal Highness to accept of all. His health is much improved by his frequent excursions; and it gives us the utmost pleasure to inform our readers that he is in the enjoyment of the best health.

The Duke of Clarence adheres to domestic retirement; the Duchess is reported to be in that happy state, that every lady wishes to be, who "*loves her lord.*" We do not pledge ourselves for this report—we give it, however, from a source that is entitled to attention.

The Princess Augusta has been backwards and forwards from Windsor to London, on affectionate visits to the Duchess of Gloucester, who is not in the best health.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

No. I.

THE various slaps, which, on several occasions, we have had the pleasure of bestowing upon our scandalous friend Johnny, having met with the particular approbation of many of our

numerous and fashionable subscribers, we propose paying our respects to this well-known gentleman, for the future, in a more regular style, using our best exertions, to expose his back-biting qualities, in all their native ugliness, to ridicule the extraordinary degree of importance, which he invariably assumes, and to display the choice absurdities in which he now and then abounds, to the laughing eyes of our merry readers. Therefore, friend Bull! have a care—bellow, kick, toss, plunge and whiak your tail as you will—we are determined to stick to you “like a leech:” we will watch you as old Argus did an ancient female of your family, the metamorphosed Io—and better too, forsooth, for no Mercury shall be able to lull us to sleep:

“Fools are our game!”

And satire shall accordingly employ our pen, as long as it will move, and Johnny continues in his career of nonsense and affectation.

“Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!”

As every little school-boy knows who has studied his latin Syntax, and he who wrote the line could never have expected that his words would be more charmingly verified than they have been in the person of the writer of the John Bull newspaper. Now and then, he favours us with a specimen of sensible argument and observation, and we like him for his steady, downright adherence to church and state, although he frequently carries even this laudable principle to a pitch that borders on the *ne plus ultra* of the ridiculous, as we shall probably have to show on more occasions than one in the course of this our critical capacity. But we hate his low scurrility, his affectation of honesty, and his childish and narrow prejudices—these we shall take every opportunity to detect and hold up to the merited derision of all who are fond of quizzing, what is essentially foolish and contemptible.

And now, to descend from the *general* to the *particular*, let us begin with Johnny's Number of 24th October, in which he displays one of the most amusing of his many exquisite vagaries. With all the fine feeling so natural to his generous heart, our gallant friend, in speaking of the affair between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote, says, “It appears that he (Col. Berkeley) has transferred his affections—attentions, we mean, from the interesting girl *whose name has been so cruelly dragged before the public*, to some other favorite.” The passage which we have here printed in italics, is very touching, and is rendered the more so by contrast, when this hypocritical fellow, in the very identical page in which he thus amiably descants upon the injury done to this pretty and delightful actress, makes dirty jokes at her expense, and accompanies them with a stupid pun and a still more stupid epigram, one and all of which are more “*ouel*” and indecent than anything that has appeared in any other paper. This must be acknowledged as a noble display of *gallant humanity*, for which the fair lady in question will no doubt feel particularly obliged, and the writer must inevitably stand higher than ever in the public estimation for the good qualities of his heart—excellent man!

In the same number, and doubtless from the same sapient hand, we have this foolish paragraph:

“We have no room for the animated debate on the popish parliament, reported in yesterday's Chronicle; but we shall recur to the *subject* next Sunday. Shiel, the play-writer, made a speech, and adorned it with a quotation (he said),

from Agrippa—he meant Sallust; but for a play-house retainer this is a trifle—*poor creature!*”

Mr. Shiel may have made this *lapsus lingue*, regarding the name of his author, but it is more probable that the mistake arose from some blundering reporter: whether this be the case or not, the vulgar and silly epithets of “play-writer” and “play-house retainer,” when applied to the elegant author of *The Apostate* and *Eradne*, can only bring shame on the newspaper scribbler who was stultified enough to indite them; and the concluding ejaculation of “*poor creature!*” which the writer appears to have considered peculiarly *cutting*, will be uttered by every one who reads the paragraph, in pity for the littleness of mind that must have suggested its composition.

The absurd story, in the same number of this *voracious* journal, about H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester is really beneath notice. We have every reason to believe it to be a deliberate falsehood, and it is a fit sequel to the many previous attacks in which the writer has profaned the name of H. R. H. and disgraced his own character, if ever he had such a thing, which, however, we must beg leave to doubt.

This lying paragraph, is followed by a well-written satire upon Captain Medwin's “Conversations of Lord Byron;” but even this piece of witticism, Johnny cannot get through without running his head against a post. He very gravely quotes a passage as he says, “*from a book already published by Captain Benson, of the navy, who was master of Lord Byron's yacht*,” about the misguided, and unfortunate Shelley, which tends to stigmatise him as a despicable and recanting coward. All the world now knows that this “book already published,” is no more than a complete hoax from beginning to end. Oh, Johnny, Johnny! a lamentable proof that you are as much of an ass as other people, and a knave, moreover, you certainly must be; or you would ere this have had the candour to acknowledge that you had been galled into simple credulity, were it only in justice to the dead—but this you have not yet done; nor will do, we would wager a thousand, for in your opinion honesty is far from being the best policy. What a falling off was there! the great Bull *hoaxed*. Doubtlessly by “Captain Benson, of the navy, who was master of Byron's yacht,” will consider this circumstance as the gayest feather of all which his waggish dexterity has placed in his cap.

Mr. Bull's next publication is a dull one, and, much to our grief, we passed over its two centre pages (in which the marrow of the gentleman generally lies) without “culling a flower” of wit, or any thing of that description. As a kind of *dernier resort*, we then turned to the theatrical corner, where we were delighted to find the following choice *morass*, which, properly speaking, should form part of our dramatic department; but that is already overcharged, and the sublimity of our quotation cannot fail to make ample amends for the irregularity of its introduction—thus it runs:

“Venice Preserved has been performed at Covent Garden, for the purpose of introducing a new Belvidera, in the person of Mrs. Sloman. Her performance was received with the approbation it deserved; and when she has by practice learned ‘to keep up her Christopher,’ she will be an acquisition to the theatre. At present she falls off towards the conclusion of the play, which perhaps may arise from physical inability, or fatigues from want of custom to the *patent wilderness* of London, where the *lungs* of a *Stentor* are required to make a whisper audible, and the scream of a

pea-hen absolutely necessary to *GET the note of a song* to the back of the one-shilling gallery."

The idea of a lady's "keeping up her Christopher" is peculiarly good—the image conveyed in the phrase of "patient wildernesses" is picturesque and poetical—the "lungs of a Stentor" that are required to *make a whisper audible*, and "the scream of a pea-hen," that is requisite to get the note of a *song* to the back of the one-shilling gallery, form altogether a description that is at once classical, grammatical, witty and rural, and the word "song" is extremely applicable to the occasion—every one knows what a variety of *songs* are allotted to poor Miss Belvidera. In fact, the brief passage, which we have quoted above, may be considered as a sparkling concentration of all that is acute in criticism and elegant in language, and as such we warmly recommend it to the particular attention of our numerous readers.

On the 14th November, the John Bull obliges its friends with this sensible remark, whilst speaking of the northern expeditions: "We never," quoth he, "had a second opinion upon the subject of these enterprises, and whenever we hear of the return of such expeditions, it is always with rejoicing and satisfaction—it seems a most *useless* risk of lives." From this we are led to suppose that the scribe is one of those sit-at-home gentlemen, who condemn all noble adventure—we commend this heroic and *patriotic* declaration; what avails national honor and enterprise? Go to Captain Parry—you had better have wasted your life in dull obscurity at home than have troubled yourself about fame and immortality abroad—the writer for the John Bull says so, and what he says must be true.

On the same day the same gentleman who, on a former occasion, spoke so feelingly about Miss Foote having been *cruelly dragged* before the public, has graciously thought fit to mention another actress, Miss Paton, in a way that cannot fail to inflict a severe wound upon her feelings—what must the world think of a journal which will, at this moment, assume a tone of hypocritical pity towards one defenceless female—in the next traduce her in puns and epigrams, and in a third defame another for no other purpose than to enjoy the paltry gratification of "crowing" over a rival contemporary.

The sneer raised at the same time against the Duke of Sussex is exquisitely contemptible.

We will now leave Johnny, for a season, to his usual lucubrations, from which, our readers may be assured, we shall be able to collect many subjects for their future amusement, as it is not at all probable that any sudden miracle will bring the Bull to his senses before another opportunity offers for us again to take him by the horns, and exhibit his deformity as the object of general diversion.

LORD WALTHMAN'S DYING SPEECH, Spoken on the day preceeding his departure from the honorable office of City Mayor.

"The day,
"The great, th'important day, big with the fate
"Of Walthman and the world!"—

That day hath dawned, and on the morrow must I yield my proud and majestic throne unto another—again must I *tear* my glories, and relinquish the *unmeasured* dignity of the mace for the undignified *measure* of the yard. Be it so, for in my retirement I shall exult in the consciousness of having done honest service to my country and the universe at large. Have I not bequeathed the balm of consolation

to an unfortunate child of the west?—that raw-beef of which I recommended him to partake will bless him with redoubled vigor, and in the hour of health he shall remember the name of Walthman! Have I not put a stop to that abominable bore—the exhibition of Barber's bears?—for this, all Threadneedle Street with one voice shall sing in my honor and warble for ever in my praise. Have I not shown myself a very Ovidius Secundus in the tender passion by declaring my inability to comprehend how two people of different tongues could mutually entertain themselves with the eloquence of love? I have, and Mrs. W. says so. And (be this my climax!) have I, have I not displayed the very soul of philanthropy by binding the jaws of mad dogs with *bobbins*, in the dog days, when that human scourge, called by one of my petitioners "Phoby," threatened destruction to the legs of all good citizens? The dogs would bite, and "Phoby, or not Phoby," I felt it my duty to have the biters bit—a bit of jurisprudence which must ever be gratefully remembered by the gentlemen of the Common Council, who, God knows! are mad enough already. Such have been my deeds—yet, in despite of all, some vulgar fellows have insulted me by their scurrilous abuse—that

"Child of hell—called wit!"

has been abroad, punning detestably upon my elegant muslins, shawls and other haberdashery articles. But I remain unhurt, and have lived a noble illustration of the words of that poet who says,

"Fate has but very small distinction set
"Betwixt the counter and the coronet."

For even whilst a humble haberdasher, have I not been an honored "Lord?" My senatorial wisdom has gained me the consideration of all my fellow Solomons of the metropolis—and beauty's self has been my admirer ever since the glorious campaign at Knightsbridge; I conquered

"And still the ladies love the conquerors!"

I leave the pomp of state—but in my retreat shall receive the silent homage of all good men, and the fair sex will never forget Bob's pleasant shop in Fleet Street, where I hope long to dole out silks and satins by the yard, and prove that transitory greatness has not made me oblivious of the things of daily life, in knowing which, according to the poet, consists the only true wisdom—"Muslins be thou my good!"

MY LORD MAYOR'S RARE-SHOW.—Tuesday, the ninth day of November, was, as all the world knows, the anniversary of the City's Jubilee, when that important personage, My Lord Mayor, first commences his illustrious, but (alas!) brief reign over London's vast Metropolis, and is duly sworn into his official importance at the Court of Exchequer by the Barons there assembled in becoming dignity.—The day itself was a most propitious one, and the Citizens who rose by times in the morning to take a peep at the state of the atmosphere through the crannies of their bed-room shutters, doffed their greasy night-caps, twirled their round their heads in all the ecstasy of joy, and each summoned his sweet spouse from her downy pillow to partake of the thousand pleasures which the day was to afford. Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Councilmen, the City Law-Officers, Firemen, Watermen and other gentlemen felt universal satisfaction in their hearts, as they beheld the first beam of the sun alight upon the topmost spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, otherwise denominated the Cockney's Land-Mark. The ninth day of November had generally been overclouded by one of those agreeable fogs so peculiar to London in that month: this circumstance never failed to cause excessive grief to the worthy City, and they moreover felt it a sort of insulting reflection

upon themselves, hinting that foggy weather was congenial both to them and to their Jubilee: this was too bad; but now, what Mr. Mawworm terms, "a glorious consolation" had arrived, and the grand City pageant was at length to have the benefit of a light becoming its excellent and inconceivable splendor.

But what pen may describe the emotions that disturbed the bosom of His Highness the Lord Mayor, elect Dominion and Glory were before him; Power and Magnificence presented all their charms to his awakened imagination.—But they were chequered by foreboding cares—the awful cares that ever attend upon state. He rose from his restless couch, paced round the chamber in heart-shaking agitation, and at length gracefully threw himself into a mahogany arm-chair, where, according to the words of the poet, he sate:

With downcast looks—
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

His great mind, however, soon grew superior to this fit of the Blue-Devils—so

Up he a rose
And donn'd his clothes,

and prepared himself to go through the arduous duties of the day.

The streets were all thronged at an early hour by pick-pockets and other respectable people, and, as the clocks struck ten—hokus-pokus! Bounce came my Lord Mayor's carriage in the midst of them, and attracted the universal admiration of all the children, young and old, who had assembled to behold it.—"The coachman," quoth the Reporters, "outrider and footmen were literally covered with gold. The outrider's jacket, when the sun, which had a cheerful influence the whole of the day, played upon it, appeared quite in a blaze." Quite in a blaze, indeed; and so did the coachman's nose and he and his companions reminded one of so many scale-covered fish. "The fat, sleek condition of the men," continue these gentlemen, "corresponded with the reputation of the Guildhall banquet."—Truly did it—every feature told a tale of turtle, and a wicked expression of the left eye of each implied the exclamation, of "Turbot for ever!"

After devouring a plentiful breakfast, as became good Citizens, at about half-past twelve the City-Emperor and his retinue sallied forth *en masse*—and here follows a brief sketch of the procession:

Peace Officers to clear the way

(of men, women, little boys and girls and other rubbish: these were queer fellows and looked very hungry, notwithstanding the breakfast.)

Foot Marshall,
Stavesmen, Pensioners and
lots of Whiffers

(non descripts, called by many of the by-standers Whistlers.)

Watermen and Barge-Master

(very droll men indeed, and all of them particularly fat.)

Musicians—Standards—Watermen,
The splendid Long-Streamer

(a very decent piece of linen, probably bought at the late Lord Mayor's shop in Fleet Street.)

Pages, Ushers in tie-wigs—*more Whiffers*,
Trumpeters—Kettle-Drums

(more like ghosts and frying pans.)

Under-City-Marshall—Beadle—and another
brace or two of Whiffers,
A crowd of all sorts

Prime-Warden, *Whiffers* and Music.

A couple of *Farriers* mounted, with Hatchets.

(Saucepans would have been preferable, the men would have handled them better—"practice makes perfect.")

Heralds, Knights, &c., &c., &c.

(evidently tinkers and tailors—the poor fellows looked considerably frightened.)

Ancient Knight, on an Arabian Charger,
plumed and armed cap-à-pie, in the
polished steel armor of Henry V.

(truly ancient—of the year 1: the armour belonged to Nimrod and not to Henry the Fifth.)

More Knights, drums and trumpets

(playing—"Ladies beware of a fair young Knight," &c.)

Marshalsmen, Lord Mayor's Servants, Chief-Marshall

(gay and gruff.)

The Lord Mayor
in his *State Carriage*!
surrounded by Firemen and drawn
by Six Horses.

(NB. would have, looked better in a "Jarvey.")

The Lady Mayoress
in her *private State Carriage*!! drawn by
Six Horses.

(Poor little woman!)

The late Lord-Mayor
drawn by Six Horses.

(Lord Robert looked quite in the dumps—perhaps he was thinking of *mad dogs*. He looked whistfully at his shop in passing, and seeing it full of customers, hummed to the tune of "Measure, oh! measure away, brave boys!")

Aldermen, Sheriffs and Law-Officers,
Tag, Rag and Bobtail.

Much of this splendid company embarked at Blackfriar's Bridge, and as usual, took a trip by water, during which nobody was drowned—*oh, mirabile dictu!*

His Serene Highness the Mayor was then "sworn" in at the Exchequer; after which the procession proceeded to Guildhall, where

The father of the people* open'd wide
his stores,

and all London ate and drank in a manner worthy the reputation of Citizens. The Hall was adorned with "oil lamps" and "glaring gas-lights," and their effect, as the sublime

* Alderman Garratt, the Tea-dealer, of *Old Swan Stairs*.

gentlemen of the press say, was *inconceivably* grand!!—What wags these fellows are—nobody better than they can *qualify* a noun upon occasion—"inconceivably grand" is an excellent phrase.—

Alas! the best things must have an end as well as the worst, and the eventful ninth past away amid the reluctant sighs of many a fair Cit and the groans of numberless jolly tradesmen, who, like the renowned Christopher Sly, found their transient dreams of greatness a silly cheat, and the next morning beheld them doling out tea, sugar and candles with their usual industry.

LORD MACDONALD.—The following will particularly interest every person having the slightest acquaintance with the Macdonald family. The town residence of this distinguished family is in Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.—The service of the Right Honourable Sir Godfrey Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, Baronet of Macdonald, Lord of Slate and Baron Macdonald, took place in the Robing-room of the Parliament House, on Saturday, the 30th of October. The Macdonald estate, comprehending the lands of Slate, North Uist, and others, in which his Lordship was served heir to his brother, the deceased Lord Macdonald, was part of the lands belonging to John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, and were granted by him on 28th of June, 1449, previous to his forfeiture, and the annexation of the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, to his brother, Hugh of the Isles, Lord of Slate, and have since (except during the time they were forfeited) continued in the family of Hugh of the Isles. Lord Eldin was Chancellor, and Mr. John Archibald Campbell, Clerk of Court, by whom evidence was laid before the Jury, to prove the propinquity. After the service, Lord Macdonald gave the Jury and other friends an entertainment at Barry's Hotel, at which were present the Lord Provost, Lord Elgin, Lord Belhaven, Lord Eldin, and a number of other distinguished characters. During the evening Signor de Begnis, Messrs. Philipps, &c., Gow and his band, and the Highland bagpipes, gratified and amused the company.

MISS FOOTE it appears, has made every arrangement with her professional advisers to bring on the action against Mr. Hayne; and she says, whatever delay ensues cannot be attributed to her, but to her adversaries. It is a prevailing wish that she should get most ample damages. Whatever may be her faults, she should not have been liable to be dragged into fresh crimes by the *tricks and cajoleries* of the patroniser of prize-fighters. The *gentleman* that will associate with such beings cannot have very refined feelings; but must have much of the cunning of low life. Some think Miss Foote has had a happy escape in not being united to Mr. Hayne—but all agree that the *gentleman* should be made to pay for conduct which appears very much like hypocrisy of no ordinary kind. The trial will bring to light some of the Colonel's "*fashionable fun*" as he calls it. Report says he is much engaged in *making up* a sort of defence for his disclosures to Mr. Hayne. Those *choice spirits* have a good deal of work on their hands in endeavouring to *vamp up* ideas for the lawyers to make a case that will set them fair again with the public.

ITALIAN OPERA SINGERS.—If there is any truth in the following statement, and we have taken it from a source that we think can be depended upon, the Opera Managers and the nobility have some tricks practised upon them by the Italians, which will make them less anxious to give their

countenance to foreigners, who have so bad an opinion of their judgment of singers and music:

"It happened, that at the hotel where I took up my abode, an agent of the London Opera-house was then waiting for a favourable wind to transport him to Leghorn, on his way to Naples for the purpose of engaging performers. He was as little acquainted with Italian as I was with French; but he had a shrewd knave of a servant, a Neapolitan, who acted as his interpreter. This agent of the English opera had in his day been a cabinet-maker, and possessed about as much taste in Italian music as his own *bidets*. Having learnt that he was in quest of a principal male-singer, I sent for his interpreter, and told him, that I would make him a handsome present if he could give his master an inclination to engage me; and it was arranged between us, that I should make occasional *bravura* flourishes in walking backwards and forwards in my chamber, which was near the Englishman's, and that the cunning Carlo should as often take an opportunity of repeating a thousand fine things of the wonderful Bellavoe. Thus, to make a long tale short, I was in the end engaged to be first singer in the London Opera-house; and the Englishman, who had no more idea of our music than he had of that of the spheres, was infinitely delighted with my flights and flourishes, and those other absurdities which the chaste taste of the Palermitan manager had pronounced so execrable. He accordingly wrote to his principals, that in Signor Bellavoe he had found the most incomparable singer and performer then in all Italy; and that I possessed, in addition to the extraordinary powers and capacities of the richest voice, one of the finest persons on the stage. His letter was shown to all the musical professors and persons of taste in London, and mutual congratulations on so great an acquisition were exchanged in all quarters. The only circumstance which led them to suspect the veracity of the description, was his account of my person, to which, as singers both male and female are in general surprisingly ugly, they could not give credit. However, it was rumoured through all the fashionable circles, that *The Bellavoe* was to be brought out; and those ladies and gentlemen, the subscribers to the opera, who, in their simplicity, inquired if it was a serious or a comic piece, were informed that it was the name only of the most accomplished singer in all Italy. The bait thus took in London, and when I arrived there all the world was agape. It was late in the evening when I reached the British capital, and I sent immediately, on my arrival, to apprise the manager, who came flying to me on tiptoe, and with expanded arms. Jaded and fatigued as I was after my journey, he insisted on dragging me with him to a concert, in the mansion of a magnificent and beautiful duchess. Nothing could exceed the *eclet* of my reception. The apartments were mean and small, compared to those in the palaces of the nobility in Italy and Sicily; but they were crowded to suffocation with all the great of the greatest nation. The performers in the concert acquitted themselves so respectably, that I began to fear I had overrated the musical ignorance of the English, and also my own impudence. But the airs they sung were in a different taste from ours; and I was comforted when I heard the best of them attempt a popular Italian song. Toward the end of the concert, the lady of the banquet came to me, and begged me for the love of God to sing *one verse*. It would oblige her so much; it would make her famous for ever, to have it said that I had first sung in England in her house. There was no withstanding this; and, besides, she

was a beautiful and fascinating creature. The manager, who acted as interpreter between us, pleaded my fatigue in excuse, but without effect; for she so continued to implore and beseech me with a couple of the loveliest blue eyes, that I could not resist; and I sang accordingly one of my gayest songs, one which I reserved for jolly parties behind the scenes; but the English knew nothing of Italian, and I was applauded to the skies.—What taste! What sentiment! O, divine! Bravo! echoed from all sides. The duchess was transported into the third heavens; and the little manager was scarcely less in ecstasy. The King's Theatre, on the Saturday following, was crowded with such an audience as was never before seen; legs and arms were broken in the crowd, and some four or five score of lives lost. The king's best minister got his head so jammed at the door, that, had it not possessed an infallible solidity, it must have been squeezed as flat as a pancake. But, for all that, the audience were in raptures of joy when I made my appearance; every song I sung was encored; and such, as it was reported in the newspapers, was my astonishing execution, that the orchestra could not follow me. This, I believe, was literally true; for I was continually running out of tune. It diverts me yet, when I think of the Londoners and their Italian opera. An old dowager, whom age had rendered as deaf as a post, and whose box was in the remotest part of the house, assured me that I was the only singer she could endure to hear since the days of Faranelli; I was perhaps, indeed, the only one that bellowed loud enough to make myself heard in the uttermost corners of that vast theatre."

DESCRIPTION OF MR. FAUNTLEROY'S HOUSE AT BRIGHTON.—The house is a close copy of a Grecian Villa, with but one floor; it is approached in the centre under a portico, which enters by windows to the vestibule; the aspect is south, and as there is an entrance door at the eastern end, we shall describe it from that entrance. The door opens into an arcade, which runs direct through the building; immediately on the left (all the principal rooms being in front) is a dressing-room, and the bed room which was occupied by Mr. Fauntle-roy. The next room is a parlour with an arched roof, then the vestibule, adjoining to which is a similar parlour, and then a bed-room and dressing-room, which were generally occupied by the mother and sister of the unfortunate man. All the rooms opening from the right of the arcade are servants' rooms. There is nothing on the premises at all extravagant, the furniture is respectable, but nothing more. The parlours are tastefully decorated with green trellis pattern paper, and the *tout ensemble* is befitting the residence of a gentleman. The western end of the arcade opens into a conservatory, communicating with the billiard-room, which is very elegant, and peculiarly well fitted; it resembles a tent, and in, we are told, an exact resemblance of the tent which Bonaparte carried with him in his campaigns. The walls are remarkably well stenciled, and the resemblance which they bear to linen is the closest we ever observed. There are four sofas fitted in recesses; the room is handsomely carpeted, and is warmed with hot air from the flues of the conservatory.—The servants' offices are as convenient as can be expected, and there is a capital four-stall stable and double coach-house. The whole of the interior, excepting the parlours and bed-rooms, is lighted with gas; so are the stables. There is a very pretty lawn round the front, and the whole of the premises are inclosed with a flint wall.

AN EXACT COPY OF SOME MEMORANDA FOUND IN A TABLE DRAWER AT A COFFEE HOUSE IN LONDON.

Mem.—Aug. 3.—Two bottles of wine, rather too much for one man.

Aug. 4.—Susan says I am getting fat—poor thing! Quite unsophisticated, and says just what she thinks.

Aug. 10.—Only make it a man's interest to be a rogue—and he will be one.

Aug. 17.—Coffee good only for the phlegmatic—those of a hot, dry, and bilious habit should never take it.

Aug. 19.—Confidant and betrayer—synonymous terms—the only enemy of consequence to man—is man. Two melancholy truths.

A wise man will always keep his own counsel, and invariably make the best of his circumstances to the world.

Aug. 21.—"Amor omnia vincit." How true this is! Every one at some period or other during life, is sure to feel the effects of love.

Aug. 22.—If you wish to keep your friend, never ask him for any thing. What then is friendship? A mere name, a bubble.

Aug. 26.—When a woman loves she will believe *any thing*—even that black is white; and just the contrary when she does not.

Aug. 31.—In London, where one gallon of liquor is drank in a *diluted* state, fifty are consumed *neat*.

People preach about slavery and slaves, forgetting what wretched slaves they are themselves.

Sept. 2.—There are people of so vile a disposition, that if they thought any thing belonging to them (though of no value, and even a nuisance to themselves) would be of the least service to another, they would not part with it.

Saw a female last night at Vauxhall drink her full share of two 5s. bowls of punch, three rummers of brandy and water, and afterwards several glasses of raw spirit, without being at all visibly affected—either her head or her stomach must be very strong.

Mem.—Women who addict themselves to liquor can in general take more than men.—A man may possibly be cured of a habit of drinking; a woman never.

Sept. 11.—In love affairs when a man does not *kill* at first sight, three things are particularly useful to him—viz. eloquence, liberality, and perseverance.

Women's tastes differ materially about men; but not one in a thousand gets the husband she would choose for herself.

Sept. 28.—Another anonymous letter—think 'tis from Harriet. Poor dear girl! she has reason for what she says. But, notwithstanding these sad alterations, my heart, Harriet, has ever been thine; and, if thou canst pardon my errors, I'll reform and be a new man. Loveliest, dearest Harriet, my whole life shall be devoted to thy service.

Sept. 30.—In London, money will purchase all but three things:—health, contentment, and (the greatest of all blessings) a good conscience.

If a man wishes to be happy, let him never act contrary to the dictates of his conscience.—The "*mens conscia recti*" is worth all the riches of the universe.

Oct. 10.—Married to my beloved Harriet this day week, and now think myself the happiest of all human beings.

The sale of his Royal Highness the Duke of York's fine estate at Otlands is effected. Mr. Hughes Ball has become the purchaser. This fine property, it is said, has sold for a sum of 150,000*l.*, and about 30,000*l.* valuation of the timber.

Among the fortunate speculators on the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, Lord Kelburne is said to have won 22,000*l.*, and Lord Kennedy 1,400*l.*

MODERN PHRASES.—Killing an innocent man in a duel (according to the present phraseology) is called an affair of honour; violating the rites of wedlock, an affair of gallantry; defrauding honest tradesmen, outrunning the constable; reducing a family to beggary by gaming, shaking the elbows; a drunkard, the worst of all livers, is a *bon vivant*; disturbing a whole street, and breaking a watchman's head, a midnight frolic; exposing some harmless personage to insults, annoyances; and losses, a good hoax; uttering deliberate falsehoods, shooting the long-bow, &c. &c.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—There is a good deal of gossip in London as to the cause of the Duke of Devonshire selling his estates in Yorkshire. None of the rumours can be traced to any authentic source; that of its being to cancel a debt of honour has been contradicted, and at Wetherby, and throughout Yorkshire, is ridiculed; of its being to liquidate the improvements at Chatsworth; the property having been already purchased by a wealthy individual near the town, and sold again on speculation; or that the *nobb* owner has in contemplation to purchase one of the Ormonde estates contiguous to his own, as an exchange, are all destitute of foundation. Some urge, and with great probability, that his Grace is actuated by the laudable and patriotic motive of improving the state and appearance of the town, which, from those who at present are only tenants at will becoming freeholders, or obtaining leases, and affording a greater scope to industry and enterprise, it may speedily effect, and to which the manner in which the estate has been lotted will most materially contribute.

It is a subject of deep regret, that the malady of deafness which has recently affected the Duke of Devonshire, has suffered no diminution; it is the more lamentable to his Grace, from his known taste and devotion to music.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—How often have we seen the most beautiful young women, the pride of their parents and the admiration of every beholder, after dancing in a crowded ball room, retire, warm with their exertions and with uncovered necks and shoulders, to the landing-place of the staircase, or to an adjoining room, in which they have thrown open the window, to feel the refreshing breath of the evening breeze upon their flushed cheeks: and what, we would inquire, has been the result of this imprudence? In less than six months afterwards, we have beheld the same youthful forms, which were such models of beauty and elegance, and buoyant and vigorous with health, shrivelled, languid, and bent as if beneath the weight of years; the full eye sunk, and its fine blue changed to the pearly white of disease; the delicate vermeil of the cheek circumscribed and deepened to the spot of hectic; and although a smile still lighted up the countenance, yet it was only

“The lovely but delusive ray
Of nature sinking to decay.”

Sudden changes of temperature, especially when the body is heated, should be guarded against by avoiding currents of air, and by covering the surface with warm clothing, particularly on the chest; crowded assemblies, the routs, and the *at-homes*, as they are termed, of a London Winter, should be shunned as a pestilence; and waiting in the lobby of the theatre or the opera-house, or even in that of a private house, after quitting a hot room, until a carriage draw

up, unless the head, chest, and every part of the body be muffled up, must be regarded as treading upon the confines of the grave.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

[It is part of the plan of this Publication to give details of Fashionable occurrences at the Provincial Places of Resort; we therefore invite communications on all subjects that may be likely to interest the World of Fashion.]

BRIGHTON.

As yet every thing remains in uncertainty at the Pavillion with respect to the arrival of his Majesty. The fashionables are beginning to collect, but there is so much doubt when the King will be amongst them, that a great number of the nobility have deferred leaving their country residences until his Majesty is actually at the Pavillion. The libraries are elegantly and numerously attended. The following are some of the fashionable company who have taken up their residence at this favourite place of resort: Lord and Lady Walsingham, Lady Shepherd, Lord Churchill, Lady Price, Lady Baring, Hon. Mrs. Morner, Sir John Grey and Lady Egerton, Lady Shelley, Lady H. Parker, Mrs. Countts and family at Byham House, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord and Lady Normanton.

CHELTENHAM.

The company is now leaving here very fast—some portions of it for London, and some for Bath, and what are called the winter families, or company, arrive but slowly; indeed, the present period is between the two seasons, as Cheltenham, like Bath, now has its two seasons in the year. A good deal is expected from the approaching winter season. Arrangements are made on an extensive scale for balls and concerts, at the latter of which several distinguished London performers are already engaged. Those who visit Cheltenham next summer will hardly recognize it again, should they have been away for one year only, so extensive are the alterations, and so numerous are the building of squares, crescents, and streets, now going on. The most prominent alteration (saying nothing of the hundreds of new houses building in and about Cheltenham) is on the Evesham road. On that road there has been found water similar to the spring at Thompson's, the leading Spa at Cheltenham; and to take advantage of such a newly-discovered spring, preparations are making for the building of a Pump-room there, for laying out walks and rides, and for the erection of some large and magnificent buildings and dwellings. The property belongs to a Mr. Pitt; and the spot on which all these fine places are to be built—following the example set by royalty in the instance of Mr. Wyatt, now Mr. *Wyattville*—is to be called “Pitt's-ville.” The Evesham-road, about the site of the new water-mine, is consequently now the scene of considerable bustle amongst the builders and speculators; and though it may divide the interest (and profits) of Thompson's and the other spas in Cheltenham, visitors for health, by the division of objects, may gain by the addition.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF
THEIR ELEVATIONS.

VIII.—English Dukes.

RUSSEL DUKE AND EARL OF BEDFORD.

THIS noble family is of Norman extraction; and the first we find mentioned of this name, was Hugh de Roscel or Russel, who attended William the Conqueror into England: his son Hugh de Russel lived in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The son of the last mentioned Hugh, was Robert Russel of Barwick in Dorsetshire, whose son Odo was in possession of the Barwick estate in the 14th of King John.

The son of Odo was Sir John Russel, he married the sister of Lord Bardoffe, and settled at Kingston-Russel in Dorsetshire, so called after him. His son James married Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Tilley, and their son was Ralph Russel, who was knighted, and held half the barony of Newmarch and Derham, in right of his mother. He married Jane, a daughter of Robert Peverel, and had issue Theobald, the common ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, and the family of Gorges of Wroxhall, in the county of Hertford; the latter of which is, indeed, the elder branch of this ancient family. The said Theobald was also of Kingston-Russel, and married two wives, Eleanor daughter and heiress of Ralph de Gorges, a Baron in parliament, in the time of Edward III. His second wife was Alice (some call her Eleanor); she was daughter and heiress of John de la Tour; from this second marriage issued William Russel, ancestor of the present family. The issue of Theobald's first marriage were three sons and a daughter: the eldest son, Sir John Russel, succeeded his father in the estate at Kingston-Russel, and was three times married; the names of his wives were Eleanor, Isabel, and Alice, but no writer has mentioned whose daughters they were: by the last of these ladies he had three sons: Theobald and John who died without issue; and Maurice, who was twice married; by his second wife he had issue Sir Thomas Russel of Kingston-Russel, whose only child Margery, dying childless, the estate of Kingston-Russel, according to the will of Theobald Russel, reverted to the youngest branch of the family, the heirs of William Russel, the son of Theobald by his last wife. This William married a lady, whose surname was Meschamp, and had issue Henry, whose wife was named Godfrey. Their issue was John, called of Kingston-Russel, as in him that estate became the patrimonial inheritance of the younger branch, after the elder became extinct. He married Elizabeth daughter of John Herringham, and was father of John and William Russel.

John Russel was knighted and was speaker of the House of Commons, in the second year of Henry VI, and also in the tenth of the same reign. He married Alice, daughter of Froxmore, Esq. and had issue one son, James, and two daughters; James married Alice, the daughter of Thomas Wyse, gentleman, and had two sons and two daughters. The eldest son was John the First Earl of Bedford.

This accomplished young nobleman visited most of the foreign courts in Europe; returning to Dorsetshire, in 1505 to take possession of his patrimony, his talents might have been only known to his private friends, had not accident drawn him from his retirement.

In the 21st. year of Henry VII. Philip Arch-Duke of Austria, and Joan his wife, heiress of Spain, were proclaimed King and Queen of Castille, at Brussels; but were prevented taking possession of that kingdom by the war of Guelderland, and the pregnancy of the Queen; who was shortly after delivered of a daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of Hungary. The war terminating happily, and Joan in a condition to travel, Philip and his Queen embarked with a numerous fleet, on the 10th of January. No sooner had they quitted the coast of Flanders, than a sudden tempest dispersed the fleet, The vessel in which were the King and Queen, with several others, was driven on the English coast, and they were obliged to land at Weymouth. The country beholding such a naval armament, were in fear of an invasion, and the two chief men in that part, Sir Thomas Trenchard and Sir John Carew, called together the people and armed them: however, they soon learnt who were their visitors, and Sir Thomas Trenchard prepared his own mansion to receive the illustrious guests, till he should inform Henry VII. of their arrival. During the few days that Philip remained there, he was much pleased with the company and conversation of Mr. Russel, whom Sir Thomas introduced as his near relation.

The messenger who had been sent to court returned, accompanied by Lord Arundel, to acquaint Philip that Henry would, in a short time, visit him in Dorsetshire. The King of Castille was much vexed at this delay, and accordingly set forward himself for Windsor, where the court then was: but he besought Mr. Russel to accompany him, who readily consented; he would modestly have withdrawn himself when they came to Windsor, but he was prevented by Philip, who intreated the pleasure of his company, so long as he should stay in England.

Henry gave Philip the most cordial reception, and prevailed on him to remain in England three months, during which time the British monarch did all in his power to render the time pleasant and agreeable to the royal stranger; and as Mr. Russel was his constant attendant, he was, in consequence introduced to King Henry, who was never blind in distinguishing real merit, and on the high encomiums of Philip, he retained Mr. Russel at his court, and appointed him gentleman of his privy chamber: Henry, however, lived but a short time after this event, and had as yet bestowed no other marks of his favour on Mr. Russel, than those which were private and social.

On the accession of Henry VIII, he was continued gentleman of the privy chamber and accompanied that monarch, as a volunteer, in his expedition against France, in the fifth year of his reign. Three years after the reduction of Thouroune and Tournay, he was rewarded by a portion of lands, but those were ceded to the French in the eleventh year of Henry VIII. In the fourteenth of that King's reign he was knighted by the Earl of Surrey, as a reward for eminent services; and the King placed such entire confidence in him, that he employed him in negotiations of the utmost consequence. In the nineteenth of Henry VIII, he began to reap the benefits of his Majesty's favour; for, on the 9th of March 1538, he was advanced to a Barony by the title of John, Lord Russel, Baron Russel of Cheynes, in the county of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham having been beheaded, and his estate confiscated for high treason, the King conferred his manor of Agmondesham in Bucks on him, the better to support his dignity.

In 1540, on the destruction of the religious houses, he obtained a grant to himself and Anne his wife, and to their heirs, the whole site and circuit of the rich Abbey of Our Lady, and

St. Aumon of Tavistock in the county of Devon, as also of the borough and hundred of Tavistock, with thirteen manors; also of the rectory and vicarage of Tavistock. The manor of St. Anthony, county of Cornwall, the borough of Denbury, and twelve more manors in the county of Devon. The manor of Hawkwell, in Somersetshire, with the mines of tin and lead in Denbury and Plymstock in Devon. The advowsons of the rectories appropriate, and not appropriate, and divers lands and parcels of the dissolved monastery of Donkisswell, in the county of Devon, of the house and church of the Friars-Precursors, in Exeter; of the manor of Cory-Fitzpaine, with the moiety of the advowson of the church of Charlton-Mackarel, in Somersetshire, also the manor of Abbots-Aston in Bucks, belonging to the dissolved Abbey of St. Albans in Herts.

Thus did Lord Russel increase in wealth and honours, and on the 28th July, 1541, he was appointed Lord Admiral of England and Ireland: but his abilities were not confined to the cabinet; in the same year he was dispatched, with a proper force, to check the proceedings of the French general, who was levying men in Picardy; matters being compromised, he returned to England; and on the 3rd of December 1543, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal; and in 1545, Captain General of the van-guard of the King's Army, at the siege of Boulogne. In January 1546, Henry VIII, on his death bed, appointed Lord Russel, one of the sixteen Counsellors of his son, Edward VI. In the first year of that King's reign, the Monastery of Woodburn, in the county of Bedford, with a large parcel of lands in the same county was granted to the Earl of Bedford, who soon after he had obtained that title, regulated the affairs of government, and brought all parties to an amicable disposition: he was the chief means of preventing a civil war, which was expected to break out from the dissensions between the Earl of Warwick and the Protector Somerset; and this he put a stop to by throwing as much power as he could into the King's hands.

When the trial of the Duke of Somerset came on, the Earl of Bedford was one of the peers who sat upon it. He endeavoured to clear him of the felony for which he was condemned, but could not succeed. This Earl, perhaps, was the only great man at the time, who stood well with all parties; when the young monarch was on his death-bed, his zeal for the protestant religion made him enter into an association for the support of his will. Perceiving however that a sanguinary civil war was unavoidable, if the next heir was set aside, he was one of the counsellors, who proclaimed Queen Mary, and when her treaty of marriage was on foot with Philip of Spain, gratitude to the memory of that Prince's grandfather, (who first introduced him at court), made him second the views of the Emperor, Philip's father. After having performed this commission, we find no mention of the Earl's name in any of the transactions of this sanguinary reign. On his return from Spain he died March 14th. 1564, at his house in the Strand, London.

The Earl married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Guy Sapcotts, widow to Sir John Broughton of Tudington, in the county of Bedford. By this lady he had his son, and successor, Francis the second Earl of Bedford.

His lordship was one of the first noblemen to maintain the right of Mary against the ill advised and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he was appointed one of her privy council, and was consulted in all matters concerning the reformation. In the second and fourth year of Elizabeth, he was sent on an embassy into France. In the seventh year of her reign, he was appointed by the Queen of England, to meet the Earls of Murray and Ledington, on the part of Mary, Queen of Scotland, concerning the marriage of the latter with the Earl of Leicester. The English commissioners urged the advantage this would be to Mary, as Elizabeth had promised, if her plan was not rejected, Mary would, in parliament, be declared next in succession to the

throne of England: but the Scotch Lords said it would disparage their Queen, if, after her refusal of so many honorable offers, she should condescend to so mean a person as the Earl of Leicester. Mary some time afterwards married Lord Darnley.

In 1566, Elizabeth was requested to stand god-mother to James, King of Scotland, afterwards James I, of England, and the Earl of Bedford was deputed her proxy on this occasion; and he presented the Queen of Scots, in the name of his Sovereign, with a magnificent font of pure gold: at the Earl's departure from Scotland, he was presented with a rich chain of diamonds, worth two thousand crowns.

In 1571, the Earl of Bedford was named among the peers for the trial of that great, but unhappy nobleman, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

His Lordship was twice married; by his first lady, Margaret, the daughter of Sir John St. John; he had four sons and three daughters; but neither of his sons lived to succeed him; the heir to his honours was Edward, his grand-son, by Francis, his third son, but he dying without issue, was succeeded by Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, the son of Sir William Russel, the fourth son of the second Earl. Sir William was qualified for the highest commands, and acted as General of the horse in the battle of Zutphen in the Netherlands. He was sent afterwards to quell a rebellion in Ireland; when such was his valour, that the famous rebel chief, Tir-Oen came, without a summons, and threw himself at his feet, with professions of loyalty to the Queen. His Lordship relieved Iniskilling which had been besieged by the rebels. Tir-Oen, however, in 1595, appeared again in arms. On this the Lord deputy wrote to England for a re-inforcement; but Elizabeth, who always sought to make her statesmen and her generals checks upon each other, sent over Sir John Norris, who was personally disagreeable to Sir William Russel, at the head of three thousand English. This policy of Elizabeth has been censured by all our best historians; for the English affairs suffered greatly in Ireland by the jarrings between the Lord deputy and the General; the former introduced regulations into the army which Norris blamed, as too severe; and possessed the Queen with the same opinion, though the Lord deputy was doing all that a brave officer and a good governor could do against rebels: the Queen, however, sent over the Lord Burrough to succeed him on the 2nd of May 1597.

Sir William Russel then returned to his government at Flushing, and on the accession of King James to the crown, was created Baron Russel of Thornhaugh in Northamptonshire: he died on the 9th of August 1613.

Francis his son the fourth Earl of Bedford, seems to have disliked the measures of the court; James was an arbitrary, though good natured monarch, and the Earl of Bedford was always keenly alive to the liberties of the people. On the meeting of the long parliament in 1640, we find him one of the most considerable in the house of Peers in opposition to the court; but he was too wise, and possessed of too splendid a fortune, to wish for a subversion of the government. When the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford was depending in the house of Peers, his Lordship, though he had no scruple of giving his vote for it, was unwilling to have it pressed upon the King. He likewise secretly undertook that the Earl of Strafford's life should be preserved. He fell sick about a week after, and died of the small-pox on Sunday the 9th of May, 1641. His Lordship married Catharine daughter and sole heir to Gyles Bridges, third Lord Chandos, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. His eldest son, William, was afterwards first Duke of Bedford. He was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I, and in July, 1642, he was appointed General, by the parliament, in the army raised against the King. In 1643, he, with the Earls of Holland and Clare conferred with the Earl of Essex, who was weary of the war, and they had so much influence

in the House of Lords, that they consulted with the Commons, and sent proposals of peace to the King: but the artful Pennington, then Lord Mayor, procured a petition from the Common-Council in the city, against peace. Soon after the year 1643, the Earl of Bedford was put under the custody of the Black Rod, and his estates sequestered, till the parliament, in their successes against the King in 1644, ordered the sequestration to be taken off.

After the restoration of Charles II, the Earl of Bedford received the order of the Garter; and on the advancement of the Prince of Orange to the throne, he was, on the 11th of May, 1694, created Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford: he died on the 7th of September, 1700, aged eighty-six years: his lady was Anne, daughter to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, too well known for the share he had with his worthless lady, in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Anne, however, their daughter, was a pattern of virtue and goodness. It is said she never recovered the shock she received on taking up the pamphlet, by accident, containing the trial of her mother, and the proofs of her guilt. Her Grace had four daughters and seven sons; her second son, was William, who became Lord Russel on the death of his elder brother: unfortunate nobleman! On whose amiability, virtues, and tragical end, our limits will not allow us to dwell, or even to abridge; for his interesting history would be destroyed by being mutilated; the pen of the historian and romance writer have often been employed in setting forth the sad tale; the Letters of Lady Rachel Russel, his heroic widow, will ever be perused with interest; but the best history of Lord William Russel is that proceeding from the elegant pen of his present illustrious and erudite descendant. Not any of the sons of the first Duke of Bedford lived to succeed him; but Wriothesley, his grand-son, the son of the unhappy Lord William Russel, who was decapitated, became on the death of his grand-father, the successor to all his honours in the 13th year of William III. At the coronation of Queen Anne, in the year 1702, he acted as Lord High Constable of England. His Grace led a private life; never entering into any court-cabals, and therefore, we have little historical account of him. He left two daughters and two sons, Wriothesley and John, who successively became Dukes of Bedford. His Grace died on the 20th of May, 1711, of the small-pox, which disorder proved fatal to his widow, who survived him till the 29th of July 1724.

Wriothesley, the third Duke of Bedford, had very bad health; for which being advised to try the air of Lisbon, he embarked for that purpose, but his illness increased so that he was obliged to land, before he could reach that place: and died at Corunna in Spain, on the 23rd of October, 1732. His Grace had married Ann, daughter of Suroop, Duke of Bridgewater, by whom having no issue, he was succeeded by John, his brother, the fourth Duke of Bedford; who was born on the 30th of September, 1710. On the 11th of October 1731, he married Diana, daughter to Charles Earl of Sunderland. By this lady, who died on the 27th of September, 1736, his Grace had only one son, Francis, who died an infant. In 1737, the Duke married again, to Gertrude, daughter of John, Earl Gower, and by her had a son and a daughter; the son Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, to the great regret of his noble family, and the whole nation, lost his life by a fall from his horse while he was hunting, on March 22nd. 1797. The Marquis had married in 1764, Elizabeth, daughter to the Earl of Albermarle, and by her had three sons, two of which succeeded to the Dukedom.

The fourth Duke, the father of the lamented Marquis of Tavistock, above mentioned, exemplified his zeal for the house of Hanover, by assisting to quell a rebellion in Scotland, while the King was in Germany; and was the first nobleman who raised a regiment for His Majesty's service; which was embodied on the 27th of September, 1745.

Francis the 5th Duke, was born July 22nd, 1765. Possessed of every personal accomplishment and the finest principles of the heart and mind, died unmarried March 21; 1802, he was a sincere patriot, and a friend to the human race, and was succeeded by his brother, John, the present and sixth Duke of Bedford, born July 6th, 1766. His Grace has been twice married, first at Brussels, to Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of George, Viscount Torrington, who died October 11, 1801, leaving issue, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock. His Grace married secondly, on June 23rd, 1803, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and has issue Wriothesley, born May 14, 1804, and several other children.

The present Duke inherits all the patriotic principles of his noble house: sincerely and firmly attached to the politics of Mr. Fox, so he was personally his friend; he is equally a staunch supporter of the throne, and the well-wisher of the subject. His Grace is fond of agricultural and farming pursuits; and an encourager of all those who strike out what is useful in either, and especially to those who are attentive to improvement in the breed of cattle.

The motto of this illustrious family is "*Che sard, sard.*" "What is to be, will be."

ASTROLOGY ILLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED.

No. 3.

LESSON II.

ON THE EFFECTS OF THE SUN'S INFLUENCE CHIEFLY COMBATING THE OLD DOCTRINE OF ASPECTS.

In No. 5 of this work I have endeavoured to prove that planets, surrounding or guarding the Sun, either in the same sign or within 60 degrees of either side of him, are in the most fortunate position that they possibly can be, as far as respects that luminary. However, I wish it to be particularly observed, that only the superior planets, viz. Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, when in such positions, are capable of producing any remarkable effects. Venus and Mercury of themselves not having sufficient power.

The *quality* of the influence, produced by the combination of planets that surround the Sun, as well as that of the *signs* which they occupy, must be attentively considered by every student who wishes to form any thing like a rational opinion of their most probable effects. Positions as they respect the Sun, are of the greatest importance in astrological considerations; for the qualities of the Moon and all the planets are increased, diminished, and varied in their mode of operation, by their different positions in respect of that luminary. I do not mean as they respect the Sun by *partile aspects*, but by their increase and decrease of *light, motion and distance*.

In spite of what all authors and artists may teach, I can and will maintain and prove beyond the power of contradiction, that planets are most fortunately situated when in the same sign with the Sun, or within about 60 degrees of him; and although it may be possible, yet I believe it will prove no easy task for any one to collect the nativities of so small a number as half a dozen of distinguished persons where Saturn, Jupiter, Mars or the Moon were not within the specified distance of the body of the Sun.

Whoever attentively examines the quadripartite of Ptolemy, will find that, in all parts of that work where he alludes to positions that are significative of eminence and prosperity,

that he particularly directs us to observe the condition of those planets that surround or guard the luminaries—but more particularly the Sun—not by *aspects* but as they are elevated above, or succeed the Sun—in order to better illustrate this point, and set his meaning in a more striking light, I will refer to a passage that occurs, concerning parents, in chapter 5th of the 3rd book of the quadripartite. “Therefore the satellitium of the lights sheweth what relates to their fortunes and possessions. For the luminaries being environed by the beneficks, and they that are of the same condition either in the same signs, or in the following, signifies that their fortunes will be illustrious and splendid; and especially when the Sun is guarded by oriental stars, or the Moon by occidental; they being also well constituted after the same manner.”

There is more truth in the above short passage than is contained in the whole of many voluminous works upon astrology; excepting, that when such positions occur at the time of birth, their significations have a much more powerful effect upon matters affecting the fortune and prosperity of the *native* than that of the parents, and if artists and others, who study this science, would direct their attention to the positions of the planets as they respect the luminaries, instead of wasting so much time and labour in attempting to explain the superstitious doctrine of the “Lords of Houses,” they would soon have reason to be better satisfied with their exertions.

The 8th chapter of the first book in the quadripartite of Ptolemy is particularly deserving the attention of every student in this art—they may easily perceive that he estimated the power of a planet's influence by its position in respect to the Sun—not by *aspects*, but by their increase and decrease of light and distance, which, in some way, has a great effect in varying the power and in some respects the quality of their influence. However, that every one who may wish to peruse Ptolemy's chapter upon the subject, may have an opportunity of doing so, I will take the liberty of inserting the whole of it.

Ptolemy's Quadripartite.

Book 1st,
Chapter 8th.

On the power of configurations to the Sun.

“Now the Moon and the three planets, viz. Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, have a lesser or greater force according to their configurations with the Sun: for the Moon along HER increase, from her first appearance to her first quarter, is more moistening; from the first quarter to the full she warms; from the full to the last quarter she drieth; from the last quarter till she is hid, she is cold.

And the planets matutine, to the first station are more moist; from the first station till they rise at night, they are more heating; from their rising at night to the second station, they dry more; and from the second station till they are absconded, they cool more.

And it is manifest that, being mixed among themselves, they cause many differences of qualities in that which doth encompass us; the proper power of each for the most part prevailing; which is changed more or less by the power of other configurations.”

By the above chapter it may be perceived, that Ptolemy considered the qualities of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, to be most powerful and active from their first station, (which is where they turn retrograde) to the opposition with the Sun, and from that to their second station, which is where they turn direct.

If the doctrine as laid down by Ptolemy in the above chapter is correct, of which there is no doubt, it at once shews the absurdity of our old authors and the greater part of our modern artists, in supposing that planets have no

respect to the Sun but when they are within the limits of an *aspect* with him; when it cannot be otherwise than plain to every thinking person, that if their power is varied by their increase and decrease of light, or by their distance from the Sun or from the earth every degree, they move in their approach to either, must increase or decrease the power of their influence.

It has hitherto been the practice of most authors that have written upon the subject of astrology, and even of those artists of the present day who boast so much of their strict adherence to the principles of Ptolemy, to teach that Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and the Moon, when in trine aspect with the Sun, are eminently fortunate—the truth of this doctrine (with the exception of the Moon) I positively deny. It is a well known fact that, when Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, after their conjunction with the Sun, are elongated from him, the distance of 120 degrees, they either are retrograde, or are very near being so—and that, after they turn retrograde, we begin to feel the effects of their influence in an extreme; and which continues to increase until they pass the opposition of the Sun; it then gradually decreases, and shortly after, they pass the point where they became direct; their effects become less visible, or at least “less evil.”

Those periods, when Mars has been retrograde, have ever been attended with a great increase of crime, many daring robberies, murders, accidents, suicides, with a variety of other disastrous circumstances, as well as diseases which are generally of a bilious nature will occur; when planets are retrograde, their qualities appear to be too powerful;—that an excess of any quality will produce evil, there can be no doubt, and it is a fact, which cannot be denied, that their influence increases to an excess after they become retrograde: for this reason, the trine aspect of Saturn, Jupiter or Mars to the Sun, can but in very few cases prove fortunate, and I believe that the nativities of very few persons, whose lives have proved more than ordinarily fortunate, can be found, where Saturn, Jupiter and Mars were all elongated so far as 120 degrees from the Sun, unless the Sun was at the same time beheld by a sextile or trine aspect of the Moon.

The planet Jupiter, although considered to be the greatest fortune, when too powerful, will produce evil, and cause diseases as well as Saturn and Mars—he generally causes shortness of breath, pains in the side, cramps, pleurisie inflammations and diseases of the chest and lungs; and most of those diseases that are occasioned by too full a habit of body: these complaints are always most prevalent at those times when Jupiter happens to be retrograde, which is a convincing proof that his influence, at such times, is much more powerful in exciting those complaints, where they may be considered *constitutional*.

When Jupiter happens to be retrograde at the time of birth, unless Saturn is retrograde also, the native is seldom of a very spare habit of body, and as he advances in years generally becomes stout and fleshy, and sometimes quite corpulent.

When Saturn is retrograde, colds, coughs, consumptive and rheumatic complaints are very prevalent; and when he happens to be retrograde at the time of birth, unless Jupiter is also retrograde, or occupies a powerful position—the native seldom escapes being attacked with symptoms of a decline which generally happens between the 19th and 22nd years, and the symptoms are more slight or severe according to his position in the figure of birth. I have always found his influence most detrimental to a consumptive constitution when he was at the time of birth posited in the 8th house in the signs Virgo, Sagittary, Taurus, Capricorn and Leo, and at the same time retrograde.

As to the existence of planetary influence, no doubt can remain in the mind of any one that will attentively observe

the evil effects that are sure to accompany those periods when Mars is retrograde. In our newspapers, the accounts of cases of depravity, robberies, murders, suicides, and accidents are always considerably increased in number, and persons of vicious and depraved principles are at such times more than usually active: these facts serve to prove that the influence of a planet, when retrograde, is too powerful, and that an excess of any quality is productive of evil. Consequently trine aspects to the Sun cannot be so eminently fortunate as has been generally supposed; at least but in very few cases; which authors, who have written upon astrology, if they ever understood, ought to have explained in a more familiar manner; but they all (Mr. Wilson the writer of the *Astrological Dictionary* excepted) seem to have made it a rule to involve in mystery whatever they thought valuable in this science.

I have always found the influence of planets, when in quartile to the Sun from fixed signs, to be *extremely powerful*, and as far as relates to prosperity, and the attainment of honors and preferment, such positions are very fortunate; but they seldom fail in proving extremely unfavorable to *domestic happiness*. How their influence may operate when in common and moveable signs, I cannot confidently state; but I am of opinion that quartile aspects to the Sun, are, in most cases, as far as relates to advancement, much more fortunate than trines.

As an example in support of what I have stated in the foregoing lesson concerning the positions of the Sun, viz. that quartile aspects of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars to that luminary, as far as respects *honors and dignities*, are much more fortunate than trines, I have inserted the nativity of his Majesty King George the IVth.

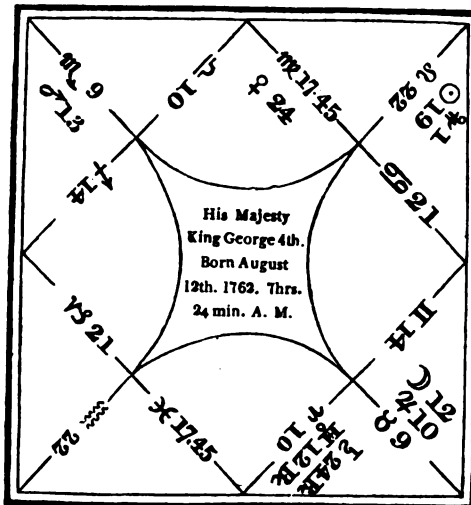
The time of birth has been taken from the Gentleman's Magazine of that period; and which was 24 minutes past seven o'clock in the morning of August the 12th, 1762.

That disciple of Prince Hohenloe's, R. C. S. the writer of the *Straggler*, had the time of his Majesty's birth from the same source. This is a fact too well known among his friends for him to deny. Now I ask this "spiritual" artist why he has taken the liberty of making an alteration in the time of birth, of more than three **QUARTERS OF AN HOUR**, and then impose it upon the public as the true time; but I suppose this poor gentleman was not "*inspired*" when he was searching for some glorious direction to account for his Majesty's coronation? He was therefore determined, right or wrong, to make the "Sun arrive at the midheaven" to account for it; to do which he was obliged to make the alteration in the time of birth before alluded to.

I am more particularly induced to give the above explanation from a wish to prevent those who are in the pursuit of truth from being led astray; at the same time must observe, that it would be more ingenious if an artist, when he gives a nativity, were to signify from what authority he had it, and to make a rule of giving the *estimate* time and state what alteration, according to his opinion, might be necessary; the estimate time would then be preserved, which would afford every student an opportunity of trying upon it all the various methods of bringing up directions, rectifying, and giving judgment—the only rational way of proceeding that can be adopted, in order to ascertain which of them contains the greatest portion of truth; but when an artist, for the sake of concealing his own ignorance, takes the unjustifiable liberty of making any considerable alteration in a nativity, for no better reason than because he cannot understand it as it has been given; and then lays it before the public without giving the *estimate* time, or stating what alteration he has made in it, the young student of course is led to believe that it is correct—consequently all his observations upon it are founded in error; he finds his expectations disappointed and is totally ignorant of the cause.

By such means the many, who, anxious in the pursuit of truth, prefer making observations and experiments for themselves (rather than believe old authors) are led into error and duped by the indiscretion and trickery of an artist.

SOME REMARKS UPON THE NATIVITY OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.



In the above illustrious nativity it may be seen that the planet Venus is **ANGULAR** in the 24th degree of the sign Virgo—a part of that sign, where the signification of any planet that may happen to be posited therein, becomes extremely powerful.

The common signs, when occupied by either of the planets or the luminaries at the time of birth, have the effect of giving a great variety of ideas; a mind formed for reflection; a great share of sensibility, taste and feeling; accompanied with a strong desire to pursue and excel in whatever may be the subject of their signification, which is sure to be of the quality of that planet or combination of planetary influence, which those signs happen to contain.

In his Majesty's nativity, the planet Venus not only occupies one of the before mentioned signs, and also a part of it where its influence in producing such affections of the mind is most powerful; but has also of herself a considerable effect in stimulating the mind to the pursuit of every refined, elegant and fashionable accomplishment; in several of which his Majesty is known to excel, and for the attainment of which, he has ever been so justly celebrated. The position of Venus in a common sign, and **ANGULAR**, adds greatly to the power of her significations, and would also incline to a love of music, poetry, and the fine arts of which I can have no doubt but his Majesty is a great admirer.

However, all those polite accomplishments of which his Majesty is so perfectly master, and which have hitherto with such brilliancy distinguished his progress through life, would have shone but dimly, had he not also possessed a great share of firmness and self-possession, which is easily accounted for, by the position of the Moon in the sign Taurus, just separated from a conjunction with Jupiter, and applying to an opposition of Mars, of which she is but a few minutes distant. She is also within seven degrees of a quartile with the Sun, who, together with the planet Mercur-

that greatness and strength to the mind, that made the softer and more pleasing qualities of Venus, more than ordinarily visible. As a farther proof of this, let any one refer to the position of Mars in a common sign in the nativity of Napoleon Bonaparte—and of Jupiter in the nativity of Lord Byron—for whatever is denoted by the position of a planet in a common sign in any nativity, will become visible in proportion to the strength of the mind; which quality can only be given by the position of planets in fixed signs, or by some particular configurations of the planets Saturn and Mars.

Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, FROM THEIR RESPECT TO THE SUN, become signifiers of honors, dignities and possessions;—but Saturn being so far from the Sun, is not so fortunately placed as Jupiter and Mars: consequently his significations will be brought about with more difficulty; as a proof of this let any one refer to the occurrences of 1820 and 1821, when Saturn, together with Jupiter, was passing through the sign Aries, over the radical place of the former in the nativity, and thereby excited and brought into action his *radical influence*. I might fill several pages in explaining the wonderful truths of transits that have occurred in this nativity; but let those who are capable of examining for themselves refer to the aspects that occurred during the two years previous to the time of his Majesty's marriage—also about the time when he was appointed Regent—the occurrences of 1813 and 1814 respecting the late Queen—the death of the princess Charlotte in 1817—the return of the Queen from abroad in 1820—and all the circumstances that attended the two following years; at the same time let them remember that the common signs have a great affinity with DOMESTIC AFFAIRS*;—and let them not forget the position of every planet as it respects the Sun by the rules that I have laid down in the foregoing lesson, and also in that contained in No. 5, of this publication.

J. ENGLISH.

THE ANSWER TO AN ATTACK OF A WOULD-BE ASTROLOGER.

Mr. Editor,

Having been told by some of my friends that there have lately appeared several pieces in that nonsensical work called the *Straggler*, written by R. C. S. (who the better to disguise his unfounded assertions, has assumed the various fictitious names of "*Raphael*," "*Medusa*," "*Alfred*," "*The Inspired Penman*," "*Extraordinary Genius*," "*Mercurius*," and sometimes though very seldom his own initials "*R. C. S.*") I was induced to examine those pieces in which I find he has threatened to "pursue and defy me in the field of scientific combat," and he has also heaped upon me many most illiberal epithets. It must be evident to every one that such proceedings are not in the least calculated to elucidate the truth of science, but must eventually bring that contempt on the author which he so richly deserves; I do not write as he has done, for the purpose of exciting the credulous to come to me to have their "fortunes told," neither have I written for the sake of imposing a collection of falsehoods upon the public; if my principles are erroneous, before they are committed to the flames which he prescribes, let them, at least, be PROVED so—let him refute my doctrine by PROOFS, that is all that I demand of him. However, if he thinks that he can prove my doctrine fallacious, let him do it by laying before the public the nativities of some distinguished and celebrated characters that have flourished within the last thirty years—let him also state from what authority he gets their time, are all in fixed signs. It was those positions which gave

* The reason of which will be fully explained in another lesson.

of birth—let him only find the nativities of half a dozen popular and well known characters who have flourished within that time; and if the rules that I have laid down will not hold good, I will then confess myself to be deserving of all the vile epithets that he has bestowed upon me.

In page 61 and 62 of the *Straggler*, may be found the nativity of the unfortunate aeronaut Mr. Harris, with some remarks attached to it which were written by this "inspired" philosopher. The points to which I wish to call the attention of the public, I have extracted from that work, and will give them in his own words which are as follows: "Now the aspects which portended death, at the time of the ascent were, I believe, chiefly Mars in Virgo, nearly coinciding with the longitude which he occupied at the hour of birth; and the retrogradation of Mercury, lord of the ascendant, in Gemini." A little further on he states that, "had he deferred his ascent until Mars had passed through Virgo and entered Libra, the configurations would have been much more favourable;"—and he finishes the sentence by observing, that his life would not have been much prolonged, for the "entrance of Saturn into Gemini would have been likely to have proved fatal to him."—he gave no direction to account for his death, because the fact was that he could find none. It may now be clearly perceived that it is the hope of gratifying some base passion that has influenced him to attack my principles, and not that of a wish to establish truth. *Why has he taken upon himself to deny the power of transits, because I have begun to explain their effects, when he himself assigned the principal cause of Mr. Harris's death to a transit of Mars?* Why did he, in page 182 of the same work, assert that the death of the Queen, and the disastrous events of that period was caused by the eclipse of 1819, falling in the ominous degrees of the sign Pisces in opposition to the place of Venus* in his Majesty's nativity, if transits and ingresses were in his opinion such inferior causes? To this production he attached the name of "*Raphael*."—Again, why has he ventured to make use of my rules, which he has done in page 276 of the *Straggler*, and states it to be a "*secret in astrology that has never yet been published*," if he did not find them superior to his own?—Here again he predicts from transits and ingresses entirely; when in many of the preceding and succeeding numbers he denies their efficacy, and at the same time abuses me under the fictitious name of "*Raphael*" for making use of those means which he himself has done so abundantly—and which his own initials to Mr. Harris's nativity will prove.

A few months back when he feigned a great friendship for me, I explained many of my rules to him, but fortunately never gave him the key to my system, or there is little doubt but it would have appeared before the public in the *Straggler*.

That public will now have an opportunity of judging of the merits of the productions of this puffing philosopher. After this let him not, in future, attack me unless he can bring forward matter that will prove my principles to be erroneous;—if he can produce only a small number of proofs to that effect, I will then publicly acknowledge myself in error. I have given a list of the various names which he has assumed for the purpose of avoiding detection—but now the mask is thrown off, his productions can be compared with each other, and their contradictions will easily be perceived. He has threatened to publish my nativity, I can tell him I have no objection to it—and as his own

* This seems to be another of his astrological bulls, for the eclipse happened in the sign Virgo, therefore could not be in opposition to Venus at all, neither did it happen at all in the year 1819 but in 1820; this at once shows how little he has studied his subject.

coupled with mine, may prove of some advantage to the astrological student, I will insert the planets' places, and give the degree of the ascendant, of both of them.

Places of the planets in the nativity of J. English, born January 17, 1795, at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock at night.

R

☉ 27-55^W — ♄ 21-6^E — ♃ 22-44^W —

♂ 18-15^W — ♀ 12-3^E — ♁ 4-43^W R — ♃ 16-5^W ♄ 2-49^W

As to that unmeaning point called the part of fortune I must leave it for some learned philosopher (who has been so fortunate as to discover the right method of computing) to insert for me. The ascendant is 12 degrees 14 minutes of Libra.

Planets places in the nativity of R. C. S. as given by himself, born March 19, 1795—his ascendant 19 degrees 15 minutes of Gemini.

☉ 28-47^E — ♄ 6-42^E — ♃ 25^W — ♁ 0-59^W

♂ 27-32^W — ♀ 12-20^W — ♃ 28-11^R

♄ 0-8^W R

The eclipse in 1820 was in the sign Virgo in opposition to the places of the Sun, Moon and Mercury at his birth—when Mars transited through Virgo in the forepart of the present year this "inspired" gentleman was not expected to live from one hour to another. I have long predicted the consequences that he will have to combat with, when Jupiter transits the place of the eclipse of 1820, and I once more beg leave to remind him of it. I told him what would be the effect of Mars transiting that place, but he did not believe it until he was attacked with a dreadful bilious complaint, which reduced him almost to death; and he may rest assured that the transit of Jupiter, *although he is a fortune* over the same place, will be attended with some very alarming consequences.

In answer to his query concerning the cause of the death of the child born April 30, 1806, I must beg leave to remind my learned opponent that he must not refer to the transits or ingresses which occurred on the day of the death, but to those that *preceded the accident which caused its death*; and must beg him to remember that *causes always precede effects*.

THE SUNFLOWER'S FETE CHAMPETRE.

The Sunflower with jealousy heard of the feasts
Of insects and fishes, of birds, men and beasts,
With longing desire to out gait them all,
She issues her cards, for a breakfast and ball;
No expense was too great, no trouble was spared.
Each guest had good room, even *beds* were prepared
For the tender and young arrangements were made.
Pavilions for shelter and awnings for shade,
Theatricals too being now all the rage,
To gratify some, she took care to engage }
A few amateurs to appear on the stage.
Fantastic apartments adorn'd the *parterre*,
And *crescents*, and *circles* surrounded a square
As a fence to enclose this bright region of taste
An elegant trellis on each side was plac'd,
Which taught the canaille proper distance to keep,
But all *Waiting-maids* had permission to peep;
And here on a bed, to be out of the way,
Ladies mantles, et cetera, et cetera, lay.

The neighbours and relatives came in good time,
Except a young *Lupine* cut off in his prime;
His widow was longing to join the gay throng;
But encumbered with *weeds*, she thought 'twould be wrong.
The *Roses* had cards; and so great was the fame
Of this breakfast and ball, that most of them came.
Lady Damask declined, a haughty old dame,
York and Lancaster too must needs do the same;
Mrs. *White Rose* appeared a blooming young bride
And two budding beauties kept close to her side:
Some *Wild-Dogs* 'tis said star'd them full in the face,
But a *Maiden-Blush* gave to each a new grace.
Painted-Ladies in groups to laugh turn'd aside
While the *Tulip* looked on with true *London-Pride*;
A bloated *Hydranger*, a hard drinking soul,
"As e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl,"
Came waddling along, with his broad blushing face,
In which a wag said there was no sign of grace.
A delicate *Jasmine*, so slender and tall
Was pray'd by her guardian to honor the ball:
Reluctant she went and left a relation
Scarcely recovered from inoculation.*
An *Aloe* in bloom was resolved to appear,
Tho' barely arrived at her one hundredth year.
Narcissus was asked for by many a lass,
But ev'ry one said he was fix'd to his glass.
The gardeners soon filled, and in truth I report
So brilliant a party was ne'er seen at court;
Such exquisite colors, such various costume,
While Zephyrs dispurs'd aromatic perfume.
If beauty and fashion the Sunflow'r would please
There was plenty of both, but little *Heart's-Ease*,
Powder'd-Beaux were so spruce and *Coccombs* so vain,
Love in idleness, now had a good chance to reign.
To gain an admirer each single *Bell* sigh'd,
And in beauty of person with each other vied;
But Lady *Laburnum* so vain and ill-bred,
Met Lord *Laurel's* bow with a toss of the head.
A flaunting *Carnation* rous'd up to the eyes,
With languishing air every female art tries.
The *Pinks* her first cousins more neatly attir'd,
Were far less affected, and much more admir'd;
Some *Canterbury Bells* delighting in jokes,
Declard 'twas rare fun, to nickname the good folks.
A youth tore his coat, and was voted a fright
And called *Ragged Robin* from morning till night.
A damsel who happen'd to dress rather fine,
Was terribly quizzed and yclep'd *Columbine*.
When breakfast was over, the dancing began;
The *Sunflow'r* led off with a *Rose* from Japan.
As the morning advanced she grew very tir'd,
No wonder I'm sure when you hear she perspired.
In twenty four hours, believe it who can,
Nineteen times as much as a *hearty young man*.†
The hand of fair *Daphness* by many was sought,
A forward young thing from the nursery brought;
Polyanthus appeared, surrounded by beaux
Chaperon'd by her aunt an old maiden *Primrose*.
Lord *Auricula's* heir, a London bred fop,
Secur'd her fair hand and got near the top.
By way of a change after each country dance
Cotillions were proposed by some fair *Maid of France*,
The antic young *Woodbine* would dance an alemande
And gracefully seized Lady *Eglantine's* hand.

* *Jasmines* are forced in a hothouse and propagated by inoculation.

† This curious fact is mentioned in Wakefield's Introduction to Botany.

A *French Marygold*, who was just come from school,
 Appear'd very anxious to dance a *Pas seul*.
 A hornpipe was called for, *Sweet William* was press'd,
 He could not refuse, 'twas the *Lily's* request.
 While dancing went on, a set fond of play
 Had cards to amuse them the rest of the day:
 How many were ruin'd, so high was the *stake*
 That some sat composed who had reason to shake.
 No *THRIFT* was among them, no *HONESTY* seen,
 And those who play'd fairly were look'd on as *green*.
 A party quarrée to high play less inclin'd
 Secured a snug corner the best they could find;
 Miss *Snow Drop*, and one *Dr. Crocus* sat down,
 And asked their opponents, to bet half a crown.
 My good friends excuse me, *Miss Dairy* began,
 Her partner, she said, was some vulgar *Old man*,
 "Madam, I'd rather not bet, I play much too ill,
 "For another to lose through my want of skill."
 A group of gay officers came very late,
 All nice dashing fellows, the life of the fête;
 But Colonel *Martagen* he thought it a bore,
 And ordered his carriage at half after four;
 Lord *Poppy* another *field officer* came;
 But when asked to dance declar'd *he was lame!*
 Refreshments in plenty appear'd about two.
 The dancers remark'd 'twas no more than their *dew*,
 And hints of a supper being whisper'd about,
 Captain *Lydnanus* declared he'd stay it all out
 With General *Geranium* and two aid-de-camps
 Who gave after dinner some excellent songs.
 A son of the General was *Major Brigade*
 Who wore the best *Scarlet* that ever was made.
 A *Major Nasturtian* was splendidly dress'd,
 And *Major Convolvulus* vied with the rest.
 His nephew a *Minor* would sit down to loo,
 A smart little fellow a *Cornet in Blue*,
 The stage now attracts the young and the old
 And the house was soon cramm'd as full as 'twould hold.
 Some gay *blades* had wished to perform in *Wild Oats*,
 And carried their point by a number of votes.
 But soon all their wishes were brought to the ground,
 For no *Lady Amarinth* now could be found.
 Among the performers was one whom I knew,
 An innocent *Bell* in a habit of *blue*,
 Equipt for a dance in a monstrous disguise,
 Miss *Hyacinth* now was prepared for the prize.*
 In crowding to get a good place at the play
 A *sensitive Plant* nearly fainted away;
 The Countess *Fuchsia* received some rude knocks,
 And found *Mignonette* had secur'd the *stage-box*.
 Now time went unheeded till twilight came on,
 When most of them thought 'twould be best to be gone:
 Their eyes began closing, they droop'd their gay heads
 And tir'd of dancing were glad of their *beds*.
 Some few stay'd much later; and when it was night
 A Lady appear'd dress'd in yellow and white;
 A candle light beauty, who shunn'd the fair day
 And e'er it was morning she courted away.

THE NIGHT BLOWING CROCUS.

* This alludes to the Exhibition of Flowers and the *Hyacinth* is the *Blue Bell*, in its uncultivated state.

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARNED AND SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR ROUND;

INCLUDING A DEDICATORY EPISTLE, TO A CERTAIN
 UNIVERSITY OF WHICH THE DOCTOR HAD BEEN A
 MEMBER; BY TRUNCATED CONE, HIS NEPHEW AND
 COMPANION, OF THE SOCIETY OF "ODD FELLOWS,"
 "ECCENTRICS," &c.

DEDICATED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF —

Most learned Doctors and Proctors,

It is allowed by every genius—by every person of science—and by every sapient creature, not forgetting the dog and the pig lately exhibited, that your far-famed university has sent into the world more erudition, and more sound doctrine than any other in Europe: the mathematical principles upon which you found your studies enable your members to pry more deeply into the mysteries of nature than the members of any other seat of learning: not one of your fraternity, who has taken his full degrees, but is competent to measure a *degree* of longitude, to *square* a circle, to produce *perpetual motion*, or to turn lead into gold, (although your generosity declines the practice of the latter science for fear of depreciating the currency of the realm), your modesty is proverbial, and equally potent with your learning; not one of you would leave your studies for a moment, to unbend the severity of your application, by the cheering inspiration of a jovial glass; not the smell of the soup; of the roast and the boiled, can move the intensity of your thoughts; not even a bishop with the presentation in his hand to a good fat living, can relax your stoicism, or turn you from your duties. It is this glorious forbearance that has disseminated so much learning and virtue over the kingdom of Great Britain; no wonder then, that the great pattern of excellence of which I am about to speak, should have imbibed his extensive knowledge and modesty at your renowned university. It is with great deference, and with fear, that I introduce his history to the world, knowing how tenacious his feelings are, and the effects that such publicity of his excellence might irrecoverably injure his health; and that the world might lose by my indiscreet zeal, the greatest treasure human nature can boast of—in hopes, however, that his philosophy may support his feelings, and that your learned body may not be offended at the exposure of your numerous excellencies—I presume to subscribe myself,

Great Doctors and Proctors,

Your reverences'

Most timorous, devout, and

Dutiful servant,

T. CONE.

DOCTOR ROUND seemed by nature formed for exploring the wonders of the world: his scientific researches at — were marked by his fellow colleagues, for he was never known to stir from his chamber, except at dinner time; and so wonderfully bountiful had nature been to the Doctor, that his name, principles, and every thing belonging to him, implied science. His name was *Round*; his figure was *square*; he lived in a *square*; he wore a *triangular hat*; *square-toed shoes*; *elliptical buckles*; had an *oval face*; but a large *segment of a circle*, (which the vulgar call gills) formed the nether part of it. He was never known to smile; so serious and intent were his thoughts, so fervent his imagination, that the intense heat thereof, had completely destroyed the roots of his hair, which decayed, and left his head bald as an ostrich egg. His modesty was such, that fearful the efforts of his superior understanding should be discovered, on account of his baldness, he ordered an *immense wig*, which reached at least to the *skirts of his coat*—nature feeling for this prodigy, had guarded the expression of his penetrating eyes, with a pair of brows, which protruded over them, like a thick cottage thatch over a casement window; but, lest any impertinent might be peering under the thatch into the lights of his mind, and thereby be stultified by the fervour of his glance, charity induced him to wear a pair of *green goggles*. The lankness of his person might possibly have betrayed his studious character, to avoid which, he ordered his cook to furnish him with every luxury, that he might, *parabolically speaking*, create that rotundity of frontage, that would place it out of the doubt of any stranger, that he was other than a turtle eating alderman. The Doctor's intentions were of a most stupendous nature, and which none but so great a mind could have imbibed. He had determined for many years, to visit the interior of Africa, the city of Tombuctoo especially, and the interior of China, and its capital, Pekin. He also was in hopes of getting so far by land, towards the pole, as to have the honour of shaking hands with Captain Parry, after he had passed the north-west passage. He applied himself, therefore, closely to the study of the Chinese language; and, for that purpose, had purchased an immense quantity of *tea chests*, which he pored over day and night, and soon began to trace the copious beauty of that language, in the characters with which the tea merchants mark them. He discovered many beautiful pieces of poetry, which the Chinese had wittily inscribed on them, in honour of tea-drinking. He at last had the good fortune to obtain a manuscript of the Chinese Philosopher Confucius, which, as well as he could make out, was dated in the year 3341, and does not mention any thing of the deluge; this astounded him, as he well knew that, according to the Greek manuscripts, the great flood happened, in the reign of Ogyges king of the Thebans, in Boetia, in the year

3340—and that Noah's flood happened in the year 2242, making a difference of 1200 years. The Chinese he knew, totally deny the notion of that devastation—this contradiction made the Doctor still more anxious to explore the interior of China for fossilites, and in discoveries of that nature to gain immortal honour, by confounding the *lying Chinese*. Having now completed his studies of that language to his satisfaction, he gave orders for the necessary preparations for his journey, which he fairly calculated would take him many years to accomplish: but, in the mean time, it may not be unnecessary to give some description of the Doctor's family.

The Doctor, as well may be imagined, was too much of a philosopher not to have treated the arrows of Cupid with profound contempt; but, as he had lately found that his cook had not been so careful of his menage as usual, and finding servants in general inattentive, for want of a mistress, he determined to seek for one who had the qualities of a good housewife, and a competent knowledge of the *culinary art*—"Heaven soon granted what his cook denied!" he met with a lady somewhat of a steady age, and, by report, an excellent manager of a kitchen: but what recommended her still more forcibly to the Doctor, was her scientific name—it was *CONE*!

The Doctor, perfectly aware that the science of love was the only one in which he was not versed, even relaxed so far as to puzzle his stupendous brain, as to what art he should resort to, in order to gain the affection of so accomplished a lady. At last a thought flashed upon his mind; yet his conscience told him it was a cruel necessity—however, it *must be done*, or he *must diminish in size*, and in proportion be considered *clever*: he, therefore, called upon Miss Deborah Cone, and seated himself by her; but little was said, as the Doctor was famed for taciturnity: at last he suddenly took off his *goggles*, and threw one of those irresistible looks full into the eyes of Deborah, that *she*, like a bird fascinated by the gaze of the serpent, fell irresistibly into his arms, crying, "Oh! Doctor, those eyes!" he put on his goggles again, for fear of further mischief, and all was soon settled. The person of Mrs. Round was the reverse of the Doctor's, she was some half a head taller; and not having, from *over-modesty*, occasion to disguise her personal charms. She possessed from nature that genteel *tournaure* of person, comprised in bones neatly covered with skin, dispensing with the grosser particles of flesh, so cumbersome to an active housewife. Now it happened from this said marriage, that there was no issue, male nor female: but some years after the connubial tie, the wife of Mrs. Round's *brother*, produced a male child, to which the Doctor undertook to stand godfather, and to *adopt and provide for*, on condition that it should be named by himself. This was willingly agreed to by the parents, and young Cone was christened

TRUNCATED. Young *Trunc Cone* grew under the auspices of the Doctor, and, at the early age of 15, was made his amanuensis—and intended to be the companion of his travels. All now was bustle—all the Doctor's papers and instruments assorted, and under the especial care of *Trunc*, (for by that name he was called for brevity) luggage was packed, and all things made ready. An African servant was hired, (a native of Tombuctoo) who had been baptised by the name of James Cooper, but he got the nickname of *Copper Jammy*.

[To be continued.]

SONNET.

It was a merry making ; old and young
Clustered about the feast board, like as bees
Do pitch upon the summer scented thyme ;
And there were cheerful songs and catches sung,
Good homely, loyal, hearty melodies,
Such as do make the old, as in their prime,
Forget grey hairs, and how the foe time flies !
I have been where the scented couches lay,
And glittering lamps did light the noble halls,
Where splendor put forth all its colouring gay,
And flowers, and velvets hung from tap'stry walls,
But nature did ne'er keep such holiday
As with the peasants, 'neath the farmer's dome
When the crop garner'd they kept their harvest home.

J. F. STUART.

BALLAD.

There's a casque on his brow, and a brand by his side,
And proud, on his war horse, yon chieftain doth ride,
He has sworn by the sash she has bound on his breast,
By the braided brown locks she has twined on his crest ;
He has sworn to win honour in red fields afar
Where the cross, and the crescent are mingled in war.

Days and months, oh long years to true lovers ! are flown ;
That maid in her chamber is weeping alone,
And her eye it is sunk, and her cheek it is pale,
Like night's glorious planet beneath the clouds veil,
And she weeps lest her sash should the winding sheet be
Of her warrior that battles beyond the blue sea.

There are shouts of loud welcome in valley and plain
The chieftain is come to his castle again ;
There's a scar on his face, but a wreath on his brow
He has fought the good fight, he hath hallowed his vow ;
The smile is on Ellen's cheek, mounts as of yore,
For her Ronald has promised to leave her no more.

J. F. STUART.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

" ADIEU ! Adieu ! my dear mother," said I once more, and then rushed out of the house, that I might get over this mournful crisis, which distresses, and wrecks the heart at the moment of a dreaded separation.

A second vacation that I had passed in Paris, was just terminated, and I had only a few minutes longer to remain on that theatre where so many follies are performed ; the sorrow that I felt in quitting my family stifled, at the moment every other regret ; and, for the first time, perhaps, I passed the opera house without thinking of the female dancers, and crossed by the café Tortoni, without my mouth watering at the smell of a bowl of punch. I arrived at the close of the evening at the coach office ; caring but little for what was passing around me, I waited only for the signal of the conductor, to take possession of my place ; and, while the other passengers were getting themselves ready, I took my seat in a corner of the diligence, and my oppressed heart sighed responsively with those tears which, at that moment, I knew my mother was shedding on my account.

In the mean time, the bell at the *Messagerie* was heard for the third time ; all the travellers, packed into the same conveyance, were placed according to their numbers. By the glimmering light of an old gothic lanthorn, might be distinguished some last embraces, some pressures of the hand, and professions of friendship : assurances of remembrance were whispered from every corner ; when the crack of the postilion's whip, in less than one minute, changed the whole scene of our departure.

All the time that the *voiture* rolled along the streets of Paris, I could not divest my imagination from my family ; I did not seem to be entirely separated from them while I yet remained in the city wherein they dwelt, and breathed the same atmosphere. Very soon after the diligence passed through the street that they inhabited : I distinguished our apartments ; the lights were in the drawing-room ; and the slight shadows that projected behind the curtains, discovered to me that my sisters and their numerous female friends were assembled. In effect, at the noise made by the diligence, I saw the youthful society approach the windows, and I felt my heart palpitate with acknowledgement at this tacit farewell ; but it was not, however, on this group of lovely girls that my last looks were fixed ! By the reflection of the moon, I discovered the window of a closet, in which there was no light : a white veil, slightly agitated by the wind, pointed out to me, that a female was leaning over the balcony ; I thought I could even distinguish her dark hair, floating over her pale forehead ; I thought I perceived her hand, white as alabaster, raised to her lips, to blow to me a mournful kiss ; I guessed it was my mother, and I contrasted the darkness of that solitude which surrounded her, with the tumult of society, and then did I learn, how much the grief of a mother surpasses that of all other sorrows, and seeks its indulgence in solitude.

In about two hours the hills, the woods, and the hamlets seemed to fly behind us, when, waking from my mournful reverie, I gave some attention to the conversation of those by whom I was surrounded.

Two men, (perfect Machiavels,) in their way were placed together, and held a discussion on the different modes of government, on the administration of the finances, &c.; while two other individuals, wrapped in ample Madras handkerchiefs about their heads, took up the part of snorers immediately after they lost sight of Paris. One of them having noddled his head about, till it almost touched my knees, threw down a little pamphlet that I had taken with me : as I sought to find it, my hand took hold of the prettiest little foot in the world, the form of which was marked out by a half boot of silk. I was always crazy after a *little foot*, it is a seductive charm which my heart can never resist. The immobility of this foot, that my fingers had just so indiscreetly pressed, attested that its owner was asleep. My curiosity, awakened by this attraction, made me impatiently wish for some friendly lamp, to discover her features : and scarce had one ray of unexpected light entered the conveyance, when my looks were eagerly fixed on a female enveloped in a black satin mantle. Seated opposite to me from the instant of our departure, she had not yet uttered one word, and the only movement she made, was to put her hand to her forehead ; a hand which might serve for a model to all the hands in Europe. A momentary light had discovered to me this remarkable beauty ; an unlooked for chance had revealed to me a foot equally bewitching : and, still persuaded that she who possessed these perfections, must be a perfect creature, I was taken up solely with the desire of seeing her countenance : I figured it to myself as beautiful, and modest as those of the virgins destined to the worship of Vesta. My imagination heightened all her charms ; and she imparted an emotion to my heart of the most tender anxiety. At twenty, the soul seems to reflect all its impressions ; and those whose philosophy has not yet extinguished the first feelings of sensibility, will easily conceive how, at the moment when the diligence stopped for supper, I completely fell in love with the traveller with the *little foot*.

It was by the light of a miserable lamp at an inn, that I saw the first look of the beautiful unknown ; and this look, so replete with genius and feeling, finished to overset my reason ; while a smile, as sweet as it was melancholy, penetrated to my very heart.

Placed at the very farthest end of the table, I could not keep my eyes off this female, as interesting by her extreme youth, as by the perfect beauty and striking expression of her countenance. All her features presented a bewitching contrast, which, in the *tout ensemble*, offered the most seductive harmony ; her large blue eyes were finely shaded by the ringlets of her dark hair, which set off the extraordinary fairness of her skin. It seemed even, as if nature had forgotten to spread over her cheeks that blooming colour, that the flower of youth is general-

ly known to possess ; but in her, this paleness was a charm which disposed the heart to be irresistibly interested in her, and of which I felt all the effect. I would have given the world, at that moment, to have caught only one word that flowed from her lips ; I felt within myself, that her voice must be as melodious as an angel's, and that the first sentence she uttered would decide my fate.

The lovely unknown, placed next to an old man who accompanied her, had not spoken a word during supper. Her companion, attentive to all her wishes, did not even give her time to ask for what she wanted ; and when I took upon me to offer her a dish that stood next me, she only replied by a negative sign, but accompanied with a look that indemnified me for the loss of that happiness I should have experienced at the sound of her voice. When we again were taking our seats in the *voiture*, I hastened to offer her my hand, and I obtained the most gracious smile in return. Very soon after we were again in darkness, which hid from me all those beauties I had been admiring ; but she was near me ; I sometimes touched her hand ; my foot met her's ; her balmy breath approached my lips ; was not I sufficiently happy ? Youthful illusions of imagination ! Hopes vague and uncertain, indefinable enchantment, why are ye so momentary ? Why must we lose them so soon after we begin to live ?

When the first rays of the rising sun penetrated into the diligence, I found myself the only one awake, and I was enabled to consider, at my leisure, the effects that the morning produced on all those sleeping figures around me. An old gentleman, who had fallen asleep with his spectacles on his nose, had them lying on his chin : another, by the continual motion of his head, had turned his wig the wrong part before : a third, who was, without doubt, labouring under a nervous affection, had an incessant symptom of a convulsive kind of laughter on his lips : in short, all our little society offered, at that time, a set of ridiculous objects, which, at any other would have highly amused me ; but I just then felt the fine shaped head of my pretty neighbour falling, as if mechanically, on my shoulder ; and I returned thanks to the power of sleep that confided to me so delightful a burthen ; the old man who had accompanied the fair traveller, awoke at that very moment, and asked me a thousand pardons for the fatigue his daughter must be to me. "*Fatigue !*" thought I, " poor old man ! has thy youth then so long passed away, that thou canst have forgotten the delicious weight of a beautiful head ? " "*Fatigue !*" repeated I, aloud, and then the old man smiled, as if he understood me. I took occasion, from this first breaking of our silence, to begin a conversation I had so ardently desired, and I took care to lead him to speak of his daughter. I spoke of the extreme beauty of her person, and the advantages that she must enjoy in society : " Society," replied the old man, mournfully, " society can

afford no interest to my poor child, she is for ever excluded from it, and her misfortune can only find support from her aged father; alas! too aged, to hope that he can long afford that comfort and consolation which her unfortunate situation requires."

These last words increased my emotions; I looked at the sleeping fair one, and the idea that she was born to suffer, diffused over all her features that interest which misfortune inspires! Oh! how much more beautiful did she then appear! I respected that beneficent slumber which silenced all her sorrows. Motionless, beside her, I contemplated her with an admiration mingled with bitterness; such youth! such grace! and already the prey of sorrow! The last words of the old man had filled my soul with trouble. I beheld that interesting creature devoted to misfortune from the early morning of her life, and about to be left without support in the midst of a world of anguish. I was ignorant what were her troubles, but she was a sufferer; had I need to know more in order to feel all the faculties of my soul interested for her? Insensibly, the idea of being one day able to protect her, united itself to the feelings that agitated me, and immediately this hope appeared to me an irresistible inspiration: my fortune, my birth, gave me a right to aspire to the highest alliances; my present emotion, my youth, above all, hindered me from finding any difficulty in this. Persuaded that I was giving way to an inevitable destiny, I resolved to question the old man with frankness, to inform him of my wishes, of my intentions, in fact, to request of him to let me be, in future, the arbiter of his child's fortune, if there were not obstacles too powerful to prevent it. Animated by these ardent ideas, I now only waited for a favourable opportunity to execute my projects, when the diligence stopped on a sudden, and the driver, addressing himself to the old man, told him that he was arrived at his chateau. In effect, I had just seen an avenue of poplars, at the end of which was an antique façade; and, at the same time, I just felt a movement made by the beautiful unknown, as the jolt of the vehicle, in stopping, awakened her. Her first look fell on me, and she blushed; I saw, for once, that alabaster paleness coloured with the captivating bloom of modesty; and I could judge how charming that visage must be when animated by the roses of pleasure. The amiable creature gave me to understand by a timid smile, what was her embarrassment and gratitude when she perceived that, for several hours, she had been sleeping on my shoulder; but the old man, in a hurry to get home, had already got out of the carriage; I had only time to offer a hand to his daughter, which she accepted with that gracious diffidence she always preserved. I again saw that *pretty foot* that first enchanted me, and finding that I had not a moment to lose in assuring to myself the possession of so much beauty, I asked the old man

permission to accompany him, the diligence was to change horses in the village, I should have time to join it, and that circumstance made him accept my offer. Wishing to spare the lovely traveller those explanations which were about to take place, I was obliged to quit the beautiful hand which gently rested on my arm; yet, while I abandoned it only for an instant, it was in order to make it mine for ever, and that idea fortified my courage. I left space enough between the old man and his child, so that the latter might not hear us, and then I freely spoke my wishes: I dared to tell him I was worthy of becoming the husband of a female so beautiful and interesting; and I ventured to assure him of the consent of my mother, when the old man interrupted me: "Excellent young man," said he, with a melancholy smile, "you yield too quickly to the impulse of an ardent imagination, and your conduct has opened a fresh source of sorrow and unavailing regret. My daughter, I have no doubt, would be happy with such a husband as you; she is an only child, and heiress to an immense fortune; she possesses every virtue of the heart; all the prerogatives of birth; she is, therefore, apparently, in possession of all the felicities of life; yet is her existence marked by misfortune: she is for ever deprived of the most precious titles of nature. Never will she have the happiness of naming her husband; never can she speak to a child—" Here the venerable cheek of the old man was bedewed with tears; and his lips faltered as he was about to continue this mournful discourse, when an unexpected sight fixed my whole attention. A troop of peasants, accompanied by one playing on the tambourine, hastened to meet their master: already they had surrounded their young and pretty mistress; and presented her with the finest flowers of their gardens; I drew near her, in order to catch a few words of what she was about to address to them. Leaning against a tree, she seemed a beneficent divinity sent to diffuse happiness around her. The infirm poor; mothers of families; young children; all, with one voice, called down blessings on her, and repeated her praises; but to all these testimonies of love and gratitude she only answered by a smile. Alas! the lovely unfortunate creature *was dumb!*

All my hopes and illusions were now annihilated! not a word escaped my lips as I approached the old man; and she! she, I am sure, guessed at my anguish: when, placing her hand on my heart, I made her feel how it beat at that moment. Our looks met; we both sighed; and when I parted from her for ever, I seemed to have left with her an eternal remembrance of our mournful rencounter.

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the year—a lady of rank and fortune, residing in London, who was much devoted to fashionable dissipation, in order that she might not be interrupted in her pursuits, put her first born, and only daughter, out to nurse, under the care of a woman at Hounslow; and relying on her fidelity, the lady gave herself no further trouble about the child, but to pay regularly for its keep to a merchant in London, who remitted the money to the nurse. The poor woman had a little girl, nearly of the same age as this scion of nobility; and six months had elapsed, when the nurse dying suddenly, her husband, who was a common labourer, and who was out at work, the greatest part of that period, had never given attention enough, the short time he was at home, to distinguish one child from the other, and found himself utterly incapable to determine which he was to keep, and which to send home to the lady. His honesty, however, was superior to his uncultivated understanding; and, in his perplexity, he applied to the curate of the village, who not being able to give him any satisfactory information, he resolved to take them both to London, and to let the lady decide. After mutual condolence on their common loss, he told her, frankly, that if she knew not how to judge better than himself, she must e'en take that child who should please her ladyship best. After various comparisons made between some features of the child, and some of her own; and the greater delicacy of complexion of the one over the other, the lady felt biased in favour of the prettiest. The countryman was paid, and dismissed with the rejected child, which he brought up with the poor children of the place, and accustomed it, early, to rustic labours; while the other was treated with all the delicacy, suited to the rank in life she seemed destined to fill.

Nothing is so liable to change as the features of infants: the girl to whom fortune, or rather chance, had given the preference, grew very ugly, before she was fifteen; so that she was pointed at as a figure of deformity. The affliction of the lady was heightened at not having another child. In the midst of her sorrows, she one day felt an indescribable curiosity, the impulse of which she was resolved to gratify, to see the girl whom she had rejected. She went, privately, to the village, and saw a lovely creature, who, if not a prodigy of beauty, was one of the most amiable girls in the world: her eyes were such as all Englishmen most particularly admire; soft, yet sensible; languishing, yet modest: a complexion, that no labour under a summer's ardent sun, had been able to spoil: a shape, at once genteel and elegant, triumphing over the disguise of a clumsy and awkward dress. The impressions made by this charming young creature on the mind of the lady, and the disgust she felt for *her* appearance, whom she had

brought up as her daughter, convinced her she had chosen improperly; and she mistook her present inclinations towards the fascinating stranger, as the fond yearnings of maternal love for a beautiful and discarded daughter. Prudence required her to act with precaution, or she would have loaded the supposed peasant's daughter with valuable presents; but she contented herself with taking the countryman aside, and informing him, that, through the bounty of heaven, some circumstances had come to her knowledge, which proved to her, that she committed a mistake in the choice she formerly made between the children; she was, therefore, come to take *her own child* home, and restore him *his*. She found the disposition of the man to this proposal, much more favorable than she expected: his reputed daughter was become a burthen to him, and it mattered not to him whose name she bore, provided she was bettered by the change: thinking too perhaps, his own fortune might be mended, he readily consented to all the lady proposed: he remonstrated, however, that it would be very hard to load him with another child, whose education must have been such as to render her totally unfit for a life of labour: she, therefore, agreed to drop her first proposal of sending the deformed girl home to her father, and only urged the recovery of her own, which was instantly complied with, and a few guineas left in her stead, made the loss scarce felt, especially as future favours were promised.

The lady found no difficulty in introducing a stranger to her house, nor in loading her with kindness; the only difficulty was how to get her acknowledged as her daughter, and intitle her to her rights as an heiress. Her husband, who was in the secret, was consulted, and prejudiced, like herself in favour of so lovely a girl, he thought it best, to prevent all discord, to thank God for giving them two children instead of one, and to look upon them both as their own.

But there were two difficulties to be got over. The first was on the part of the wife, who could not command her temper so as to keep an equal balance of favour and affection between the two: the other was on the part of the girl who had been so long in possession of all the rights and privileges of an only daughter, and who was not disposed to give them up. The mother was so partial to the new comer, that as she improved in politeness of behaviour, etc, so the jealousy of the other increased. The more the charms of Anne were heightened by art, the more disagreeable appeared the defects in the person of Sarah; who being no longer able to conceal her animosity, at length proceeded to insults, and even to blows.

It was in one of those violent fits of rage that the mother unfortunately surprised her; she insisted knowing the cause why her favourite was bathed in tears, which the sweet-tempered Anne, who had hitherto concealed all the ill-treatment she endured.

was now obliged to declare. This so enraged the lady, that she was imprudent enough to declare her sentiments to Sarah, telling her she was only a common labourer's child, who, in pity for a mistake that had been committed, she had allowed to call Anne her sister; but now, if she wished to stay in the house, she must look upon her as her mistress.

Sarah did not want capacity; and when she saw matters carried so far, she resolved to dive to the bottom of this fatal mystery: she easily discovered the village from which Anne was taken, and that the peasant was still living to ascertain her birth. The only thing she wanted was, money to carry on the proceedings requisite for her design. Excited by revenge, her intrepidity made her determine to confide in an attorney who frequented the house, a man in low circumstances; and to him she repaired privately, and boldly made him an offer of her hand, and to make him entire master of her fortune, if he would protect her from the injustice of her father and mother. The attorney satisfied from the servants and neighbours, that Sarah was the real daughter, drew up the marriage contract, seeing the prospect of an immense fortune, and having thus made sure of his reward, he set himself to work with all the ardour that avarice inspires.

The cause turned on two points; first to prove the birth of Sarah, and secondly to destroy the supposititious birth of Anne. As soon as he collected all the evidence he could procure in town, relative to the former, he set out for the village where Anne was brought up. He was much surprised when he heard from the curate and the peasant, all the circumstances of the original adventure. He had too much discernment not to know, that, in so singular a case, the caprice of a mother could not be sufficient to decide the fate of the children; consequently, the uncertainty still remained the same as at first; and that no inference could be drawn from the first choice, to the exclusion of the other girl, especially as the mother had receded from it: under these circumstances he returned to London, resolving to wait on the gentleman, and endeavour, to make his peace with the family, by giving up the cause; and what determined him to take this step was the imprudence of Sarah, who confident of success, had fled to an uncle, whom she brought over to her interest, and made her intended law-suit against her father and mother as public as possible, openly setting them at defiance.

The father gladly accepted the lawyer's recantation: he proposed, however, to him, to marry Sarah, promising to give her a handsome fortune. This was very agreeable to the attorney; but when he informed Sarah of it, she rejected it with disdain; treated him as a villain who had betrayed her, and relied on the support of her uncle: she therefore employed another lawyer; but unfortunately for this rash girl, a new incident put a stop to the proceedings, and entirely changed the face of affairs.

Anne had made some connexions in London, and among other she was very intimate with the daughter of the rector of the parish, who was a widower and had a housekeeper who had lived with him fifteen years. One day, this female joined in conversation with the young ladies, and Anne was surprised to hear the place of her nativity mentioned: The housekeeper noticing the interest she seemed to take, was induced to ask her a few questions, and she was, in her turn, astonished that a young lady, brought up in London, should be so well acquainted with a small obscure village in the country. After she was gone, she had the curiosity to ask her master, if he could solve this. The rector, who was not ignorant of this adventure, told her all he knew of it: but great was his surprise when the housekeeper said she could clear up all their doubts. She had been the intimate friend of the deceased nurse, and remembered to have assisted her in an operation on one of the children; the scar of which must decide their fortune. "The poor woman," continued she, "having received a new born infant from London, to nurse, and having one of her own of the same sex not a month old, was fearful she should mistake the one for the other, and therefore consulted me how to imprint a mark on the little stranger, where it would be neither exposed nor dangerous. We agreed to heat a small iron ring in the fire, and apply it to the sole of the infant's right foot; and the mark it made was so strong, that I am sure time cannot have worn it away. Having had no communication with the village since I left it, I neither knew of the death of my neighbour, nor of the fate of the two children."

This then was a clear decisive proof; and the rector was determined to make this discovery; and, by that means, the good clergyman would have an opportunity of materially serving his brother, a very fine young officer in the Guards. He imposed silence both on his daughter and housekeeper, and paid a visit to the reputed father of the children. He told him that he was come to offer a certain remedy against all evils threatened him by law expenses; but without having recourse to artifice he was determined to insist on his reward, for the important service he was about to render. He told the lady, that she whom he was about to discover by infallible signs to be her daughter, must be given in marriage to the young officer, his brother. This overture was received with some coldness, especially by the mother, who trembled least the discovery should be to the disadvantage of her favourite; and told him that it was now too late to prove what had been undiscovered for fifteen years, and she should keep the children and treat them on an equal footing. The husband was more rational, and always suspecting that Sarah might be in the right, he intreated the rector to use his clerical authority over her, by inducing her to waive the law-suit. With respect to the proposed marriage, he declared he had no ob-

jection ; provided the real daughter approved of the husband.

The rector knew that Anne had, in the frequent meetings of the young people at his house, seemed to entertain a very favorable opinion of his brother ; his only anxiety, now remaining, was, that she might not be the real daughter : but one day when she was paying a visit at his house, he took her on one side and excited her curiosity concerning her birth, and he readily gained her consent to marry his brother. He then requested her to take off her stocking : she knew she had a scar on her foot, but it had been concealed from her whether it was a token of good or evil omen ; and this had such an effect on her, that she fainted away ; she was, however, recovered by a burst of joy from the rector, that made the house echo ; his hopes were now accomplished, the house-keeper was called in, and immediately recognised the mark.

The rector hastened to the father, and pressed him to let the marriage ceremony be performed, according to the first conditions ; and no sooner had the marriage taken place than he was anxious to communicate the discovery to the father and mother ; who, overjoyed at this proof, determined to make it public, but the father, apprehending some mischief from the violence of Sarah, desired her to postpone her intentions.

Sarah was then informed that her birth was decided by incontestible proofs ; but he assured her, that he would never abandon her, and that he would bestow on her the fortune he formerly offered, if she would give up the law-suit, and marry the attorney, to whom she had before offered her hand. Sarah shed a torrent of tears, but she had good sense enough to see that all hopes of success from violent measures would be vain ; she, therefore, seemed to consent with a good grace, and the attorney, who had not grown richer, received the intelligence with rapture ; and they were married by the rector, who now resolved no longer to keep this extraordinary event a secret ; and the imprudent mother, unfortunately followed his example, always, at the same time expatiating on the amiable qualities of the beautiful and now accomplished Anne. These reports came round to poor Sarah, and proved, in the end, a mortal blow. Her husband evincing some distaste to her person, she imputed it to his contempt of her low birth, and fell into a languishing condition, which excited the tenderest compassion from all parties ; but their attempts to console her were in vain, she assiduously shunned them, and the very name of her fortunate rival threw her into fits of rage and sorrow.

About six months after her marriage, she was found suspended from a clothe's hook in her bed-chamber, quite dead. In a letter found on her table, she bitterly cursed her hard fate, and the authors of it. The attorney, who was suspected of having treated his

wife unkindly, and perhaps murdered her, was apprehended and brought to trial, but honorably acquitted. The story, however, of this extraordinary incident, was rendered still more public by the tragical end of Sarah, and told in all companies in a thousand different ways. At that period the political horizon was clouded by the bursting of the South Sea bubble, and nothing else was for a long time thought, or spoken of ; so that the history of those two girls was lost in the lapse of time. The above particulars, however, came to our hands, by a descendant of one of the families concerned, and may be implicitly relied on.

V.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MERIT.

VIEUSSEUX'S ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, *abounds in amusing subjects. The following extracts relative to the Customs and Manners of the Genoese will be read with interest. (2 vols. 12mo.)*

THE Genoese women are among the handsomest of Italy ; indeed, this city can boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features ; and their carriage is remarkably graceful. — " Marriage is at Genoa a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than any where else ; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred. But this is seldom the case ; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage brokers, who have pocket books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and their fortunes ; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connexions ; if they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent, upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious. — The custom of having a *patito* (such is the modern word substituted for *cicisbeo*,) is still prevailing among the Genoese ladies. The patience of those individuals is truly astonishing. They are the humble servants of their fair sovereigns ; they accompany them to church, to walk, to their evening parties, to the theatre ; they keep them company at home,

in short, they follow them as their shadows, and submit to their whims; for which they have, in return, a free access to the house, and a seat at table. Strange as it may appear to foreigners, this custom is, in many cases, nothing more than a matter of ceremony, the remains of a chivalrous feeling of gallantry, or the result of mutual convenience. The lady finds her *patito* to be a very useful person, a *sine qua non*, while her husband, absorbed in his commercial speculations, has little time or patience to attend to her petty concerns. The *patito* in his turn finds her society agreeable, and his courtship is often nothing more to him than the means of killing time; he is generally the friend of the husband, sometimes his partner in business. It happens, therefore, that if a lady has a real intrigue, she must keep it concealed from her *patito* as well as from her husband; and the object of her partiality, *il favorito*, as he is sometimes called, is kept in the back ground. In the lower classes, and among the peasantry, however, there is no *patito* nor *favorito*; the husbands are jealous of their prerogatives, and their wives are attached to them and submissive.—The Genoese women have in general a considerable share of coquetry; they are fond of being admired."

"An inclination to gambling prevails among the Genoese; it is their chief relaxation from business. Charity, and even common affection, between relatives, are not very conspicuous amongst this people; generous feelings are repressed by interest. I have seen a poor man actually begging at the door of his opulent brother, who had some food given to him by his servant; instances of this sort are not rare, as by the chances of trade individuals of the same family are often placed in opposite circumstances."

Having thus far displayed the entertaining qualities of the work before us, we take our farewell, assured that M. Vienusseux will be very popular. His spirited sketch of the Italian females cannot but excite the curiosity of our fair countrywomen; and an excellent essay on the modern literature of Italy, appended to the last volume, is well calculated especially to recommend him to the British literati.

TABLETTES ROMAINES, &c. *A Picture of Modern Rome, &c. By a Frenchman who recently resided in that City.*

EVERY Miss has her Album, and by the aid of the Guides through France and Italy, a volume of Travels is soon cooked up. There is a family likeness runs through them all, and they all have, as the French term it, *un goût du terroir* (a smack of their origin).—The author enters Rome penetrated with various sentiments: the *repose*, for which it is remarkable, charms him: "If the solitude of her grand ruins be not respected, at least their silence

is so.--- If I enter private or public edifices, the tranquillity is still more observable. Every where *Study*, which the trophies of the Romans prevent from slumbering, is seated immersed in thought before fragments of architecture and sculpture; every where fragments are models:—from all points of the globe, the Fine Arts send deputations to Rome, to study and carry back with them the laws of genius, graven on the ruins of monuments, as formerly Rome herself sent deputies to Athens, to make the peaceful conquest of the code of human wisdom."

"The calm and tranquillity, the sister of meditation (to which we have alluded,) does not hold a perpetual reign at Rome. The Carnival (*carne vale*, fare well flesh,) bursts forth in clamour. At the moment the posting-bills, emanating from the Quirinal, permits gaiety and rejoicings, Folly bursts her annual slumbers, and awakes with a start at the sound of her own bells. Religion sighs at the sight of her deserted temples and the *cortege* of Paganism, which seems to resume in triumph the possession of its ancient patrimony.--- The populace, in crowds, seem agitated like the waves under the empire of the winds; every one hastens his preparations for the Carnival; the gravest magistrates meditate only pleasure; the pulpit and the bar adjourn their most important affairs; law and religion retire from the noisy scene; every one procures masks and disguises; pious personages change their black and scarlet for harlequin's dress, and substitute cat's skin for ermine.---"

"Benedict the XIVth, who, a little time before his election, said to the Cardinals, 'Scoglietemi, avrete un buon coglione;' disguised himself as a quack doctor during the Carnival; the doctor's cap replaced the Cardinal's hat; and he played his part so well, that he seemed as if made for the part. It was lucky for him he was elected Pope."

"Various are the amusements of the Carnival, amongst which horse-racing is one: do not fancy, gentle reader, that it at all resembles Newmarket; the Roman horses have no riders.—The horses burn with so much ardour for glory, by means of a wick run between the skin and the flesh, and which is set fire to at the moment of starting; they are besides harnessed with sounding tin plates, which act upon them as whip and spurs.—Formerly, it was not quadrupeds, but bipeds which ran to amuse the people: they forced the Jews, by means of the *compelle intrare*, to run in sacks; and the multitude was amused with their frequently tumbling down. The Jews disliking this exercise, asked and obtained permission to substitute horses, on condition of their paying all expenses; which is the case at present under the government of Pius VII. The Jews have the good sense not to complain of the impost; if they dared to do it, they would be reminded of their conduct in the time of Pilate;—they would be reminded that, in several countries, particularly in Dalma-

tia, from Good Friday to Easter Sunday, the people destroy their shops, and stone them if they dare to put their noses into the street."—The Carnival is terminated by the *meccoletti*, or small lighted tapers, which every one is obliged to have; at a signal of the Police, they are all extinguished, and then—*carne vale!*—The author passes in review every thing interesting in Rome, relative to the arts, society, and manners. His pictures are always animated; and there is such a vexasimilitude about them, that one feels they are drawn on the spot. His details are oftentimes highly curious, and his descriptions piquant; and not the least so is the bastinado of a poor "Publican," who had given a heretic Englishman some eggs and milk for his breakfast during Lent.

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

DRURY LANE.

THIS equestrian theatre opened on the 23rd day of October, and, like its rival of the Market-place, displayed no novelty in the way of repairs, or decoration, which circumstance is more than marvellous, considering what a queer and changeable fellow it has for a Manager. However, the want of new and *showy* qualities in the house itself, has been amply made amends for by the precious gewgaws which have been exhibited on the stage, and of which it is now our delightful duty to speak. *The Marriage of Figaro* was the play chosen to commence the campaign, after which all the admirers of the "poetry of motion" (vulgo-dancing) were enraptured by the capering activity of several little monkey-like children, called by Mr. Elliston "Monsieur Hullin's pupils:" these poor little things threw themselves into sundry contortions, at which all the gazing chamber-maids in the pit and galleries giggled for joy. *The Times* very correctly observes that "it was a spectacle only fit for children,"—and we suppose this is the reason why the critic went to behold it. Whether this be the case or not, we are decidedly of opinion that both the babes and the man of letters had better have been peaceably in bed, than have thus employed their time in such absurd occupations as acting the ape and playing the connoisseur.

On the 25th of the same month, Mr. Armstrong, of the Dublin theatre, made his debut as *Alonzo*, in the play of *Pizarro*, and, in our estimation, the character has never been better, and seldom so well embodied as by this gentleman throughout the whole of his performance. The soldier and the lover shone forth from beginning to end—the love-scenes and the interview in the prison with *Rolla* were fine speci-

VOL. I.

mens of finished acting, and Mr. Elliston may esteem himself fortunate in having obtained so estimable an addition to his company. The papers disagree, in their usual ludicrous manner, about Mr. Armstrong's merit as an actor, but for the most part concur in declaring him to be possessed of considerable histrionic talents. The hum-drum and commercial *Times*, however, snarled, and according to custom, was amiably indecent and personal in its criticism on his performance, and mumbled something about "tall and slender"—"sharpness and acidity" and soon. Now the fact is, that Mr. Armstrong is blest with a good face and figure, as every lady whom we have heard speak of him declares, and the ladies are certainly the only true judges in these matters. But he of the *Times*, forsooth, is so accustomed to behold no other than fat City faces and unwieldy City persons, that he considers fatness to be the real and sole "line of beauty," and this accounts for his enlightened critique upon a gentleman, who, poor fellow! is no more a Dan Lambert than he is a Titan, and consequently could not please a frequenter of City dinners. Mr. Armstrong received loud and frequent applause from the audience, and we heartily congratulate him upon the unqualified success which his able talents have procured for him.

Another of those stupid pageants, which are a shame to the managers who produce them and to the theatres in which they are produced, has been "brought out" at Drury—that is to say,—in the Ciceronian eloquence of the play-bills, "A new grand oriental tale of magic, called, *The Enchanted Courser, or the Sultan of Curdistan*." It would be a useless task to detail the plot and characters, as the first is familiar to every one who has read (and who has not read?) "the Arabian Night's Entertainments," and the latter consisted of the usual dose of enchanters, slaves, princes and princesses. The piece contained "not a ray of poetry, sense, wit, or even humour," as the *Herald* truly observes, and we can scarcely credit the report that the Reverend, Mr. Croly, was the author of this medley of continued nonsense: the gifted author of "*Paris in 1815*," and "*Sebastian*" would, we are convinced, never reduce himself to a level with the merest candle-snuffer of the theatre, by scribbling such vapid trash.—The horses acted the principal parts and kicked about to perfection: we would recommend jack-asses, as a variety for the next "*Spectacle*," with which Mr. Elliston, or Mr. C. Kemble may choose to indulge the play-going public. The dresses were gaudy, of course; but the scenery by Roberts and Stanfield was beautiful in the extreme, and in some degree compensated for the numberless absurdities of this absurd and childish melodrama, or "*Tale of Magic*," as it is more elegantly termed—A roar of disapprobation, we are happy to say, accompanied its conclusion, and the thing may now be considered as being defunct, to all intent and purposes.

Y

Der Freischütz at the English Opera House! *Der Freischütz* at Covent-Garden!! *Der Freischütz* at Drury-Lane!!! "One fool makes many," has often been said, and the multiplication of this absurd mummery forms a convincing proof of the truth of the proverb. People are growing heartily sick of the very name of "*Der Freischütz*," and this "new model" of it by Mr. Soane is little calculated to improve the thing in the estimation of the "Lovers of the Drama." The lovers of German music may yet feel their ears tingle with delight as the bullets are cast, and the shouts of "One," "Two," "Three," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven" are bawled amidst devils, owls, pans, saucepans and tea kettles; but we are sure that the demon must soon give up the ghost, in spite of the prevailing passion for the notes of von Weber, and the sooner he dies the death of the ungodly, the better will it be for the welfare of the auricular soundness of His Majesty's lieges, all of whom have had a narrow escape from deafness during the noisy reign of this thundering Opera.—It has already lamentably addled the brains of our brother critics—listen to them!

"The machinery at the close of the incantation scene had a sort of terrific grandeur in its wildness!"
Herald.

"When the seventh (bullet) is fabricated, the entire scene assumes the hue of fire, and in the midst of these horrors, the 'ghastly terror' and his partner, sin, 'grin horribly a ghastly smile' on the unhallowed work. This certainly is one of the most effective scenes of the terrible that we ever witnessed."
Times.

Sweet cockney eloquence!—and the "we ever witnessed" of the *Times* is truly excellent—the steam of a teapot is the most (terrible thing the critic can possibly have witnessed,) and he therefore pays but a poor compliment to the German gentleman in the above fine passages.

A change of names, the addition of a scene or two, the enlargement of the orchestra, Miss Graddon (whom the Commercial Journal calls "a piece of still life") Horn's drinking song (!) and O. Smith (or rather Oh! Smith) were the only novelties in this Drury-Lane *Der Freischütz*—Music as usual.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have been forced to be so voluminous in our dissertation upon the affairs at Drury Lane, that its rival must occupy us but a short time in comparison. Mrs. Stoman, a provincial actress of much celebrity, has appeared at Covent Garden, in *Belvidera* and Mrs. Haller, with great success, and is an honor both to the taste of the manager who has engaged her and to the Drama which she is so well calculated to adorn. The critics have been more than amusing respecting her performances; we have a strange incli-

nation to transcribe many of their witticisms, but our space forbids, and we must leave these gentry at rest for once, though we do so with sorrowful reluctance.

Two revivals, the one of the musical piece, called "*Escapes*" and the other of old Rowley's Comedy, known by the name of "*A Woman never vexed; or The Widow of Cornhill*," have brought good houses to this theatre. With pleasure we hail the appearance of the latter, as it gives some hope that legitimate tragedy and comedy may soon again take possession of their legal property, the stage, which has been so long usurped by pantomimes, horses and the never-to-be-forgotten "*Der Freischütz*." The Lord Mayor's show would have been better left out altogether, as the real buffoonery of the City is quite sufficient, without any theatrical mimicry. The piece was received with every display of satisfaction and pleasure by the audience, and will doubtless have a long and well-merited "run."—

THE HAYMARKET has at length closed. A new farce, christened "*Hide and Seek*," was born and killed at this little theatre sometime previously to the final bolting of its doors; and here, too, Mr. Hamblin (who, according to the *Times*, imitates Charles Kemble, but according to the *Herald* no body, but Macready) has appeared in *Richard the Third*! Mr. Johnson in *Laertes*!! and Miss Kelly in — *Ophelia*!!! Besides, there have appeared *debutants* and *tantes* without number, all which a want of room alone prevents us from noticing more particularly.

Mathews has been renewing his amusing vagaries at the Lyceum, and makes his hearers laugh as immoderately as ever.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER AND HIS NIECE.

The Archbishop having married one of his nieces to a gentleman, every way her equal; the wedding was celebrated with all that pomp and splendour, usually observed in the different solemnities of those times. The next morning, the good Archbishop waited on them in their chamber, informing them, that he had brought them a present. They were impatient to see it, but the prelate kept it, for a short time, concealed under his robe. The husband expected it to be some grant of lands, or employment of honour; the wife thought, it could be nothing less than a valuable diamond necklace, or other ornament for her person, equally precious. The Archbishop perceiving the expectation that agitated their features, persisted in concealing the present, a little longer. At length, he told them it was something to wear, but they must promise him never to put it on at the same time. He then presented them each with a *Fool's cap*.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR DECEMBER 1824.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of soft satin or velvet of celestial blue. The border beautifully trimmed with a rich rouleau, entwined with silver *cordon*, in festoons, with blue rosettes, from whence depend silver tags. A straight rouleau the same as the festoon trimming surmounts the hem at the bottom of the skirt; corsage with the drapery, formed *à la Grecque*, across the bust, and on each side: that across the bust fastened with a rosette in front with silver tags, as is the point formed by the termination of the side draperies, just above the belt, of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are short, and have a rosette on the outside of the arm next the shoulder. Swedish mantle of violet coloured satin, trimmed with white swan's down, or ermine and lined throughout with white swan's down, ermine, or levantine. The head dress a Veronese toque of gauze and silver lama, and an ornament, placed obliquely, in front, of finely wrought filagree silver. The toque surmounted with a plume of white feathers, variegated. Opal necklace and bracelets, &c. White satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of gros de Naples, the beautiful colour of the beet root, elegantly ornamented with the valuable fur of the lynx, in the most unique and truly novel manner (*being the sole invention of Mrs. Bell of St. James's Street*) the fur is not only displayed, like the rouleaux of gros de Naples that divide it, in serpentine wavings, but also formed into beautiful sprigs of the Asiatic tree, supported and surrounded by stalks formed of narrow rouleaux of the same material as the pelisse. A pelerine cape trimmed with lynx fur to correspond. The sleeves *en gigot*, in point of form, but of more moderate dimensions than on the first appearance of this fashion, and confined at the wrists with broad gold eastern bracelets. A belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened in front with a gold buckle, wrought in the same pattern as the Indian bars of gold at the wrist. A bonnet of the same colour and material as the pelisse, with fichu lappets, carelessly tied. Large bows, intermingled with black, or very short black feathers playing among the bows, finish this tasteful bonnet.—This unrivalled pelisse is lined throughout with rich white taffety.

NEWEST FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1824.

Though, for some years past, fashion has demanded, that those her votaries who have splendid hereditary mansions, and large establishments in the

country, should remain at them till after Christmas, a custom that first took its rise from the noble motives of old English Beneficence; yet, at the latter part of November's cloudy month, and at the commencement of December, the different modes in the metropolis begin to wear a decided appearance, and we are enabled, from the various articles composing the female toilet, to pronounce on what is likely this winter, to be most in favour, as well as what is now universally adopted by the higher classes.

The newest articles for bonnets are some that are fancifully variegated, and consist of coloured chenille stripes worked across a ground of different coloured satin: we mention these, merely on account of their novelty; the shape is not becoming, and we prophesy that their reign will be but short. The other hats and bonnets, this month, especially those for the carriage are extremely beautiful: some are of black, others of lilac velvet; the black are sometimes trimmed at the edge with *ruche*, fire coloured and black, intermingled; and with striped ribbon, of correspondent colours: the lilac is trimmed with very dark puce-coloured sarcenet, in bows, and lappets depending. A purple velvet hat has also a decided air of style and fashion about it, both as to the form, and the tasteful manner in which it is trimmed: it is lined with amber-coloured satin; on the left side of the lining are Spanish slashes, filled in with purple velvet. A weeping willow feather, of purple and amber, intermingled, droops over the right side; on which side, under the lining, is a quilling of black blond. A handsome black velvet bonnet, for the promenade, is ornamented with the scarlet flower, named Turk's cap, formed of crape, and black seraskier aigrettes of feathers: a small blond cornette should be worn under this bonnet. A bonnet of black velvet for the carriage, is also ornamented with scarlet Turks' caps, each surmounted by black feather *esprits*. A full plume of black ostrich feathers is placed in front, and the plumage falls over behind. A bonnet of pink gros de Naples, finished for a carriage bonnet for a young lady of fashion struck us as very appropriate and tasteful: it was trimmed at the edge with white blond, of a rich pattern, and ornamented among the bows with several small slate coloured feathers.

To the inspecting of the above elegant bonnets we are indebted to the kindness of *Mrs. Bell in St. James's Street* who has, also, just completed for two ladies of very distinguished rank, two beautiful out

door envelopes, the trimming of which, in its most unique and splendid disposal, is entirely of her invention. One is a capacious Swedish mantle, the other a pelisse of gros de Naples. The mantle is of a bright vermillion colour, and the material of the most costly Genoa velvet. It is trimmed in rich rouleaux, in wavings of gros de Naples, and all round with the valuable fur of the black lynx. The fringe fur not only *serpentizes* in waves, if we may use the term, but tasteful ingenuity has also formed flowers of this glossy and valuable skin, which are placed between each interstice, and have a most magnificent effect. The pelisse is the colour of the bright rose of Japan, and is lined throughout with white levantine; the fur trimming and rouleaux are disposed in the same style as on the Swedish mantle; and the bust, mancherons, collar and cuffs are ornamented in a similar manner, in miniature. A pelisse of slate coloured gros de Naples is an elegant out-door dress, it is made plain, as best suited to the promenade; though some ladies have these neat, unobtruding pelisses simply ornamented with one row of rouleaux, disposed in chain work, down each side of the skirt in front; they fasten close with buttons; the sleeves are *en gigot*, and a pelerine cape finishes the dress. This kind of pelisse, made of satin, and trimmed with light sable or swan's down, is well adapted for the carriage, and looks charmingly, as there are few to whom this color is not becoming; and that is the chief acquisition that fashion's disciples should endeavour to obtain: it was this that has made the Japanese rose such a standing colour, for every complexion is set off by it.

The turbans that are now worn, may be pronounced a *glorious* novelty, as they form an *Auricle* round the head; the shape is generally becoming; we saw a beautiful one of lapis blue satin, with a point on the forehead; the turban part was laid in flutings, and in the middle of the crown was a plain, raised ornament, like the fruit of the marshmallow; and when this turban is of the colour of the marshmallow blossom, this ornament is green, as it is by nature; these last mentioned are of gauze. A half dress turban is of white satin, with a lapis bow of satin, and long lappets of the same. The caps and cornettes are continually improving. A new cap for the theatre is elegant but too simply so for our ideas of what the head dresses ought to be in the dress department of a national theatre like ours: it is pointed on the forehead, and composed chiefly of tulle; beautiful, but very delicate sprigs of flowers are scattered over the cap. Another for the same purpose, is formed of very rich blond and pink satin, and ornamented with larger flowers, among which the full blown rose, that beautiful candle-light flower, is most conspicuous. A diadem cornette is a pretty head dress for home; it is of plain tulle, with broad pink gauze lappets; the cawl is also of pink gauze, and turns up in the front, with a diadem ornament: a simple row of pale pink prim-

roses, divides the blond in front, from the diadem. The *dejeuné* blouse cornette is of fine lace, with a very broad border; the other part is formed of broad striped pink ribbon and fine net; the lappets are very long and broad, of striped ribbon, and are trimmed all round, with narrow lace. The most beautiful head dress we have seen for public spectacles, or dress parties, is a black velvet hat, the brims of which in front are double, and are edged with pearls: on the right side, the brim is indented, and as the hat is small, discovers the hair, beautifully curled; these indentings are, also, edged round with pearls; a very superb plume, partly drooping over the left side, of white ostrich feathers, finishes this charming head dress: for the young wife, and even for the matron, nothing can be more appropriate than this *coiffure*.

One of the newest articles in the gown department is a home costume of gros de Naples; it is striped and beautifully shot;—fire colour and amber; it is made high, and finished from the shoulders, down each side of the bust and skirt, with short straps, each of which are fastened at both ends, by an Almeida button of richly wrought gold; but these buttons do not depend from tags, like those worn by the Portuguese, but are fastened close to the silk. The sleeves are long, plain, and nearly fit the arm; the mancherons formed of straps and ornamented with Almeida buttons. The border of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of united chevrons, in bias folds. A dress of blue *crêpe lisse*, over white satin, is much admired for evening parties: the sleeves are long, and of white lace; the whole of the white sleeve comes from the shoulder, and discovers the short blue sleeve underneath: the body is made in the Anglo-Greek style; which varies but little from the Gallo-Greek, except that in the former, folds supply the place of the antique robings. The border of the dress is trimmed with two rows of detached bunches of lotos' leaves, with a small Indian rose fixed in the centre of each; the sash of blue watered ribbon ties on the left side, with very long ends, terminated by a broad fringe. The ball dresses are, at present, very simple; puckerings of gauze, and trimmings of blond, with white satin rouleaux, form the chief ornaments, whether the dress is of tulle, richly figured gauze, or soft white satin; this last article is most in favour, but it is expected that coloured gauzes, and crapes will be much patronized by the votaries of Terpsichore. The bodies for ball dresses are beautiful; some are of white satin, with tulle let in across the bust in Brandenburgs, each row of tulle edged round with pearls: corsages of coloured satin are also ornamented in the same manner; while some are entirely of tulle, and are ornamented across the bust with straps of white satin, with correspondent sleeves, short and full.

The favourite colours are the rose of Japan, slate, vermillion, fire-colour, amber, and pink.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

— AT Paris, though they do not cease to be continually building, the price of lodgings, in every quarter of the town is higher than ever. *Au Marais*, where, for a hundred crowns, a person might formerly be very comfortably lodged, it will cost him nine hundred francs. At *La Chaussée d'Antin*, an apartment on the third floor, consisting of an eating-room, a drawing-room, a bed-chamber, a boudoir and a small kitchen, is eighteen hundred francs; on the fourth floor, fifteen hundred francs, on the fifth a thousand francs. If you desire a complete apartment, with an anti-chamber, dining-room, drawing-room, two bed-chambers, a boudoir, and a closet for a gentleman, with a bed-chamber for Mademoiselle, which is only what is really requisite for a family, you will find it very difficult to meet with such a distribution; and when you have found it, and ask the price, it will be four thousand francs for the second floor, and the first is six thousand francs, but it is occupied, at present: guess by whom?—Certainly some rich person possessed of an immense capital, or a banker?—No, it is by a milliner!

— At the saloon of painting, you hear almost every female crying down those subjects that the artists this year have chosen. Ah! they say, cannot the heart be affected except by those paintings that represent pain, misery or fury? Here we see the massacre of the Greeks, there again that of the Innocents, then there is the death of Henry IV., in another place the martyrdom of St. Stephen, Joan of Arc condemned to death, the farewell of Leonidas, the poisoning of a young slave, the predictions of Cassandra, and the famine and siege of Paris!—But we should pardon historical painters for making choice of such subjects, and let us view the other paintings of a kind equally affecting: these, you will think, perhaps, will offer nature in her most charming dress, smiling, delightful, on which the eye, weary of the scenes of carnage, may find some repose. No such thing. Behold that interior, wherein

is a woman with her child, who are perishing with cold and hunger. That landscape is animated by the punishment of the Queen Brunéhaut. That *taking away the coat*, so sad a subject in itself, becomes yet more so by the view of the wretched mother, who has fainted away. That man who stands by the side of the bed where his wife has breathed her last sigh! That mother, bathed in tears beside the cradle wherein her son has just expired! That man gone mad for love! Those sick Savoyards; those brigands; that Scotchman holding by the hair a head just cut off, and reeking with blood! That female peasant weeping in a church-yard; and that other unhappy wife who is dying of the plague on the dead body of her husband! This is putting our feelings to very severe trials!

— A foreign Prince has a huntsman of a most distinguished appearance, who exercises, by turns, the following functions; in the morning, dressed in black, he acts as secretary; at two o'clock, with feathers in his hat, a *couteau de chasse*, and a black belt, he accompanies his master, when he makes his visits. On returning home, he takes off his military accoutrements, puts round his neck a silver chain, and is transformed into a door keeper. In the evening, he puts on a handsome cravat and a frill, and takes his place in a party, habitually, as a performer on a wind instrument, at the concerts given by His Excellency.

— It is neither the cold nor the heat, but the etiquette of the toilet alone, that determines a lady of fashion to take a shawl, when she goes to the saloon. If she is in *deshabille*, she throws over her shoulders a superb shawl of striped cachemire. If she has a black silk pelisse with a pelerine cape, it is indispensibly requisite to have a white cachemire; it is folded, and hung over the arm. If she has a square corsage to her dress, or a cane-zou, trimmed with lace, or plaitings of tulle; then good-bye to the shawl, she has not even a scarf; the same is observed with *fichus à la neige*.—The other tokens are: a shawl over the shoulders, designates a *mamma*; to have it in the hand, or hung over the arm, it is a young married woman; and to be without any shawl, a very young person.

— For several weeks past the game of battle-door and shuttle-cock, has prevailed much in our drawing-rooms; it is played for hours together; in the evening by candle-light; but it is requisite to have a kind of stage elevated for this purpose; in small establishments, in order to imitate the higher classes, they play on one side of the room; which renders the game more difficult, and less diverting.

— In a magazin in *la rue St. Honoré* is a new vehicle for gas-light, which is certainly original. To the ceiling is fixed a head of copper gilt, with two cheeks puffed out, representing Boreas, blowing a trumpet. It is from the mouth of this trumpet that issues the gas-light.

— In the time that the characters of country-girls were frequently brought forward on the stage, bracelets were very much in use, composed of simple cordons of silk fastened with a gold buckle; these were called bracelets à la *Jeannette*. For the cordons of silk a ribbon of eighteen inches broad is substituted mixed with gold fillagree; these are now worn, but not with a plain buckle; it is enamelled with black, and the ribbon is terminated by an ornament, similar to that on the shoulder belt of a hussar.

— Nothing is easier to find out than those connexions that exist between two persons, by their manner of saluting each other. We see a man in his cabriolet making a profound bow to a gentleman, who only answers by a slight inclination of his head; that is a tailor bowing to his customer. Two men saluting each other, without taking off their hats, are two courtiers who daily meet each other on the exchange. That young man who stops, and respectfully takes off his hat to the old man, who benevolently returns his salute, is a young officer before his general. And that old man with his hat in his hand, who bows so profoundly, and seems to wait the orders of that haughty individual, is a poor man in his employ, who trembles at the idea of losing his situation, if he was to fail in attention to a General of Division.

—IMPROVEMENT OF STYLE.—A perfumer has lately invented a new kind of soap, called *Savon d'Ambrosie* (Ambrosial Soap)—which is pompously announced as, *mucilaginous, oleaginous, cosmetic, and emollient*. It is wrapped up in an elegantly printed paper, which gives a romantic description of the allegorical engraving that serves as an insignia to each square of soap. There is also given the latin etymology of the word *Ambrosia*. Such are modern improvements that, in describing a paste to soften the hands, it may be advisable, perhaps, to give a complete course of natural science.

—BIRTH-DAYS.—Though many years have passed over my head, yet I behold my birth-day with pleasure. A birth-day is always the signal to a pleasant fête; it is a motive for making some very acceptable

presents. Formerly when the clock sounded the hour of my birth, I rose, and immediately my pillow was besieged with letters and presents. A little later arrived all those whose age or rank admitted them even to the curtains of my alcove.* They had seen their twelve or fifteen lustres, and their old-fashioned perukes served as a passport to approach these last frontiers of our patriarchal intimacy; however, in order to receive them, I put on a pretty bathing dress, trimmed with English point, and covered my shoulders with a mantelet of embroidered leno. So true it is that at eighteen we wish to charm, even though it be an owl! But no sooner had these respectful gentlemen taken their leave, then, lighter than a sylph, I leaped from my bed to my looking-glass, to lace round my waist a narrow circle well stiffened with whalebone; to hide, under a mass of powder my long ebony tresses; conceal a part of my face with the murdering patch, the engaging, and the indiscreet patch, &c., &c., and under this magic dress, I received the compliments of a crowd of young chevaliers, who were all provided with verses to *Thyrs*, and nosegays for *Cloe*, &c., nor could I get rid of these gallantries, till night announced the approach of the ball that was to celebrate my birth-day. Then they disputed the honour of dancing a minuet with me; I saw all the fashionable men of my country attentive to my most trifling wishes. The Queen of the evening, I answered by a glance, I recompensed by a smile, and my most insignificant favour was shewn by letting my fan fall, that I might give some happy mortal the privilege of taking it up again.

Since those days of beauty's pride, how many birth-days have past, without one attentive hand bringing me even a flower from friendship; without one word of compliment or even benevolence, to prove to my heart, that my days, though they were numbered, yet interested them. Now, every time that the circling year passes over my head, alone, I bless the rising of the sun; I gather a few blossoms from my most favourite shrubs, and, in my solitude, I group together a nosegay, that recalls to my mind those that were offered to me in the season of youth, love and beauty.

Such were the reflections that I made yesterday, which was my birthday, when, as I entered my dining room, I found the table strewn with flowers, and saw my children ranged in a circle, every one offering me that homage which penetrated to my heart; I felt myself guilty of ingratitude towards them; and I experienced that the joyful feelings of a mother are far superior to those that are excited by vanity; after having concluded that my complaints and regrets were like those of an old woman in her dotage, I began to admire a pretty present that my son-in-law had made his young wife, whose birth-day was on the

* The recess in which the beds are, in general, placed in France.

same day of the month with mine: it was a dress of opal grey silk with three rows of embossed trimming round the border. A little hat à la reine Elizabeth, of gros de Naples, covered with jonquils and yellow flowers called batchelors' buttons. Augustina, enchanted with her bouquet, made but one step to the glass, and found herself charming in her new costume.—Ah! said I to myself, at twenty, a birth-day is, indeed, a day of pleasure, but it is only after fifty that these solemn epochas can be called days of happiness; certainly there is no comparison to be drawn, between these two sentiments: pleasure is for my daughter, happiness for me—I prefer the lot that is mine—

An Old Woman.

—DWELLINGS.—For several centuries, stone and brick were made use of in France, only in public buildings, or those mansions that were inhabited by nobles. Private persons had small houses constructed of wood and earth cemented with moistened hay. Instead of the roofs being covered with tiles, a thatch was made of straw and rushes intermixed. The use of slate is posterior to that of tiles. This flat material was first brought from *Ardes*, in Ireland, whence the French named it *ardoise*. Nothing appears more simple than a chimney; nevertheless every one was, for a long time, contented with letting the smoke escape through an opening made in the roof. The fire was made in the middle of the room, against a kind of screen, composed of earth. Stones, when they were first made use of, were not regularly cut, but were used in the state in which they were first found.—There were then no police laws; every individual, in following his own fancy, encroached on the public roads.—Glass was unknown to the ancients; but in the twelfth century it was made use of in France; first for the church windows, and next for the palaces.—In the fourteenth century, they began to ornament private houses with small glass windows. Before then they made use of oiled paper or lica. The panes of these windows were little bits of square glass: some were hexagon, some octagonal and fastened together by strips of lead, within and without. To these pieces of small dimensions, succeeded squares of a middle size, set in frames of wood. The term *croisée* is derived from their being divided, in a cross formed of free-stone.—The conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar gave to the French a degenerate style of Grecian architecture. Under the first race of Kings, architecture, in France, was a mixture of the Grecian with the barbarous taste of the times.—Charlemagne, on his return from his expeditions into Italy, brought in a taste for the architecture of Lombardy, which was preserved till the tenth century. The crusades gave birth to the Syrian architecture, which, in the west, was named the Gothic, because the people of the north excelled in its imitation. This kind of architecture, introduced under Louis the Young, was brought to perfection under St. Louis, by Montereau, his architect.—They

then abandoned the full arch for the Ogivian arch, that is pointed: the Ogivian, and the pillars with fillets, are explained by the same defect, that of an immense elevation. The columns destined to support a gigantic vaulted roof, would have appeared too heavy; they, therefore divided them to disguise their thickness, so that they formed a parcel of small columns, which, by the ramification of their extremities, and their being dispersed lengthwise over the roof, gave it solidity, without heaviness.—Under Louis XII., the architects mixed the gothic with something more antique. Under Francis I. the imitation of the Greek orders of architecture became more evident. The Castles of Ecouen and of Anet are proofs of this; and also the Chateau of Fontainebleau.—During the reigns of Charles IX., and of Henry IV. Ducerceau and several others raised some monuments of most noble architecture, the ornaments of which yet displayed the genius of those artists who had flourished under Francis I.—But in the seventeenth century, appeared those productions, which certainly cannot be said, to be above criticism. In the architecture of the Palace of Versailles and in that of the Hôtel des Invalides, there are a multitude of things hurried over and in bad taste. What can be more clumsy than that timber-work they call the roof; or *Mansarde*, from the name of its inventor; or more offensive to the eye of taste than the broken pediments? Le Val de Grace, the Portal of St. Gervais, the Sorbonne, les Quatre Nations, all furnish examples of defects that we cannot but censure. Perrault, in defiance of general rule, constructed the colonnade of the Louvre and Blondel erected the triumphal arch, named Porte St. Martin. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XV. such defects became more glaring. What was then constructed was totally out of all proportion. Soufflot, Peyre, Gondouin, Le Doux, Chalgrin, and some others restored the school of architecture. The Pantheon, the Surgical School, and the Mint are the fruits of this restoration.

—APARTMENTS.—During those centuries that preceded the birth of the arts in France, the apartments, even in the chateaux, were badly distributed. There was nothing to be seen but vast rooms, or dark closets; and in those apartments that had not vaulted roofs, pillars, representing gibbets served as a support to jutting out beams.—A lord, his family, his squires, and all those who ate at his table were allowed to warm themselves, at the same chimney.—On each side of every window, the architects had made to jut out, about fifteen inches in width a clumsy mass of stone, about the height of the seat.—Those rooms that had vaulted roofs, had double arches, ornamented with animals in a crouching posture, or with grotesque figures, of the human species.—It was not till the seventeenth century, that apartments began to be multiplied, by being divided into separate pieces. People of the higher

class of tradesmen lived *en famille*, as the nobles did in former times: father, mother and children always sat together in one common apartment, which served at once for study, for receiving company, for a bed-chamber, an eating room, and even for a kitchen.—The great Condé, in the time of the sitting of the states in Burgundy, paid a visit to one of the magistrates of Dijon, who received him in this *common apartment*. On his return to Versailles, the prince said to Louis XIV.: “Your province of Burgundy is very rich; *the kitchens* are hung with tapestry.”—Cielings take their date in France from the sixteenth century; this improvement came from Italy with good architecture.—A species of half story, named *entresol*, was invented by *Mansarde*, in the seventeenth century. There were two celebrated architects named *Mansarde*: Francis *Mansarde* died at Paris in 1666, and Jules-Hardouin *Mansarde* in 1708. It was the first of these who invented the *Mansardes*, or timber roofs, of which the coverture of the upper part is almost flat, and the sides nearly perpendicular.

—THE YOUNG WIFE.—Educated in the same convent with Josephine de B.....a conformity in age, taste, and character, established between us one of those friendships which seem likely to continue through life. She was fifteen years old when her parents took her to Toulouse, where her fortune and her talents were expected to render her one of the brightest ornaments of society. An orphan, and totally dependant on my guardian's will, I remained longer at the convent; but the most affectionate letters from Josephine frequently came to enliven my solitude. The impatience that all young people feel to be at liberty, we also experienced, but with the intention to give to friendship all those moments that filial duty did not oblige us to bestow elsewhere. At length, Josephine was married to M. de St. Valery, and three months after I became the wife of Colonel P.—My husband was from Toulouse, and was acquainted with M. de St. Valery; Josephine resided there; what a happy motive for a determination of settling in that place! From that time, the most tender intimacy took place. Josephine became a mother, and I comforted myself for the sorrow I felt in not having children by rocking the cradle of her daughter. Six years past away in this state of tranquillity: happy in my husband's love, and in the friendship of Mons. and Madame de St. Valery, I thought I had made a pact with happiness, when a most distressing circumstance happened to interrupt its duration.

Some connexion of affairs of interest had been formed, without my knowledge, between Josephine's husband and mine. After a long and expensive campaign, in which the colonel was wounded, he wrote to me, and informed me of the engagements he had contracted with M. de St. Valery, and the uncertainty of the credit on which he had reckoned, so as to be able

to fulfill them; and he assured me that the disquietude he felt on this account had made his wound considerably worse, and if I wished to see him again, I had not a moment to lose. I communicated this letter to my friends; they offered to assist me, but I perceived some embarrassment in their proposition. Josephine made some remarks on my style of housekeeping, and on the colonel's prodigality. Their generosity now seemed ostentation, and their advice a consciousness of their superiority, to which I had not been accustomed. Soured by grief, the natural pride of my character predominated. I sold the most valuable of my effects, realised a good sum, and sent to M. de St. Valery what was due to him. I wrote to Josephine a letter which admitted of no justification, and I hastened to my husband with the intoxicating hope that my cares and the arrangements I had just made would soften his pangs. Alas! it was *too late*.—My tears and the remembrance of my husband were now solely to fill up my existence.

The colonel had a sister in England, of whom he had often been accustomed to speak, and with whom I held a correspondence; wishing to quit France, where I thought I had not now a single friend, I resolved to go and reside near her. I was cordially received. My sister in law was good, in every sense of the word: her mild and equal temper shed an unchangeable tranquillity over her whole establishment. Every one was happy around her, and I fancied I yet might be so again.—I deceived myself; my heart, always imbued with the warmest affection, found itself desolate in this new world. In spite of myself, my hopes and wishes carried me, unceasingly to that country that gave me birth: I accused myself of injustice towards Josephine; I thought of her children; my destiny seemed attached to theirs; and yet—we were separated.

One day I received a letter from Paris. A notary, whose name was unknown to me, informed me that the affair which had almost ruined me ten years before, was, at length, terminated by means of a long liquidation, and that my signature only was wanting, to enable me to touch the interest and principal. Uncertain as to whom I ought to address my letter of attorney, I yielded to the impulse of directly returning to Paris.

I should vainly attempt to describe my sensations on again touching the French soil. Already my native air seemed to effect a change in my ideas, and shed a beneficent balm over the wounds of my soul. Retirement had softened my character, I forgot the reproaches of M. and Madame de St. Valery; I thought only on my own ill behaviour, and I wished to repair it by going and surprising them at Toulouse.

One morning when I was at church, I saw the chapel where I usually said my prayers, ornamented in an unusual manner; the females were elegantly dressed, and every thing seemed to announce some

extraordinary ceremony. In effect, a young lady, less remarkable by her modest carriage than by the happy appearance diffused over her whole person, was the object of all this preparation. I admired the grace of her deportment; a superb English veil, which was fastened to her hair floated over her fine form. Her dress was of embroidered tulle, ornamented with three flounces, each headed with a row of cockle-shells. A few delicate flowers were mingled among her light-coloured tresses, and such was the elegant dress of the pretty young bride. Her youthful husband knelt beside her, and the priest, after having invoked the blessing of Heaven on them, pronounced a simple and striking discourse, which seemed to touch every heart. Struck with the beauty of this young creature, whose features seemed not unknown to me, I ventured to enquire her name. I was answered, "It is Mademoiselle de St. Valery; her mother is at the lower part of the chapel, to the left. I looked, and recollected Josephine. When the mass was at an end, the new married couple and the family went into the vestry. Surprise and emotion took from me the power of reflection; I followed them, as if carried on by some supernatural power; I sought out Josephine, named myself to her, and faintd in her arms.

What an extatic moment was that for me, when renewing our acquaintance, I saw myself surrounded by all that was dear to me! There were no explanations, no excuses made: I pressed the hands of my friends, and could words express more?

This day which I fancied equally uninteresting with those that I had, for a long time spent, was one of the most delightful of my life. Josephine, with enthusiasm, enumerated all the excellent qualities of her son-in-law: M. de St. Valery boasted no less of his great fortune and the distinguished reputation he had already acquired at the bar. As for the charming daughter, careless, as girls of sixteen usually are on the most important circumstances of life, and brought up in the country, in the utmost simplicity, she seemed never to be weary of looking at the dresses that her husband had chosen for her adornment. Certainly, nothing could surpass the beauty of the cachemires, the splendour of her jewels, and the taste that had directed the choice of all those pretty little trifles, which are indispensable among the marriage paraphernalia. An elegant ball terminated this auspicious day, and the dresses and charms of those that assisted, might have entitled them to become competitors for the prize of beauty: yet, without partiality, it must be said, that the young bride eclipsed them all; I thought that I could even remark, that the little coquet was too much flattered by the admiration she excited; and before I took my leave, I said to her, as I embraced her: "Your husband is the first who has made any impression on your heart: his virtues and his excellent character ought to make you happy; but if ever a cloud

should overcast your felicity, always oppose tenderness to injustice, and constancy to his fickleness."

R. D.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

The Revolutionary Gil Blas, or the Confessions of Laurent Giffard, by L. B. Picard, of l'Académie Française. Paris, 5 vols. 12mo.

LAURENT GIFFARD, a barber's boy, born near Nismes, in the borough town of Quissac, lived in Paris, in the year 1789, and was twenty-two years old. Six of those persons who constantly employed M. Ripart, his master, were of the following description: a man of business to several different noblemen; a surgeon from Gascony; a literary man; an actor belonging to the boulevards; a young abbé; and a gentleman about twenty-three years of age; and these are the principal personages in this romance. There is also an honest family of artisans, and Jerome Grindal, an ambulatory singer, who cuts some figure in this work. Every volume is ornamented with an engraving. Laurent Giffard and Jerome Grindal, in 1789, form the subject of the engraving placed at the commencement of the first volume. Grindal is singing the *Catacoua*, and Giffard is knocking at the door of one of his customers. On the morrow of a day that was marked by a grand political event, Giffard after dinner, as he is dressing the hair of a peruke, calls to his mind the various discourses he has heard held by the different customers. "But," he says, "what astonishes me yet more, notwithstanding my early years, and the lightness of my character, is that, by turns, I have thought and spoken like them all. I questioned myself; I have asked myself what was my real opinion, and I found that I was very much puzzled how to reply." The first time that Giffard thinks he is somebody, is when those of his district, ask him to copy a circular. Giffard becomes a disputant, frequents clubs, plays the farce of a *bourgeois*, and an emigré; quits the military service, becomes a broker; returns to France, and is employed as a purveyor; he turns player in several departments. "I was mistaken," he says, "when I thought that a player might be excused from having any political opinion; there was no professional, person whatever who was not obliged to declare what he was." If they wished to discover the real character of every member of a troop of comedians, they would habitually discover, in the noble father a philosopher; the chief character a vain, glorious fellow; the younger principal character a coxcomb; the valet, a jester; and all the ladies coquets, more or less experienced in their arts; some carried away by passion; others by interest. Well! in the troop to which I belonged, the noble father gravely congratulated himself that those prejudices were abolished, that once held a player in contempt: the train

bearer drank with the members of all the most popular societies, and discussed the rules of his art, with generals and representatives; the valet went to the club of the faction. All our ladies were hot-headed patriots, or imprudent aristocrats, according to him whose homage they received; and as for me, I played the young heroes and lovers, and sang in *contr'alt*, I philosophized with the noble father; went to the *café* with the train bearer; admired the talent of him who played the chief personage; went to the club with the valet; and received the love confidences of our ladies." At Paris, Giffard meets with several of his acquaintances: he becomes a scribbler, a journalist, and a merchant. He experiences some crosses on account of his opinions. Giffard goes to Italy; returns again to France. Falls in love, marries; takes a second trip to Italy. "Oh! that dear woman!" he says, "she once gave an evening party: how many new friends did she procure me! I admired the amiability of Theresa, more and more. But where, said I to myself, is that little mantuamaker, who afterwards became a strolling player; where has she learnt to do the honours of a great establishment? It is true, I seconded her very well, for I had only played the part of an adventurer; and I seemed to understand myself, as well as she did. Ah! good heavens! how easy is every thing, where there is plenty of money! except the gaining of merit, and yet more, *real* merit; for as to that which the world gives us, our good friends were as prodigal as we could wish." By the intrigues of his wife, Giffard is named deputy. Our barber's boy was never at any conference, or any conventicles, but he made one in a dinner party given to General Bonaparte, in the church of Saint Sulpice. "I was always," he says, "at feasts, festivals, and picnics." The subject of the engraving in the second volume is Giffard looking at the first consul, as he is passing to take possession of the Thuilleries. Giffard is employed in a great undertaking. Director of the public spectacles, a dupe, himself, but duping no one, he is imprisoned for debt. After his release he is appointed doorkeeper of an ambassador's cabinet. His wife keeps a table for the game of bouillotte; this female gamester dies: Giffard quits Paris, and goes to fill the place of controller to the town of Roanne. Idle and negligent, he is at the end of the year called to fill another post, with the simple rank of commissary to the cavalry. He next becomes commissary of the foot, and is, at length, recalled. Giffard takes refuge in the village of Dauphiny, and sets up as a barber. An old cousin of his father dies, and leaves him an inheritance of twenty two thousand francs. He is struck at seeing this sum, all in gold. "It is enough," he says, "I can no longer remain in this miserable village; it is at Paris, only, on that vast theatre, that I can, and where I ought to render this money truly valuable, to display my talents, and take advantage of present circumstances." This

happened at the end of December, in 1813. Giffard sells his effects, and sets off for Paris. In the diligence is a tall girl, between eighteen and twenty years of age, she is dressed like a *grisette*, but she appears very elegant. She has been sent for to Paris, by her godmother, Madame Rigaud, who keeps a furnished hotel on the boulevard St. Antoine. The godmother is an actress at the theatre of which Giffard was manager. When he arrives at Paris, he goes to lodge at Madame Rigaud's. Several chapters are dedicated to the describing of political events. The hostile armies enter Paris. Giffard meets a host of men, who are shouting out *à la colonne, à la colonne!* "I did not mingle among them," he says, "we arrived at la Place Vendôme; several ascended the pillar with cords which they threw to those that stood at the base, and began to pull away, with all their might. All Paris might behold the efforts of several individuals to throw down the statue placed upon the pillar, and I was one of them that pulled the cords." During the first invasion, the *restaurateurs* and the *limonadiers* made a fine speculation. Giffard, who had not yet touched the funds due to him by inheritance, set up as a "*limonadier-restaurateur*," and the niece of Madame Rigaud, kept the bar. He thus speaks of her, "Two large black eyes; noble features; a complexion as fair as a lily; a little rouge, and clothes of the newest fashion and continually renewed; a diadem of pearls or diamonds, rings on every finger, of one of the prettiest hands in the world, made her look like a divinity. For myself, dressed in a coat of superfine cloth, very neat about the legs and feet, my hair arranged with taste, a napkin, half unfolded over my arm, I walked through the rooms, and spoke with gravity and respect to my guests; I had an eye to every thing; I made the waiters diligent, and in my leisure moments I employed myself in breaking sugar. Oh! how well Mademoiselle Amanda, seemed formed for presiding over a *café!* Always gracious, aye, gracious to every one, she was free with the people of the day, a constitutionist or an ultra royalist, with those of the ancient regime; in the evening she was only an amiable female, charming and witty, among those *petites-matres* that uttered soft speeches to her. Was it my example she followed, or did I follow her's? It is, however, certain that, during the day, I changed my opinion three or four times, and in the evening I had none at all." The great change in public affairs, renders the *café* of Giffard a desert; he pays his creditors and takes a furnished room; an engraving represents him in the dress of a herald at arms on the *champ de Mai*. After the second restoration, he becomes a clerk: placed under the protection of a minister who falls, he is dismissed, and accepts wages from one who lets out cabriolets. "One day," he says, "I was seated in my cabriolet, I read over the romance of *Candide*; I was just got to that

chapter of the carnival of Venice. I recollected, that under the empire, when I was barber of a village, I had read that very chapter, and I then thought that there were several dethroned monarchs, who might go to Venice, to amuse themselves at the carnival. Oh! Oh! said I to myself, how things have turned out! What debasements, what exaltation! Well; may there not yet be another supper for dethroned kings? The most particular circumstance is, that all these kings are of the same family. Just as I was making this reflection, a man, very meanly dressed, got into my cabriolet. I knew him for a former member of the ancient executive directory, with whom I had dined several times when I was a purveyor, and afterwards when I was deputy. Eh! Eh! said I to myself, here is another that might go and sup at Venice! But I did not think proper to make myself known to this personage; and I frequently have driven those citizens that I had known in my prosperity, whom I found in a very different situation to that in which they were formerly placed." We will pass over the different callings exercised by Giffard to speak of the happy rencontre he made, being out of employ, with an old frequenter of Madame Belamy's smoking house. This man Giffard tells us, was of an intriguing disposition, and he once took it into his head to take him on a visit, that he made to some of his friends, as one of those characters that will make a buffoon of himself to keep the company in laughter. And this was the last effort he made to live by his wits: he solicited a place at the Bicêtre; and the first person he met in the court of that prison, was Grindal; that Grindal, who had so often changed the style of his songs! This romance is told with a gaiety that never flags; Giffard, at length is satisfied with the mediocrity in which his lot is cast; without ever losing the opportunity of being obliging.

CURIOUS MODE OF ACCUSING ANOTHER.—A short time ago, there happened, at the church of Turin, a very extraordinary incident. It was in the season of Lent, at the beginning of February, a time of year when the days are very short. A popular preacher, who always preached very long sermons, was so carried away by his subject, which was repentance, one afternoon, that it was dark before he concluded his discourse. Scarcely had he finished before one of his auditors exalted his voice, and begged that he might be heard. Silence immediately prevailed; and this man, continuing to speak, declared that the holy man had preached with such fervency and so much to the purpose, that his words had made on him, a most miserable sinner, a deep impression, so that he was resolved to lead a new life; and to give a proof of his hearty contrition, he would now publicly make a confession of all his crimes. He, then, with a loud voice, said, he was a lawyer by profession, that he had abused the confidence of his clients,

that he might deceive them, by selling their interests to the adverse party: he then accused himself of being an undutiful son, a bad husband, a bad father, and after having added a long enumeration of various crimes, he concluded by giving a convincing proof of the sincerity of his repentance at that moment, by naming himself, as the lawyer such a one, living in such a street.

Scarcely had he concluded, when another voice was heard crying out that he had told a most impudent falsehood, that he, himself, was the lawyer who had been pointed out, and that he felt his conscience clear from those faults that had been so calumniously imputed to him. He intreated that the villain who had thus spoken of him should be put under arrest, that he might be punished for the cruel affront that he sought to put upon him; but it was all in vain; the mischievous jester had no sooner heard this recrimination, than he contrived to make his escape, and, in spite of the most diligent search made after him, it never could be discovered who he was.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE mourning has, for some time, excluded a variety of colours; but the scene of fashion begins to brighten. At the concert given by Mr. Dossion of the Opera House, at the theatre of *Madame*, on the day of *All Saints*, a Moabitish turban was remarked, which is fastened under the chin, adorned with a bird of Paradise. On several black velvet toques were plumes of black ostrich feathers, curled, and small white feathers, placed à l'*Inca*, adorned the hats that were of black velvet. Some white hats had on them daisies, that were black, and highly varnished. Some fashionists place on a black velvet hat, white lappets, and a large bow of white satin; this bow is composed of three puffs, and four ends cut round. The new hats are large in the brim, both in front and at the sides, and the crowns are high. Some black velvet hats have a *fichu* of the same, *en marmotte*, plaited on the summit of the crown, in large plaits. The mantles reckoned the most handsome, are of black satin, with two pelerine capes of black velvet, which descend as low as the elbow, and are lined with white satin. The only fur yet seen, was of black marten, in *fichu-palatines*.

Coloured dresses have began to be bespoke, at the fashion-mongers; they are bright, and clouded, or have broad, shaded stripes, and the white silks are figured with raised leaves. On the first representation of *Leocadia*, at the Feydeau, every box was taken. We there saw dresses of plain velvet, made with a kind of stomacher, the corsage trimmed round the bust with a double row of tulle. A velvet pelerine was thrown over the shoulders, bordered with blond, laid in very large plaits. At the border of these dresses were four rouleaux of velvet, and four boueues of blond. Some dresses of reps silk

were trimmed on the mancherons, and at the border of the gown with rows of Maltese crosses, made of black satin; a jet button marks the centre of the cross. The head-dresses were toques of black velvet, and turbans of striped gauze and satin, laid in a thousand little plaits. On the former were long white plumes, five feathers in a plume, placed spiral, and forming an enormous spread-out: on the latter were two black aigrettes, and a black bird of Paradise, or a long plume of black feathers, grouped together. A hat of black velvet was remarked, with the brim turned up in front; on the left side was a bouquet of marabouts, fixed so low that they mingled with the curls of hair on the neck. Another black velvet hat was ornamented with a very full wreath of different coloured flowers, made in velvet. All the young persons wore their hair elegantly arranged, with a jet comb, ear-rings of blue spun-glass. The Apollo's knot formed two enormous bows, and the curls of the hair, confined on the temples by two little jet combs, were in the form of a horse-shoe. Several ladies of fashion, on quitting the theatre, enveloped themselves in a mantle of black velvet, with a pelerine cape of Chinchilla.

The dress-makers are seriously employed in making a corsage, similar to those worn in the time of Francis I. The puckerings of this corsage are all brought up to the chest, by a very large brooch of jewels; the folds or puckerings enlarge, as they are brought on each side of the bust which form the wheat-sheaf, in a transverse sense to that when the body is said to be made *en gerbe*.

Blond flounces are the trimmings most in vogue for dress gowns. We have seen a dress of spotted velvet, *Emma* colour, the border of which was trimmed with a broad flounce of blond, set on in festoons; above the flounce were tufts of foliage formed of satin, to answer the colours of the dress, each leaf trimmed with narrow blond edging: the petticoat was terminated by a *bouillon* in pipes, placed between two rouleaux. The corsage was square, with a falling tucker of blond, over which was a satin foliage, of smaller dimensions than that on the border; the sleeves were ornamented in a correspondent manner.

The mourning damps, the efforts of our artists, fashion-mongers and dress-makers; there are, however, some charming silks to be found in our mercers' shops, both figured and plain. Shaded Spanish silks, and fancy India silks; these colours are named, the *tree of Judea*, and *Ipsaraearth*; and there are merinos the colour of *Helen's tunic*, and *sable of Nubia*. Velvet hats are shaped à la *Bolívar*; the brim round and very large: at present there are but few dress hats, but toques and turbans are of the most charming diversity. Over silk dresses are worn pelerines of orape or gauze, trimmed with bias folds, raised; there are also seen long sleeves of gauze, the wrist-

bands of which are concealed by ribbons the colour of the gown, and which tie on the inside of the arm.

Next in favour to black velvet hats, are those of a pomgranite colour; the brim round and large, and very much bent down over the forehead; at the front of the crown, which is high, is a large bow of velvet, bound with satin: these bows are formed of great puffs in which are mixed ends of velvet, and round the crown is a *bouillon* of velvet. We have seen a very lovely hat, composed of black velvet, rose coloured satin, and black blond; another hat is of barbel blue velvet, and the bottom of the crown was covered with ribbons clouded with blue and gold: two aigrettes of gold lama, turned back, were placed with much taste. The toques, of whatever material, are all black; they were the predominant head-dress at the first representation of *Fiesque*, at the Odeon. There were also demi-turbans of gauze part *bouillonné*, and which were higher on one side than the other. Dark shaded silks are next in favour to black: there is nothing new in the corsages; they are still square, and the only novelty is in the disposal of the plaits: the ornaments on the mancherons are always made to correspond with those on the border of the petticoat, which are generally of full *bouillons* of gauze, confined by bows or points of satin. With gowns for half dress, the long sleeves of gauze are worn very wide, and if the dress is black, they are white. In parties that are given on account of weddings where young people are obliged to dance, they wear dresses of tulle, cut in points round the border. These dresses do not come down lower than to a full *bouillon* of satin which ornaments the bottom of the satin slip underneath. The sash or belt worn with dress gowns is round, and fastened by a knot formed of four or five little pointed ends.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to *High Life, Fashionables and Fashions*. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON: PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
13, POLAND STREET.



*Published by W. B. E. & Co. 11, New Street,
London, and 10, New Street, New York.*



Travelling Dress
For the Month of June and July

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 8.

LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1825.

VOL. II.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Richmond, the Duke of, from Sussex.
Bedford, the Duke and Duchess of and family from Brighton.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSSES.

Exeter, the Marquess and Marchioness, from Lincolnshire.
Cornwallis, the Marchioness and the Ladies, from a tour.
Hertford, the Marquess of, from Suffolk.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES, BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Sefton, the Earl and Countess of, and family, in Arlington Street.
Sherburne, the Earl of, from Cheltenham.
Buckinghamshire, the Earl and Countess of, from a tour.
Strangford, Lord and suite, from Constantinople.
Westmoreland, the Earl of, in Grosvenor Square.
Berwick, Lord, in Grosvenor Square, from Shropshire.
Dysart, the Countess of, from Ham House, Surrey.
Gower, Lord and Lady, G. L. in Albermarle Street.
Clanricarde, the Earl of, at the Clarendon Hotel.
Spencer, Countess, from Wimbledon.
Holland, Lord and Lady, from Brighton.
O'Neill, Earl, from Ireland.
Besley, Lord, from Foot's-bras Place, Kent.
Shannon, Earl, at the St. George's Hotel, Albermarle Street.
Boyle, Lord, at the St. George's Hotel.
Mansfield, the Dowager Countess of, in Lower Brook Street.
Suffield, Lord and family, at Jordan's Hotel, from Norfolk.
Osborne, Lord F. from the Continent.

VOL. II.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES, KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Warrander, Sir George, Bart. from Scotland.
Reade, Sir Thomas and Lady, in Jermyn Street.
Shee, Sir George Bart. and Lady, and the Misses, in Cavendish Square.
Heathcote, Lady, from Ham House, Surrey.
Gresley, Sir Roger, Bart. at the Clarendon Hotel.
Sullivan, Sir Charles, Bart. at Fladong's Hotel.
Ousely, Sir Gore, at Mivart's Hotel.
Caulfield, Sir George, at Mivart's Hotel.
Denny, Lady and family, at the Hyde Park Hotel, from Worcestershire.



NAVY AND ARMY.

Oswald, Colonel, and Lady, from Scotland.
Gardener, Major and family, in Jermyn Street.
Langton, Colonel Gore, at Thomas' Hotel.
Cadogan, Hon. Capt. Mrs. and family, at Mivart's Hotel, from Brussels.
Austin, Colonel, and Mrs. at Jordan's Hotel.
Greville, Hon. Capt. at Mivart's Hotel, from Wimbledon.
Dashwood, Colonel, and Mrs. at Thompson's Hotel.
Howard, Hon. Colonel, M. P. and family, from Surry.
Gould, Admiral, Sir D. and Lady, at Blake's Hotel.
Ord, General, at Cook's Hotel, from Hants.
Parker, Capt. Hyde, at Fenton's Hotel.
Gould, Capt. R. N. at the St. George's Hotel, from Sussex.
Aubrey, Colonel, at the Royal Hotel, St. James' Street.
Stapleton, Colonel, and the Misses, from Staines.
Jervoise, Capt. R. N. at the St. Georges' Hotel, from Portsmouth.
Whitchcote, Capt. from Bath.

B

Dowbiggen, Capt. and Mrs. M. H. at the Royal Hotel, from France.
 Comlin, General, from Cheltenham.
 Stephenson, General from Norfolk.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Ellis, Agar, Esq. and Mrs. from Cashibury Park.
 Jacks, Mrs. at the St. George's Hotel, from Bath.
 Hatton, G. F. Esq. from Northamptonshire.
 Byng, George, Esq. and Mrs. from Wrothan Park.
 Lamb, Hon. W. from Brocket Hall.
 Robertson, Mrs. and family, at the Waterloo Hotel, from Scotland.
 Williams, Mrs. and Miss, at the Royal Hotel, from Nottingham.
 Clarke, Esq. and Mrs. and family, from Norfolk.
 Barclay, Esq. Mrs. and family, at the Royal Hotel, from Long Ditton.
 Howard, Hon. Colonel, M. P. and family, from Surrey.
 Robinson, George, Esq. M. P. South Street, from Roehampton.
 Blake, Esq. and Mrs. at the London Hotel, from Bath.
 Armit, John Lees, Esq. and Mrs. at Thompson's Hotel, from France.
 Gurney, Esq. and Mrs. and family, at the Pulteney Hotel, from Norfolk.
 Latouche, Hon. Mrs. and Ladies, at Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Str.
 Moreton, Esq. and Mrs. at the Bath Hotel, from Brighton.
 Caulfield, Mrs. St. George, and the Misses, from Brighton.
 Bosanquet, W. Esq. from Trent Park, Herts.
 Grenfell, Pascoe, Esq. M. P. from Taplow, Berks.
 Robinson, Mrs. and family, from Brussels.
 Richardson, Mrs. and the three Misses, from Paris.
 Maxse, James, Esq. from Melton, Mowbrey.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Allen, Viscountess, and Hon. Miss, for Yorkshire.
 Armit, John Lees, Esq. and Madame for Ireland.
 Berney, Esq. and Miss, for Exeter.
 Berkeley Esq. and Mrs. for Long Ditton.
 Barclay, Mrs. Gurney, and family, for Dorking.
 Brown, Mrs. and Miss, for the Continent.
 Blake, Esq. and Mrs. and family, for Bath.
 Brograve, Sir George, Bart. for Worstead House.
 Bruyere, H. Esq. and Mrs. from Kearney Abbey, Dover.
 Bailey, Lady Sarah, and Miss, for Suffolk.
 Cadogan, Hon. Capt. Mrs. and family, for Brighton.
 Clanricarde, the Earl of, for Melton, Mowbray.
 Chambers, Esq. and Mrs. for Bath.
 Cartwright, Mrs. and Miss, for Norfolk.
 Chamberlege Esq. and Mrs. for Cambridgeshire.
 Caulfield, St. George Esq. and the Misses, for Chatsworth.
 Coglin, General and Sons, for Tunbridge Wells.
 Dorrien, General and Mrs. and family, for Grinstead.
 Dowbiggen, Capt. and Mrs. for Cheltenham.
 Doveton, General Sir W. and family, to Hampton Court.
 Duncan, Esq. and the Misses, for Bath.
 Erskine, Lord, Lady, and Miss, and the Hon. John, for Sussex.

Engleton, Sir John and Lady, for Essex.
 Fleming, John, Esq. M. P. for his Seat, near Southampton.
 Floyd, Sir H. Bart. for Brighton.
 Fombelle, John, Esq. and Mrs. for Cheltenham.
 Galbraith, Sir James, for Ireland.
 Heath, Capt. and Mrs. for Bath.
 Hatchard, Esq. and Mrs. for Hertfordshire.
 Langton, Colonel Gore, for Newton Park, Bath.
 Leigh, Mrs., Mrs. Harrison, and W. Leigh, Esq. for France.
 Lane, Mrs. and Miss, for the Continent.
 Lippincourt, Sir H. Bart. for Cheltenham.
 Manley, Esq. and Mrs. for Brighton.
 Nugent, Sir George, for Bucks.
 Oldfield, Sir John, Bart. for Hants.
 Romney, Hon. Mrs. and Ladies, and the Misses Layton, for Bath.
 Salisbury, Dowager, Marchioness, for Hatfield.
 St. Asaph, the Bishop of, for Herefordshire.
 Shakerley, Charles, Esq. and Madame, for Paris.
 Sneker, Mrs. and S. Hanning, Esq. for the Continent.
 Shee, Sir George, Lady and the Misses, for Lockleys.
 Teasdale, Mrs. for Brighton.
 Turnbull, W. B. Esq. and family, for Bath.
 Webster, Sir Godfrey, Bart. for Brighton.
 Wright, John Smith, Esq. for Ramstone Hall, Loughborough.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

We said, in a former number, that his Majesty would not visit Brighton so soon as was expected; and we had our information from an *official authority* that could not be doubted. Some of the Brighton inhabitants have been lately very *disloyal!!!* and have spoken *too freely* their opinions of the King, which, our informant says, has been communicated to the Sovereign—and hence the uncertainty of all his intentions respecting even a short residence at Brighton. At the time we are writing nothing is *officially known* when the Monarch will leave Windsor;—it has its attractions and comforts, and is now the favourite residence of the King,—he is there surrounded by some chosen and select friends, which, added to the health his Majesty has enjoyed since he adopted the neighbourhood of Windsor as his most permanent place of residence, make it almost certain that Brighton will have but little of regal company. That gloomy abode, Carlton Palace, is also out of royal favor;—it is become only a sort of temporary lodging (for it is any thing but fit for such a Sovereign as George IV.) where Councils and public business can be attended to, requiring the presence of his Majesty. It is time the nation began to think seriously of building a Palace in or near London, as a fit and suitable residence for our King—the greatest Monarch in the world. The habitations of our kings in London may be compared to the dwellings of petty German Princes. The country has riches to spare for so important and necessary a purpose; why, then, should the mean and despicable parsimony of a few insignificant *brainless, hack-writers*, who have no taste or idea of what is calculated to add to the importance and dignity of our illustrious and beloved King, have any effect in preventing that desirable object. This sub-

ject must be taken into the consideration of both Houses of Parliament; and we trust an early day in the Session will be fixed and we shall ever afterwards have to congratulate ourselves on our King having a Palace in London that will add splendour to his reign, and be a lasting proof of the talents and taste of his subjects.

We have the pleasure to state that the inhabitants of Leeds have begun a subscription for the erecting a handsome statue of his present Majesty. We hope, *most sincerely*, that other towns of the same consequence will immediately follow so laudable a resolution. If we had the power and influence, meetings should be called in every principal town throughout the United Kingdom, advising and recommending statues of his Majesty to be placed in the most public places.

His Majesty left London for Windsor on Tuesday, Dec. 7, and reached the Royal Lodge about four o'clock in the afternoon, in his travelling carriage, accompanied by the Marquis of Conyngham. His Majesty's carriage was drawn by his road horses, four beautiful bays, and drove by two postillions. The carriage was preceded by two outriders, and followed by two others, with two footmen on the dickey. His Majesty was escorted from Carlton Palace by a party of the 7th Hussars, who were relieved by a fresh party on the London side of Kew, and on his arriving at Hounslow, where he has a change of horses, a relay being stationed there whenever his Majesty travels up or down, ready harnessed, and which are not more than a minute in putting to, his Majesty there dismissed the escort, and proceeded on to the Royal Lodge without any other than that of his own domestics. His Majesty, with his household attendants, sat down to dinner at seven o'clock. His health has very much improved since his arrival at the Royal Lodge. The weather has been so wet and unpleasant as to deprive the King of his favorite rides in his poney phaeton. However, on Tuesday, Dec. 13, at one o'clock, his Majesty, accompanied by the Marquis of Conyngham, left the Royal Lodge in his poney phaeton, and was followed by his household attendants in the double-bodied phaeton, with the regular retinue of grooms and saddle horses. His Majesty took the following drives:—Duke's-lane, Mill-gate, China Island, Shrubs Hill, and Chapel Wood; and after a three hour's excursion returned by the Royal Nursery and Cow Pond to the Royal Lodge.—A curious poney has been taken down to Cumberland lodge to be shewn to the King; it is of a mouse, or rather a dun colour; its coat or hair very rough; is four years old, and stands thirty two-inches high, but beautifully formed. It was brought from Norway, and is so docile that it will follow the groom who has the care of him up and down stairs like a dog, and lay down on the hearth-rug before the fire; it has never yet been shod, will eat bread and potatoes as well as corn and hay, and drink beer. It was taken to the Royal Lodge in a neatly fitted fancy-coloured covering, bounded by a girth, for his Majesty's inspection; and was led by the groom to his apartment, who admired him as much on account of his diminutive size as for his docility.

Seldom a week passes but some of the munificent and charitable kindnesses of his Majesty come *accidentally* to the knowledge of the public. The King was lately pleased to bestow £1500, on the widow of the late Mr. Muss, as the price of certain of his admirable productions. It is a melancholy circumstance that we have to state that this royal bounty has been lost! The money was entrusted to the unfortunate Mr. Fautleroy; he converted it to his own use;—thus has his

Majesty's benevolent intentions been annihilated, and the poor woman plunged again into distress.

Another admirable instance of our most gracious Monarch's disposition is related in favor of Owen the portrait painter. When the Duchess of Dorset resided at the Phoenix Park, she solicited the King to allow Owen to paint his portrait for her, and for which she was to give the artist 200 guineas; but owing to some circumstances which rendered it inconvenient to his Majesty *to sit for the likeness*, Owen was obliged to make a *copy*, which he successfully began from a portrait taken by Sir William Beachy. Immediately as she heard this, her Grace *countermanded the order*, and which, however much it throws light on the good taste of her Grace, we regret to say, added to the mass of shadow which began to darken the horizon of the artist. In a short time the event of the circumstances before alluded to became known to the King, when, with that very great liberality which ever distinguishes the actions of our Monarch, (to whose title is added those revered qualities which make his name beloved throughout the Kingdom) he ordered Owen to send his unfinished portrait to Carlton Palace, accompanied by a check for the original price of two hundred guineas.

The Duke of York has been in London to hold Levees, as Commander-in-Chief. His Royal Highness never neglects his official business, however numerous and pressing the invitations that are sent to him. This amiable personage has lately visited Earl and Countess Bathurst at Oakley Park, Gloucestershire; the Marquis of Anglesea at Beau-desert, Staffordshire; the Earl and Countess of Warwick, Warwick Castle; and the Earl of Verulam, at his seat, Hertfordshire.

The Duke of Clarence has been in town to visit his Majesty, and the Duchess of Gloucester, who has been very unwell. All the Royal Family were anxious in their enquiries respecting the health of her Royal Highness; who was, however, much better, when she left London accompanied by her Royal Highness, the Princess Augusta. We do not understand the *insinuation of the Duke of Gloucester having VISITED his Royal Duchess*. It would appear, from that assertion, that the Duke has a separate establishment. We should have thought it would have been more affectionate had his Royal Highness lived in the same house with his Consort, particularly during her serious illness. It cannot be expected that we should promulgate all the reports we have heard respecting their *Royal Highnesses, so determinedly loyal as we are*; however, we can state that a sort of *coolness* exists between them, and which accounts in some measure for the illness of the Duchess.

MISS FOOTE—MR. HAYNE (THE COMPANION OF WHITE HEADED BOB THE FIGHTER), AND THE ALL-BEWITCHING, ENTICING, AND CHARMING COLONEL BERKELEY!!!

LET any man apply the following lines from "Wade's New Poem of the *Skeletons*" as he thinks it may suit his own case:—

"Oh! not a villain on the guilty earth
With him can vie in damnd hypocrisy,
Who plays deception with a woman's heart
And blights the bosom that was wholly his."

The action Miss Foote has brought against Mr. Hayne, of Burderop Park, Wilts, of Long's Hotel, and of numerous other places of gay and fashionable resort, has excited much

curiosity and laughter against *'Squire Hayne*, and the *whiskered* Colonel of Cheltenham theatrical ridicule—the *petitioner to his Sovereign for a Peerage!!!* The following details are extracted from the speech of the Attorney-General, and is so explanatory of all the circumstances attending the promises of marriage made to Miss Foote by Mr. Hayne, and the *Colonel*, that few observations are necessary. These *worthies* have been taught a lesson by the exposures they have made themselves subject to, as, it is hoped, will prevent *such beings* from again obtruding themselves on public attention. There is so much *fun* and amusement to be found in the subjoined extracts, that we are sure our readers will be pleased with the condensed statement we give of the trial.

After some introductory observations, the Attorney-General observed:—"At the time when she (Miss Foote) was about the age of seventeen or eighteen years, she had the misfortune to be invited to Cheltenham, to play there during the summer months. In the progress of her engagement she was to have a benefit, and soon after it was announced, a communication was made to her by the manager of the theatre at Cheltenham, that a gentleman of great property, and of *no small skill in the art of intrigue*—for which, however, he was as much unknown to her then as he was to the public at large, *until some late proceedings in Courts of Justice unfolded his qualifications in that respect*—I say that a communication was made to Miss Foote, that this gentleman, Colonel Berkeley, who was himself no inconsiderable performer, was desirous of playing a part with her at her approaching benefit. She had at the time no suspicion that he had any particular motives in view, and she merely assented to his appearance.—The circumstance led to an intimacy between them. He professed the greatest degree of attachment and admiration for her person and talents; he professed to feel the warmest passion for her, and *made her an offer of marriage*. But, at the same time he told her that he was so circumstanced that *their marriage* must of necessity be delayed. He told her that he was then *making an application for a Peerage—that he was petitioning his Sovereign for that purpose*. He represented to her that she was as much interested in his success as he was himself, but that if it was known that he was married to her, looking to her situation of an actress, he might not succeed in his application. *He continued to promise her marriage for several years* after her first performance at Cheltenham, and *she, having conceived the warmest affection and attachment for him, unfortunately, at length, became his victim*. For five years she lived under Colonel Berkeley's protection, and during the whole of that time he never led her to suppose that he did not intend to perform his promise. She loved him warmly, ardently, affectionately. He never made any allowance to her or to any part of her family. In the course of the five years, the presents which he made her did not exceed in value 100*l.* Money she indeed received from him, but not more than was necessary to defray expenses which he had led her to incur. She lived in Keppel-street, Russell-square, with her parents. Colonel Berkeley never spent a night in Keppel-street. She never slept out a night when Colonel Berkeley was in town. She paid annual visits to Berkeley Castle, in the interval which the recess of the season at Covent-Garden allowed. In 1821, there was a child. Before she was confined, Colonel Berkeley told her that he was exceedingly desirous that the birth of the child should be as much concealed as possible, "If it be known," said he, "it will be impossible that I can ever complete the engagement which I have entered

into to make you my wife." At his solicitation she retired to an obscure place in the country, where she was confined with the utmost secrecy, and in three months after that she returned to her profession, and appeared on the stage at Covent Garden. In 1823 she was again pregnant. Five years had elapsed since the promise of marriage was made her by Colonel Berkeley, and she then determined that, unless he would execute that promise before the birth of the second child, all further intercourse should cease between them. She renounced all further communication with him in June 1824. She had not seen him since the month of February previous, and she resolved never to see him more. It was not till the spring of 1823 that Mr. Hayne saw Miss Foote. He saw her at Covent Garden Theatre, where she was playing some popular part. He was struck with her beauty and talents, and became extremely anxious to get introduced to her. From the month of April, when he first saw her, till June (1823), he had no means of accomplishing his wish. Towards the expiration of the latter month her benefit was announced, and this gave him an opportunity of a personal interview with her. He called at Keppel-street to purchase some tickets, and there he had some conversation with her and her father. He expressed his admiration of her, and a desire of being allowed to cultivate her acquaintance, which on her part was not resisted. He had a seat at Fiscal Hall, Staffordshire, whither he invited Mr. Foote, her father. Mr. Foote went, and while he was there Mr. Hayne again repeatedly expressed his admiration for Miss Foote, and asked permission to pay his addresses to her. Mr. Foote told him that his wishes upon that subject were in vain, as she was engaged to be married to Colonel Berkeley. In January 1824, Mr. Hayne came again to town, and from the civilities which he had paid to Mr. Foote, he conceived himself entitled to call at Keppel-street, where he saw Mrs. Foote, and repeated to her what he had already said to Mr. Foote, that his object was to make her honourable proposals, *with the view of marrying her*, and requested that she might obtain an interview for him with her daughter; but Mrs. Foote said the same thing to him as Mr. Foote had said, that her daughter was engaged to Colonel Berkeley, and that the engagement was one of long standing. On the 24th of June, after all communication with Colonel Berkeley had ceased, Mrs. Foote wrote to Mr. Hayne on the subject. He was then in the country, and in consequence of the receipt of Mrs. Foote's letter, although he had a large party of friends staying at his house at the time, he came up to town on the 28th of June, and lost no time in going to Keppel-street, where he again stated all the anxiety he felt during the interval for Colonel Berkeley's determination, expressed the admiration he felt for her, and asked her hand. He urged his suit with great earnestness; she asked for a little time, but he entreated with so much zeal and passion that he succeeded in obtaining from her a promise of marriage. Every thing which had taken place between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote was accurately known to Colonel Berkeley. All her movements had been watched and reported to him, and from some person or other Colonel Berkeley had learned the fact of Mr. Hayne's interview with her. Nay, he heard even of the arrangement that had been made for going to the Opera on the evening of the 29th of June, and he went there with a determination *to prevent the intended marriage*. What right had Colonel Berkeley to interfere? He had seduced her affections under a promise of marriage—he violated that promise—he refused to marry her, and she had renounced all communication with him. He went

to the pit of the Opera accompanied by his friend Mr. Maxse. They discovered the party in a box, and Col. Berkeley instantly desired his friend to go to the box, invite Mr. Hayne out, and request an explanation from him. Mr. Maxse went, saw Mr. Hayne, and a meeting was appointed for the next day at four o'clock. Mr. Hayne had intended to return to the country on that day, but he postponed his intention in consequence of this meeting, which Mr. Hayne had no doubt was to be of a hostile character. They met the next day pursuant to appointment, Mr. Hayne attended by Mr. Best. It was then intimated to him for the first time, that the meeting was to be entirely of a friendly nature. Colonel Berkeley had no previous knowledge of Mr. Hayne; he had scarcely ever seen him, and had no sort of acquaintance with him. The meeting took place, and, although Mr. Best was entreated not to make any communication to Colonel Berkeley as to the nature of the connection between Mr. Hayne and Miss Foote, yet every thing was related by Colonel Berkeley to Mr. Best respecting his own connection with Miss Foote, as well as the birth of the two children. Colonel Berkeley ridiculed the idea of Mr. Hayne's marrying that lady, expressed unbounded friendship for him, and gave him an invitation to Berkeley Castle. He then produced a paper, which he proposed that Mr. Hayne should sign, calling on Miss Foote to say whether she would in future live under the protection of Colonel Berkeley or under that of Mr. Hayne. This paper Mr. Hayne refused to sign. Colonel Berkeley then said in a sneering manner, "*Oh! I know what all this proceeds from. I suppose I must go and pass the night in Keppel-street, and console Miss Foote as well as I can for her disappointment.*" This Colonel Berkeley said, although he well knew that he never spent a night at Keppel-street, and that all intercourse with him had long ceased.—Mr. Hayne, in consequence of this interview, wrote Miss Foote a short note the next day, breaking off all future correspondence or connection with her. When Miss Foote received this short note, she was satisfied that she had been treacherously dealt with. She had up to this time the highest opinion of Mr. Hayne. She wrote him a letter to release him from his engagement, and at the same time solicited an interview with him in order to explain her conduct; and she fixed on Marlborough, which is near his seat, for the place of the interview, whither she went, attended by her mother. Every thing that had taken place between Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote was now known to Mr. Hayne. He distinctly renewed his proposals of marriage, declared himself perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Miss Foote, and said that nothing which had passed had in any manner lowered his opinion of her. It was at first proposed that their marriage should take place on the 4th of September, which was his birth-day; but recollecting that his sister was to be married on that day, their marriage was afterwards deferred to the 6th, and that day was finally fixed for its celebration; previous to the marriage some arrangements of a pecuniary nature were of course necessary to be made. Mr. Hayne said that Mr. Robins was to be her trustee, and he called on Mr. Robins to make the necessary arrangements. At the interview, Mr. Hayne expressed himself in terms of the warmest affection for Miss Foote. He stated that he had recently suffered great losses by the depreciation in the value of his West India property, but that he had 46,000*l.* in the Funds, 40,000*l.* of which he was anxious to settle on Miss Foote, in this way, for himself and her to receive the dividends during their joint lives; if there were children, Miss Foote, if the survivor of Mr. Hayne, was to enjoy the dividends of the forty thousand

pounds during her life, and at her death that sum was to be distributed amongst the children; if there were no children, and Miss Foote was the survivor of Mr. Hayne, then half the 40,000*l.* was to become the absolute property of Miss Foote, and the remaining half Mr. Hayne was to be at liberty to dispose of by his will. Mr. Hayne attended for the purpose of executing the settlement, but it not being ready, and he stating that he had a large party at his house to celebrate his sister's marriage, the execution of the settlement was again postponed until the morning of Monday the 6th of that month, which was the day appointed for the marriage. The Jury would, however be surprised to learn that on Sunday Mr. Bebb, Mr. Hayne's Solicitor, called in Keppel Street, at Mr. Foote's house, and left a verbal message, stating "*that Mr. Hayne would never see Miss Foote again.*" Placed in this situation, Miss Foote wrote to Mr. Hayne, soliciting him by all that was dear to her and him to call upon her and explain his conduct. The bearer of this letter met Mr. Hayne in Bond Street, and he returned with the servant in a coach to Miss Foote, in Keppel Street. He affirmed that it was not his fault that he had thus acted towards her; that it was also his firm intention to have fulfilled his engagement, but that on his return home on Sunday some person first plied him with liquor, so as to make him in such a state of intoxication, that he knew not what he did; that the next morning they returned to the attack, and locked him up in a little back room, from which he had only that moment made his escape, which his exhausted appearance would prove, and that when he met the servant with the letter, he was then coming to her. The explanation was received, and the following morning, at nine o'clock, was fixed for the marriage ceremony to take place; the night passed over anxiously enough on the part of Miss Foote. At length the morning arrived, every thing was prepared, the bride's maid who had come 200 miles from the country for the purpose, was in attendance, as was also Mr. Gill, with the marriage settlement; Mr. Robins, the trustee, was also there. Mr. Hayne never made his appearance, never took any notice of the appointment, never sent any excuse: the parties waited until three o'clock, when a note was sent to him at Long's Hotel; the servant who took it was asked into a private room; he was there detained, under some pretence or another, for a considerable time, and was then informed that Mr. Hayne had gone into the country; after a short interval Mr. Hayne returned to London, and called on Miss Foote in Keppel-street. They became perfectly reconciled to each other, and the 28th of September was finally fixed for the day of their marriage. This fell on Tuesday, and Monday was fixed for the execution of the marriage settlement. On Saturday Mr. Hayne, accompanied by Miss Foote's father went to Doctor's Commons, and there procured the Marriage license, which Mr. Hayne himself delivered into the hands of Miss Foote, and solicited leave to wait on her the following morning. Instead of doing so, a gentleman of the name of Manning called at the house of Mr. Foote, and brought a letter with him from Mr. Hayne to that gentleman, which letter stated, that he was so wretched as to be unable to call himself, but that the bearer would explain every thing, and finally concluded by entirely breaking off the match. After this Miss Foote received from Mr. Hayne another letter in which he still addressed her as "*My dear Maria*;" and entreated her to grant an interview at any other place than Keppel-street. To this letter Miss Foote replied, that she would once more

consent to see him, but it must be in the presence of her family. In reply, Mr. Hayne wrote a letter to Miss Foote, in which he says, that every line of the last letter of Miss Foote's was couched in terms of inveterate hatred, and it concludes thus—"Farewell; for ever Farewell.—Hayne." This last letter closed the correspondence between the parties. Mr. H. knew that in the manner in which he had conducted himself had excited public odium against him; and he, therefore, endeavoured to make the world believe that he had been misled, and deceived by Miss Foote and her family—that the promise of marriage had been made by him in ignorance of Miss Foote's connection with Col. Berkeley—an assertion which was wholly false. Mr. Hayne had a letter from Miss Foote, releasing him from any promise or engagement made by him previous to the disclosure of the fact of her having had children by Colonel Berkeley. There was, however, one fact which evidently showed that Mr. Hayne never had the least intention of marrying Miss Foote; for, on the 3d of September, two days previous to the first appointment for the marriage taking place, Mr. Hayne's solicitor called on his Counsel, Mr. Scarlet, and actually retained him as Counsel, in anticipation of this cause."

That the relations of Mr. Hayne have acted wisely to prevent the marriage, few will deny—there could have been no permanent happiness with a female who has had children by a man like Colonel Berkeley—a known and famed seducer. He was busy and daring in his efforts to prevent the marriage; he could not bear to lose Miss Foote, and however, he might have deceived her into compliance with his sensual passions, he was resolved no person should, if possible, possess her but himself. He seduced and disgraced her, without making any reparation, pecuniary or otherwise, for her lost character, honour, and respectability—he made her, as is too frequently the case amongst actresses, a person of contaminated morals, and liable to the overtures of the voluptuous. We say, therefore, that Mr. Hayne's friends were justified in preventing the match. There could have been no permanent happiness for the youth—who before a few weeks or months had passed, must have separated from his charmer. Intrigues and snares of all kinds would have been diligently planned, and laid, to carry off his fair one—either by the Colonel or some of his gay companions, who would have gloried in the enterprise.—Really, Colonel, you ought to marry her yourself—and stop the opinions that will be given of your conduct.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

No. 2.

We will now proceed in "culling staples" from the pages of our friend Johnny, which never fail to be fruitful in every thing that is excellent and witty—in proof of this, witness his extraordinary article of the 21st November, entitled "*The Prince and the Pheasants*," and if our Readers ever met with so much point and purpose in a newspaper paragraph before, we can only say that they have enjoyed a happiness far superior to any which it has hitherto been our lot to encounter. The Editor must certainly have a high opinion of the good sense of his readers, or he would never venture to indulge them with so much sublimity. Immediately below we have a pretty anecdote headed "*Sir Walter Scott*," in which, because the illustrious Baronet chose to acknowledge himself guilty of false prosody in an epitaph (or some such thing) upon

a dog; the writer says—"The frankness and good humour of the worthy Baronet, manifested in this letter, strongly support the general opinion that his moral qualities correspond with his intellectual powers." We believe this sapient remark is copied from the morning papers, the adopter, however, is but another parent, and we feel inclined to give the *John Bull* full credit for its wisdom. The public have learnt a new method of showing "moral qualities"—the mere confession of a false metre in a doggeral epitaph, is enough to give a man a good character now-a-days. Happy times!—when dogs, prosody and morality are so nearly connected. The same Number (*credat Judeus!*) absolutely confesses a former blunder about the unfortunate Shelly, which we noticed in our last—and calls the finest Ode which has lately been written, an "absurd" one—it is amusing to see how far wise men are led astray by political and foolish prejudices: the Ode on Sir John Moore will be read and admired by thousands, and the name of its author honoured, when the *John Bull* and its unfortunate supporters shall have been buried together.—The criticism upon a piece of wretched rhyme in the *Morning Post* about Macready, only shows the critic to be a greater blockhead than the rhymester. This is a fellow who shouts "blasphemy!" as an idiot does "mad dog!" and with as much reason; and his classing Macready with Grimaldi amply demonstrates his clownish propensities. We cautiously abstain from politics, or we could laugh heartily at the writer's fears of having his throat cut by the starving Catholics—does the man intend to indicate that he is afraid of waking one morning with his throat in that predicament?—at all events, such an interpretation of his meaning is as Irish one.

Of the Editor's next periodical production we have only to say, that the following is the best paragraph of the numberless excellent ones it contains.

"The process of producing chickens by steam is carried on next door but one or two, to Hatchard in Piccadilly."

From this, our readers may well be proud of having so truly an *Attic* writer for their countryman.

On the following Sunday we have another *blat*—but on December the 12th comes one of those choice morsels of Tom-foolery so much the favourite of dapper John: it is about one of his relations, a learned Pig, and the scribbler as usual, makes it a vehicle for scurrility against H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester. This nonsensical article thus concludes; "After a great deal of snuffing and poking about, and grunting, and sidgiting, the pig picked up a card; upon which was the figure nine, and presented it to his Royal Highness. His Royal Highness satisfied of the talents of the pig, and the correctness of his calculation handed the card to Lieutenant Colonel Higgins, remarking that it was wonderful how pigs could be taught to learn more than many human creatures."

What wretched, drivelling, vapid nonsense is all this! We verily believe that even the pig would be utterly ashamed of it, were shame a piggyish feeling; which is certainly not the case, and this, we suppose, is the reason why the *John Bull* writer does not entertain the least particle of that praiseworthy sensation.

The only gem we can extract from John's production of December the 19th, is the following facetious pun, contained in his theatrical article.

"At Liverpool there has been a very tremendous convulsion; a Miss CRAMER, who, from her popularity, might

have been considered a *Crammer*, as far as the house went,—” &c.

This is extremely *Joe Miller*-ish: but the remark which he shortly after makes about the Manager of the Haymarket being its *pimple*, not its *head* is absurd, and all of a piece with the usual rancour with which he has throughout treated every thing relating to that excellent little Theatre—from which we could almost suppose he had been indulged with a heavy bribe from the fighting Manager; or, what is more likely, from the head, or “*pimple*” of *Covent Garden*.

PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1825.

From Moore's, Partridge's and the Prophetic Almanacks.
JANUARY.

Partridge.—About this time it may be expected that one of the long robe will meet with disgrace, or at least some great disappointment.

Prophetic.—*Some Eastern Nation, Turkey, I suppose, Of ancient friends is making active foes.*

Consulting this registry of the Month, together with all the other positions, and comparing their indications with the records of former times, we are led to predict great shipwrecks or destruction at sea before the influences alluded to shall have past over. Ample reason, also, is given for apprehending devastating fires, by which many buildings by the water side, or on the sea coast, such as quays, dock-yards, storehouses, &c. will be consumed. Portugal, too, among the inferences to be deduced, may expect to experience disasters of some serious kind; and those which originate in political discord will increase there between Christmas and St. Valentine. Considerable agitation seems likely to be created in the public mind on account of the imprisonment of some person of note. Tidings from distant colonies, cause perplexity in our councils; and, as it seems, great depression in the public funds.

FEBRUARY.

Partridge.—It is probable we shall hear that some grave senator is likely to be roughly handled by superior power; perhaps his life may be in danger. An old dotard purchases a young bed-fellow at too dear a rate.

Proph.—*O—since you've raised the De'el, serve and obey him, Trio of Hollies—for you'll never lay him.*

Under the mask of inviolable good will, treacherous dealings seem to be on foot among the state jugglers on the Continent, probably with a design to cripple the maritime ascendancy of Old England! In what is going forward the interests of our commerce appear to be rather seriously at stake: but as the powers in concert will have work to do at home, in checking seditious confederations among their own people, we have not much to fear from their cabals. The line of policy on our part is, for our watch-dog to keep his eyes well open, and lie quiet.—Portugal seems inveigled in some stratagem of a monkish nature; and if I infer right, that country will soon undergo some vicissitude arising either out of internal discord, or the interference of pretended friends. A great miser, unable to convey his hoards to the next world, to which he is about to take his departure, will enrich some very needy relations.

MARCH.

Moore.—The predictions of Moore do not commence until March, and he continues the same kind of observations as follows through the months of March, April and May:

We are by the laws of an overruling power, arrived to the year 1826; which it is to be hoped may prove a more propitious period than of late, to those who wish for the establishment of institutions more congenial to the age we

live in, in which the laws are administered with justice and equity, in protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilty: in these remarks I allude to *Spain*; and although the campaign in that country, by the means of bribery and corruption, terminated last year in favour of Tyranny and the Inquisition; yet such is the vindictive cruelty of the priests, and their tools, that we must expect the Peninsula will ere long become the theatre of most important operations; and their precious Monarchs may again have an opportunity of flying paper-kites from some fort or castle, for the amusement of themselves and their attendants.

This and the preceeding months have produced a variety of positions amongst the planets, and some of them of rather a violent nature, which will bear considerable sway in the present year's transactions; and as the effects are likely to be detrimental to the peace and happiness of mankind, so we may assuredly expect actions and accidents suitable to their nature.

“And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea, and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.”

Partridge.—*Spain* is very unsettled, and much distressed; the old corrupt government begins to be sensible that its base conduct towards the defenders of the Spanish constitution, may cause a re-action too powerful to be resisted with any prospect of success.

Prophetic.—*Bigots, to reason having great aversions, To prejudices stick like Medes and Persians.*

England likely to be busied in affairs which will be more particularized in the sequel. Great changes in the port towns of Asia Minor. Something which must not be prematurely divulged occurs in Italy. Mars, too, dignified as he is in respect to mansion, and receiving from his exaltation the quartile of *Georgium Sidus*, works up strife in the north of Europe. The exit of two functionaries highly connected with the universities may also be anticipated.

APRIL.

Partridge.—The generality of affairs seem rather to be under private consultation, than any public action:—some religious disputes and controversies on doctrinal points, but of little or no consequence to any one, save those who make a harvest by rendering mystery more mystical.

Prophetic.—*Beware of such as wheedle for election; Who, when H.P.s, cut with you all connexion.*

Now the positions of the radix, and the aspects prevalent last month, strengthened as they are by the mutual enmities of the present, render it eminently visible that our Indian settlements are inflamed by a spirit of insubordination not to be easily quenched; and those who have great colonial interest at stake will, to all appearance, be severe sufferers. The sextile of Jupiter and Venus intimates mediation by neutral powers between Greece and her barbarian adversary. Ireland, through whose ascendant Mars and Mercury are now posting, seems as if resenting some new aggression. A marriage, likely to supply the gossip with a rich fund of prattle, is prefigured: and an embassy of an important nature seems in preparation. A duel is portended, which, from the virulent nature of the signs, and the decided hostility evinced, may be looked forward to as fatal.

MAY.

Partridge.—Whatever good or promising schemes have been formed of late, appear but very short lived; for here seems to be new matter of complaint, and grievances which retard all former endeavours designed by some noble spirits for the good of mankind.

*Proph.—Choose not your delegates to merely sit for you—
BOLD STANDERS UP FOR RIGHTS alone are fit for you!*

Russia and Sweden, or some other State in that quarter, show strife; and Poland, perhaps, is concerting leagues for throwing off the yoke of the despot. The north of England, and also Ireland, exhibit consternation, caused, as it seems, by popular ebullition; and it is to be feared that the military will be called to interfere. Loss of lives and property by fire, or some tremendous explosion, likely to be heard of about the end of this month. Some signs of a dark and dubious character, I take to relate to the bringing to light deep schemes of defraud connected with some public agents in a quarter to which it would be impolitic in me to allude thus prematurely. Be it what it may, a person of note in the political world is implicated. Bad news during this or the ensuing month reaches us from the Cape of Good Hope.

JUNE.

Moore.—In this month Moore begins some fresh predictions, which he continues during the months of June, July, August and September.

A Wolf in disguise gains his point. The gilded bait wounds insensibly. It is very remarkable, that *May, June, and July*, produce no quartiles nor oppositions of the planets, but only sextiles and conjunctions; which on inspection it will be found, that some of them are of good, and other of bad import. Most of the *Conjunctions* of this month (June) are of a propitious nature; which we hope will promote peace and good neighbourhood, as well amongst contending princes, as private persons. Our ministers have, for some time, been busily employed in repairing the breach which the wide waste of war has made in our finances; and they have politely called upon the Emperor of Austria to refund, at least, part of the money which we had from time to time so generously supplied him with, for the purpose of enabling him to fight his own battles. On this suggestion, the magnanimous Emperor offered us a small fraction in the pound, to be paid by instalments at very distant intervals of time.

Bearing in mind the saying:—"That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," to these proposals our government readily acceded.

How different this, to the time when Pope wrote; he, in his satirical way, says:—

In marshal'd slaves, lo, hungry princes trade,

And Britain's bullion bribes their venal aid.

Let *Laudator temporis acti* hold his tongue in future; though at the same time, I am aware that this modern Vandal of intellectual improvement can scarcely raise even a moderate sum in his extensive dominions. Although there has been considerable amity amongst the stars of late, yet there is one aspect that may give some cause to fear, will put the harmony of the others quite out of tune, and that is a hateful conjunction of the two malignants of the starry region *Saturn and Mars*. The places most concerned in the effects of the said *Conjunction*, are *America and Flanders*, and the vicinities of *London and Versailles*. *Saturn and Mars*, when in *Conjunction*, are sometimes known to prove authors of dreadful wars;

Our passions are the province of the stars,

To which if men give way occasion jars.

Partridge.—From the collision of the planetary rays during this month, we may expect to hear from several parts of the world their usual, but untoward effects; these conjunctions relate principally to *Russia, Prussia, Holland, to Ireland*, and the cities of *London and Versailles*.

*Proph.—Prima for the cap and gown-clad sparks at college,
'Twould be, if they, as air, could suck in knowledge.*
Upon canvassing the signs of the Vernal Quarter, it was

remarked, that all the planets, save *Georgium Sidus*, occupied occidental houses; and the like unusual coincidence of positions distinguishes the Estival schemes. The investigation of signs appertaining to other subjects, prevented, in our comments on the Spring months, any particular observations on the tendency of Jupiter's influence, while retrograding in *Leo*, in the ninth house of the Vernal figure. He now occupies the same fixed sign and same mansion: his effects will therefore be included with the predictions for the ensuing month.

FASHIONABLE PROVINCIAL PLACES OF RESORT.

BATH.

Go to Bath, all ye who have light hearts and heavy purses; there you may enjoy all the pleasures that a life of ease and recreation can afford. The season has commenced under the most favourable auspices, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, crowds of fashionables have arrived. Amongst other attractions, Madame Catalani has been singing at the theatre to crowded audiences, and has received very considerable applause. With respect, however, to the merits of this astonishing vocalist, those who have known her for many years, and who are competent judges, say that she is not what she has been—that time has, in some degree, dimmed the brilliancy of her powers. Others contend that she is still in the meridian of her fame; and one sapient critic has—in print too—likened her voice to "the rushing of the mighty waters!"

"Quot homines, tot sententiæ."

Madame C. is calculated rather to *astonish* than *please*. She, indeed, possesses a voice of uncommon power, and her lower tones are most perfect; but her transitions are often forced and unnatural; and she is decidedly deficient in that exquisite sweetness of expression which Mrs. Salmon and other English singers so eminently possess.

BRIGHTON.

The absence of his Majesty has thrown the inhabitants into the utmost consternation. The tradespeople are seen huddled together at the corners of the streets, each giving his opinion as to the probable cause of the King not having arrived. They are all in a panic—almost *frightened to death*, with the apprehension that his Majesty will not be at Brighton this season. The town, however, has a good deal of company, and somewhat gay: the absence, however, of the King causes a general gloom and despondency.

Among the fashionables are the Duke of St. Albans and family, Duke of Somerset, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Dowager Marchioness of Lansdown, Lord Eardley, Lord and Lady Saye and Sele, Mrs. Coutts, and a list really too long to enumerate.—The Marchioness of Lansdown has had a select party; amongst the fashionable throng was Mrs. Coutts.

Byham House was the scene of splendid hilarity on Thursday, Dec. 16. Mrs. Coutts entertained a large dinner-party there, inclusive of the Duke of St. Albans, the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdown, and other personages of high rank; a ball and supper, with an increase of company, followed in the evening. The game, which had arrived early in the week, for the above fête, was very considerable; and the massive plate, which had been removed from town to add magnificence to hospitality, judging of what we have heard of its weight and quantity, must be of immense value.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;SHewing THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR
ELEVATIONS.

IX.—English Dukes.

CAVENDISH, DUKE AND EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE first of this illustrious family, was Robert de Gernon, a soldier of great eminence, in the service of William, Duke of Normandy. He was the first of William's brave followers to whom that monarch distributed lands, when he ascended the English throne: these were chiefly situated in Hertfordshire, and also some considerable lands in Gloucester. Robert de Gernon was succeeded in his unalienated possessions, by his only son, Matthew, who married Hodierna, daughter to Sir William Saville, by whom he had a son, Ralph de Gernon, he married a daughter of Sir William Brewes, from whom many writers have curiously deduced the Bruces, Kings of Scotland. Their son was another Ralph de Gernon, who founded the priory of Lees in Essex, and who died in 1248, leaving issue, William, who was knighted; by his wife Eleanor, Sir William had two sons, 1st. Sir Ralph de Gernon, whose male line became extinct in the third generation, 1384; the second, was Geoffrey de Gernon, the lineal ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire; in the reign of Edward I. he was called of Moorhall, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and was succeeded by his son, Roger de Gernon, who resided at Grimstone Hall in Suffolk. This gentleman married the daughter of John Potton, Lord of Cavendish, and his children in compliment to their mother, as was usual in those days, assumed the name and arms of Cavendish.—This Geoffrey de Gernon, died in the 17th of Edward II. after having had issue four sons: 1st John de Cavendish, who continued the line; the second, Roger, the famous navigator of those times, whose memorable voyage round the world may be found in Locke's History of Navigation; the third son was Stephen, bred to trade, and in the 31st of Edward III. was member of Parliament for the city of London; John de Cavendish, the eldest son was so eminent in the law, that, in the year 1366, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the reign of Richard II. his patent for this office was renewed with an additional salary. At this time the unhappy management of the King had exasperated the Commons, and the rude vulgar attributed their hardships to the Lord Chief Justice. They were the more incensed against him, because his son, John Cavendish, had been the principal cause of Wat Tyler being killed, in Smithfield. The insurgents of Suffolk, who plundered and murdered the lawyers wherever they met them, seized upon the venerable Lord Chief Justice, and beheaded him, with the Prior of St. John of Cambridge, in the market-place of Bury St. Edmund's. He left two sons, Andrew and John. The former was elected knight of the shire, for Suffolk, in the 51st of Edward III. and Sheriff in the 8th of Richard II. He died in the 18th year of that monarch's reign, and was buried in the New Abbey,* near the Tower.—John Cavendish, the younger brother, was one of the Esquires of the body to

King Richard II.; and for his spirited conduct in crushing Wat Tyler's rebellion, he received the honour of knighthood, on the spot, with an annuity of forty pounds per annum to him and to his heirs, for ever. In the reign of Henry V. he served in the wars with France, and was present at the battle of Agincourt. He married Joan, daughter of Sir William Clopton, of Clopton in Suffolk; and by her had three sons; William, Robert, and Walter.—William married Joan, the daughter of—Staventon, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and William. Thomas married Catherine Scudamore, an heiress, and by her had one son, Thomas, who studied the law and was an ornament to the profession. He was twice married, and by his last wife, Agnes, had an only daughter Mary. By his first wife, Alice, daughter to John Smith of Podbroke Hall in Suffolk, he had four sons, George, who died young, William, Thomas, and George. William the second son, was in high degree of favour and intimacy with Cardinal Wolsey, and attended the Cardinal as gentleman-usher of his chamber. He gained also the King's confidence, and was intrusted with the Cardinal's secrets. It was a trying circumstance that, when the Cardinal had fallen into discredit, Mr. Cavendish was appointed to prepare the fallen favourite for the reception of Sir William Kingston, yet he still kept about Wolsey's person, and highly to his honour, treated him with the same care, attention and respect, as when at the height of his prosperity: he was with him in his last moments, and took care to see him handsomely buried in St. Mary's chapel at Leicester. After the Cardinal's death, Henry VIII. appointed Mr. Cavendish to his chamber, saying to him, "Go your ways to Sir John Gage, our vice-chamberlain, to whom we have spoken already to admit you our servant in our chamber; and then go to the lord of Norfolk, and he shall pay you your whole year's wages, and a reward besides." When the great change in religion took place, he was distinguished by the royal bounty. The lordships and manors of North-Hall in Hertfordshire, Cuffely and Chyldewicke in the same county, all parcels of the dissolved monastery of St. Albans, were granted to William Cavendish in consideration of his services to Margaret, his wife, and to his heirs and assigns; and he was appointed at the same time, treasurer to his Majesty's chamber. On Easter day, the 37th of Henry VIII. he received the honour of knighthood, and was made a privy counsellor. In the reign of Queen Mary, he wrote his impartial history of the life of Cardinal Wolsey. In the reign of Edward VI., during that young monarch's life, he increased in wealth and honors; and in exchange for his manors in Hertfordshire ceded to the King, he received many other lands of superior value, together with the priory and rectory of Cardigan, in South Wales. He was thrice married, first to Margaret, daughter of Edward Bostock, of Whatcross in Cheshire, Esq.; secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Coningsby, Esq., his third wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hardwick, of Hardwick in the county of Derby, Esq. This lady was the widow of Robert Barley, of Barley in Derbyshire, Esq. to whom she was married at the early age of fourteen. His very opulent fortune was settled on her and her heirs. It would be unpardonable in us not to make particular mention of this lady, since the present noble family, descended from her, stands, in a great measure indebted to her for an influx of riches, that raised it to an equality with the principal persons of the succeeding generations; her chief aim, even in her two marriages, after the death of

* Where the Victualling Office now stands.

Sir William Cavendish, was the aggrandizing her issue by him, in whose favor she obtained a settlement from her third husband, Captain William St. Loo, of the guards, of his valuable estate in Gloucestershire, and surviving him she became a third time a widow.—She had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury; whom she brought to terms of the greatest advantage to herself and children.—She built three of the most elegant seats that were ever raised by one hand in the same county; Chatsworth, Hardwicke and Oldcotes, all transmitted entire to the first Duke of Devonshire.—The children that Sir William Cavendish had by his first and second wife, all died young. By his third marriage, the first two daughters died in their infancy; he had three more, who married nobly, and three sons. First, Henry, who served in six parliaments, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; second, William, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; third, Charles, who was knighted, and from whom descended two dukes of Newcastle. Sir Charles married twice; by his first wife he had no issue; but by his second, Catherine, daughter of Cuthbert Lord Ogle, who was declared Baroness Ogle, on the 4th December 1628; he had two sons, the youngest of which was Sir Charles Cavendish, of Wallington, who died on the 4th of February 1653, without issue, and was buried at Bolsover; the eldest son of Sir Charles was William, the first Duke of Newcastle. This nobleman was made knight of the Bath in 1610, at the creation of Henry Prince of Wales; in 1619, he was created Baron Ogle of Bothal, and Viscount Mansfield by letters patent. In the third year of the reign of Charles I. he was created Baron Cavendish of Bolsover, in the county of Derby, and Earl of Newcastle upon Tyne; he was appointed governor to the Prince of Wales, and general of the King's forces at the time of the parliamentary hostilities; on the 27th of October 1643, he was created Marquis of Newcastle, and received the order of knight of the garter, on the 12th of January 1650. In 1660, he was created Earl of Ogle, and Duke of Newcastle.—His Grace loved monarchy, and had a particular reverence for the King's person: he strictly kept up the state, dignity and pomp of a general Officer, and on all occasions manifested the bravery and fearlessness of a common soldier.—By his first wife Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of William Bassett, Esq. of Blore in the county of Stafford, he had eight children, but by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, Knight, of St. John's, near Colchester, a lady highly celebrated for her literary productions, he had no issue. Of his four sons by his first wife, the youngest only survived him, who was Henry, the second and last Duke of Newcastle of this family. He was abroad with his father during his exile, and on his return, after the restoration, was appointed Master of the Robes to Charles II. In 1676, he succeeded his father in the Dukedom; on the accession of James II, he was still in the privy Council, and Lord of the Bedchamber.—His Grace died the 28th of July 1691, and the Duchess, his wife, (Elizabeth, daughter of William Pierrepont, Esq. second son to Robert, Earl of Kingston,) dying in 1695, they were both buried at Bolsover, in the family vault, having had a numerous issue, four sons and five daughters. The sons dying before their father, the title became extinct. Having, therefore concluded our account of this younger branch of the Cavendish family, we must now speak of William, the first Earl of Devonshire.—He was the second son of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, by his third lady, of whom we have made particular mention.—He was his mother's favourite, and had his education with the sons of her husband the Earl of Shrewsbury; and when he married, she gave him a greater estate than

she had given to his elder brother, and bequeathed him more at her death. His lordship was highly instrumental in rearing the English colonies on the continent of America, in their infancy; and was one of the first adventurers to settle and plant Virginia. He was likewise one of the Noblemen, who had a grant of the Bermuda Islands, upon their discovery: one of the eight divisions of this large island, is still known by the name of Cavendish. After his brother's death, he was, on the 2nd of August 1618, created Earl of Devonshire: he was twice married; first to Anne, daughter of Henry Kighley, Esq. by whom he had three sons and three daughters: his second wife was Elizabeth, widow of Sir Richard Wortley. The second son of this Earl, by his first wife, succeeded his father, as Earl of Devonshire.—Having, with the most astonishing facility, made himself master of the rudiments of classical knowledge, his father determined on sending him to make the tour of France and Italy. The famous philosopher, Hobbes was appointed to travel with him, more as a companion than a tutor: happily, however, this young nobleman did not imbibe from him those dangerous principles against religion and government, for which Mr. Hobbes was but too justly famed.—On his return to England, his own extraordinary talents, together with his father's great influence at Court, induced the King to seek an alliance with this noble family, in favour of Edward, Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, ancestor to the Aylesbury family, whose daughter Christian, he married by the persuasion of the King, his majesty attending on the bride, and performing the office of father; he moreover gave her a portion of ten thousand pounds. The King had, probably a double view in promoting this match, for while he attached to his person both the son and father, he gratified his own pride in advancing the daughter of Lord Bruce; who, besides having royal blood in her veins, was daughter to him who had been the chief manager of his affairs in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign; and a great instrument in procuring for James his succession to the throne of England.—The addition of the young lady's fortune, and the settlement made on him by his father, enabled this young nobleman to live in a style of splendor that few could equal; but in the end betrayed him into expences that were superfluous and detrimental. In the year 1625, he and his lady had the honour of attending Charles I. at his marriage with Henrietta Maria, daughter to Henry the Great, of France.—His Lordship died at his house near Bishopsgate in London, on the 20th of June, 1628, leaving his estate, vast as it was, much encumbered. But we wish to inform those who would cast the stain of indiscretion on his memory, that his expences were all of the hospitable kind, and that his profusion fed multitudes; they were not incurred either to gratify criminal or whimsical propensities: his mind was great and generous, and his beneficence generally bestowed on worthy objects; for no one was better skilled in discerning the different characters of mankind. He had three sons and one daughter; his son William succeeded him, as third Earl of Devonshire. He was between ten and eleven years of age, when his father died; but young as he was, he was made Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of King Charles. The young Earl was placed under the wardship of his mother, who, though her husband had expended so much in splendid living, happily enjoyed a jointure of five thousand pounds per annum. Being a lady of much address and judgement, she put an end of all the law-suits, which made Charles I. say to her, in jest, "Madam, you have all my judges at your disposal." She was looked on as a finished pattern of female perfection both in what was intellectual, and what was acquired. During her son's minority, she submitted his education to his father's tutor, Mr. Hobbes, with whom he travelled for three years, into foreign parts. When the civil wars broke

out between Charles and his parliament, he gave eminent proofs of loyalty, though he knew the calamities that would be heaped upon him: the Earl's brother Charles, who was the king's god-son, (of whom it is said, that the Sun never shone on a more manly or beautiful figure,) was also staunch to the royal cause; he went, however, abroad, and entered the service of the then Prince of Orange; when he had passed one campaign, he came again to England, and distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill. After many glorious actions, he had the honor to receive the Queen in her march to Newark, in which journey he stormed Burton upon Trent: after performing prodigies of valour, he engaged Cromwell, himself, in person, at Gainsborough, where he was killed, as some say, in cold blood, after quarter had been given him by Colonel Bury; others say, his horse plunged with him into a quagmire, and that, being wounded, he *refused quarter*. Notwithstanding the merits of this family, we hear of no acquisition nor increase of fortune granted to them on the restoration: yet let us not lay blame on the memory of Charles II. his conduct towards many of his adherents proved he was not ungrateful, as has been unjustly said of him; he could not possibly provide for all; and it is a lasting wonder that Cromwell should ever have been successful against such multitudes, as adhered to the royal cause; it only shews us, how diligent we should be in never suffering that hydra-headed monster, the commonalty, to gain too great an ascendancy, so as to endanger the higher powers, *who are, we are taught* "ordained to be." The Earl of Devonshire led, during his life, that of a private gentleman; he imitated his ancestors in benevolence and hospitality; was a friend to the crown, and, without faction, a patron of liberty. He died at Southampton the 23rd of November, 1684. He married Elizabeth second daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, and by her had two sons and one daughter. His eldest son, William, was **FIRST DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE**, he was born on the 25th January, 1640, and was one of the four young noblemen who supported the train of Charles II. at his coronation. In 1669, he accompanied Mr. Montague, in his famous embassy to the court of France, and during his stay there, he highly raised his reputation for courage, though it might have been attended with very serious consequences. He was grossly insulted by some French officers, at the Opera, and one, in particular gave him very opprobrious language: Lord Cavendish, as he was then called, thought himself, in honor, obliged to resent this affront, and worked up to a pitch of anger, he gave the aggressor a violent blow on the face. The Frenchmen immediately drew their swords, and being joined by four or five others on the stage, the life of the English nobleman was in imminent danger. He defended himself bravely, but received several wounds, and he could not long have parried their swords, if a swiss domestic of Mr. Montague's had not run upon the stage, and catching his master's friend in his arms, threw him into the pit. The affair was noised all over Europe, greatly to his lordship's honor and his opponents were, by the French King's order, sent to prison; and afterwards enlarged only through the earnest intercession of Lord Cavendish. Devoted to the liberties of the people, this nobleman's affection, for the truly unfortunate and gallant Lord Russell, was unbounded: and the zeal of Lord Cavendish had been so great for the exclusion that, on the accession of James II., he dreaded the monarch's resentment! The Earl of Devonshire and his family were persecuted, and an ungenerous prosecution set on foot against his lordship. A fine of thirty thousand pounds was imposed upon him by the court of King's Bench, and by a daring abuse of justice, he was, at the same time, imprisoned: he escaped, and retired to Chatsworth; but the court was inexorable, and ordered him to pay the fine. The Earl's mother applied to the King

in her son's favour, but her ladyship mistook the character of James in whose eyes the loyalty of the Earl's ancestors only seemed to aggravate his offence. At length, the Earl made up matters with the government, by giving his personal bond for the payment of the thirty thousand pounds, which was given up by King William, who found it among the papers of James II. When William ascended the throne, it was one of his first cares to reward the Earl of Devonshire, for his labours in the cause of liberty; yet to vindicate the national justice, he was still liable to the payment of the thirty thousand pounds. On the 12th May, 1694, he was created Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire, which splendid title gave him every thing he could hope for. Queen Anne mounted the throne prepossessed in favour of the Tories, but she continued the Duke of Devonshire in all his places. The animosities between the whigs and Tories increased, but the Duke behaved with great steadiness. His Grace expired on the 18th of August, 1707, at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, in the 67th year of his age, without one pang, and in the full possession of all his faculties. He had married in Ireland, on the 24th of October, 1662, Mary, daughter of James, Duke of Ormond, and, by her had three sons and one daughter. William, his eldest son, succeeded him, as second Duke of Devonshire: he married Rachel, daughter of William, Lord Russell, and sister to Wriothesly, Duke of Bedford; a match highly agreeable to his father, as she was so nearly related to his dearest friend: by this lady he had five sons, and six daughters. The eldest of his sons, William, was third Duke of Devonshire. He married on the 27th of March, 1718, Catherine, daughter of John Hoskin Esq. by whom he had four sons and three daughters. His first son, William, was fourth Duke of Devonshire. On the accession of his late Majesty, George III. to the throne of England, he was continued in all his posts; and, as chamberlain, had the honour of handing Queen Charlotte from the coach, on her arrival at St. James's, on the 8th of September, 1761; and, at the baptism of George IV. then Prince of Wales, he stood sponsor, for the Duke of Mecklenbough Stretitz. In the beginning of the year 1763, the Duke was disgusted with the proceedings of the ministry, and resigned all his places in England, which he held from the crown, and was deprived of his seat at the council board. He continued his office of Lord high treasurer of Ireland, and governor of the county of Cork, to the time of his death, which happened in 1764, at the Spa, in Germany, whither his grace had gone for the recovery of his health. By his wife, Charlotte, third and youngest daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Cork, he had three sons, and one daughter. His eldest son William, succeeded him, as fifth Duke of Devonshire. His Grace was born December 14th 1748, and on the 5th of June 1774, was married to the fascinating Georgiana Spencer*, daughter of John the first, Earl Spencer; and included among her ancestors both the Duke of Marlborough

* We cannot here forbear citing a few remarkable circumstances relative to this first Duchess. At the time of an election for Westminster, when the Right Honorable Charles James Fox, contested the Borough, as his Grace could not consistently canvas in behalf of his friend, the Duchess volunteered her services, and in conjunction with Lady Melbourne was indefatigable in the cause and performed wonders. The scene was a novel one; and two such charming women, were sure to obtain suffrages. The eyes of the lovely Duchess, animated by success, shone with more than common brilliancy and attracted the attention of a dustman, who was seated in his cart. Having the stump of a tobacco pipe in his hand, he called out as she passed, "Lady! pray let me light my pipe at your eyes?"—"Never

and the first Duke of Devonshire, who died March 30, 1806, his Grace had issue by her, Georgiana, born July 12th 1783, who married George, Viscount Morpeth, eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle; Harriet married to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, son to the Earl of Stafford, and William Spencer, the present Duke. His Grace married, secondly, Lady Elizabeth Foster; second daughter to the fourth Earl of Bristol; a lady as celebrated for her great literary endowments, as by the charms of her person, lively conversation, and elegant manners. The late Duke died July 29th 1811: he inherited all the patriotic principles of his ancestors, and was a firm and strongly attached friend to the late Mr. Fox, both as a politician and a man.

The sixth and present Duke was born at Paris, May 21, 1790; his Grace is at present unmarried. A deafness he has laboured under, from extreme youth, is most probably the cause of his taking but little part in public affairs: his private character is most amiable.

The Motto of this family, in the latin, seems to imply a play upon the name of *Caendish*, being "*Caendo tutus*," Rendered in English, "*Secure by caution*."

ON THE GRAVE OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY,

Who lately died in the cause of Greek Freedom, translated from the Greek of Pietro Tumeli.

Peace to the heart that sleeps below—
Around it be eternal peace—
Let no rude blast untimely blow
Above BLAIR-ATHOL's resting place!
Let cold November's sleety storm
Respect the spot where valour sleeps;
Let no unhallow'd hand deform
The turf o'er which a nation weeps!

Of all that fade—how few have past
So brightly to repose, like him—
No crime his youth to overcast—
No shade his destiny to dim!

yet," said the Duchess, "have I had so fine a compliment paid to me". And when in the midst of the flattery and adulation with which she was so constantly assailed, she would often put an end to it by saying "No, No; that won't do; *the dustman's compliment* for me!" At the demise of this charming woman, his present Majesty then Prince of Wales, who independently of his exalted station, was allowed to be the finest gentleman in Europe—expressed deep regret—observing at the same time, "We have lost one of the brightest ornaments of the English court." It has been said that on this lady's presentation to their Majesties after her marriage, she was profusely adorned with jewels, and that the weight of a pair of very large diamond buckles actually produced a lameness which confined her at home for some days afterwards. Her Grace's amiable, maternal affections induced her to despise the barbarous fashion of committing her offspring to the care of a foster nurse, and she suckled her own children, in spite of the usually apprehended danger of spoiling one of the finest shapes in the world: and which, at the time *tight lacing* was in vogue, was said to measure the circumference of an *orange* and a *half*. Amongst her Grace of Devonshire's various mental accomplishments may be reckoned that poetical genius, which distinguished her both at home, and abroad. A poem entitled "the Passage of St. Gothard," was translated into French by the Abbé de Lille, the finest modern poet of France.

And proudly may his mother point,
Although with bleeding heart, to where
A nation's mingled tears anoint
Her only son's untimely bier!

When Freedom made Oppression quake,
Amidst the world's approving cheers,
And "high aspirings" seemed to wake
In Greece the pulse of other years,
Home, kindred—all we deem a loss—
All that affection round us draws—
Young MURRAY left—to rear the cross,
And fell, a martyr to the cause!

No marble trophy marks the spot,
Above no blazon'd banners wave—
Yet shall the stranger be forgot,
And all unhonor'd be his grave?
No—Valour keeps his vigil there,
And round the sacred sod delays:
And oh! his deep, but silent prayer
Is worth a pyramid of praise!

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARNED AND SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR ROUND;

THE FIRST INTERCOURSE OF THE DOCTOR WITH A CHINESE MAN, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

[Continued from page 234.]

THE Doctor having obtained an African servant to his mind, was next struck with the necessity of finding a native of China, who should be enabled to accompany him on his voyage *thither*, and assist him in the prosecution of some of those many scientific plans, engendered daily in his fertile brain. But how should he possibly be able to procure so requisite a character? After many queries and consultations, it was at length determined to advertize. Accordingly the doctor inserted in several newspapers, *the want* of which he required a supply, and after receiving various applications, he at length fixed upon one, who professed to be fully qualified to take upon himself the task of Cicerone to the indefatigable Doctor.

This man whose name was Twyng-Wang, understood enough of the English language to make himself comprehended, and surely there never was depicted a more perfect type of the cunning character of the inhabitants of the celestial Empire than that which played o'er his visage. Although perfectly willing to engage with him, a doubt suggested itself to the Doctor's mind, as to the propriety of taking so complete a representative of the nation back into it; well knowing the severity of the Chinese laws, which punishes with *death* a subject who has once deserted his country! But an active and energetic imagination soon overcomes difficulties: the Doctor therefore informed Twyng-Wang, that it was absolutely necessary for him to assume the English costume, and transmogrify himself as much as

possible, to which suggestion the Chinaman willingly consented, and all things were going on swimmingly, when the immense tail pendant to Wang's pole caught the Doctor's eyes. Said he, "My good friend, what is to be done with *that tail*?"—"Oh!" said Twyng Wang, "I can very easily twist it round my body, underneath the cloaths, which will sufficiently conceal it."—"True," rejoined the Doctor, "that artifice would succeed *here*, but your cunning countrymen might steal upon you in the night and discover that national insignia, and then not only *your life*, but *ours* might pay the forfeit: so the tail *must come off*!"—Upon this Twyng Wang remonstrated most lustily, and the Doctor was equally vehement; but at last a bargain was struck, that he should part with this *precious tail* for *ten guineas down*. The Doctor having agreed and paid the penalty, a razor was sought for, and with his own hand Dr. Round performed the operation, and laying this *prodigy of a tail* upon the table, it was found to bear the nearest resemblance to a *carter's whip*! This done, in order to try the effect of the new costume, a suit of the Doctor's cloaths were brought, and Twyng Wang speedily arrayed in them, and it being warm weather, there were found plenty of cavities through which the cooling breath of Zephyrus might play freely. The next operation was to powder his head, and which *Truno* performed very adroitly: then an old triangular hat being placed thereon, Wang looked in the glass, when, from the metamorphose that had taken place in his person, his mahogany phiz became convulsed with a grin, that gave him much the appearance of a mountebank at a fair. All present were highly amused except the Doctor, whose muscles never on any occasion relaxed from mirthful emotion. At last Twyng assumed a serious aspect and said, "He did not think the disguise he had assumed was sufficient to conceal him from his countrymen and he would *rather not go*."—"Not go," cried the Doctor, "not go! why you *dog*, do you intend to break your engagement?"—"I made no engagement," answered the Chinaman, "but for my *tail*!" Upon this the wrath of Doctor Round waxed warm; and Twyng Wang refusing point blank to accompany him, he seized the dear bought bargain, and laid it on the seceder's shoulders with such efficacy, that *he*, seeing the door open, burst from his thrall-dom, and ran precipitately into the street: where the Doctor flinging his ponderous weapon after Wang, he coolly stooped to pick it up, and then made out of sight, before one could say "Jack Robinson."

It was not, however, so much the *beating* that frightened away Wang (as it appeared afterwards that he had been pretty well used to the *bastinado* in his own country), but when the Doctor found that he made little or no impression by his manual obtestation, he suddenly *lifted up his goggles* and threw at him one of those terrible glances which petrified every

body; had Wang seen a basilisk, he could not have been more horror-struck! Doctor Round's indignation was extreme; (and though never known to be in a rage before) it was like the bursting of a volcano which had been teeming with hidden fire for years. He then declared solemnly that if his ten guineas and his cloaths were not speedily restored by the East India Company, that he would ruin their trade by publishing a Treatise against *Tea-drinking*: and then having called for pen, ink, and paper, he composed the subjoined Essay on the dangerous effects of that deleterious plant.

ON THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF TEA-DRINKING.

Most historians, and especially the Chinese, who can trace from their valuable manuscripts (and every one who is acquainted with the celestial language, may read upon all the tea chests, the antiquity of their origin), that this favored empire was not affected by that scourge to the human race—the deluge! which was inflicted upon man to cleanse the earth from those foul pollutions, and abominations which infested it through the potency of Satan. Now, as it can be proved, that China felt not the influence of this just vengeance, it is but natural to suppose that the enemy of mankind fled on such an occasion to the country nearest to the scene of his *first offence*. He therefore selected *China*, planted the herb *TEA*—incited for the sake of filthy lucre the potentates of all christian countries, to launch their floating means of conveying the produce of that plant, to those realms where the social virtues had been introduced. The first cargo of this herb, which was brought into England, produced a wonderful change in the garb and manners of its inhabitants: no sooner was the first cup tasted than the ancient virtues, both of male and female began to disappear. At that period men wore their hair in all its natural grace, and women disguised their charms, only to make them *more alluring*. Alas! when tea was tasted the heads of the people, who drank of it, became preposterous, both the *inside* and the *outside* thereof were affected. *Twaddle* began! large bushy wigs were made! *powder* was invented for the aid of *charm* which subdued by it became *charmless*! Oh what a dreadful nature is the seductive infusion of that ten-fold bad plant, which has produced, as I can clearly prove, all the maladies and grievances of the last century! How much more mischief has been created over that hateful beverage, than over a *bottle of good old generous wine*, or a tankard of *fine home brewed* the native produce of Old England. The Chinese men, it is well known, wear *petticoats*, are *extreme cheats*, *great liars*, and addicted to every sort of immorality, they are in general bald, except having *immensely long tails*: they worship the devil in every shape, and in their low false cunning, suppose that, if they worship him who has no mercy, they have no occasion to offer their devotion to the ALL-MERCIFUL,

C

as they are sure, if they fail of protection from the one, they shall be safe with the other."

Doctor Round being disturbed just at this point of his detail, occasioned the above hiatus; and as he made it a point never to read over what he wrote, it is hoped that the tea-drinking public will pardon what may appear to them a needless repetition.

"One of the earliest effects of tea-drinking in the men, was in general a *maudling foppishness*; a conceited and effeminate air, which, as the habit increased, you found springing from its parent *wig* (in imitation of the Chinese fashion) a *tail*! which being bound tightly with a ribbon, presented at its termination a little curling white blossom. This was generally accompanied by a pea-green coat, strange large pattern waistcoat, loose small-cloaths, and ugly gaiters, with a great propensity to take cold, unless an extra handkerchief was tied round the throat on going into the air, and another crossing the hat and fastened under the chin to resist the *rudest* assaults of Boreas. In women, the effects still more terribly appeared, for first the *TWADDLES* came on, and next the *MAUDLES*, the one giving to the dimmest optics, the power of seeing all the failings of their neighbours; and the other, the delightful opportunity of repeating them. I could elucidate numerous instances of the *dreadful* consequences resulting from the herb *TEA* were they not of a nature likely to *shock* the reader; but the most prominent physical effect upon record, is in almost every middle aged person's recollection, to wit, *THE GREEN MAN AT BRIGHTON*. He drank excessively of strong *green tea*, till all his garments assumed the like hue, his coat, waistcoat, breeches, hat, cravat, &c. were *green*, and he also, poor fellow, became *so green* as to throw himself into the *green sea*! Another thing to be observed is, the bloodshed which has been caused by *twaddling* over a dish of tea, it has engendered *duels*, *suicides*, and all their minor accompaniments, envy, hatred, and malice. In the glorious days of good Queen Bess, her maids of honor were allowed two gallons of good ale, and two pounds of beef-steaks for breakfast; whether they drank and ate their respective allowances, I will not vouch for; but thus much I am sure of, that ne'er a maid of honor now living would be able to go through such a repast, at six o'clock in the morning. In the *good queen's* days there were no head-aches, no pulmonary complaints, no nervous disorders, such as faintings, hysterics, kickings, flingings, screamings, perriwigs, pig-tails, puckered trowsers, stiff neckcloths, stays, maudles, dawdles, twaddle-waddle.—No! all was purely masculine and feminine, distinct. The devil grins at every cup of tea that is drank, he pats the venders of that herb upon the back, and chuckles with them, styling them his Well-beloved! he anticipates the punishment of a whole company, which shall be nameless; (they have

been his most active agents in disseminating this potent poison) he is certain of frying the brother of the sun and moon, whom he visits in the shape of a five clawed dragon; those are his feelings of gratitude towards them who do his dirty work—he glories in the idea of tying the cultivators of his baneful plant together, by the *tails*, and flinging them over a rope, like a parcel of cats with their own rockets fastened thereto, and see them clapper-claw each other to his heart's delight. As for Twyng-Wang, he looks out sharply for him, intending to make a serving man of him, for Proserpine, his spouse; that, being always in a *broil*, yet *never consumed*, his fate might be a parallel of Tantalus!—Thus, I offer to those who are not too far gone in their love of *tea*, a timely warning of their danger, with the sincere hope that they will desist from their evil practice before it is too late, and so disappoint the *hungry maw* of the greatest enemy to mankind, the devil!!!"

[To be continued.]

ALKAZIA,

A CIRCASSIAN NOUVELLETTE.

In the delightful regions of Circassia, over which nature has so profusely shed her blessings, Mouradin-Bey dwelt in a deep valley, situated on the north of Caucasus, bordered by the Kuban, and rendered fertile by its waters. Chief over a warlike people, this prince, whose caprice was his law, and his power the sole proof of its justice, had acquired immense riches, by unjust extortions, which rendered him the terror of his vassals, and the scourge of his neighbours.

In the mean time, notwithstanding these causes for obtaining general hatred, an irresistible sentiment drew towards him the greater part of the surrounding princes and chiefs. Mouradin was a father; and the perfection of his daughter Alkazia's character, sufficed to prove, that vice and virtue are neither of them hereditary. Endowed with a tender and feeling heart, Alkazia possessed, with a fine form, expressive and delicate features heightened by that modesty which always adds grace to beauty: the qualities of her mind surpassed the charms of her countenance, as much as the brilliancy of her *fine* complexion was superior to that of all the females who composed her father's court. Such was the daughter of Mouradin; such was she to whom a thousand vows were offered up; but who had not as yet excited in her gentle bosom one sigh.

The Bey, proud of his daughter's charms, and anxious to display his magnificence, often assembled together, in his public sports, the princes and warriors who had essayed to obtain the hand of the beautiful Alkazia. The Circassian women, less enslaved than the other females of the East, are al-

lowed to present themselves, unveiled, in the temples, and at festivals. The daughter of Mouradin always presided over these sports, where address, strength, and courage, developed themselves in throwing the javelin, handling the lance, drawing the bow, displaying agility in the race, and in taming the fury of an unruly courser. Among all the rivals who strove to obtain the palm of glory, the young Haslan-Gheray distinguished himself, as much by the nobleness of his mien, as by his skill in all gymnastic exercises. Descended from the ancient sovereigns of the Crimea, every thing about him announced his illustrious origin: he had scarce entered his twenty-fifth year, when already the renown of his valour had caused all the neighbouring chiefs to seek his friendship. Impetuous in war, modest when victorious, such was the interesting being who had often received the crown of reward from Alkazia, and had, at length, caused her to discover that her heart was no longer free. The descendant of the Gherays could not behold such charms without emotion; having, as yet, only lived for glory, he was a stranger to love; but, in one moment, when having come off conqueror at a wrestling-match, he, kneeling, received from the hands of Alkazia, a belt embroidered by her; as he lifted up his eyes and met hers, he beheld a tear trembling on her long jetty eyelash; the tear of love, that first enraptured glance, changed the destiny of the hero! From that moment he followed her footsteps, and, attentive only to pleasing her, he had the temerity, at length, to seek to draw from her the tender confession of her love. "Ah!" said the warrior, "say only these words, *I love thee*, or *I perish*." He was on his knees before the bashful virgin, who, bathed in tears, only articulated the sentence of "O, my father!" and sunk into the arms of him to whose fate she had bound her own.

In the mean time, there were many obstacles which stood in the way of their happiness. Haslan-Gheray was poor, the pompous Mouradin was avaricious: was it likely that he would sacrifice his thirst of riches to his daughter's felicity? However, Haslan solicited, and obtained an interview with the father of his beloved; and, towards the close of day, he presented himself at the palace of the chief of the valley. For the first time, he felt what fear was; he, who hurled the thunderbolt of war undismayed, felt his heart palpitate, as he advanced towards the hall of audience, the walls of which were hung round with glittering arms. Mouradin, stretched on a divan, was surrounded by his brave companions, and conversing on an expedition which promised an immense booty. "What dost thou want of me, Haslan?" said the prince, with a gracious smile, "art thou come to offer me thy conquering arm in the war I am about to undertake?"—"I am come," replied Haslan, with submission, "to ask of a father, the hand of her I love: our affection is mutual,

and to render her as happy as thou canst make me, will be the employment of my whole life. Descended from princes and warriors, I found myself compelled to tread in their steps; unjust treaties had deprived me of my possessions, combats only could regain them; and full of that hope, founded on my legitimate rights, I address myself, without further prelude, to the powerful prince who is the father of the beautiful Alkazia."—"My wrath can only be equalled by my wonder," said the old chief of the valley, as he hurled a glance, replete with fury, at Haslan. "Art thou, then, ignorant that the most honourable princes of Circassia would gladly purchase my alliance with the half of their vast treasures? And thou, dost thou dare to make this request? Thou, who art possessed of no other patrimony than a suit of armour and a courser! Thou, who hast neither country nor family; dost thou offer to my daughter the sole shelter that a tent can afford, and no other land than the soil it is pitched upon? Renounce thy pretensions, as vain as they are audacious. I pardon thy temerity for this once; but, remember well, if I find that Alkazia, disobedient to my commands, ever sees you more, I will sell her, that moment, to him who shall inform me of it. You have my answer. Retire, Haslan, and merit, by your services, my forgetfulness of this offence." The father of his beloved was sacred in the sight of Haslan; he received the affront offered him, in silence; and, preferring death to vengeance, quitted the palace, overwhelmed with grief. In the mean time, Alkazia's nurse, the confidante of their loves, contrived to procure them a private interview in her apartment. Resolved to abandon, for ever, a country which only served to remind him of his misfortunes, he saddled his horse, put on his armour, and repaired to the habitation of the nurse, which was situated in one of the entrances to the palace gardens. As soon as the daughter of Mouradin saw him, drying the tears that bathed her lovely visage, she said, "Is it true, dear Haslan, that you are about to leave us?"—"Ah! say, can I support the sight of your father, when I behold in him the author of all my troubles, and disgrace?"—"Haslan, you abandon me, then!"—"I will depart and die in a wilderness, since I cannot live for her I adore."—"How can I live without thee?"—"Will you, then, dare to accompany me? Ah! let us be united! Alkazia, my beloved, one love in life, one grave in death!"—"But, my father, Haslan!"—"He could doom thee to be sold as a slave! Is that a father's love? Let us fly, my Alkazia; we can cross the Kuban by the way of those mountains; implore the clemency of the barbarians, or throw ourselves on the generosity of the Russians, our enemies. Will they be more inexorable than your father?"—"On a sudden, the gates of the palace were heard to open; lights appeared in the garden; the voice of Mouradin was heard, furiously invoking the curses of heaven on

his daughter's head. "Alkazia, you will be for ever deprived of liberty."—"Ah! dear Haslan, I tremble only for your life! I will follow thee; let us escape to the desert!" With a strong, nervous arm, the young prince placed her on his coarser, upon which he lightly sprang; pressed her to his bosom, and the noble animal, as if conscious of the treasure he bore, carried them far from the walls of the palace. But, though their speed was rapid, they were bewildered by the darkness of night, and it was not before the dawn of the next morning, that they beheld the banks of the Kuban, and, at the same time, heard the galloping of horses, in pursuit. In this extreme peril Haslan knew there was no time to hesitate; he hid Alkazia among the rushes which grew on the river's banks, and hastened to face the satellites of Mouradin.

His courage and temerity astonished them: he fought, it is true, for life and love; he carried death with every blow he dealt; those who escaped his fury, were so terrified, that they joined the detachment that preceded them, and fled. He then hastened to his Alkazia. "Untie my coat of mail, my best beloved," said he, "place it near to thee on my courser, and may love be propitious to us." Immediately he leapt into the water, holding his horse by the bridle; swimming with the stream, and driven on by its current, they gained the opposite shore. The sun, just risen above the horizon, had afforded the Cossacks of the Black Sea, who guarded the banks of the Kuban, an opportunity of contemplating this bold enterprise. Embarking with precipitation, in their vessels, they hastened to the relief of the unfortunate pair, just at the instant when the guards belonging to Mouradin arrived on the banks of the river. "Soldiers," said Haslan to them, as soon as they received him on board, with his beloved, "you, who, even among us, are deservedly called brave, accept the thanks of two beings who owe you more than life, and add to this benefit, by presenting us to your chief." They were conducted, immediately to the Duke de Richelieu, who commanded this corps of the Russian army. No sooner was Haslan in his presence, than, addressing him with all the energy and nobleness that marked his character, he said, "In the name of all that is honourable, deliver us not into the hands of the assassins by whom we are pursued; afford protection to two unfortunate beings; I will become a subject of Russia, Russia shall be now my country; for that country will I shed my blood; but, if your duty compels you to give me up, oh! do not deliver me into their hands, loaded with fetters, but leave me free to die, revenging my wrongs."—"Haslan," replied the Duke, "you are free, and an officer in the Russian army; devote yourself, in future, to the Emperor; he knows how to appreciate valour, and delights in recompensing those who serve him faithfully."—"May the God I worship, protect the coun-

try I now adopt, and that I here swear to defend!" said Haslan-Gheray. The Duke, then, instantly gave orders that every succour should be given to the interesting pair which their situation demanded, and never ceased, himself, to shew them every mark of attention.

An opportunity was soon given to the young prince of proving the sincerity of his protestations. The Russians had received orders to attack Anapa; he presented himself before the Duke de Richelieu, in complete armour, and solicited permission to serve as a guide to the troops, amongst the chain of mountains, of which he knew all the craggy paths. After the taking of Anapa, the Russian army pursued the Circassians across Caucasus. They met, in the defiles, with so obstinate a resistance, that they were forced to march in solid columns for fourteen hours together. Haslan was always at the head of these columns, and distinguished himself, in a manner, that obtained the well-merited praise of his general, and the esteem of the whole army. His services were so highly appreciated during this campaign, that the Emperor, on receiving the reports, conferred on him the order of St. George, and a medal of honour. In the month of December, 1810, another expedition was sent out against the fortress of Sudjuk-Rale, in the country of the Abazes. Haslan again distinguished himself by such an impetuous bravery, that the sight of him, alone, threw the enemy's ranks into the utmost confusion; the Circassians fled before him, crying out, "Haslan-Gheray! Haslan-Gheray!" After the reduction of this place, he received, from his Imperial Majesty, a sabre, the handle of which was enriched with brilliants, and on the hilt was the following inscription, "*The reward of valour.*"

His first steps in Russia had been marked by glory, and the death of a hero was reserved for him. Scarcely had he tasted a few months of happiness with his Alkazia, than he was again called forth, to give new proofs of his devotedness to the country he had adopted. The Chapsiques, one of the most warlike nations in Circassia, having, in the month of November, 1811, made incursions on the frontiers of Russia, some troops were sent out to check them. Haslan commanded a detachment in the valley of Aphippis, near a little river, so named, which descends from Caucasus. Led on by his usual impetuosity, he advanced before the marksmen who supported him, and received a ball, which, penetrating his cuirass, entered his body through the joints of his coat of mail. The Sultan Selim-Gheray, his relation, who followed him, at a short distance, hastened to succour his friend. "Selim! Selim!" said the dying Haslan, "support me in thy arms; suffer not the Circassians to behold my fall." He was carried, with the greatest difficulty, to the tent of General Rondzievitz, who commanded under the Duke de Richelieu. Haslan, convinced that his

wound was mortal, recommended his wife to the care of the General. "Oh! be the protector of my Alkasia," said he, "and I shall die happy." Such were his last words: in a few minutes after, this young man expired, at the age of twenty-five years.

Every thing that could be resorted to, for assuaging the grief of Alkasia, was of no avail: her sorrow, calm as it was profound, denied her the solace of tears; they fell on her heart, freezing all its warmth, as it received the icy drops. Immediately after the funeral ceremony, she retired to Sevastopol, in the Crimea, where she caused a mausoleum to be constructed, spacious enough to serve her for a dwelling-place; there, near the body of her husband, the faint shadow of her former self, she looks forward to the time when the angel of death shall consign her to the place she has marked out, near him, whom she will never, while she lives, cease to regret.

MISFORTUNES OF A COUNTRY BELLE.

Addressed to the Editors of the World of Fashion.

GENTLEMEN,

I KNOW not what good it can possibly do me, if you comply with my request of publishing my story in your *World of Fashion*; yet, it will ease my poor oppressed heart, to write you an account of my mortifications. I am impelled also to the wish of making my case public, because it is not impossible but that some one may be benefited by it; and may gain an useful lesson, without purchasing it, as I have done, by dearly bought experience.

I was brought up by a maiden aunt, who always assured me, that I was a very great beauty. Indeed, from at least fifty years continual study of her own face, I was inclined to believe her a perfect judge of mine. Now, Gentlemen, I must inform you, that my aunt was one of those hundred millions of ladies, who never can get a good likeness taken of their faces, though she had sat times innumerable: and, as she always told me, for this very good reason, as the different artists she employed for that purpose, declared, that her countenance was so *mutine*, so peculiarly animated, so wonderfully expressive, that it changed every minute.

My aunt was a great novel reader; and a most indefatigable castle-builder; and though she resided at the small town of S—in Durham, she never destined me for any other husband than a *Lord*, or a *very great hero*. It certainly so happened, to strengthen my faith in what my aunt had told me, that beauty at S—was very scarce; so, that I, who was really tolerable, was followed like a divinity. Admiration elevates the spirits of the person admired; I was

always very, what is called, *smartly* dressed; so that I was sure to be the *belle* of the ball room, and when a recruiting party was in the town, I always danced with the officer.

My aunt had arranged all her plans for me, from the moment I became an orphan, and was placed under her care. Purposing to keep me secluded till a certain time she had appointed, (which was when I should attain the age of eighteen) she had lived at S—with great frugality. At the fullest bloom of my charms, as the poor, good old lady thought, and certain that I could marry any one I chose, she conveyed me to London, last winter; hired elegant apartments in Albermarle Street, renewed her acquaintance with titled dowagers, with wives of members of Parliament, and, in short ushered me into the world of gaiety.

I shall never forget the first evening party I went to: it was given by the Lady Splendid. I was dressed in my usual *smart* style, with a profusion of gay ornaments; and as frills and ruffs were the fashion, I was bustled up, plentifully with them, heedless of the time of day, or rather night, in which to make my *début*, and though I had a profusion of feathers, *smartly* standing upon my head, I had an enormously full, triple ruff of fine lace round my throat: but all this trimming and parade of dress, which used to make a conspicuous object of envy, while *comparisons* were drawn to my advantage, with the Durham Misses—now when dressed for Lady Splendid's party, was of no avail. My cheeks, glowing with the consciousness of beauty, to which my aunt did not a little contribute by her raptures; certain of being, by far the handsomest female in the room, and remembering my aunt's old assertion, that women of fashion were *peer*, sickly creatures, that would give their ears to have the ruddy appearance of a milk-maid, I got into our job-bouch, and drove to Lady Splendid's; most of the company were already assembled.

After the first ceremonies, I looked round on the mingled throng; and I felt petrified with astonishment and disappointment, when I saw that every third female was much handsomer than myself; and while some of the best parts of my figure were concealed by ruffs and frills, and the other parts very disadvantageously trimmed out and decorated, those ladies were attired in the most captivating simplicity, and seemed to owe nothing to ornament, but possessed, almost wholly, though not *immodestly* uncovered, arms, throats, shoulders and busts of the most inimitable beauty: their hair, generally disposed with apparent carelessness, was not hid by such folds of silver-malin, as were heavily twisted round mine; a few pearls, a simple wreath of flowers, or a diadem of jewels, were the prevailing head-dresses among the young; even among such as told a few years older than myself: they appeared charming, without any effort; while I seemed to have laboured at my toilet,

only to prove the wretchedness of my taste and the insignificance of my person. The real excellence of my complexion was equalled, nay, far surpassed, by the artificial, and, therefore, more stationary *bloom* of theirs; and because my frilled habit shirt modestly hid my neck, a young man said in my hearing, to another impertinent puppy, "Yes, she produces a good effect; she is well *made up*!"

After this evening, mortifications assailed me in battalions. I was no longer the belle of a whole country town, but lost in a crowd, of which some were infinitely handsomer, and all better skilled in the arts of advantageous display; in spite of everything, my rustic decency still adhered to me, yet, I must say, that though, by this obstinacy I lost much admiration, I gained considerably in self-respect.

The winter passed away without any proposal being made to me worth accepting: not having any fortune, and my aunt having imprudently rushed into expensive society, instead of cultivating that which was respectable, where the mind may stand some chance in sharing those conquests the person may achieve. I certainly, was handsome enough to captivate the man who might like me for the qualities of my heart and understanding: but, alas! my beauty was not so resistless, as to make me, by one single look, to carry off the prize from a whole formidable host of handsome females, adorned with all the charms attached to high and polished life.

Shocked, beyond measure, at the enormously erroneous opinion, which I had entertained of myself, I entreated of my aunt to accept of an invitation given to her by an only brother, who was a man of moderate fortune, residing in a very genteel neighbourhood, about sixteen miles from London. My uncle having lately lost his wife, and being without children, wished us to make his house our permanent abode. Accordingly we assented, and I have now been at D—many months.

Hearing that there were three or four distinguished families within a short distance from my uncle's, I found my old folly beginning to revive, and thinking the superiority of my beauty might now be acknowledged, I fancied that both male and female hearts would yield to my fascinations: for, gentlemen, if you have ever read a sentimental novel, which forms a story of six volumes, you will acknowledge, that whatever difficulties and dangers attend the heroine through that voluminous space, she never fails to captivate and enchant both sexes, and all ranks; and that, wherever she goes, enthusiastic friends start up at every step; in short she is indebted to her lovely face for all kinds of good offices. Convinced of the importance of appearance, I therefore, attended the parish church of D—, the first Sunday after my arrival, and paid every due attention to exterior; I had now learned to dress really well, and, I assure you, I am handsome; and as there were four younger girls there, I attracted universal notice; the young

men belonging to the above-mentioned families, certainly evinced by their glances at me much admiration; the ladies, with a kind of wary scrutiny and caution, eyed me askance; and, from that luckless Sunday, I found every person of fashion, who had either sons or daughters, avoided my acquaintance.

A good humoured old maid in the neighbourhood to whom my aunt complained concerning some unpolite conduct about visiting, explained the whole affair. "How ignorant you are of the world!" said she. "When you met Lady Rupee and Mrs. Currie at my house, you indiscreetly, cried up your niece's musical talents, and her good qualities: they see she is pretty; they know she is without fortune; they hear from you that she is dangerous, and they have sons and daughters—then, if there are so many chances that she will stand in the way of their girls' preferment, or tempt one of their sons into a silly action, is it not natural that they should avoid all intimacy?"

This good lady was right—and I am a second time indebted to my poor novel-reading aunt for the bitterest mortification: however, it has been productive of some good; it has banished those romantic dreams I had indulged in, and stimulated me to the endeavouring for that pre-eminence in *amiability*, which I once thought I possessed in *beauty*.

MARIA.

MISTAKEN FRIENDS.

To the Editors of the World of Fashion.

SIRS,

I AM one of those unfortunate beings, who, to a purse but scantily supplied, add an implicit credulity, that renders me apt to believe all those are honest and kind who seem so. Added to this information, I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have the misfortune to be the son of a poor gentleman, who left me little else to support the gentility of my birth, than the mere name of an ancient and honourable family. A kind friend, who declared his total inability to do any thing for me himself, knew yet, he said, many great men who would be willing to oblige him, because *he had votes and interest*: he furnished me, therefore, with several letters of recommendation; some of which were addressed to two or three of those who had been the intimate acquaintance of my late father: the first of these declared it was absolutely out of his power to serve me at present, but I might call again, if I pleased, in about a month, though he really could not then promise to do any thing for me.

"Then drive to Berkely Square," said I taking out my pocket book, and looking over the list of persons to whom I had letters. The Honorable Mr. Dormouse stood next on the list; he had been a particular friend of my father's: he, thought I, will receive me with open arms, I resemble my father so much in person,

that he will see revived in me, the friend of his youth. Full of these cheering ideas, I amused myself till I arrived at the honorable gentleman's house. My heart beat high, as my expectations became raised. In a tremulous accent, I asked if Mr. Dormouse was at home? The footman hesitated; he said, he did not know—he would enquire. In the moment of his going and returning, I experienced an uneasy kind of sensation, and, though I knew not why, I felt all my hopes damped at once. I was desired coldly, to send up my name; the gentleman said, he recollected it perfectly well, but he was just then going to set off for an election, and was, at that very moment, in deep conference with the Mayor of the borough, and begged I would do him the honour to call some other time. I felt abashed, grieved, and confounded, and, like a foolish simpleton, I really thought myself injured. "Go," said I in a desponding tone, to the coachman "to Sir Laurence Idles." I was sure that the coachman perceived my embarrassment, and, as if in concert with my feelings, he drove at a very slow rate; nay, I even fancied he went with a *hearse-like* pace; a sure omen that all my brilliant prospects were likely to be buried: surely, none but the most credulous of beings could ever have thought of *sympathy* in a *Hackney coachman*, yet I really fancied his countenance was as *disconsolate* as the rate he drove at. He stopped, however, at last, where I ordered him, and where we arrived quite quick enough, for I was told Sir Lawrence was not yet up. At the entrance of the hall I observed tailors waiting with the cloaths they had brought home; boot-makers, a perfumer's man with a case of genuine Eau de Cologne, a hatter, and all the whole set of purveyors belonging to a modern coxcomb. Ah! thought I to myself, there is no room for friendship here. In this manner I went from one to another, till my spirits were sunk, and my hopes exhausted. One elegant gentleman was taking a lesson from an exotic dancing master, the pupil, be it understood, was fifty years of age: another was with the drill sergeant of his regiment, who was teaching him a few requisite military evolutions, that his Captain might not expose his ignorance at the next review. One dashing buck was gone to an ass-race, another to swim hedge-hogs, another to a Levee: one denied from fear of bailiffs, and another confined to his bed from a wound he had received by hazarding his life in a duel, for a woman of intrigue; this last was a married man!

From friends of such morals and pursuits, I think there was but little to expect, had they graciously condescended to see me, and lend an ear to my solicitations, which though not intended to be importunate I have *now* reason to rejoice were never made.

I remain,

Sirs,

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD.

MODEST ASSURANCE.

MR. EDITOR.

I HAVE read, with considerable interest, the troubles of a Bashful Man; and, subsequently, the Difficulties of Conversation, which have appeared in your pages; and, whilst I sympathize with the one, and agree with the sentiments of the other, though I have personally experienced both, I am happy to say I have found a remedy for them, in the assumption of a laudable and necessary degree of Modest Assurance. I was, at one period of my life, and during a considerable portion of it, as bashful as your correspondent, Paul, and have sat, for hours, admiring the pattern of my host's new carpet, or making out figures in the glowing confusion of a Christmas fire; while combating the difficulties of conversation in the presence of a stranger, and debating, in my own mind, on an appropriate opening, for conversation, that might break the quaker-like monotony of the interview. Considering that the noble gift of speech was designed to raise man to his proper rank in the scale of being, and that, consequently, silence was a disgrace to a rational creature, I resolved, at all events, to break through the unnatural restraint that a ridiculous custom had rendered but too common, and determined, in future, on all occasions, to begin a conversation, and trust to my own ingenuity, and the interest of the subject, for its continuance. Many were the difficulties that, at first, attended this course of proceeding, and many ridiculous circumstances have happened, in consequence. One blowing morning, on the pier, at Margate, I accidentally seated myself by the side of the celebrated walking Stewart, and, in pursuance of my resolution, attacked his prolonged taciturnity with a remark on the boisterous state of the weather; I was met with profound silence; I repeated the observation, and was answered by a stare and an unintelligible grunt; but, undaunted by the impenetrable nature of my companion, I made a third, and more forcible sally, which was answered by an avowal of deafness, delivered in no very conciliating tone, but, on again repeating the remark, in a still louder and more impressive manner, I elicited the sage observation, "Yes, very boisterous, indeed, cold is the wind, and hot is the sun," which was instantly followed by the hasty departure of the erudite enquirer after the polarity of moral truth, who, thus, by his retreat, prevented me from making the enquiry into his singular opinions, on which, in defiance of his deafness and habitual taciturnity, I had determined to enter. Having, one day, taken my seat in the Hampstead stage, I found myself in company with a young lady, who sat, for some time, looking out of the window, in silence, when, at length, she fronted me, I examined her countenance, which is always, with me, a preliminary precaution, which I have often found

of great service in giving some hint as to the character, and, sometimes, the profession of the object, and thus a tolerable clue to the opening sentence. Though I here found little either of animation or intelligence, from a pair of heavy blue eyes, round features, and languid air, that might promise any very amusing conversation; I resolved, with my usual modest assurance, to make the trial, but though my efforts were persevered in for the greater part of the journey, my voice pitched into every possible key, and my ample magazine of subjects of every kind repeated, with all the assistance of tone and gesture, I could not obtain a single syllable in reply, my only proof of her consciousness of my addressing her, being a nod. My patience being completely exhausted before the termination of our ride, I gave up the siege in despair, and my vexation was only equalled by my surprise, till, on enquiry of the coachman, I learned that the young lady has been born deaf and dumb. My next adventure was with an elderly gentleman whom I met with on one of the seats in St. James's Park; his dress was singular, he wore an old fashioned cocked hat of ample dimensions, which shaded a countenance of no very prepossessing character, being marked by strong indications of ill-humour, his small grey eyes peeped from beneath their bushy pent-houses, with a glare almost approaching to ferocity, between which a small pug nose of fiery aspect, appeared to stand sentinel; the other parts of his dress consisted of a full suit of ditto, of a dirty snuff-colour, plentifully covered with vagrant particles of the best Scotch, with which the above mentioned nose was frequently and vigorously replenished. Unpropitious as were my preliminary observations on his countenance, I determined to put my modest assurance to the test, and after many speculations on the probable character and occupation of my companion, whom I concluded to be a retired citizen, I commenced my attack by an enquiry on the present state of Greece, when I was almost stunned by a violent political explosion, on the subject of national liberty, accompanied by frequent and impatient application to the snuff box, which was plentifully supplied with the grateful stimulant of the olfactory organ. From this he ramified into domestic politics, and condemned *en masse*, all ministers, both past and present. Now, sir, with all my assurance, I am, and ever have been, a confirmed Tory, and replied with considerable warmth; and I know not what might have been the termination of the debate, had not my watch reminded me of a timely engagement, and, with an apologizing bow, I succeeded in making a masterly retreat.

My adventures in mixed companies, and select parties, have often been curious, and many are the blushing young maidens, and retiring spinsters whose inflexible silence has yielded to the judicious management of modest assurance. Among the latter, it was my fate, one evening, to be seated, *tête-à-*

tête, with a lady, whose rigidity was proverbial, and who had passed her grand climacteric in single blessedness. She was an outrageous Blue Stocking of erect and stately carriage, and a set of features where learning had engraved her deepest traces. She was learned in all the fashionable sciences; and I had heard it whispered that she had lately made considerable progress in astrology, on which I, therefore, resolved to make my first attempt to thaw the ice of her stoicism, and win her to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." This intimation gave me a favourable cue, and having, previous to my meditated attack, armed myself with a recent number of your *World of Fashion*, which happened to be on a table, near me, I immediately opened my fire by a warm eulogium on its merits, and an enquiry what was her opinion of it? To this direct appeal, she replied with rather a contemptuous air, "Indeed, sir, I have scarcely had an opportunity of studying its contents, but, from what little I have seen, it appears to be adapted to the frivolous amusement of a frivolous age, and far beneath the perusal of any cultivated female."—"But, surely, madam," I replied, resolved to pour in a volley, "it has, at least, some redeeming qualities, for I perceive here is a learned article on the Science of Astrology, which cannot fail to be interesting to every lady of taste and erudition."—"Ah! sir," said she, with a suppressed sigh, "it is, indeed, a most sublime science, since it unfolds to mortals the secrets of destiny, and unravels the mystic web of fate."—"Indeed, madam," I rejoined, with a half smile, and significant motion of the head, "it must be a most interesting and important study; may I presume, madam, to enquire, whether you have made its mysterious arcana the object of your research?"—"Sir," she said, with considerable solemnity of voice and manner, "your question is singular, since a preference for this and other intellectual pursuits is generally considered incompatible with the female character; but as ridicule is the vernacular language of folly, a cultivated mind will ever bid proud defiance to its decisions, and I trust, that, by your good sense, Mr. Easy, my predilection for the more exalted studies, will be duly appreciated. But, astrology, sir, that science of sages, that key to human destiny, has ever been rather the object of my veneration, than of my research; with its elements and the roscrusian theory as detailed in the Quadripartite of Ptolemy, and the recondite labours of Lilly and his disciples. I confess I am partially acquainted, but of the mysterious arcana of its practice, I am ignorant. When young, I regret to say, I was led to consult—" here, unfortunately, the party at the neighbouring whist table broke up, and abruptly terminated this most interesting dialogue.

By these means, I have succeeded in conquering the difficulties of conversation so generally and justly complained of, and have seldom found myself other-

wise than at home in every company. If repelled at one point I instantly shift my ground, and make my attack at another; and, as I always make it a rule to begin the conversation, common politeness will afford a reply, and in order to render the commencement interesting, which is one great point gained, I constantly select a subject that, from my preliminary observations, I consider congenial to the character of my companion, as an error in this respect may sometimes prove fatal to its continuance, by producing the most chilling reserve. This is often the case when politics or religion are made the themes; I have therefore completely discarded them, even when accidentally in company with one, who from certain indefinable but infallible criteria, I have concluded to be either a radical or a methodist. But, independently of these, there are many subjects of general interest that may be employed as introductions, without occasioning such sudden and dangerous explosions as occurred with my friend in the snuff-coloured suit; and I have found, by experience, that of these, the most fertile, are the police reports, which, if carefully studied in the morning, will, at all times, afford ample materials for amusing conversation during the day. On this account, the *Morning Herald* is the constant companion of my breakfast table, from which I glean the principal features of the most remarkable cases, and then sally forth, in quest of adventures.

Such, Mr. Editor, has been my practice, when thrown, at any time, into the company of strangers, of the efficacy of which, I have sent a few, out of many most illustrious examples, in the hope that they may prove of service to your bashful readers, who, I trust, will, in future, assume a portion of that modest assurance which has been so eminently valuable to your constant reader,

FRANK EASY.

THE PLIGHTED VOW.

If spotless truth on earth can dwell,
And bless the transient scene below,
'Tis when the parting word—farewell!
Is mingled with the Plighted Vow.

Then is the constant heart assur'd
Should fate the yielding spirit bow,
Her sternest sentence is endured;
She ne'er can break the Plighted Vow.

If beauty spreads her syren charms,
Vain is her boasted triumph now;
The heart her fiercest power disarms,
When shielded by the Plighted Vow.

Should envy point her sharpest dart,
The heart repels the treacherous blow;
Her tongue no venom can impart,
Where dwells the sacred Plighted Vow.

The' nature led by passion's away,
No pledge of constancy can know;
Yet never will it dare betray
That solemn bond the Plighted Vow.

The libertine with subtle art
The empty promise may bestow;
But conscious of his changeable heart,
He trembles at the Plighted Vow.

†

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MERIT.

HOMMAGE AUX DAMES.—Published by John Letts,
Jun., Cornhill.

NEVER was a country or age in which periodical literature was advanced to such a state of perfection, as in England, at the present day. Our daily and weekly papers, monthly and quarterly magazines, and many annual publications, all possess a high degree of excellence. Of the last class, the several "Christmas Presents" which have been published by Mr. Ackermann and others, are well worthy of admiration, and Mr. Letts' work, if it do not bear away the palm, certainly yields to none in the elegance of both its literary and decorative departments. The engravings, and particularly those from the old masters, are exquisite, and would alone render the book an acquisition to every person of taste. The tales are full of interest, and "the Haunted Head" is a delightful composition, it would have done credit even to our most popular authors. As we doubt not that the volume will be in the hands of all our fair readers, we will only extract the following beautiful "stanzas for music."

We'll think of that sweet time
No more—no more;
For all those joys sublime,
Simple as nature's prime;
Unstain'd by grief, or crime,
Are o'er—are o'er!

We'll join our hands in one
No more—no more;
For our web of fate is spun,
And our joys and cares are done,
And the hopes we rested on
Are o'er—are o'er!

But we'll lift our eyes to heav'n
Once more—once more;
And we'll pray to be forgiv'n
When these chains of clay are riv'n
And on life's rough sea we're driv'n
No more—no more.

"Homage aux Dames" is entirely dedicated to "the ladies," as its title indicates—and we can truly say that never was book more worthy of being opened by the fairest hands, and perused by the loveliest eyes that ever stirred a leaf, or electrified a heart. As such we warmly recommend it.

c 3

ENGLISH LIFE, OR MANNERS AT HOME, in four Pictures. 2 vols. 12mo.

THERE is very considerable talent displayed in these pictures; there is a degree of nature about the portraits, and truth of colouring that speaks both tact and observation. The following extracts will be well understood by fashionable life, and as the circumstances are of every day occurrence, they are the most suitable selections that can be made for our class of readers.

"Lord William Bouverie was not excessively handsome, but he was allowed to be a strikingly elegant man, by those whose vision was not affected by his thirty thousand a-year. He was very tall, and it seemed that nature had stamped him for a warrior, by giving him the air and figure of one. 'He had seen battles,' and knew practically the difference between the rough earth and the down bed. Alfieri himself had not finer hair—light, varnished, and curled. If a lady had to seek an excuse for her notorious penchant for Lord William, she always referred to his hair. It was a sort of *coma Berenice* in the hemisphere of fashion, to which many a votary paid open idolatry. His manners were rather reserved, on recent acquaintance, but were said to be warm and frank on intimacy. He did not talk much generally; but some few discoursed largely of his eloquence. Altogether he was set down by the matrons in general as a shy man, and they dealt with him accordingly.

"Lord William was five or six and twenty; there were disputes as to the minute accuracy of this opinion, but rumour never floated beyond these two years; the matter, however, is not important to a few months. He had a splendid mansion in the Mall, and two fine seats. There had been peace some time, and he was said to be a man of domestic habits: but he was not married.

"Many an anxious mother could lay her hand on her heart, and conscientiously profess that this was no fault of hers. Very few stars had risen on the horizon, to which the eye of Lord William had not been directed by some judicious friends of the pretty sparkler: but, in short, he had not married, and those who were disappointed, emphatically whispered their belief, that he was *not a marrying man*. But this did not deter others from making the attempt, or from lamenting a failure which they had courted in the face of a Cassandra-fated prediction. Some, weary of the chase, had accepted five or ten thousand a-year elsewhere; some were judiciously angling for silver fish, since the golden would not bite; some still hesitated not, by a dashing effort, to avow, that their admiration was as inflexible as his invulnerability; some, better tutored, languished timidly; and one or two privileged romps made love to him *de plein cœil*.

"The introduction of Augusta Effingham into the higher circles had occasioned great sensation. She was beautiful—very beautiful, uniting the perfectly chiselled form of the Medicean statue to the brilliant colouring of Rubens' females. She was very tall, and though slender, not thin. She had the complexion of Aurora, and the cerulean eyes and the golden locks of the morning. She was a perfect specimen of the highest character of British beauty. She had, to use somebody's expression, sweet manners; she danced, and sang, and played—almost well enough for a professor. Nobody doubted that Miss Effingham was a new aspirant to the honors to be bestowed by Lord William Bouverie. Many a fair one withdrew from the competition, convinced that rivalry was hopeless. The fair *débütante* expressed no concern to see 'this glass of fashion;' he was now in the country, and nothing could be happier than her indifference. She played always, with smiling assent, to any body who asked her, and she appeared to possess the difficult art of knowing when to have done. This conduct was very judicious, because many lady-performers chose never to approach an instrument except Lord William conducted them to it. Miss Effingham thus secured to herself many friends, and a popularity to which there was scarcely one dissentient voice.

"Lady Effingham, Augusta's mother, had been introduced to Mr. Lumley, an intimate acquaintance of Lord William's—a frank-hearted, gay young man, who liked nothing better than dancing with so pretty a girl as Augusta. He was intended for the bar, and was engaged to a female in the country, to whom, in spite of his flirtations, he was devotedly attached. Lady Effingham having ascertained this point to her satisfaction, soon contrived that he should have the entrée into her mansion. He was often there, and Augusta was so good-humoured and obliging that she quite won all this young man's affection that he could spare from what he owed to his own liege lady—his *peculiar lady*. He was the best *proneur* in the world. He felt warmly; and as what he spoke was no exaggerated picture of his feelings, it bore the stamp of sincerity, and told to the convictions of all, in a way that the most elaborate eulogy, pronounced by a colder-hearted person, or in a more critical vein, never could have done. The securing of Mr. Lumley was a master-stroke."

Lord William is soon introduced to the managing mamma and manageable daughter; and the result of the interview is thus described in a conversation between Augusta and her cousin Cornelia:

"On her return home, Augusta ran up stairs into her dressing-room; she entered with a lively step, and she found the person she expected.

'So, Cornelia! reading, my dear? always books, books! You can't think how much you would improve by casting your eyes now and then upon the

naughty creatures of this wicked world. Such an evening we have had, Cornelia! You would have enjoyed it!"

"Cornelia smiled placidly, and she cast a glance on the deep mourning of her dress."

"True, true, my dear," said Augusta rapidly, "I do not mean to argue or persuade you into the indecency of going out at present, I intended only to say, how much, if circumstances had been possible, you would have enjoyed this delightful evening."

"Perhaps not," returned the person addressed:—"you know, my dear Augusta, how wretchedly obsolete are my tastes and opinions. I am not fit for courts. I almost think nature intended me for a parsonage and a poultry yard."

"This was spoken half smilingly—half sadly."

"I thank the gods that they certainly had no such kind intentions on my behalf," returned Augusta, accepting the assistance of her companion in disrobing,—for in truth Cornelia had sat up for this very purpose, in order to afford a night of complete rest to Augusta's maid, who had been up during the whole of the preceding night.—"I have a vast fancy now, that I was cut out for courts, and courts only.—Oh, ye fairies of jewels and lace! what bright hopes are palpitating at this little heart of mine just now."—"Have you seen Lord William?" asked Cornelia. Augusta turned round, and laughed immoderately. "Yes, my dear sweet coz. of the lachrymose countenance, and the nightingale voice; verily I have seen his mightiness—the grand sultan of the female part of this, the British community—the superb Osmyn—the magnificent Soliman—to say nothing of the pride of half-a-dozen Viziers and Pachas,—yes—I have seen this man, who—who—who will not throw the handkerchief."

"Cornelia looked grave."

"I deserve no reproaches, coz," said Augusta in the same lively manner. "I protest to you, by yea and nay, that fifty pretty misses of gentle blood looked vastly willing to take it. Such a scene of courting there never was, Cornelia, since the white men first landed amongst the black women. We were so pelted by a hail-storm of sighs and smiles, and frowns, and die-away glances—not to mention an ominous thunder-cloud and two or three flashes of lightning, that if our divinities had not been storm proof, we could not but have expired."

"And Lord William,—what is Lord William like?"

"Like! let me see—why, like—*William the Conqueror*,—or the Irish giant—or—in short, like any very tall man who has two handsome legs to walk withal."

"Your definition is certainly very satisfactory; give me a less comprehensive answer—now I ask, do you like him?"

"Verily, yea,—well enough as a man, and as times go. My dear mamma says, love is absurd, and has nothing to do out of the country. I shall never love

aught, my coz., half so well as this pretty person of mine; except, perchance, I decline from that resolution in favour of the carriages, the jewels, the house in town, the houses in the country, and—the thirty thousand a-year of—my Lady William Bouverie!"

"Oh, poor Lord William!" sighed Cornelia.

"Poor Lord William!—rich Lord William, I think, more especially if he should prevail on my pretty ladyship to head the articles of the inventory of his goods and chattels."

"But the man—the man, my cousin!"

"The man, I tell thee, Cornelia, is a good sort of a lordly-looking man enough—shows white teeth when he laughs—a white forehead when he frowns—fine hair when he stoops—a fine figure when he stands; talks sense too—very superlative sense, I assure thee, coz. Heigh-ho! I ambition not a tête-à-tête with my Lord William."

"Cornelia made no reply, and they parted."

"Lord William after this eventful night was a frequent visitor at the house of lady Effingham. The world already assigned to Augusta the credit of making this valuable capture. There was much envying—there were many whispers; some pitied Lord William—some congratulated the lady mother on her adroitness, and the daughter on her manageableness; some laughed—some sighed, but all seemed to agree, that by an unexceptionable system of politics, Lord William was certainly *ma-nag-ed*."

Unfortunately Lord William sees Cornelia, whose retired habits and refined taste accord with his feelings much better than the volatile and fashionable ones of Augusta. Honour on the gentleman's part, delicacy on the lady's, produce a most interesting degree of despair and resignation. However, the young, handsome, and more than all, rich Duke of Montolieu, comes in the way, and the result is very well told:

"Lady Effingham was very soon in a reverie. Now dazzling was the vista that suddenly opened itself to her view! Lord William with thirty thousand a year and a title bestowed only by courtesy, was certainly an excellent match, considering the aspect of the age. But a ducal coronet and a rent-roll of above a hundred thousand per annum! Who that was blest with a sane mind, could fail to perceive the immense disproportion of advantage, and seeing to profit?"

"From this day there was an entire change of operations. No longer was Augusta constrained to pass her mornings in dull readings with Lord William, or in duller rides into the country. She was driving in Bond Street, Saint James's, and the Park; the Duke of Montolieu was seen generally riding by the side of her carriage on a superb charger, with his hand on the window near which she sat. In the evening, instead of being at home to Lord William alone, she was making one of the five hundred at

the *at homes* of some dashing woman of quality, who permitted waltzing with all its foreign familiarity; and Augusta was constantly attended by the Duke. With a heart throbbing with exultation and hope, Lady Effingham saw that a ducal coronet was kept from the possession of her daughter only by the intervention of one obstacle—the notorious fact of her engagement to Lord William. The dissolution of this was now become a matter of necessity, and to effect it dexterously, became immediately her aim.”

The finale may soon be guessed: the Duke weds Augusta—Lord William, Cornelia; and the tale ends with all parties paired and matched.

TALES OF IRISH LIFE, *illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the People. With Designs by George Cruikshank. 12mo. 2 vols. London, 1824. Robins & Co.*

THERE are sixteen Tales in these two small and neat volumes, all of them illustrative of the feelings and manners of a people, it must be confessed, far too little known. We do not observe any undue leaning, either to one side or another, of those who abuse the ignorance of Ireland, and wickedly labour to keep alive the distractions which tear and rend it. The incidents look as if they were drawn from life. We highly approve of this work, of which an abridgment of the story of Poor Mary will afford our readers a tolerable sample.

“On the road from Thurles to Cashel the traveller will frequently see written, by a variety of hands, on walls and posts, ‘*Poor Mary*!’ the epithet *poor* being considered by the Irish peasantry the most expressive word for sympathetic pity. This testimony of regard for the sufferings of Mary becomes more conspicuous and more frequent as the traveller approaches the latter town; and, should he feel any desire to know the cause, he cannot fail of receiving information from those he meets, either in the English or Irish language; for all know the history of ‘*Poor Mary*.’”

“England and Ireland, intended by Nature, like man and woman, for mutual support and happiness, unfortunately entertain such unaccountable prejudices, that they know nearly as little of each other’s manners and habits as the South Sea Indian does of the Calmuc Tartar.

“In estimating the enjoyments and virtues of the sister island, the logic of an Englishman is, in his own opinion, very conclusive and satisfactory. An Irishman is a Papist; *ergo*, a superstitious fool; an Irishman eats potatoes; *ergo*, he is starved; *ergo*, he must be unhappy. But, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the false reasoning of others, happiness is still to be found in Ireland: it is only to be lamented that the natives do not know the value of that tranquil felicity which they might enjoy did they not exhibit too much readiness to co-operate with

design and folly, which generally terminates in the ruin of their peace and humble competence. A host of examples could here be adduced, but the history of ‘*Poor Mary*’ will be sufficient.

“The glebe of Rouleen consisted of twenty Irish acres, on which stood the warm thatched house, or rather cabin, of Jack Wilson. The annual whitewashing which was given to it every Christmas rendered it conspicuous from the road; and the four large trees which shaded the *bawn*, or yard, gave it an air of comfort which Irish dwellings, particularly of the poor, seldom afford. A closer view showed an approach to English neatness: a green paddock for a favourite horse or cow was on one side; and on the west, enjoying the shelter of the outhouses and trees, was a little garden for vegetables and flowers: whilst at the bottom of the slope, before the door, was an umbrageous thorn, protecting from the beams of summer’s sun a *holy well*; for all wells in Ireland are dedicated to some particular saint. It must be confessed, though the general appearance of Wilson’s habitation conveyed ideas of industry, there yet remained too many proofs of culpable indolence. A cart, or, as it is called, truckle, was placed in a gap to perform the duties of a gate; and the exhalations of the dunghills rose to heaven the tacit reprovers of Jack’s attachment to smoking and talking: still the little farm was yearly improving; the limestones were collected round the kiln, the ditches showed traces of recent repairs, and fields were ploughed that had lain fallow for ages. On the whole, the country people acknowledged that Jack was the most thriving man in the parish, for which he was indebted, they observed, to his good children, young Jack and Mary.

“Old Wilson had been married twenty years to a woman who brought him two children, a son and daughter. The greater part of his life he was merely struggling with Fortune, wearing tattered clothes and living on potatoes; but, as his children approached maturity, Mary, the daughter, was taken notice of by a family in the neighbourhood, who just stopped in the country long enough to make the people feel the loss of their departure.”

[She and her brother are thus raised a little above the mere herd: and a deserving young countryman, named Lambert, is betrothed to the excellent Mary.]

“They talked over what they should do in future, reckoned how easily they should pay their rent, and how good their children would be. The day being fixed for the ceremony, they went to town to purchase the wedding clothes, came home, and were the happiest people in the world over Wilson’s fire;—but never were happy more!

“Lambert had risen, with the intention of returning home: he had taken his hat, snatched a kiss from his intended bride, and was retreating hastily from her smiling displeasure, when he was forced back abruptly by the confused entrance of a number of

men, whose faces were concealed by slouched hats, or so artfully blackened that they could not be recognised. Some of them had sticks, some rusty old guns, and others had swords of all shapes and countries. Their ultimate intention was evidently hostile, whilst their dress plainly evinced they were of the poorer class of the people. One of them, who showed his importance by dropping his gun perpendicularly on the floor, and throwing his tall figure into an erect position, explained the reason of their visit. They were in search of arms; but, being strangers in that part of the country, they merely called to request Wilson to go with them to those houses in which he knew they were to be found. The whole family remonstrated against such a proceeding. Young Wilson had a gun, to which they were welcome; but to accompany men who were unknown, for the purpose of robbing those who were their neighbours, was a position in which Wilson desired not to be placed. Mary was terrified to silence; but her mother seconded her husband in refusing to go on so lawless an errand."

Finally, however, "the banditti obliged Lambert and the two Wilsons to accompany them, leaving Mary and her mother to all the horrors of fear and apprehension. Every hour of the night was to them as tedious as the progress of the messenger who bears a reprieve to a convicted criminal: every blast of wind that shook the trees enticed Mary to the door to see if they were returning; but hour passed after hour, and no appearance of father, brother, or lover. The mother and daughter alternately wept and prayed: every saint in the calendar was invoked, and every future moment was expected to bring them home, whilst each disappointment either excited new hopes, or conjured up all the horrors which suspense creates in an alarmed imagination.

"The nocturnal marauders had succeeded in gaining possession of some old and useless fire-arms, and were proceeding to a house at some distance, where they expected to find a large supply, when, having travelled about a mile and a half, their approach was noticed by a military party, who were out that night scouring, as the soldiers call it, the country. The commander of the detachment filed his men on each side of the road, with orders to close on the Whiteboys as they passed. Discipline is better than force or courage: the party came up; the soldiers obeyed the instructions of their superior; and the Whiteboys, not having either discipline or prudence, resisted for a while with desperate energy, but were ultimately obliged to surrender to the methodical courage of the soldiers, who proceeded to count their prisoners aloud, and to take down, by a light which they struck, the name of each. Wilson then found that his son and five others were killed in the affray.

"Mary's dreadful suspense was dissipated, the next morning, by a conviction of the melancholy

truth. The whole country was in a state of alarming agitation; and, as Mary's sufferings were also those of others, she bore them with greater fortitude, in consequence of a participation of sorrow. She had lost her brother, but others had lost their fathers and husbands. Besides, the feelings of Mary for herself were comparatively trifling: her mother's frenzied distraction engaged the consoling influence of all her powers; and, in adducing reason and religion for calming her perturbed affliction, she imperceptibly mitigated the poignancy of her own. Grievous as the case was, it might have been worse: her brother was dead, but then her father lived. Her intended husband, too, was spared by Heaven; and, though she could not tell whether she loved him better than her brother—because she loved both affectionately—yet surely she ought to be thankful that even one of them escaped with his life. Still her father and Lambert were in prison, but they were innocent: the justice of the country would, in proper time, liberate them, when their characters were established. - - -

"As the assizes approached, a greater bustle was apparent throughout the country. The only milch cow of the poor man was driven to the fair to get money to fee a lawyer to defend his son; and the wife, in her afflicted poverty, was preparing to sell the seed corn and family potatoes to pay the attorney for attending in behalf of the father of her children. Mary's mother exerted all her industry to prepare for her husband's trial. Gentlemen within the circuit of twenty miles were all supplicated by her for their interest; but all whose name inspired her with some hope of support she found were either in Dublin, London, or Paris. - - -

"The long-wished for, but still dreaded, assizes came. The road to Clonmel was thronged by the country people, who hastened to know the result of the fearful day. Among the most worn and dejected was Mary: she left her mother helpless, and was proceeding to witness the trial of a father, to whom she could now, for the first time, be of little service. Her husband, in every thing but form, was to be judged that day also. Alas! poor Mary apprehended the worst that could happen.

"The prisoners were arraigned; and when Mary heard the *counts* recited against them, and the number of times which the law imputes various crimes to a man, whom the same law says is to be considered innocent until convicted—when she saw her father standing, as well as Lambert, within the iron spikes of the dock, and heard the solemn and heavy charges read—her eyes began to swim, her heart sunk within her, and some of her neighbours carried her into the open air. When she recovered, she read, in the unwillingness of all to speak, the dreadful truth. The prisoners received from many, amongst whom was the parish priest, an excellent character; but, as all these were obliged to acknowledge that many men of good characters were frequently impli-

cated in such lawless proceedings, their testimony availed little, particularly as they had been apprehended with weapons which they had used against his Majesty's troops. Appeals to mercy could not be attended to, as the state of the country demanded examples of terrifying severity; for laws must be enforced where they are not respected.

"Two days were only given the prisoners to prepare for the expiation required by justice! Mary concealed from her mother the result of the trial: she alleged protraction to satisfy her anxiety, and that on the morrow she was to go again. The morrow came, and Mary proceeded to Clonmel to take her 'last look and last farewell' of all that now could make existence desirable: their death she knew would terminate her mother's life, and then she would be alone and friendless. Her grief was too severe for tears; her movements were merely mechanical; and, when she reached the dungeon of the gaol, she scarcely knew where she was. She threw herself on her knees to receive a father's blessing: she hung round Lambert's neck, and, unasked and unblushingly, gave his lips a thousand kisses. The fond embraces and agonizing tears of her lover soon brought Mary to herself: she wept aloud; but at length submitted to the advice of the attending clergyman. Religion may be despised by the great and unthinking, but it is the only and last friend of poverty and suffering: it now supported those with firmness who were so soon to be rewarded for faith and hope.

"The fatal knell tolled in solemn warning, and the victims of offended laws made their appearance on the platform. Some acknowledged their guilty folly, and warned their countrymen of the danger of illegal association: but Wilson and Lambert declared their innocence, inasmuch as they were forced to accompany those with whom they suffered to the commission of an unexpected offence; then joined in prayer, which was accompanied by Mary beneath the drop. Lambert overheard her devotional breathings; and, just before the fatal signal, he ejaculated '*Poor Mary!*' His last words fixed themselves on the memory of the poor girl, who, after the dead bodies were cut down, paid the last duties to the deceased in a kind of bewildered affection. She was observed by the neighbours, who attended to carry home the dead, to talk in a most extravagant and incoherent manner; but her miserable situation apologized for her conduct, however extraordinary it might be.

"When Mary arrived at the glee another cause of distraction met her: her mother had heard from a gossip the fatal information, and immediately expired. Mary fell into a stupefying trance, from which she never awakened to recollection; all she remembers of the past is her lover's last words, '*Poor Mary!*' which she repeats a hundred times a day.

"The dwelling of Wilson is yet standing: from the road it appears the habitation of comfort and tranquillity; but, alas! the appearance is false: decay begins to signify the absence of all inhabitants, and soon it must fall into ruins; for the superstitious credulity of the people induces them to think that the deceased members of the family return from their graves every night to converse with Mary, who still continues its solitary inmate.

"Mary, in her days of happiness, was a general favourite, and the visitation which destroyed at once her terrestrial felicity and mind was so singular and appalling that her fate excites universal sympathy. For many miles round she is visited by those who are enabled, by little presents, to contribute to her comfort or mitigate the miseries of her condition: to all who come she makes presents of flowers, so innocent and artless, sighing every moment '*Poor Mary!*' that the words are caught up by those whose bosoms are alive to pity; and, as they learn the wreck of misfortune, they generally add one more to the thousand testimonies of sympathy by writing, on the first substance that will retain it, '*Poor Mary!*'

"Deluded Irishmen! study the history of this once lovely girl, and forego your folly by contemplating in her the misery you have caused to thousands; for many of your fair daughters are reminded of their own sufferings as they feelingly repeat '*Poor Mary!*'

Half a dozen of admirable illustrations, drawn by George Cruikshank in his best manner, add much to the pleasure with which we have perused these volumes.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE PRINCESS DE CONTI.—Mademoiselle Bertin, dress-maker to Marie-Antoinette, having taken the wedding paraphernalia to the *Hôtel de Conti*, was shewn into an apartment, where she found a little old woman; in the mean time, Mademoiselle Rose, who was young and very pretty, very complaisantly unfolded all the dresses for her inspection. Though she was as diligent as possible, it was near eight o'clock before the business was completed; Mademoiselle Forgel, her mistress, had told her to go to the *Hôtel Conti*, in the faubourg St. Germain: it was winter, and intensely cold. When she arrived there, she asked for the lady in waiting; and was shewn into the apartment above-mentioned: she saw the little old woman, and took her for a waiting-maid. "Ah! let me see the dresses," said she. They were spread out on the bed. "Ah! they are very handsome."—"The weather is shocking, you should not walk."—"I came in a carriage, but less on my own account than that of the dresses." She then made Mademoiselle Bertin put her feet to the fire; while she kept waiting for the lady of honour: when, presently, the door opened, and the female

who entered said, "Ah! what! is your Highness here?" When the Duke de Chartres (afterwards Egalité Orléans), married Mademoiselle Penthièvre, the Princess de Conti, who furnished the wedding apparel, recommended Mademoiselle Bertin to her; and, on the recommendation of Madame la Duchesse de Chartres, she became the *Marchande de Modes* to the then Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette.

PREDICTIONS.—For several years a lady in France affected, at the beginning of every winter to be extremely ill, and every year she got more and more uneasy, as it had been predicted that she should die before she was thirty. An intimate friend of this lady, who was not the dupe of her mode of thus making herself younger than she was, said to her, one day, when she was speaking of her terrors, "Make yourself easy, Madam, I am exactly the same age as you are; I was foretold the same thing; and it is now full eight years since I have proved the falsehood of the prediction."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Sir Joshua Reynolds was once turning over the portfolio of an old picture dealer, and said to him, "What do you ask for this sketch?"—"Twenty guineas, your honour."—"Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?"—"No, sir, it is true, I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the twenty guineas.

ANECDOTE OF THE GRANDMOTHER OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—When the grandfather of Sir Francis was in the commission of the peace, at the time he resided at Foremark in Derbyshire, his lady was very much amused by sometimes sitting on the bench with her husband, and hearing the different curious cases that were brought before him. A young fellow had been notorious for increasing the population of the country, and when he was brought before the magistrate, for the sixth time in one year, Lady Burdett, as usual in such trials, retreated. On one of these occasions she met him at the door, and, seeing him look very much dejected, she said, "Ah! Charlton, so you are here again!"—"Yes, my lady, and for the old offence."—"Fie, fie, you should let the girls alone: why do not you get a wife?"—"Why, so I would, my lady, but then the husbands make such a bother."

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortis et melius * plerumque secat res.

Hor. 1, Sat. 10. v. 14.

DRURY LANE.

On 29th of November another "spectacle" was brought forward at this theatre, founded on Moore's

delightful poem of the "*Fire Worshipers*"—and sincerely do we commiserate the great poet upon having his sweet composition thus mauled and hacked to pieces by a play-wright: this latter personage, however, has at least contrived to make his work a worthy successor to the *Enchanted Courser*, which it will speedily follow to the tomb of the Capulets, in all human probability. The conclusion of the action is made to suit the sensitive bosoms of modern playgoers, who are always quite shocked at any thing "bloody," as they call it, and we know that the general condition of a Manager on engaging a hack-writer is that his piece should "*end well*."—Oh, the delicacy of modern nerves! There was discord enough in the play, but still more in the news-paper criticisms regarding it. *The New Times* declared that its announcement for repetition was scarcely audible, in consequence of opposition—*the Herald*, on the contrary, vowed that *not one* dissentient voice was heard: now, really, gentlemen, either the one or the other of you must have been guilty of any thing but truth, and we leave the matter to your consciences!

That of Mr. Sapio in the *Siege of Belgrade*, as the *Seraskier*, and in several other operas, and that of a Mr. Downe, as *Sir Peter Teazle*, are the only débuts lately made here—the former was as favourably as the latter was unfavourably received. The critics "*damn*" the last in good set terms.

A new farce called "*My Uncle Gabriel*," has been successful here, the plot of which is centered in *Jack Ready* (Harley) obtaining *Eliza* (Miss Povey) for his friend *Lieutenant Sutton*, (Horn) by the worn out method of disguise—it has, however, a great deal of merit, and the characters were all admirably represented.

COVENT GARDEN.

Another of Shakspeare's plays has been *operatized* at this musical theatre; but we are too fond of "*As you like it*," and, in fact, of all the immortal poet's works in their original form, to regard any alteration in them otherwise, than an impertinent piece of foolishness.

The "*Frozen Lake*," played at the English Opera House, has been received here: it is now, at all events, more seasonable than during its former existence; but, we fear, has few properties of a warm nature, and would be more likely to add frost to frost, than to benefit the soul by a thaw.

Another moderately successful tragedy, called "*Ravenna, or Italian Love*," was produced here on the 3rd of December. It is founded on Schiller's "*Cabal and Love*," and a drumvirate claims the honours of its authorship. It was followed by an epilogue, which was deservedly hissed.—Both actors and actresses did ample justice to their parts, and "*Ravenna*" will, doubtless, enjoy a considerable degree of popular favour.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR JANUARY 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of bluish coloured satin, finished next the hem with a fluted trimming of the same material; this ornament is of an entire new construction, and does infinite honour to the taste of the inventress; the flutings being thrown out in that elegant way, that gives a fulness to the border, while it has, at the same time, an indescribable grace and lightness; over this truly *unique* ornament is a broad festooned flounce of white blond, of a pattern the most exquisite; which flounce is surmounted by a row of bluish colour satin foliage, each leaf edged with very narrow blond edging. The corsage is made quite plain, and fastened by a simple belt; under which is concealed a small watch, the pearl tassel belonging to the chain only appearing in sight. A falling ornament of blond surrounds the tucker part of the corsage, surmounted by a row of foliage, in miniature, like that over the flounce: the sleeves are short and full, and are trimmed with pink satin and blond, to correspond with the other embellishments of the dress. The hair is arranged in the last new style, in clusters of curls, a few of which, instead of being separated as formerly, on the forehead, descend in rather a point in that vacancy; but not so low as to obscure or disfigure the beauty of the eyebrow. A plumage of white feathers, edged and tipped with pink, are disposed in that ingenious and charming manner, that they form, in themselves, a kind of coronet toque, while a few on the right side play gracefully, in zephyr-like lightness. The engraving represents a slight innovation from full dress, sometimes resorted to, of tulle lappets being tied carelessly under the chin, terminated by pearl tassels.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

Dress of *gros de Naples*, or-gauze, the colour of the pomegranate rind, trimmed at the border with a broad puckering of crape or gauze, scattered over with trefoil ornaments of satin, of a darker shade, and surmounted by three rouleaux of satin, caught up in a festoon in front, with full rosettes. The sleeves short and very full; the fulness confined by satin bands, downwards; double falling ornament of white blond, with divisions made by satin bands, that impart a graceful novelty to this kind of ornament. The hair arranged *à la Suisse*, with a superb diadem ornament in front, of large pearls. The Swiss bodkins represented by Glauvina pins, headed with rubies. Ruby necklace, set *à l'antique*, with pendant drops. The shoes of white satin, and white kid gloves.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The sports of the field, during a season remarkably humid, have lost much of their wonted attrac-

tions, and numerous families of high distinction are seen in London, or are emerging from their far distant seats, to the more diversified haunts of fashion nearer to the metropolis.

Now is the time that there is so little of what is called morning, that novelties in the article of head-dresses for that time of day, are but little attended to; there is but one cornette that we find peculiarly attractive, and which is well calculated for fire-side retirement without appearing in a *deshabille* cap; its shape is uncommonly beautiful and becoming; and its materials, though light, both rich and tasteful; it is formed chiefly of blond of a most exquisite pattern: it is trimmed with bows, and long lappets of striped ribbon of the most striking and diversified colours; the pattern on these ribbons is perfectly new; the stripes on one side being terminated by Vandyck points, so charmingly shaded, that they appear to rise above the surface, and render the ribbon a most resplendent article of dress.

But if fancy, taste, and invention have not been so sedulously employed in the morning or in-door cap, the evening head-dresses are beyond description, most elegant. The *Frescati* hat for evening parties, is superb, yet truly delicate; it is formed of white satin, edged, and lightly ornamented with pearls; over the crown and part of the brim, are seen, playing in gossamer and sylph-like lightness, plumes of real marabout feathers: to a fine and striking looking female this hat is a real acquisition; though it has this advantage, there are few countenances it would not become; except the complexion was remarkably sallow, or the figure too short. England, however, is justly termed the land of beauty, and few of her daughters are found with the above defects. The shape of the above-mentioned hat is bent very much over the forehead; consequently, being a dress hat, it is placed very backward, and much on one side; on the discovered side is a little bouquet of marabouts, under the brim. A coronet toque of black velvet is a handsome evening head-dress for matronly ladies; it is diversified with pink satin and gold cordon; it is crowned with a plumage of pink and of black feathers, intermingled, which droop over the front; and one long, black feather, *en saule pleureur*, depends from the right side, over the shoulder. The *Ceres'* toque is a beautiful light head-dress for musical parties, and for young married ladies; it is formed of bias folds of gauze of three colours, jonquil, pomegranate blossom, and purple, and is crowned with a half wreath, placed obliquely, of the small scarlet feathers of the Tropic-bird, scattered over with sprigs of gold oats. A toque, *en squellette*, for full dress evening parties,

is made of white satin and pearls; as its name imports, it is calculated for displaying the hair, and it should be extremely well arranged with this head-dress, which is fastened on the right side with two Glauvina pins, placed across, like cupid's arrows, their heads coral, set on with fillagree gold; the other ornaments are coqueliot ears of corn, bearded with gold, and plumes of small marabouts. A cap for full dress, called the Hungarian, is extremely splendid; it is of white satin, but may be literally said to be powdered with pearls and white bugles, which, on the crown, are wrought in the most exquisite pattern of flowers: the shape of the cap is a mixture of the *Hulan* and the *Henri-quatre*, which latter it most resembles, except that, on one side it is finished by indentings; these turn slightly up, and are edged with pearls; while a row of small pear pearls ornament the edge of the cap next the hair: it is crowned with a lovely and most superb plume of white ostrich feathers. The head-dress for balls consists chiefly of the hair being splendidly arranged in bows and curls: as ornaments, a few white, short feathers of that gossamer kind, the real marabouts, are placed very backward, so as to discover all the front ringlets, and only to mingle partially among the bows of hair, which are light and transparent. A superb gold ornament divides the hair above the forehead.

We began with the most exalted and beautiful part of the human frame, and before we quit the charming structure, we will make mention of the bonnets.

Surely our fair countrywomen have been studying Ovid's "Art of Beauty," the roman poet advises the ladies not to incur the then enormous expence of wearing *scarlet and purple*, as he exclaims:

"What folly must in such expence appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear!"

And, indeed, the three favourite colours now in request, have nothing to recommend them, when we regard them only according to their tints; but there is not a complexion, we will venture to say, nor any female but what is set off by them: these are the Egyptian brick colour, the orange tawny of the pomegranate rind, and the Massacca brown. A bonnet, which has been christened the Grenada bonnet, we have seen, that has been finished for a lady of rank and beauty; it was the colour of the pomegranate rind, of a very attractive shape, and made very wide in front; the material was plain *gros de Naples*: the crown was ornamented with fan ornaments of satin, the colour, Nile-water green, shot with pomegranate; between each of these ornaments were short feathers of the fox-brush kind, of the same colours, intermingled. The hats and bonnets are all of this large kind, spread out wide, and much bent over the forehead; we suppose the Grenada bonnet was only named after its colour, and the growth of the pomegranate in that part of Spain. Black velvet is the favourite, and general material for all

hats; we are sorry to see them almost exclusively trimmed with heavy bows of the same; for the carriage they are sometimes enlivened by white feathers, but not often; coloured flowers and black plumage, the latter ornament is generally preferred, constituting the chief embellishments. For walking it is not now reckoned in good taste to wear *black* feathers; no lady would grace the promenade with *white* plumage; and even coloured flowers, though they are worn in walking costume, are not reckoned so genteel as a hat wholly unornamented, except with the bows above-mentioned, or with coloured ribbons, which still prevail much on black bonnets, particularly those of the pomegranate blossom colour.

Swedish mantles are yet in high favour for the carriage; and in addition to that most superb envelope, which we described in our last number, we have seen one very beautiful of puce coloured levantine, lined with bright jonquil; the levantine is a much better material for this article of dress than *gros de Naples*, as it hangs more gracefully over the form: this cloak had a very large pelerine mantelet cape, which fell as low as the elbow, and was ornamented with fringe and rich tassels of mingled jonquil and puce-colour. Walking pelisses are of *gros de Naples*, generally of dark colours, lined with white, amber, pink, or other suitable tints: pelisses of velvet are very often seen with borders of valuable fur; we shall ever deprecate the disfiguring of these costly skins by fanciful patterns, and we have all the well-judging on our side; we are astonished at those respectable furriers, who were never known to deal in any artificial furs, for giving into it: it is this, certainly, that causes the plain black lynx to be so much preferred, this season, to valuable tiny zibeline's skin, in zig-zags, and diamonds bigger than the little animal itself, and the beautiful American grey squirrel, with its snowy breast mingled with the back, in the form of leaves, &c.: the value of the fur of these exquisite creatures can never be enhanced by such representations; their beauty consists in their own intrinsic worth, and they are

"Most regular when irregular they seem."

Imitations in false skins will now creep in, and render that *common* which might be *exclusive*.

There is but little new in the make of the gowns: dresses of black velvet, and of black lace, over white, rose colour, or Burgundy satin, are very favourite dresses for the evening. Levantine, *gros de Naples*, and tabinets, are prevailing materials for half-dress. The most favourite dress costume, particularly for young ladies, consists of soft white satin, trimmed with two rows of tulle, *en rûches*, fastened round the waist with a girdle of gold, beautifully wrought. The sleeves are short, and are formed of tulle and white satin.

Turquoise stones, pearls, and finely wrought gold, form the favourite articles of jewellery. A sprig of heart's-ease, the flower made of different coloured

gems, and the leaves of emeralds, is a favourite fastening for a fichu or a tucker. A beautiful device has been made from this flower, in a seal, by our gallic neighbours. It is a play on the word, and would lose its point by translation; but the French language is now so well known by people of fashion, that they will easily comprehend it. This flower, in French, is called *pensées*, (thoughts) and this, we may find, in Shakespeare's time was corrupted into *pansy*. However, the seal is engraved with the flower; the motto round it, "*Je vous suis partout.*"

The colours now most in request are Massacca, Egyptian brick, pomegranate, (both the tawny red of the rind, and the orange scarlet of the blossom) puce, pink, and amber.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAVELLING.—In December, 1703, Charles III. King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states—"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit 14 hours, in a coach that day without eating any thing, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going; our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body coach, would have suffered very much if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalmin almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them, and, indeed, we had never done it if our good master had not lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says, "I saw him (the Prince) no more till I found him at supper at Windsor: for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning), and broke our coach. My Lord Delawarre had the same fate, and so had several others."—In the time of Charles (surnamed the Proud) Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state that, in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, travellers were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the Duke had a house at Guildford, which was regularly used as a resting place for the night by any of his family travelling to London. A manuscript letter from a servant of the Duke, dated from London, and

addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his Grace intended to go from London, thither on a certain day, and directs that "the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the aloughs must come to meet his Grace with lanterns and long poles, to help him on his way."—It is only necessary to contrast the above relations with the present state of the public roads, to see what immense strides have been made during a century towards the internal improvement of England.

ITALIAN MANNERS.—The Roman ladies speak of their country with an admiration mingled with enthusiasm. Their sentiments and their countenances recal to mind the Cornelias and the Julias. Their tall and graceful forms appear to have been modelled upon the Grecian statues. There is in their air, their gesture, a happy mixture of majesty and softness. The regularity of their features, their exquisite harmony, is animated without being discomposed by the internal fire of the most tender and imperious of the passions. The Italian language has an inexpressible charm in the mouth of the women; in this respect there is no populace in Rome; the language is as pure in the lowest classes of society as in the highest. There reigns in all an elevated sentiment of the dignity of human nature; the humble fish-woman sells her fish from the Tiber with as much politeness as a rich banker in Paris concludes an affair of several millions. Nature in Rome has been kinder to woman than to man, and not alone in a physical point of view. There is also something more noble and elevated in their intellect; they are more prompt and cutting in repartee; their is something imposing, even commanding, in the calm of their physiognomy. We might fancy them queens descended from their thrones, without having lost the dignity or habits of royalty.

All the forms of obsequiousness are rigorously maintained by the Italians. The shoe-black kisses the hand of the monk who but a short time before was himself a shoe-black; the monk kisses the hand of his superior, who kisses that of the canon, who kisses that of the prelate, who kisses the hand of the cardinal, who kisses the hand of the Pope, who, placed at the top of the ladder of ecclesiastical dignities, is condemned to kiss nothing, unless he kiss himself. Monday, Friday, and holy Saturday, the women kiss the crucifixes with a fervour of zeal resembling madness. We may say they devour them; they kiss them from the feet to the forehead, without ceasing, until every part is kissed all over. We may judge of the time they employ in this duty, when the crucifix is six feet high, which often happens. The toe of Jupiter, adored under the name of St. Peter, is perfectly worn with the lips of the devotees, although the foot is of bronze. They have actually eaten away with caresses a crucifix of brass which was in a small church of the Forum; all the face, and part of the shoulders, have disappeared under their kisses, which are, doubtless, sharper than those of Julia.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the *Paris Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance, connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—PRIVATE musical parties, subscription concerts, and public concerts begin now to take place. At the house of one lady, a *dilettante*, of the first order, Mademoiselle Schiasetti sings to the piano, *entire parts* taken from the various Italian operas, in which she is to sing this winter. In spite of the charming voice of this new singer, when in a drawing-room, she is not to be compared with Madame Pasta on the stage, whose talents there are really sublime.

—Our ladies, who are entirely devoted to fashion, have not yet, however, like the Russian ladies, their toilets and chimnies of crystal; but their bed rooms contain a quantity of different articles of this material. One, in particular, has been seen consisting of a time-piece and vase of white cut crystal, fluted, and mounted in gold; smelling bottles, also, of rose-coloured crystal, of a square form, and with vermilion stoppers; a jewel-case of verd-antique, in the form of a goblet. Rings to pull the bells, of blue crystal; and, on the commode, a basin, pitcher, &c. all of crystal, of fire-colour.

—A few nights ago, a very elegant lady, having arrived the day before from her chateau in the country, went to the theatre; she began questioning one of the fashionable dandies concerning the ladies who occupied the boxes: "Tell me, chevalier," said she, "for you know every body in Paris, who is that woman with a velvet toque, and such a prodigious display of feathers?"—"She is the wife of a banker."—"And that one whose turban is ornamented with an aigrette and a bird of Paradise?"—"Her husband is a lawyer."—"And that other just in front of the stage, with those marabouts, and so much polished steel about her?"—"She is the wife of an attorney."—"Well, but where then are the boxes belonging to the marchionesses, the countesses, and the baronesses?"—"On the first tier, either on the sides or in front; those close boxes with lattice-work; these ladies prefer them when in public, as they do not wish to have any rivalry with either the finance or the bar; their dress is, therefore, extremely simple. It is only at court, or at the houses of the ministers and ambassadors, that they display their magnificence, in order that they may vie with those who are alone worthy to rival them."

—At table the service is performed three ways, according to the *French*, the *English*, and the *Rus-*

sian mode. In the *French* style, the mistress of the house, or any other person that she may appoint, carves, and sends the portion round to every guest, by the servant, as she names them to him. The *English* fashion is for the master to carve, and send the dish round from one to the other.* In the *Russian* style, the meat, &c. is sent up all ready carved, and the servant carries the plates round as it is helped. The manner of serving the wine, according to the *French* fashion, is to send a glass round to every one. It is the *English* fashion to have before each guest from three to five bottles of different wines, out of which he helps himself.† The *Russian* fashion is for a servant to go round and pour out each glass.‡

—At the Opera Buffa, at a concert, and at the Saloon, a lady of high fashion is never seen without a bouquet; it is composed of a bunch of violets, surrounded by heliotropes, and roses of all the four seasons. The stalks are concealed in a silk sheath.

—In the country, to pass away the evenings, the old fashion of telling stories is revived. Every one in turn recounts some tale, and the merit of these narrations consists in placing in a whimsical, terrific, and even most supernatural light, the most singular adventures in which some of the present company may have borne a part.

—During the first mourning for Louis XVIII. the carriages for court days of ceremony were painted purple for royal mourning, and the apartments of the palace were hung with the same colour.

—The statue of silver, as large as life, from whence the Saloon of Peace is named, in the apartments of the Thuilleries, when lighted up, as it has been for some days past, produces a most beautiful effect. This figure gains much at being seen by candle light.

—Every one knows that, at table, either with a

* With what sort of English has the writer of this article associated? We never saw such an English custom in our lives. German officers, at their regimental messes, cut up meat and poultry in this manner, and send the dish or plate round by the servant, for every one to help themselves.—But it is wonderful, when we have so many English, real gentry residing in France, that our fashions should be so mistaken. Without any national prejudice, the English are the best bred at table of any nation in the world. T.

† Ridiculous!

‡ How is it then the wine is served in those convivial parties, in imitation of Catharine's Hermitage suppers, where servants are excluded, and much wine is drank? T.

small party, or at a dinner of ceremony, a peach is one of those fruits that custom authorizes us to divide: but the present fashion does not allow of its being divided longitudinally. The knife must be carried across the peach, and the fruit made to turn lightly round the blade of the knife, pressing the back of it a little, and you will come at the stone without tearing the fruit: then take the fruit thus divided in all its thickness, and apply lightly the upper part of the peach to the lower, turn the two hemispheres one over the other, in the opposite way to which the fruit was at first, you will then raise up and separate the two halves, and they will be displayed one beside the other on the same plate.*

— The interior of the most beautiful chimney-pieces of marble have now a narrow, black fluted frame, like that which is put next the large glasses beneath the gilt frame. This framing, which is of marble, conceals all the black corners and vent-holes of the chimney-piece.

— THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER OF MONTEREAU.— A battle took place, in 1814, near the bridge of Montereau, where the enemy's fire was very hot; and a young French officer, belonging to the Lancers, was wounded and fell from his horse: in spite of the pain that he endured, he exerted his remaining strength, so as to crawl as far as the banks of the Yonne, and there he seemed ready to breathe out his last sigh, when an old boatman, who had been a soldier, perceived him; and, aided by his daughter, a child of about thirteen years old, afforded him succour. "They have treated you ill, my officer," said he, "but such as you are, I was once." The silence of the officer proved the excess of his sufferings; the boatman made haste to place him in his boat, and conducted it to the opposite shore. He then examined the wound on the left side, and perceived that the blood which had amassed there must in a few moments terminate the young officer's life: then turning to his daughter, he said, "Mary, you have heard me speak of my brother; you know, too, that he died in consequence of a wound like this; well, if any one could have been found who would have consented to suck the wound his life would have been saved." He stepped ashore; but he had not strength sufficient to get the officer out; and he left him in the care of his daughter while he went to procure the assistance of some soldiers. Mary, left alone with the wounded man, expected to receive his last groans; as she drew nigh to him her mind was cruelly distressed at distinguishing that the moans of the wretched man were all concerning his mother; for her seemed his only regrets; and all that he could articulate was his sorrow at leaving her without bidding her a last farewell, and receiving the maternal embrace. These words went to the heart of the youthful maiden; the means by

which her uncle's life could have been saved crossed her mind; she tore open the warrior's vest; she applied her lips to the mortal wound; she had just brought him back to life, when the noise that she heard suspended this heroic action; Mary retreated in confusion; the boatman arrived with the soldiers, and remained in a state of stupid astonishment at seeing the officer open his eyes, who enquired to whom he was indebted for life?—The boatman looked at his daughter; he saw the stains of blood on her apron, he called her to him; the poor child blushed and sought to excuse herself, when the carresses of her father soon restored her to herself; the young officer, penetrated with admiration, and gratitude, exclaimed, "Oh! my deliverer! to you I owe my life; it shall be consecrated to you." From that moment he would have no other nurse than Mary, and would never allow her to quit him; he wrote to his mother, saying that it was owing to her name (invoked in a most propitious moment) that he received the sublime devotedness of her who had preserved his life; and he implored her consent to consecrate his days to his deliverer. What prejudice could oppose itself against the gratitude that Madame de C— felt at the felicity of again beholding her son! She granted every thing in her favour to whom she was indebted for so inestimable a blessing. Mary was sent to a boarding school at Paris, where she received a brilliant education; her graces and the expression of her countenance developed themselves, and proved in correspondence with the harmony of her soul; and the boatman's daughter of Montereau was united in marriage to him whose life she had saved.

— ROYAL LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGE.—A letter from Berlin, of the 13th instant, in a Dutch paper, contains the following paragraph: "At the concert of M. Moscheles, the numerous audience was most agreeably surprised by the appearance of the Princess of Leignitz in the royal box. We perhaps never saw the public more eager and impatient, for the marriage of his Majesty had remained a secret till that evening, and of 1,000 persons at the concert, five at most brought the news into the concert-room. The Princess of Leignitz is by birth a Countess of Harraoh. Her parents have lived for these many years in Dresden; her mother was a Baroness Reisky; and a brother of the Princess is in the Austrian army. One of her uncles, Count Charles von Harrach, lives at Vienna, and is Doctor of physic, to which science he has devoted himself from his youth with great ardour, and which he practices for the benefit of the poor with equal humanity and success. The Princess herself is twenty-six years of age, adorned with all the charms of youth, grace, and beauty." The above account was sent to the Hamburg paper by order of the King, as appears from the following circular to the public officers and the diplomatic body residing at Berlin:—"His Majesty,

* Trifling people! What a parade about cutting a peach! ?

desiring that the marriage with her Highness the Princess of Leignitz should be considered merely as a private matter, has not thought fit to have it officially published in the Journals of this capital; but his Majesty has been pleased to consent that the annexed article might be inserted in the *Gazette of Hamburg*."—Berlin, November 11, 1824.

(Signed) WITTGENSTEIN.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

PILGRIMAGE THROUGH ITALY, by L***. Paris, 2 vols. 12mo.

AGREEABLY to the orders of Dr. Suada, Mr. L. went to drink the waters of Plombières, to assuage the pains of a rheumatic disorder.

When he returned, "Well," says the Doctor, "and how is your arm?"—"Ah! Doctor, both the left and the right are much the same."—"I was sure of it."—"Sure! do we understand each other? I mean my pains; before I went away I only had them in one arm; now they are both in pain."—"So much the better; the pain is divided, consequently it is weaker: you will soon get rid of it."

The next day the patient expressed some uneasiness at the beginning of a cough. "I shall not remain long at Paris."—"And you will do right," said the Doctor, "we must have change of air: go and take a trip to England."—"To England! and will my chest be able to bear the continual fogs on the other side of the water?"—"The best thing in the world; a thick atmosphere, so that it may be cut with a knife, is not so inimical to certain affections as some people think: a few weeks at London and you will be better able to judge."—"Well, Doctor, when we have faith we never stop to reason; I will make up my packages."

The air on the banks of the Thames not being in his favour, he made but a short stay there. As if the Doctor was informed by a telegraphic dispatch, he was at his patient's dwelling as soon as his boots were pulled off. "Well, my friend, how is the chest?"—"Doctor, I only used to cough in the night, now I cough both day and night."—"All the better, truly, all the better. What you are continually doing cannot last; you will find that in a short time you will not cough at all."

The sick man could not feel satisfied with this assurance; the Doctor advised him to go and pass a few months in Italy. It was in vain that Mr. L. objected, on account of his having once travelled through every part of it. "You must take air and exercise," replied the Doctor.—"I must confess to you that I thought I perceived the carriage made me feel uneasy."—"You must travel on foot."—"On foot! what six or seven hundred leagues?"—"Not always, but for the most part; go slowly, stop whenever you like: and on the road where you halt you may take a long repose."—"It is very true,

Doctor; but alone."—"Alone! not at all; your fellow traveller is here."—"Who is it?"—"Here, Zara."—"Zara!"—"See, he thought that you called him; and there he is ready to follow you. Where will you find a safer friend?"

Mr. L. then departed for Italy, on the 1st of November, 1822, all his baggage being tied up in an India silk handkerchief.

TURIN.

"The shores of two rivers, the environs at once picturesque and fertile; and the greatest ornaments that courts can boast, cities and hamlets, the fair sex vying in coquetry and grace with French women, all concur to render Turin one of the finest cities in Europe. Yet Turin is one of the capitals of Italy wherein a foreigner sojourns the shortest time: he is always in a hurry to go farther."

GENOA.

"A simple white veil is fastened over the forehead of every Genoese female in each class; it hangs over their shoulders, marks out their shape, and does not hide one of their features. The *Mezzarro* is, perhaps, the last remnant of the ancient manners of the republic; but it is likely long to be preserved, and long to struggle against the conspiracies of the *marchandes de modes*; for every Genoese woman looks pretty under the *Mezzarro*."

PARMA.

"Stop a little at Parma; she is there! you will behold her! you will see her again; that virgin of St. Jerome, the finest ornament of the gallery, and one of the best works of the gentle Allegri. When states and cities change masters, can we expect the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art to remain in the hands of the same possessors? Some pictures of Veronese and of Permesan have offered for some time but a poor compensation to the inhabitants of Parma. After fifteen years their regret was yet profoundly felt, and the *frescos* even of Corregio could not console them for the divine picture they had lost."

FLORENCE.

"Poor in commerce and industry, Florence at this moment, owes her means of livelihood to those nominal habits of the visits of foreigners from distant seas. Without a few English, there are scarce any lovers of the arts that come from far, to study in this country the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Leonard and Buonarrotti. Without them the verdant bowers of Boboli would be forsaken; and the gallery, who would credit it? The gallery of Florence would be now deserted."

ROME.

"In considering the church of St. Peter, Mr. L. asks if this wonder renders the spectator more pious? 'I cannot think it,' he answers, 'for here man is too full of himself to be employed in thinking of the Deity; here his thoughts, incessantly diverted, rest on earth and do not quit it: the rarest thing in the world for a stranger, indeed, even an Italian, is to enter the church of St. Peter to pray.'"

Mr. L. informs us that the Museum of the Vati-

can, already so rich, has been enlarged by another wing to the building, and that the most remarkable statues that have been deposited there, are a Minerva, found at the *Minerva Medica*; a statue of Lucius Verus, a marble *pentilico*, a group of the three Graces, (according to Winkelmann, the finest of all the naked graces).

In the *conversazioni* at Rome they play as in our evening parties. "Always noisy and gesticulating," Mr. L. says, "the Italian seated at the green-board fancies himself in the temple of Harpocrates. If any irritable player, generally a foreigner, murmurs now and then against the favourite suit that he has not followed, or against a king falling ten times to his loss, for three hours not another word is heard. The ladies are even all dumb. In the mean time, the moments fly, or drag heavily along: on wings if you love play; on crutches if the game does not interest you. Midnight, one o'clock strikes; four or five hundred persons who were crowded in these salons, begin to move. Every body takes some *rinfreschi*; and the count and the marquises are accommodated with some crowns or some squins from all the company."—Mr. L. on quitting Rome goes to Naples.

MOLA.

"Have you made a smash in your own country, are you exiled, banished, have you no country you can call your own? Purchase at Mola or at Gaeta, a small house, one story high; surround your garden with a double hedge of woodbine and myrtle, and cultivate your garden yourself. The neighbouring mountains will supply the purest moisture to water the soil. The tender primrose, the dappled pink, the brilliant anemone, the rose that flourishes at Postum twice every year, will embellish your parterre. The lemon tree, the almond, the pomegranate and orange, will bend down to the ground of your orchard with the weight of their fruits and blossoms. The murmuring billows of a sea devoid of storms will provide for your table, and the wine of Formia will help to enliven your spirits. When you awake, the first rays of the morning will present to your view Gaeta, Ischia, and Procidia, in perspective. In the course of the day, which study and your recollections will fill up, you may, perhaps, lack society, but at night you will fancy that the shade of Cicero is, perhaps, wandering amongst your bowers. Could you wish for more noble company?"

Although Mr. L. speaks of a country which he often abuses, yet his work will be read for the gaiety of its style: he evinces throughout much general knowledge, and often takes occasion to slide in a word or two on politics.

THE YOUNG FEMALE ARTIST AND THE STRANGER;
a novel extracted from the unpublished Memoirs of a
French Traveller in Italy. Paris, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE talent possessed by the young female artist is painting and her name is Giannina. She was an

inhabitant of Naples towards the end of the last century, and we find her in the palace of a Polish Princess, who is her patroness.

This Princess receives a circle of acquaintance on stated days in the week. The young foreigner in question, named Ludomir, has known her from infancy; and on arriving at Naples he pays her a visit; it happens to be the day that she receives company.

In the music-room the attention of Ludomir is attracted by a young girl who is standing near the door, her head bent downwards, and her long ringlets of dark hair concealing her face; but her attitude is full of grace. The author then makes the following remarks.

"Among the women who crowd to these brilliant evening parties, it may be generally said, that an incessant agitation, an announced pre-occupation, give notice that vanity is now on the alert; so that it is not possible to meet one creature that is tranquil, collected, who, forgetting herself, does not seek to draw the attention of any one, and who contents herself with enjoying the talents she finds in others.

The Princess having joined Ludomir, points out to him this young girl, motionless with attention; then addressing Giannina, she says, "Come, make me a caricature of Monsieur."—"But I have neither pencils nor colours."—"Come into the gallery." Giannina excelled in giving the *beau* or *laide idéal* of every visage. When the sitting had lasted about half an hour, the Princess came in, and exclaimed on the exact likeness. "But, Giannina, it was a caricature I wished for, and not a portrait. See if you cannot, by means of some strokes of the pencil, discompose that countenance, and make its grace and regularity disappear."—"Indeed, madam," replied Giannina, after a few minutes hesitation, "indeed I cannot."—"What do you mean? This never happened before."

Giannina did not actually live in the palace of the Princess; but Ludomir obtained the means of being conducted to the father of the young female. The caricature was again spoken of; Giannina had essayed in vain to accomplish it.

"Listen to me," said the patroness to Ludomir when they had quitted the house. "I beg of you that you will not turn the head of my poor Giannina."

On her side, Giannina was not slow in guessing at the nature of the trouble she experienced; and the discovery terrified her. Ludomir had requested of her to give him some lessons in painting, and the hours destined to instruction were generally passed in conversation.

"Permit me to flatter myself," said Ludomir one day to her, "that I may become deserving of your affection—hope has so often eluded my pursuit! and will you also, abandon me? Speak but one word and you shall not quit me; but I must fly you if you so command. I will depart this very moment, and we will behold each other no more."

Ludomir only asks for consolation; Giannina pro-

misses all that her heart is desirous of giving: even the words *I love*, escape her lips.

The sport of misfortune, or at least, fancying he is so, Ludomir cannot conceive how a whole life should be devoted to him alone. "Your heart," he says to Giannina, "conceals more than one secret; I do not require of you to reveal them."

The Polish Princess had a niece. Ludomir had often amused himself with the artifices of these two females, and their manner of conducting themselves; but Giannina judged more seriously of it: and she said to Ludomir, "If I were permitted to hope that your happiness would be the result of their projects, their wishes would be also those of Giannina; but the Countess is as beautiful as her aunt is adroit, and what makes the danger double is that melancholy, that languor, in which you say you are often plunged. If ever the Countess gets you into her snares, and gets hold of you, if she adds another misfortune to those you feel already, in the name of heaven, dear Ludomir, do not conceal it from your friend. Promise her that she alone shall receive your tears. May another embellish your destiny! may another bestow on you that felicity which you cannot, alas, receive from one who is unfortunate; but never fail to come to me for those consolations you may stand in need of. Assure me of that, and you will render my days serene."

Seliska is the name of the niece. Her birthday occasions great rejoicings; and she is much admired for her skill on the harp, and for her dancing the *tarantella*.

"Assailed by a thousand different sentiments, Giannina has already seen Ludomir a prey to the temptation of a new passion. Who can paint the horrible anguish that she experienced! Oh! the tortures of jealousy! She wishes to hear every thing, and every moment is employed to satisfy a fatal curiosity, bringing with it a new source of sorrow. She desires to lengthen out every hour of her life, to guess at every feeling, every thought of the beloved object; his most trifling actions; every glance, every motion of his lips; a step, a sign, a sigh; all are gathered up with indefatigable avidity. It is thus that we swallow slowly, but continually, that destructive poison, every drop of which, like burning lava, falls on the heart, burns, consumes, and destroys it."

The father of Giannina is old and blind, and Giannina has a niece named Marietta, a pretty, young, gay, and witty girl, who, after having followed a troop of Merry-Andrews, has lately returned to her family.

This Marietta is about to reveal some important secrets to her aunt—"Giannina, your lover—do not let that word agitate you;—there is a deal of mystery about him; so do not let us add more than we are obliged: your lover tries to conceal his real name, his country, and his rank. He has offended some great men, and some haughty women; he has set

himself in opposition to some of the most powerful families; and last of all, he has provoked the jealousy and resentment of an implacable enemy. Vexatious hands are armed against him, and vengeance and covetousness are also in league against him."

Marietta, not contented with telling how she got hold of this secret, desires her aunt, to whom she indicates a hiding-place in the catacombs of St. Januarius, which was resolved on the next day in the sitting of the bandits, to comply with what follows, "You shall remain seated till, after having seen and heard many things, your ears shall be struck with the sound of one single voice; that voice will be mine: and I will sing an air of *Nina's*, from Paësiello; the next moment you may go back. If any one should meet you, only say it was Marietta that brought me here, and let her come! I shall come, you will make your escape, and they will kill me; they will do right: but save thy life at the expence of mine: yours is necessary to your father; and you are beloved; no remorse torments your excellent heart; and a life such as yours ought to be preserved."

In this very interesting romance, from which a fine drama might be taken, the author has described all that is curious in Naples and its environs.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

SEVERAL hats of *gros de Naples*, and even those of velvet, have the crowns puckered like those of a bonnet, but the brim is broader, more round, and plain. Two, and sometimes four, large rosettes of ribbon, clouded and striped, serve to draw the puckerings, and are tied on the left side. The most beautiful toques are of white *crêpe lisse*; they are formed of little ribs, made of rows of pearls; they have a plume of marabouts placed on one side, and on the left a large rosette of pearls. The crown of some turbans is formed of gold, in *treillage* work, and the border consists of a band of black velvet and gold cordon. At the *Thuilleries* ladies are seen walking in velvet dresses; they are short in front, but have a demi-train. The sleeves that the dress-makers now call floating sleeves, are those that are not sloped off, or confined by bracelets; but which are only kept out by an under sleeve, made very stiff. In the drawing-room black satin shoes are worn, very long quartered; for the promenade they are of plain black velvet, bordered with marten's skin, or with chinchilla.

Evening dresses, both of plain and figured velvet, are much in request; the front of the bust is ornamented with bands of satin, trimmed with narrow blond; this style of trimming is sometimes carried down the front of the skirt, but the bands widen gradually as they approach the border. On dresses

of black *gros de Naples*, which are always in favour, the usual trimming is a border of five or six bias folds of alternate crape and satin; when there are six of these folds, they are placed two and two, about a hand's breadth distance from each other, the upper one falling over the one beneath it. A petticoat of *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a full *chicorée*, with a pelisse robe of the same material over it, is one of the prettiest half dresses that can be imagined; the sides of the pelisse which fly open are trimmed, as well as round the border, with a *chicorée*, narrower than that on the petticoat, and, as the robe is made shorter than the petticoat, this forms two rows of trimming round the border of the *toute ensemble*. The most approved mantle is of black satin, the collar and pelerine of velvet, cut in five points, and very much hollowed out. Sometimes are seen dresses of black *gros de Naples*, trimmed with three flounces of blond, others with three flat rouleaux; the former is for evening dress, the latter for half dress, to which a pelerine is added: but the variety of trimmings now adopted renders it impossible to speak decidedly on which is most in favour. When buffont drapery of gauze is made use of, there is no rule in regard to the rouleaux, bias folds, straps, or clasps, by which they may be confined. Some hats are seen trimmed with ribbons, and tulle under the brim; one of these hats has appeared of a very new and singular form: the brim is hollowed out in front, and one of the sides bends down more than the other: the form is whimsical, yet the hat has a very graceful appearance; it is of black satin, ornamented with four long, flat black feathers.

At the edge of the brims of dress hats, whether of satin or figured velvet, is a binding of the same material, equally broad below as above; over this is a quilting of tulle or blond. The hat is surmounted by bows and feathers. Sometimes the brim of a hat is broad and flat on the left side, and indented, or else turned up with a brooch, on the right side; or sometimes with a rosette, from whence issues a plume of feathers. Ladies who wear white ostrich feathers, or grey marabouts, have them tied together in a kind of bouquet, so that they can place them on their heads in a minute if they are going to see a new piece performed, or to any evening party where a hat without feathers would not be proper. Some hats of white satin have the crowns in very full puckers; in bonnets this crown consists in a caul, with the puckering formed by runners, through which narrow ribbons are drawn. On some toques is seen a rouleau of satin of a different colour to the toque; it is disposed in a serpentine manner, and entwined round with gold cordon. Morning bonnets are made of plain velvet, either black, blue, green, massacca brown, or violet, they are trimmed with broad jagged leaves of velvet. Five

bows of satin, and a little bunch of primroses, in velvet, on each temple, are the favourite ornaments on dress caps. At the saloon have been seen several dresses of black satin. A pelerine is an indispensable ornament, not only for pelisses, but gowns, when the latter is only for half-dress. The pelerines are made to take on and off at pleasure. Those pelerines that are cut all round, in long, sharp points, are called *pélerines à la neige*. A young lady, at the salon, had on a crimson mantle of plush silk, lined with black satin, and bordered with black feather trimming; the cape of this mantle was of black satin, bordered also with feather trimming. Spencers are of black velvet, with square backs, and are seamed with black satin; they are called *lazar spencers*, because the bust is ornamented in front with brandenburghs; and on each sleeve are five chevrons: the mancherons are ornamented with epaulettes in silk lacing; they are worn with a black petticoat, either of levantine, satin, or cachemere. The ladies use claws of gold to fasten their pelisses and pelerines; with this difference, that the claws which fasten the pelerines are smaller than those on the pelisse.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to apologize to our subscribers and the public, for the gross errors of the printer in the *Astrological* article of last month; and particularly in misplacing the *DIAGRAM*, which, by turning the book length-wise, will be perceived to have the proper sign that is now made the *Medium Caeli*, on the Ascendant, viz. 17 degrees, 45 minutes of Virgo.

In addition to the plan of giving the *Genealogies* of the illustrious families of Great Britain, (which, we are happy to say, has met the approbation of some very distinguished personages), we intend, in future, to denote a portion of our pages to *Anecdotes of HERALDRY and CHIVALRY*, which, we flatter ourselves, will contribute very successfully to the amusement and interest already excited by our Work.

Correspondents are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to *High Life, Fashionables and Fashions*. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON: PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
13, POLAND STREET.



Dress of the Day.
Invented by M^{rs} J. B. 32, St. James's Street.
Engraved exclusively for the World of Fashion Jan. 1. 1825.



Evening Dress.
Invented by M^{rs} B. & C. 11, New St.
Engraved according to the original design by M^{rs} B. & C.



Patented Dress
Invented by M. J. P. & Co. of James Street

Engraved by J. H. P. & Co. for the Proprietors



Miss Duff
Invented by M^{rs} Duff 22, Queen's St.

Engraved and published by W. Duff, Glasgow 1842

THE WORLD OF FASHION

AND

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 9.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1825.

VOL. II.

ARRIVALS IN LONDON.



DUKES AND DUCHESSSES.

Richmond, the Dowager Duchess of, and family, in Waterloo Place, from Ireland.



MARQUESSSES AND MARCHIONESSES.

Donegall, Dowager Marchioness, in Davies Street, Berkeley Square.

Conyngnam, Marquis of, in Hamilton Place.

Londonderry, Emily, Marchioness of, from Hastings.

Salisbury, Dowager Marchioness of, in Arlington Street.

Downshire, the Dowager Marchioness, from Brighton.



EARLS AND COUNTESSSES—BARONS AND BARONESSSES.

Stanhope, Earl and Countess of, from Brighton.

Coventry, Earl and Countess, and family, in Piccadilly.

Carhampton, the Dowager Countess of, in Bruton Street.

Sheffield, Lady and Miss, in Upper Wimpole Street.

De Grey, Countess, in St. James's Square.

Morley, Earl and Countess, and family, at Kent House, Knightsbridge.

Glengall, Countess of, in Grosvenor Street, from Ireland.

Colchester, Lord and Lady, in Spring Gardens.



BARONETS AND THEIR LADIES—KNIGHTS AND THEIR LADIES.

Harrington, Sir John Bart. in Berkeley Square.

Heathcote, Lady Sophia, in Grosvenor Square.

VOL. II.

Tufton, Lady Elizabeth, in Great Cumberland Street.

Dampier, Lady, in Welbeck Street.

Pocock, Sir George and Lady, and family, in Charles Street Berkeley Square.



ESQUIRES AND THEIR LADIES.

Gambier, Mrs. in Harley Street.

Latemir, Mrs. and Miss, in Grosvenor Street.

Smith, F. Esq. and Mrs. in Gloucester Place.

Bristow, Esq. and Mrs. in Curzon Street.

Dickenson, Mrs. in Dorset Square.

Evelyns, Mrs. in York Place.

Bosanquet, Miss, in Harley Street.

Taylor, Mrs. in Wimpole Street.

Curzon, Hon. Mrs. in Queen Anne Street, West.

Phipps, Hon. Mrs. Augustus, in Harley Street.

Shirley, Hon. Mrs. for the Cliff House, Dorchester.

Benyon, Mrs. R. in Grosvenor Square.

Douglas, Mrs. and Miss, in Gloucester Place.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Allthorpe, Viscount, for Wiseton Hall, Yorkshire.

Ashburton, Lady, at Hastings.

Barnard, Lord and Lady, for Somerley, Leicestershire.

Brookman, Capt. on a visit to Sir L. Otway, at Lymington.

Byng, George, Esq. M. P. and Mrs. and family, for Wrotham Park.

Bentinck, Lord and Lady, at Cottesmere, Rutlandshire.

Beauchamp, Mrs. and Miss, for Bath.

Bedford, Duke of, to Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire.

Coventry, the Earl and Countess, and family, for Merstham, Surry.

Cholmondeley, Marquess and Marchioness, for Brighton.

Dowager, Marchioness and family, for Brighton.

Darlington, the Earl and Countess of, for Raby Castle.

Ellenborough, Lady, for Brighton.

Edwards, Capt. and family, to Albion House, near Scarborough.

Goodhart, Esq. and family, for Langley Park, Kent.

Howard, Colonel, M. P. for Archstead Park, Surrey.

E

Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. for Marlborough Buildings, Bath.
 Huntingfield, Lord and Lady, for their seat in Suffolk.
 Lovaine, Lord, at Barking Hall, Suffolk.
 Lilford, Lord, at Atherton Hall, Lancashire.
 Long, Rev. Mr. for his seat in Suffolk.
 Londonderry, Emily Marchioness, for Hastings.
 Lowe, Sir Hudson and Lady, for Brighton.
 Maitland, Esq. and Mrs. for their seat in Sussex.
 Middleton, Miss, for Pentre Park, Oswestry.
 Ongley, Mrs. for Sandley Place, Biggleswade.
 Rivers, Lord, for Hare Park, Newmarket.
 Robinson, Sir George Bart. on a tour.
 Ricketts, Capt. for Brighton.
 Rutland, Duke of, to Belvoir Castle.
 Selsey, Lord, for West Dean, Sussex.
 Say and Sele, Lord, to Belvedere, Kent.
 Salisbury, Marquess and Marchioness, to Hatfield House.
 Titchfield, Marquess, for Welbeck, Notts.
 Thynne, Lord and Lady, for Wrotham Park.
 Turton, Esq. and Mrs. for their seat in Kent.
 Waldegrave, Earl of, from France, on a tour.

PARTIES, BALLS, &c.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT WHITTON.

On Friday night Jan. 7th, Lady HOBHOUSE entertained at Whitton Park a distinguished Party of Fashionables, to the number of above three hundred, with a splendid Fancy Ball and elegant Supper. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of CLARENCE were expected, but were prevented honouring the Ball with their presence. The Ball commenced at ten o'clock, when the fine Band of the 7th Hussars, struck up "*God save the King*," which was followed by *Rule Britannia*, and continued to play lively airs between the quadrilles and waltzes, during the remainder of the evening. The scene exceeded all description. The splendid and motley dresses of the company became quite dazzling to the eye, and the attention of the company was particularly directed to Mr. COTTIN and Mr. CAMPBELL, as Esquimaux Chiefs—Miss Louisa CAMPBELL in a *Swiss peasant's* dress was particularly attractive and very much admired.—Groups of various nations were observed in every direction, forming themselves into quadrilles.

MRS. W. CAMAC.

Gave a splendid entertainment at her Marine Residence, at Hastings, on Friday the 31st of December, which consisted of a Ball and Supper. The drawing rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and filled with beauty and fashion at an early hour. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock. The supper was announced at twelve o'clock. Waltzes and quadrilles were renewed after supper, and kept up with the greatest spirit until three o'clock in the morning. There were about 150 present.

BLACKHEATH.

The spirit with which the Assemblies held at the Green Man Hotel are carried on, cannot be more fully proved, than by stating that nearly 300 Fashionables of the neighbourhood were present on Monday evening Jan. 4th.

It is a pleasing reflection that the practice of olden

times, as to Christmas Festivities, is still kept up in all its spirit and vigour, in various parts of the kingdom. At Aston Rowant, in Oxfordshire, the splendid and beautiful mansion of Sir FRANCIS DESANGES, a number of that Gentleman's friends were invited to spend the Christmas, where the entertainments were given upon the most enlarged scale of hospitality.

Lord BARNARD, at Melton Mowbray, has kept up the life and spirit of the Sporting World, by the most unbounded hospitality. The Dinner Parties have excelled any of late years exhibited at *head-quarters*.

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, at his magnificent seat, Campton-Varnay, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has been keeping open house in the best style. The entertainments have been equally distinguished by splendour and taste.

Lord BAGOT gave a Ball at Blithfield Hall, near Litchfield, at which was present all the Nobility and Gentry, for many miles round.

Mrs. HALLIDAY gave a Children's Ball, in Baker-street, on Twelfth Night, to a large party, when the new *polonaises* figures were introduced.

SIR GEORGE SITWELL, Bart. gave a splendid Fete, at his superb seat, in Derbyshire, in the same princely style of munificent hospitality as in days of *yore*. Open house had been kept for many days previously.

Powis Castle, wherein there was such magnificent doings in the Autumn of the preceding year, has been again enlivened by the presence of Noble company. From *Christmas-Eve* till *Twelfth Night* open house was kept.

Llandilo, the seat of Lord DYNEVOR, in South Wales, has also been a scene of great gaiety.

And Chirk Castle must not be forgotten. The fair, amiable Owner kept up the life and spirit of the scene on *Twelfth Night*. There was a table and a bed, *for one night*, for all strangers, of every rank and description, who came under the denomination of *travellers*.

Sir SAMUEL FLUDYER, has taken the lead in Suffolk. The Worthy Baronet and his amiable daughters, have had three Parties during the Holidays.

GREAT BERKHAMPTSTEAD.

The Annual Christmas Ball took place at the King's Arms Inn here, on Wednesday evening Jan. 5th and was attended by most of the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood, besides many visitors from a distance. It was given on a principle somewhat different from former occasions, which appeared to meet general approbation.

The Ball was opened by the accomplished and beautiful Miss TALBOT and the Rev. Mr. MOORE HALSEY. The dancing continued to a very late hour, with the greatest hilarity. The supper was served with profusion and elegance.

BALL AT PANSANGER.

The Christmas Festivities closed on Twelfth Night with a Children's Ball, which was attended by all the Fashion and Beauty for many miles around the magnificent mansion of Earl COWPER.

At eight o'clock the following apartments were most splendidly illuminated, viz :—

First, the great Gallery, hung with the choicest paintings of the old Masters. Second, the principal Drawing-room. Third, the grand Library. Fourth, the Banqueting Hall. Fifth, the Morning Saloon, the Ante-room, and the outer and inner Hall. All were lighted up with buhl chan-

deliers, in the style of LOUIS the Fourteenth; in the centre, candelabras, carrying waxlights, and Roman lamps.

At the entrance, a double set of domestics were arranged on each side, and peals of martial music announced the arrival of the visitants. The dancing commenced with a quadrille by very young performers, namely, the oldest being only eight years old, and Lady FANNY, who had only entered her fifth year. The usual dances followed till the supper hour. The supper was arranged in four rooms: the juniors were all placed together, and the central ornament of their table was an enormously large cake, profusely decorated with every device of ancient and modern times.

The supper hour was one o'clock, and music ceased at half-past four.

CAPTAIN PRESCOTT'S HALL.

A Children's Ball, of peculiar attraction, was given by the above Gentleman on Twelfth night, at his elegant residence in Charles-street, St. James'-square. The visitants mustered upwards of 200 persons. The house was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers and lustres; and the two drawing rooms formed one capacious ball room. At eight o'clock the dancing commenced; the quadrilles, and other French figures, were admirably well executed, led by a capital English Band. At one o'clock the Company adjourned to the banqueting-hall, on the ground floor, wherein a centre table was abundantly supplied with a costly supper. In the centre was placed a twelfth cake, of ample dimensions, decorated with all kinds of emblematic devices; flags and trophies, wines of peculiar vintages, and all kinds of foreign preserved fruits, &c. The dancing was resumed at two o'clock, and kept up with great spirit till half-past four in the morning. A *déjeuné* followed, and then the party broke up.

ALMAACK'S.—These elegant Rooms were opened on Thursday evening Jan. 13th, for the first of the winter subscription "Amicable" Balls, which was well attended. An excellent band played the most favourite quadrille tunes from *Der Freischütz* and other popular music, and the more social old English country dances were not neglected on the occasion, but contributed much to the hilarity of the evening's amusement.

HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

THE KING.

It will be observed, from the paragraph we subjoin, extracted from the *Morning Post* of Jan. 17th, that there is every apparent certainty of our recommendation, respecting a New Palace being erected in or very near London, for his most gracious Majesty George IV. We have a right to take credit, and pride to ourselves as being the first to suggest that important and necessary step. We are staunch and loyal—and have ever thought that the Monarch of these Realms must be considered inferior in dignity, so far as Palaces are concerned, to many German Princes. How disgraceful in these enlightened times that such a reflexion should be allowed to exist! but we now congratulate ourselves that the stigma will be speedily removed, and that

the day is not very distant before our highly accomplished and noble minded King, will be able to reside in his capital amongst subjects who know how to appreciate a Monarch adorned with a mind, talents, and devotedness to his people—probably never surpassed by any King that ever existed.

"It is confidently reported among the lovers of taste, and the admirers of the improvements westward, that a proposition will be made to Parliament, in the ensuing Session, for a sanction to erect a splendid new and suitable Palace for the first Sovereign in the world."—*Morning Post*.

On Tuesday, Jan. 11th, a few minutes before 4 o'clock, His Majesty arrived in town, in his travelling carriage and four, with outriders, &c. from the Royal Lodge, Windsor. We are informed from an authority not likely to err, that the King will not go to Brighton until after the opening of Parliament, which he will do in state.

The Duke of York is in the best health. His Royal Highness has been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, and to Lord Palmerston at Broadlands. The invitations to the Duke were so numerous during the Christmas Festivities that he was not able to accept but few of them.

On Monday evening Jan. 10th, her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA gave a splendid Ball and Supper at her residence, Frogmore Lodge, to the principal part of her trades-people, and other inhabitants of Windsor and its neighbourhood. Her Royal Highness, accompanied by Lady M. TAYLOR and Miss WYNARD, honoured the Company with her presence for nearly two hours. Quadrilles and country dances were alternately performed, which were kept up with the greatest spirit until a late hour, when the company separated, delighted with the marked attention shown them by the stay of her Royal Highness.

The fashionable season will commence this year much sooner than it did the last. The Marchioness of Londonderry will open her new rooms in Park Lane, early in March. London is getting very full.

REVIEW OF THE JOHN BULL NEWSPAPER.

No. 3.

December 26th.—The chief feature of this day's *Bull*, is an article upon the sickening affair of Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote, in which the writer is as grave as if he were prating of earthquakes and a deluge. The plain truth of the matter is, that Miss Foote was kept by Colonel Berkeley, that Colonel Berkeley had promised Miss Foote marriage, that Miss Foote was deceived by Colonel Berkeley. That Miss Foote, seeing herself deprived of the chance of getting one husband, determined upon angling for another, and at length hooked Mr. Pea-green Hayne, that Mr. Hayne broke from the line, and that Miss Foote, mortified and angry, was then determined to have Mr. Hayne's money at all events, and thereupon brought an action against her pea-green deceiver—that Miss Foote pocketed large damages and was satisfied: the Colonel, the pea-green gentleman, and the pretty lady, are equally culpable, and in our opinion, there is little to choose between them, and the lady's dad and mamma may well be added, to form an exquisite *quintetto* of suffering virtue and innocence. Such being the real case, all Johnny's dithyrambics on the subject, are what Christopher

North calls mere "*Balaam*:" we, notwithstanding, sincerely condole with the writer's feelings, when he pathetically says—"it is hardly possible to contemplate it, (the said subject) *without a TEAR!*" and also when he modestly observes, "*as we know OUR INFLUENCE*, we go to the task (of criticising the amorous trio) with difficulty and disinclination." What humbug! we would not mind venturing our *type* against John's that the tearful man laughed as he wrote this hypocritical paragraph.

The paper of College questions is good, and we beg leave to make an observation, or two upon some of them—

"No. 5—Are you any where informed by Herodotus which were the thickest, the heads of the Egyptians, or the Persians?"

Had the question been,

"Is it possible to discover which is the thickest, the head of the Editor of John Bull, or a Barber's block?" any tyro in learning might have answered,

"Yes—the Editor's—by two inches and a *fraction* further.

No. 8.—Why is it probable that Horace, if he could have gotten them, would have worn spectacles?"

Had the query commenced with the word "*Where*—"we should have replied,

"Not where Johnny wears his wits."

Question the 15th and its answer, we will copy, as the latter is excellent.

"State logically how many tails a cat has."

Answer—"Cats have three tails—no cat has two tails—every cat has one tail more than no cat—*ergo*, every cat has three tails."

To the paper of "*Miracles*" (most of which, by the bye, have little, or no point in them) we would add one miraculous effect worked by that marvellous man, Prince Hoheloh.

"The editor of the John Bull published a number of his Journal which did not contain a single lie, nor one line of vulgar abuse."

We refer our readers to the article itself, and beg to know whether they do not think this last miracle is fairly entitled to the topmost place in the list.

January 2nd Blank.

January 9th—We assent to this remark of John in his present number:

"It is curious enough that Colonel Berkeley, should have met with an accident in hunting, and that Mr. P. G. Hayne should also be confined to his bed by severe indisposition shortly after the trial."

We hear, moreover, that Colonel Berkeley's wound is a *foot* long, and that Mr. Hayne's *damages* are very heavy.

Bull justly decides the mountebank absurdity of the *Old Times* in its bombastic article upon the Tom-foolery of the Earl of Guildford's adopting the dress of Socrates: we think it a pity, his Lordship did not prefer that of Diogenes, and also imitate that ancient gentleman's mode of living—a tub, he may be assured, would have put the Greeks into raptures—they are so *classical* in their ideas and recollections.

January 16th—John's paper of this day is to us but little better than a blank: however, as out of four numbers we have at least met with one excellent prize (which, we fear, is seldom the case with our lottery-loving friends) our readers as well as ourselves, cannot but feel satisfied with our success—*The Bull* is certainly less fond of using his horns than

formerly, and we should not be in the least surprised at seeing this once obstreperous animal hereafter become as docile as the quadruped to which he already approximates in nature—an ass!

THE MISERIES OF NOT BEING ABLE TO DANCE.

MR. EDITOR,

My tasteless parents had always an utter aversion to the elegant accomplishment of dancing, so that, to this hour, have I been prevented from attaining to the smallest degree of knowledge in that exquisite science. Often, Sir, as you may well suppose, have I felt the ill effects of this provoking circumstance, and never more so than at a recent delightful party, of which I was an unworthy, and, permit me to add, unfortunate member. Quadrilles, waltzes, &c. were proposed, and many were the bright eyes that sparkled at the proposition—I, only I, slunk abashed into a corner, well knowing how utterly incapable I should be of contributing to, or of sharing in the amusements of the night. My torments speedily began: each happy youth chose him out a fair partner, and I had the misfortune to see the lovely lady with whom I had been happily conversing all the former part of the evening, gladly accept the hand of another and frown on me in displeasure, of which it was no difficult matter to divine the reason—I had not asked her to *dance*. No sooner had the first quadrille commenced than I ventured to leave my corner, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with some of the more elderly part of the company, whose years warranted their exempting themselves from the fatigues of the dance; but, alas! they only welcomed me with such exclamations as these—"Dear me, what a pity you do not *dance*."—"Pray *dance*."—"Indeed you must *dance*" and so on.—In vain did I remonstrate—they continued their persecutions with relentless perseverance—and whenever the pretty girl before-mentioned passed near me, she would sneeringly say—"What a pity, pity, pity, poor young gentleman that you cannot *dance*." When the figures were concluded, I very politely handed refreshments to some of the ladies, fondly thinking in this manner to compensate in some degree for my stupidity in every thing that related to the mysteries of Terpsichore; in vain, whenever I spoke, wherever I went, one and all saluted me by the odious remark of "What a pity you do not *dance*!" Quadrilles were renewed, the whole company seemed bitten by a tarantula, and capered away with scarcely a moment's rest—I alone sat solitary, mute and in the dumps—I could not *dance*, and when I parted from the rest of the company, the last words which each addressed to me were—"What a pity, Sir, you cannot *dance*!" and the wicked girl added, "*Dolls* can *dance*." I need not add that I congratulated myself on escaping from this scene of torture. No rest, however, followed me to my couch, the hateful words "What a pity you cannot *dance*!" still rang in my ears, and two, or three days elapsed before I perfectly recovered from the chagrin this unfortunate night had occasioned me.

Let me intreat you, Sir, to insert this letter for the benefit of all parents who refuse to allow their children to study the indispensable art of dancing, and believe me to be

Your very obedient Servant,

Z. HEAVY FOOT.

THE MACADAMIZING MANIA.

Extensive as were my observations on the modern improvements in the metropolis in a recent number of your amusing publication, I am irresistibly tempted again to indulge my native garrulity on the subject of the universal mania for Macadamization, which threatens to destroy the very character of our public streets by preventing that unceasing roll which formed a kind of running bass to the otherwise discordant cries of itinerant dealers in small wares, from the female treble of the barrow-woman to the deep intonation of the bag-bearing Israelite, all of which were softened and harmonized by the said accompaniment, which has now sunk into a monotonous grinding sound, in which it is impossible to distinguish the cart of the peasant from the chariot of the peer, and has totally confounded those varieties of driving that marked the practice of some of our most fashionable coachmen, and which has often been to me an interesting object of speculation in deciding to what family any approaching vehicle belonged. By this new mania the lower class of Irish labourers are deprived of the healthy and athletic exercise of paving, which is now superseded by the sedentary employment of breaking the stones, by which many have lost their eyes by the flying particles, and others have abandoned the employment in disgust when it has been degraded into a punishment for incorrigible vagrants, instead of retaining its respectable character of a craft. Indeed, such I hear is the discontent of the regular paviors, that a serious turn out in St. Giles's is to be apprehended, when summary vengeance will be taken with spade, pickaxe and rammer on all the aiders and abettors of the said Mr. M^r. Adam.

This is a truly alarming prospect, not only on account of the desperate character of the belligerents, but also from the nature of the weapons, and I trust that the present intimation of danger will not be lost on those whom it may concern.

Many serious accidents have occurred in consequence of the adoption of this plan, an old man, who had the misfortune to be deaf, was knocked down in St. James's Square by a carriage, whose noiseless approach he had not heard, and was so much injured as to be taken to the hospital without hopes of recovery. Several carriages have been overturned on the heaps of stones piled up for the purpose of breaking, and the occupiers extricated with broken bones and alarming contusions, while the vehicles themselves have been rendered totally useless. Some of the principal streets are rendered impassable by inclosures which extend half their width and are formed to facilitate this process; frequent and tedious stoppages have been hereby occasioned to the hindrance of business, the serious inconvenience of fashionable visitors and the increase of hackney coach fares, whose drivers do not fail to take advantage of the circumstance by increasing their demands of appeals against which our police reports have lately given numerous instances. Such is the muddy state of some of the Streets that they defy the united exertions of scavengers and sweepers, the latter of whom, though much more numerous, industrious and importunate than formerly, are unable to keep a passable crossing, and the disfigurement of the lower habiliments of both sexes is the consequence. I had, indeed, hoped that when the experiment, as it was termed by the projector, was first tried in St. James's Square that time would have been allowed to determine its practical utility, for which I had considered a twelvemonth as a necessary period, but on my return from

a few months sojourn at Brighton, I found some of the principal streets in a state of complete blockade, a notice of the stoppage of Blackfriars' Bridge, which will no doubt be followed by that of London, and the Macadamizing mania spreading with alarming velocity in every direction. Could there be any hope that the *reform* would be *radical*, (I hope your loyalty will pardon the expression), and that the granite stratum would have so much solidity as to render frequent repairs unnecessary, I might have stifled my complaints; but both enquiry and observation have convinced me, that repeated and extensive amendments will be unavoidable in great thoroughfares, and that consequently the blockades will recur at short intervals to the continued annoyance of the public and the personal inconvenience of

THE GOSSIP.

THE RETROSPECT.

Speculation, nothing but speculation! scarcely have I recovered from the delightful festivities of Christmas and consumed my share of the delectables, both eatable and drinkable, and satisfied the demands of my numerous friends, for the honour of my company to dinner, and ere I have recovered from the indisposition incidental to the gourmand, I am called into the field of speculation. Every man of common sense, who, like myself, has a few hundreds at his command will be a speculator, and the invitations are so tempting that it is impossible to resist them. As we must all die, it becomes a matter of some consequence, to secure for ourselves and our friends a safe and secure place of burial, for no one would like to contemplate the possibility of being anatomised like a common malefactor, without committing those crimes for which the law appoints so *post obit* a punishment. But such is now the demand for subjects, that the cemeteries of the Metropolis are nightly violated spite of the cast iron coffins of Mr. Bridgeman, and other ingenious contrivances. Conceive my delight then, at finding it was in contemplation to lay out in the neighbourhood of London a burial ground, on a large scale, to be called the Necropolis. Here was, indeed, a speculation of universal interest; this was a plan to meet general support; what can be more important or in more general request? here is no risk of a bubble, all ready money, and a large return of interest. You may suppose I shall not let so eligible an opportunity escape, and I have already sold all my shares in the portable gas, Iron Railway and steam coach companies which amounted to a few hundreds, and intend to invest my capital in the London Necropolis Company, where I hope to sleep in peace with my family around me.

Among other speculations of public utility, and personal advantage, to which my attention has been called, is the Sea Water Company. This, I think, is likely to be highly beneficial to the public. It may ruin the watering places, but what of that? They have made their harvest, and the proprietors of boarding houses, and hotels may well afford to retire upon their fortunes. What a saving will this be to those who, like myself, are fond of sea bathing, and enjoy the luxury of the morning dip. The expences of travelling will be saved, and we shall avoid the annoyance of being packed up, by half dozens, for twelve or sixteen hours in a rumbling leathern convenience, and compelled to endure the company of surly invalids, tittering ladies maids, and squalling children, besides the extortions of innkeepers,

coachmen, porters, *cum multis aliis*, by whose officious civility the journey is rendered intolerable, not to mention the trouble of seeking lodgings, proportionate to our means, all which presents a sum of inconvenience and expense, more than would be incurred by the purchase of shares in the Company. It is true there would not be the sea breezes, but I have heard it hinted that even this is in contemplation: that it is intended to ascertain by accurate experiment, the gases of which they are composed, and to erect gasometers to supply the baths by pipes with this agreeable and salubrious auxiliary, and were they built on a large scale, a promenade might be constructed in a Peristrepheic Panorama containing well executed views of the most fashionable watering places; the illusion would be complete. Next comes that admirable speculation, the Alderney Milk Company. Adieu, a happy adieu to that filthy composition of shalk, snails, sky blue water, &c. that is vended by screaming Welch girls, to the great annoyance and injury of the public; for now we may once more enjoy the luxury of new, and genuine milk, and the speculators will be certain to gain a large profit by the sale, which the milk must ensure among all those who like myself have long wished for some alleviation from the poisonous substitution of the Metropolis. B.

It is said that several respectable members have seceded from the Berkeley hunt, since the late affair of Miss Foote, and that Colonel Berkeley is leaving England for three years.

Kean, of Theatrical and *public-house* notoriety, will have to pay Mr. Cox, £800 damages for *crim con*, with that person's wife. The circumstances disclosed at the trial are so offensive, immoral, and indecent, that we will not pollute our pages with any recapitulation of the letters or the trial. That a drunkard and notorious debauchee as Kean is, should have been able to conceal his real private character so long from public examination, shews him to be a systematic hypocrite; the public will, for the future, treat such a being as he deserves.

THE FRENCH THEATRE.—Many of our readers are aware that, during the last and preceeding seasons, there have been regular performances of dramatic pieces in the French language, and principally by French actors, at the Theatre Tottenham-street, called the West London Theatre. These were very fully and fashionably attended, and in reality deserved to be so; for several of the best Parisian mimics displayed their comic talents on the boards in some of their most popular entertainments. We learn that these *Soirées Françaises* are about to be resumed; and that new attractions are held out to tempt a still more numerous list of subscribers. The proprietors or managers are Messrs. Cloup, Laporte and Pellissié. They promise sterling Comedies, new Vaudevilles and petits Opéras. The Orchestra, we are assured, will be composed of clever *artists*: a second row of boxes has been constructed, and the Saloon refitted. The Season is to consist of forty nights, for which the subscription demanded is 10*l.*, aux premières, and 5*l.*, au parterre; while the Boxes are subdivided into ten nights at thirty guineas d'avant scènes, and twenty au parterre et second rang. For single evenings billets must be procured at six *chellins*, alias 6*s.*, the first, and trois *chellins* six *sol.*, alias 3*s.* 6*d.*, the second class: no money being taken at the door, in order to avoid the laws and the Lord Chamberlain.

ITALIAN OPERA.—It is stated that all the difficulties and differences connected with the Italian Opera have been amicably settled. The concern is once more placed in the hands of Mr. Ebers.

MODEL OF SWITZERLAND.—This superb model, now exhibiting in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, is said to be the largest imitation of a country for diversity of scene, minuteness, and accuracy, we can hardly hope to see surpassed. It is remarkable how much it gains upon the mind by being examined in detail. The visitor, to enjoy it, must travel round and round; become acquainted with this valley, that mountain, and yonder lake. The snowy peak, the yellow vineyard, the blue water, the light green earth, and the dark green forest, must be made familiar: the places most famed must be considered separately.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BACHELORS.—The following twelve arguments pathetically, succinctly, and elegantly describe the benefit of marriage:

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to help and increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help and get some.
3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it.
4. Art thou in adversity? She'll comfort, assist and bear part.
5. Art thou at home? She'll drive away melancholy.
6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.
7. Nothing is delightful alone. No society is equal to marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant.
9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.
11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life.
12. If nature escape not punishments, thy will shall not avoid it, as he sung that without marriage.

Earth, air, sea, land, oft soon will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought.

QUERIES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Whether is an old maid or an old bachelor the most wretched?

When are a young couple who love one another the most happy?

Could not a young woman marry an old man through pure love when he is very rich?

Why is youth like a spendthrift's wealth?

Why is youth like a miser's health?

Why is love like a bedlam house?

Why is love like a timid mouse?

Why is love like the swallow tribe?

Why is love like a gift or bribe?

Why is love like a sea borne wave?

Why is love like the dark cold grave?

Why is love like a monarch's crown?

Why is love like a lawyer's gown?

Why is age like a winters frost?

Why is death like a winning post?

Some lovely belle or gentle beau,

Pray tell me why these things are so?

THE NATAL CALNDAR—There prevails a fanciful superstition among the Poles, according to which they believe that

a person's destiny is influenced by the month in which he is born, and that there is likewise a mysterious connection between the months and the principal precious stones:—

January—Jacyath or Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst—This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions and insure them peace of mind.

March—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire or Diamond.—Repentance and Innocence.

May—Emerald.—Success in love.

June—Agate.—Long life and health.

July—The Cornelian or Ruby. The forgetfulness, or the cure of evil springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

September—Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures, folly.

October—Aquamarine or Opal.—Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malachite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard: hence the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.'

GOOD APPETITES.—A Frenchman residing in London, who is his own cook, told a friend that he had made an *repas délicieux*; that he had just eaten two pork chops and four legs of mutton.—*Anglice*: Two pork chops, and four sheep's trotters. We recollect an Englishman declaring seriously, that he had often eaten at Paris the civet cat stewed, and that it was very good, and had quite a game taste; it was, we presume, a *Civet de lièvre*.—stewed hare.

Two sailors looking at a sun-dial, and one of them observing on the inscription *Tempus fugit*, which he recollected having often before seen, said to his companion, with an oath, that he verily believed *Thomas Fudgit* made more sun-dials than any other man in England.

The Duke of WELLINGTON has had a small statue of *Achilles*, a fac-simile of that in Hyde Park, placed in his garden, at the back of his Grace's house, in Piccadilly.

Epigram.

"Who takes a wife, hath a pillar of rest:"

So sang the Son of Sirac in his day.

A modern Socrates would say, 't was best

To let your leaning be another way.

We understand that Sir OSBORNE GIBBS, Bart. is shortly to lead to the Hymeneal Altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss MOORE, niece to the late Earl of CLONMELL.

A Gentleman, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night.—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too."

THE SMOKERS.—The other night, after enjoying *Der Freischütz* from first to last, I found it such dry work, that I never was so thirsty in my life, and went into an adjacent tavern to slake my devouring drought. I imagined I could take a whole tankard of beer at one fell swoop; and for once the Fancy was equalled by the Reality. Even then, like a parched Arab of the desert, I longed for another "long pull and a strong pull;" and as I am not in the habit of baulking my inclinations, I sat down in a box to gratify

this natural propensity. The room was nearly full, and, what with pipes and cigars, almost every man in it smoking like a steam vessel, was carrying on at the same time broken conversations on the common topics of the hour.

I know not how it was, whether from the narcotic effects of my own libations, or of the floating clouds of tobacco around me, but I fell into a sort of drowsy, dreamy, listless, in which my mind seemed quite unconscious, except as shreds of the Babel dialogues from various quarters were wafted to my ear, and made a shadowy impression, just sufficient to prove that I was awake and sensible to external objects. But even this I should have doubted, had I not by going into the fresh air, convinced myself that I retained a remembrance of, and could actually repeat much of what had passed.

A very self-satisfied cit-like personage delivered, with long intervals between, these *disjecta membra*:

"I—*puff*, *puff*—my opinion is—*puff*—and I always did—*puff*, *puff*—would not be advised by me—*puff*."

The person with whom he was tête-à-tête, also threw out his share of words:

"Mexican bonds—*puff*—Ferdinand—*puff*—never acknowledge—*puff* *puff*—a Spanish loan—*puff*—quite a liberal—*puff*—rise like—*puff*—by, or buy, (I could not distinguish)—*puff*."

From a rubicund jolly tradesman-looking person on my right, these sentences, interrupted by his whiffing, reached me in the course of about half an hour:

"Important sale—*puff*—wonderful competition—*puff*, *puff*—Mr. George R—ns had the pleasure to—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*—incomparable, *puff*—first lot—*puff*—previously addressed the meeting, and—*puff*, *puff*, prodigious improvements, first of—*pu-u-uff*."

A keen sharp-visaged man, on the other side, let off the following—

"Patriots'—*puff*—most glorious cause!—*puff*, *puff*—General O-dish-us—*puff*—Morea—*puff*—in the harbour, bore down on them with a—*puff*—Turkish fleet all blown up—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*, *puff*—fire-ships, *puff*, *puff*."

A fifth party, who occasionally got rid of his supernal undant caloric in a rather peculiar manner, furnished these shreds:

"Bad case—*pek*—opinion of all the counsel, only—*puff*, *pek*—Judges strong against—*pek*, *pek*, *piff*—hopeless—*puff*—must suffer—*puff*, *puff*."

A mean-looking creature, whom I soon discovered to be a Critic, was covering himself with smoke and soot while he ejaculated these fragments of a superior mind:

"Should be damned—*puff*, *puff*—execrable—*puff*—Woman never Vext!—*puff*, *puff*—lying—*puff*—course up into the clouds with a—*puff*—to Macready's fine acting, the best *Virginia* for—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*—revive Oronooko—*puff*—Hudson's Bay d—d good—*puff*, *puff*—Ellistoun will give the public—*puff*, *puff*—Drury Lane all—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*, and Covent Garden, but—*puff*, *puff*—the newspapers—*puff*."

Two or three shabby-gentlefolks, who were taking a pint of porter in a nook by themselves, sent forth the following—*Booksellers*—*puff*—Byron's death—*puff*—last breath—*puff*—Medwin's Life—*puff*—Conversations—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*—Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, *tide*, *lice*—*puff*, *puff*, *puff*, *puff*—the public completely gulled by—*puff*, *puff*."

From the rest of the confusion of tongues, but without my being able to tell the precise smoker-speakers, the following, among hundreds of other miscellaneous expressions, reached my tympanum:

Marsh and Co. dividend—*puff*—Chambers and Son quite solvent—*puff*—parliamentary reform—*puff*—new compa-

* Qy. Odysseus.—Pr. Devil.

nice—*puff, puff, puff*—last state lottery all prizes—*puff*—abolition of slavery—*puff*—Mr. Fletcher—*puff* (apparently from vile tobacco if I might guess from the filthy odour)—unrivalled blacking—*puff, puff*—selling off at prime—*puff, puff*—all done in one year at the Mansion House by—*puff*—betray women—*puff*—honour—*puff*—virtue—*puff*—even humbug—*puff, puff, puff*.

In a word, I trust I have made myself understood,—for really, after all, I think I must have been half asleep.

X FUMO DARE LUCEM.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—"What hateful passions are hunting and shooting!" said Lady Dorothea Cleveland; "people of rank are, really, now beginning to return to town; and here am I, buried in this old priory, because my husband prefers the sport of following a hare, or shooting a pheasant to all the enjoyments that the brilliant parties, now about to take place in the metropolis, can give. Yet, really, Mr. Cleveland is so good, so complying, that I ought to sacrifice something to his happiness. Come, come, I will try to set a good face on the matter; let me think if I cannot make some advantage of my present position: something, surely, may be done that way. For example: my being such a near neighbour to Mrs. Denbigh; her family will always afford me means of dissipating my thoughts; this lady, too, is never without much company at her country residence. I will go and pass the day with her. I shall soon be dressed,"—and, no sooner said than done; behold our young wife, arrived in the spacious drawing-room of Mrs. Denbigh, where she found assembled at least, twenty persons. After the first usual compliments of ceremony and introduction, every one began audibly to lament the badness of the weather, to regret the pleasures of summer, and to find fault with the wearisome sameness of the autumnal season: when the little giddy Miss Somerton, cried out, "La! could not we get up a private play?" "Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed all the young men; and, immediately, Moreton, Cumberland, Sheridan, Tobin, O'Keefe, &c. &c. &c., were named by this little dramatic committee: but, at length, it was decided, that they must have something quite new; and they called in the assistance of a young gentleman-author, who exhibited an unpublished piece, the existence of which would, certainly, never have been known, had it not been for this un-hoped for circumstance. Good, or bad, it was no matter; the comedy was accepted; every one found in it a character that suited: the greatest difficulty was how to support it. The first discussion was on the pretty apron of the waiting-maid; the ladies of the highest rank, wished to appropriate it to themselves; indeed, the whole costume of the chambermaid was so bewitching, it gave such an archness to the countenance, that must be to the advantage of any pretty face, whose owner should undertake the character. To avoid all contention on this head, it was proposed that lots should be drawn for it; and it fell to that of a pretty, fair haired lady, who, though handsome, could not be called agreeable, on account of the constant formality and prudery of her behaviour. The heroine of the piece, who was in love, was also another difficult character to fill up. No one seemed willing to take upon themselves this milk and water character, which is generally the chief female personage in romances and sentimental comedies; the performance of innocence and sentiment does not agree with our present manners; and to conciliate all parties, they thought they would call down Emily, the youngest sister of Miss Somerton, who had proposed the play; they were nieces to Mrs. Denbigh, and Emily had come from school to pass her Christmas Holidays with her aunt in the country: she, poor girl, was studying in her chamber a lesson in French, on the *Hamiltonian system*; and she went down quite intimi-

dated at the destiny that awaited her; she submitted, however, with a tolerably good grace, and set about learning her part. A young collegian was to perform the character of the lover. At length, the rehearsals began; there were then some alterations; little disputes followed between the different members, and, above twenty times, it was thought that the performance would never take place. However, the day of execution arrived, and they all met in the morning for their last rehearsal, when one of the principal actresses, who fancied she had some reason to complain of the behaviour of the society towards her, said she had a violent head-ache, and that she must give up her part. At this unexpected intelligence, the murmurs became general; and the embarrassment extreme. They were obliged to give the character back again, to a lady from whom they had taken it away; this lady, taking advantage of this circumstance to revenge herself, took all possible pains to put every one out: she made them lose the proper cue, by addressing to them questions foreign to the purpose; in short, when the piece was finished, all the audience smiled at themselves, for the applause they had bestowed; the performers quarrelled with each other, and of all this society, heretofore as much united as they were amiable, here was only the youthful Emily and the young Collegian, who did not take part in the discussion, but continued their rehearsals, long after the piece had ceased to be performed.

It is thus, that in a select society, may be found, as in our great theatres, intrigues behind the scenes, the machinations of artists, the struggles of self-love, absurd pretensions, and in a word, all the parade of discord and dissension.

Yet this mania for private theatricals is still in fashion amongst many of our first circles, particularly in the country. What can people do, in the midst of rural scenes, when they are worth millions? Can they employ themselves in helping to fill their barns? To oversee their labourers, follow the plough, or help to cut the corn? They, therefore, as they cannot think of coming to town till at the *Haut-ton* is assembled there, endeavour to fill up the long and wearisome evenings, with whatever pleasure their imaginations can suggest that bears, at the same time, any feature resembling those of the metropolis; where it would be better perhaps, to encourage those splendid talents, by their presence, which are solely employed for their amusement, than to weary themselves in forming projects of recreation, that often end in the separation of long-attached friends, and thereby become the source of lasting regret.

PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1825.

[Concluded.]

From Moore's, Partridge's and the Prophetic Almanacks.

JULY.

Partridge.—This month like the last produce several conjunctions of the planetary bodies, and one of which, that of *Saturn* and *Venus*, in the ascendant of *London*, (where *Saturn* has been for a long time), is of striking import, but it is to be hoped that the benevolent rays of *Venus* will be a check upon the malignity of that gloomy infortune.

Prophetic.—For one who never from his duty flinches,
Are sent to Parliament ten Jacks-at-pinches.

Matters involving points of great pith and moment seem to have taken up our prelates: and the internal economy of certain Universities is likely to be under discussion. York has cause to apprehend damage from fire, or some violence of nature. Contagious distempers appear to attack, as I suppose, both Holland and Scotland; and an unhealthy season is likely to be experienced generally. Between the

8th of April and 17th of May, a female branch of the Royal Family is afflicted; and it is to be hoped she will escape the effects portended between the 7th of July and 7th of August. Some of our settlements in the West, and from the direction of the influence, I should say Canada, is visited by a catastrophe that seems incalculably injurious. For want of room, the mentioning a duel in high life, which was fore-shown in the vernal scheme, or radix of the year, has been omitted in its proper place.

AUGUST.

Partridge.—"The papal dominions are likely to receive a mighty shock, and the Holy Father will probably find a coffin and a successor." Pius the 7th died the same year.

Prophetic.—*States, on a sudden, like Ætnean mountains,
Roll tides of lava round from fiery fountains!*

The positions and revolutions presented by the vernal scheme, and confirmed by the evidence of the summer figure together with the aspects extracted above, represent things in the West as wearing a very gloomy appearance. What is expressly portended with regard to Spanish affairs, it is no very easy matter to single out and divine; but by Jupiter, who is Lord of the Ascendant of this quarter, and by the sign of the oriental angle, Spain is doubly denoted. Both the malefics oppose the ascendant and combine to afflict its Lord, which evinces some act of desperation—some ultimate stroke of retribution as overtaking the recreant cabal which has traitorously violated the sanctuary of her freedom—driven her patriotic worthies into exile—and sullied her bosom with the blood of her best children! The coercive measures adopted in our western colonies to enforce subordination, seem to have failed in producing any thing like peaceable results. If our Council Chamber has not already changed some of its members, it is among the events fore-shown. During the Summer quarter, Italy will be visited by a terrible storm, or some convulsion of nature, and the city of Rome, it seems, will suffer much injury.

SEPTEMBER.

Partridge.—Much perplexity amongst our senators in their deliberations on foreign affairs. An old statesman meets with disgrace from his prince, also some *Amanuensis* called to account for his under-hand dealings.

Prophetic.—*We bilk ourselves by saying TIME demolisheth
The ways and customs good that VICE abolisheth.*

By borrowing a word or two from the royal moralist of Israel, a forcible application may be made to the present state of things. "They would none of my counsel," says the divine oracle; "they despised my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. But the turning away of the pure from their own shall slay them; and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

OCTOBER.

Moore in this month resumes its forebodings and says:—In last month (September) *Saturn* squared the *Sun* from the very sign where he was in *Conjunction* with *Mars*;—may the city of *London* be preserved from fires and other disasters, pointed out by this planet in *Gemini*. Old *Saturn* now becoming retrograde, meets with a hateful square of *Venus*; from this, it is probable, that some untoward actions will happen in those places under *Gemini*, and *Virgo*; divisions amongst great men, or many quarrels concerning their merchandize, or losses at sea, either by storms or pirates. Small pox, scarlet fevers, or some other epidemical diseases, greatly to be expected in those places subject to the signs above alluded to.

Proph.—*With sceptres twain some bear down disaffection.
THIS keeps the men—THAT, women in subjection—*

On a slight view, rather good than evil might seem to be imported: but traversing the figure for autumn and weighing the counterbalance of vicious influence, one moderately versed in the subject must see that, in spite of *Trines* and *Conjunctions*, evil predominates. From the general complexion of the signs, gambling—criminal voluptuousness—and those horrible sensual vices which are rattling the sills of moral virtue, are as prevalent as ever. One of some distinction as to family, crossed, as it seems, in no very honourable speculations, falls a premature example of depravity. Much perplexity appears to result from a failure of some money-monger in Paris, at this time.

NOVEMBER.

Moore.—Some mischief hatched by one of our modern *Venuses*. Old square-toed *Saturn* should square off. About this time we may expect to hear of an eminent marriage, or rather bargain.

For to be plain 'tis not the person,
Man's wishes set so sharp and fierce on;
But that not better part the riches,
That his enamour'd heart bewitches;
For money like the swords of kings
Is the last reason of all things.

I flatter myself that the ladies will not be displeased at my informing them in this place (November) that *Venus* will be the prevailing planet in the Spring and Summer months; hence many matrimonial alliances will be formed, and the maiden lady, whose charms may be said to be rather on the decline, will with pleasure anticipate, or remember the happy year of 1826.

Partridge.—Many secret intrigues and vile practices appear in some courts and councils, with great discord amongst their leading men, and likewise much discontent evinced by the common people.

Great endeavours are still used by the different courts of *Europe*, for the consolidation of peace, but *Saturn* being *Retrograde* in *Gemini*, leads me to suppose they will make but a poor business of it in the end:—Look at my remarks in Nov. 1823; and think of Thurtell's fate.

Prophetic.—*England had patriots, many once, and true ones,
Whose good old ways are chang'd for sorry new ones.*

The hostile planets, *Saturn* and *Mars*, in performing their diurnal revolutions, will, for some time, affect our cause in the East. While *Saturn*, whose declination North is now equal to the latitude of the capital of *Birman*, is traversing the meridians of *England* from east to west, *Mars* will be crossing those of our *Birman* enemy. *Saturn* is favourable to *Indian* states; and seated as he is in the ascendant of *London*, where he is retrograde, makes much against us. *Mercury* is also disposed to be friendly to *Asia*; and his quarrel with *Jupiter* is annoying to us. *Spain* is still conspicuously signified as undergoing changes; but whether good will result is doubtful. Many signs, at the present season, seem to favour the popular cause: and it appears that the throne of *Naples* and *Sicily* is to become a reversion.

DECEMBER.

Partridge.—*Saturn* is still retrograde in *Gemini*, (which sign he has been in during the whole year,) and likewise opposed by the rays of *Sol*, from the ascendant of *Spain*: let old *Louis's* successor mind what he is about, or he may fish in troubled waters.

E 3

*Prophetic.—See how the Regent's Park, and Street that Swallow was,
Lin'd are with Pagan Temples and Seraglios.*

Things have got to strange extremes; and "extremes never last long," the old adage says. And what is all this but the raising of so many temples to the idol, Pride? But "Pride," says the proverb, "goeth before destruction." On winding up my warnings for the year, I call the attention of all good men to the following emphatic passage from Ezekiel: "As I live, saith the Lord God, Sodom, thy sister, hath not done, she nor her daughters, as thou hast done, thou and thy daughters. Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister, Sodom: Pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness, was in her and her daughters; neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy: and they were haughty, and committed abomination before me; therefore I took them away as I saw good." (xvi. 48.)

MORE PROPHECIES FOR THE YEAR 1825.

In the course of this year a number of ladies will catch cold for want of clothing; while others will carry their whole wardrobe on their back, and yet be starved to death.

Several young ladies, of good property, will fall violently in love with young men of no property or expectations; *dreadful disappointments* will consequently ensue on both sides.

A great many lectures and sermons will be preached, and unattended to.

Novel reading will be all the rage, and young misses will rise early and go to bed late, to read love tales.

It will be the fashion for ladies to wear no pockets, and from circumstances some gentlemen may *not require any*.

Several duels will occur, when the parties will miss fire, it being their original intention not to hurt each other.

Great preparations will be made for travelling excursions, but little pains taken to prepare for *that journey from whence no traveller returns*.

A few love affairs will take an unexpected turn; and the disappointed party will go a *brain shooting*.

Two or three Englishmen towards next November will take leave, and go on a *voyage of discovery*.

In the long vacation several *fashionables* will return to town, from the country, where they have been rusticated to avoid the morning visits of those troublesome intruders, the Messrs. Doe and Roe.

Some dealers and chapmen will come under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, as bankrupts, when their *friends* will discover they ought not to have given dinners and feasts to which they were invited, and partook.

Great murmurs and discontent will arise among divers apprentices, in consequence of next Christmas Day falling on a Sunday.

FRENCH PROMISES.—The Queen Marie Antoinette, said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron, I have a favour to ask of you." "Madam," he replied, "if the thing be possible, it is already done: if impossible, it shall be done."

THE BARON DE BRETEUIL.—This minister was a great smuggler, and used to gain immense sums by getting merchandise introduced into Paris free of duty. His partner, the merchant, went to him one day, and said he was in great dis-

tress, a waggon load of goods was lying at St. Denis, but the bales were so large there was no chance of smuggling them in. "No chance!" exclaimed the Baron, "why, are they too large to go through the Porte St. Denis?" "No, Sir." "Then be under no apprehensions, they shall be got in." The Baron carried his extravagance to such a pitch that all the utensils of his kitchen, even the spits, tongs, and shovels, were made of solid silver.

CANOVA.—Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as more propitious to the flights of genius. Love-sick swains seek woods and groves, and purling streams, to pour out the overflowings of passion. Canova fancied the Sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a clouded sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Denon, there was wanting that grand character which distinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the execution of his work. "I feel it, Sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

JUSTE CIEL.—The tester of a bed is in French called *le ciel*; the Marquis de Bievre, of punning memory, hearing that the *ciel* (tester) of Calonne's bed had fallen upon him, he exclaimed: *Juste ciel!*

Prior having been the dupe of his credulity, a friend told him,—"Never place any confidence in persons you don't know." "Why at that rate," replied Prior, "you would not trust your own father."

A HISSING HOT MISTAKE.—Madame Linguet was an actress of the Italian theatre in Paris: her husband, who was cashier of the theatre, employed a party to hiss every actress but Madame Linguet, and to applaud her to the skies; this went on famously for some time, till the secret was found out by a sad mistake: Linguet, in his instructions to the men, said, "To-morrow night you must hiss the first actress who appears, and applaud the second.—now, mind you make no mistake, hiss the first and applaud the second." They obeyed orders; but, unfortunately for Madame Linguet, the play was changed, and in the new piece she appeared first, when she was completely hissed, to the amusement of all the audience. Mons. Linguet, to be revenged, ran off with all the money of the theatre in his hands, and took refuge in the temple, then an asylum where a person could not be arrested.

ON MISS WISE.

To be wise is a blessing, most people will say;

Then why should this maid wish to marry?

Then she'd cease to be Wise. Very true, Sir; but, pray,
May she not prove too Wise if she tarry?

TO AN INCONSTANT FRIEND.

You think your oldest friends still girls and boys,
And use them just as children do their toys;
Now take up this—then that—then that again,
And then—What then?—You put them down again.

LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHewing THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATIONS.

IX.—English Dukes.

SPENCER, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

In the time of William the Conqueror, there was a man of great eminence, named Robert; who, being steward to the monarch, was called Robert *le Despenser*. He was not only a Baron himself, but was by consanguinity, connected with Urso de Abbetot, and also to the earl of Montgomery.

We are ignorant, however, not only of the time of *le Despenser's* death, but also whether he came with William into England or was of *British descent*. But in the reign of Henry I, we find another person in the office of Steward or *Despenser*, and who bore the same name; not, we apprehend, by being his son, but from succeeding him in the office of King's Steward. This was William *Despenser*, who succeeded in his office by Thurston, had four sons; the youngest Geoffry, we may venture to pronounce, was the ancestor of the present Duke of Marlborough.

This Geoffry, died in 1242, and, by his wife Emma, left one son, John, then about seven years of age. When this John came of age, in 1256, being in possession of sixty pounds per annum in Leicestershire, and fifteen pounds per annum, in Hampshire, he was called up to receive the honour of knighthood. Sir John died in 1272, he had been twice married, and by his second wife had two sons, William, only survived him, who was the youngest, and he had a son John, who attended the Duke of Lancaster, when he assumed the title of King of Castille, in his expedition to Spain. John was afterwards in high esteem with Henry V.; and, being at the siege of Rouen, was one of those who composed the procession of Henry on his triumphal entry into that place. He married Alice, the daughter of a gentleman, named Deverill, and had one son Nicolas *Despenser*, who, by his wife, Joan Polard, was the father of two sons, Thomas and William, the youngest of which by his wife, (whose air-name was Clare,) had one son John, who died without issue, in 1456. Thomas, the elder and heir of Nicolas, had a son, called Henry *Spencer*, by which it will be found, that the name of *Despenser* had undergone a change, as appears by a receipt written in the reign of Henry VI.

This Henry *Spencer*, who died in 1476, had four sons by his wife Isabel, daughter and coheir of—Lincoln, Esq.; the eldest, John, continued the line; and his seal affixed to his last will, shews that he bore the same arms as the present family. He had three sons; the eldest, named William, received from Henry VII. an estate that had been forfeited by the attainer of the famous Catesby, one of the adherents to Richard III. William *Spencer* married the sister of the no-less famous Empson, so well known for obtaining money from the subjects of Henry VII. for that monarch; by this lady, he had two sons and a daughter, John, the eldest, married Isabel, one of the daughters of Walter Graunt, Esq. John

Spencer was knighted by Henry VIII. and his last will proves him to have had very large possessions.

William *Spencer*, son and heir of John; was also knighted by Henry VIII. He had a son, named John, who, in the fifth of Edward VI. served the office of Sheriff for Northampton.

He past his time in retirement, but not in idleness, being the greatest husbandman and economist of the age, which enabled him to indulge a most hospitable disposition, without injuring his fortune. Of a numerous offspring, six of which were sons, John *Spencer*, the eldest, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and died in the year 1599.

We now come to the first nobleman of this younger branch of the *Spencer* family?

Robert, Lord *Spencer*, who, on the accession of James I. to the throne of England, was accounted to have more ready money by him, than any other subject. It was the misfortune of James, that he made peers without property, and then gave them property out of the labours and manufactures of the commons. He deviated from this in the case of Sir Robert *Spencer*, by making him a Baron of England. This creation was highly applauded, as he was a nobleman really an ornament to the court, and displayed a magnificence answerable to his wealth. He was sent to Frederic, Duke of Wirtemberg, with the order of the garter; and, as Lord *Spencer*, represented his Majesty's person, his dress, and valuable jewels, did not fall below royalty, itself, in appearance.

Lord *Spencer*, however, did not long remain a favourite at court; he could not approve the King's arbitrary measures; and he was too much an Englishman to countenance the vast influx of Scotch nobility, and gentry that came into the kingdom.

It must even be remembered to the honour of Lord *Spencer*, that he was one of the peers, concerned with Henry, Prince of Wales, in the noble project of erecting a public academy for the education of young persons of quality; this design was the most necessary, as, at that time, English education consisted merely of college learning; for the attainment of polite exercises, they were obliged either to go abroad, or employ foreigners at home; who being no other than servants, could lay no restraint on their pupils, who used, with the knowledge they obtained from these menials of fencing, &c. &c., to commit great irregularities. As the Prince of Wales had a great taste for maritime affairs, this institution was intended to educate officers for the sea, as well as the land service. The death of the prince put a stop to this laudable project.

The first Lord *Spencer* died on the 25th of October 1637, his lady having died in child-birth, thirty years before. He had issue four sons and three daughters: his second son, William, was the *second Lord Spencer*: he was serviceable to his country, and amiable in private life; he married Penelope, eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton, by whom he had six sons and seven daughters; and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, who was first Earl of Sunderland, born in 1620.

His guardian, the Earl of Southampton, consulted with Lady Penelope, his mother, about settling this young nobleman in life, and they came to a determination to marry him

to Lady Dorothy Sidney, the Earl of Leicester's daughter. Lord Spencer being then only nineteen years of age, the King was petitioned to enable him to settle a jointure on his lady, which petition was granted, and Lord Leicester being then Ambassador to Paris, the young pair paid him a visit, and remained there till Lord Spencer became of age. Parties at that time ran very high; he originally espoused the cause of parliament, because he feared the stretch of the King's prerogative might endanger the liberties of the subject. He soon saw, however, that, under the pretence of liberty, they were only making large strides to destroy it; his lordship was, therefore, looked upon as a deserter of the cause; he saw, but too plainly, the effusion of blood which must ensue from the fury of each party, and resolving to take part with the King, he gave up to his wife, over and above her jointure, a legacy of three thousand pounds, as a dowry to his daughter Dorothy, and seven thousand pounds to the child with which his lady was pregnant. He then attended the King in his different combats against the parliamentary forces; and so sensible was Charles of his services, that he created him Earl of Sunderland: he fell, however in the memorable battle of Newbury, at the age of twenty-three. His lady was the greatest beauty of her time, and was celebrated by Waller, under the name of *Sacharissa*. She was always a firm and useful friend to those sufferers, in whose cause her noble husband fell.

The Earl had one son and two daughters; Robert, his son, succeeded him, as second *Earl of Sunderland*.

On his return from his travels, this young nobleman ingratiated himself much into the favour of Charles II.; towards the conclusion of whose reign, the question concerning the exclusion of the Duke of York, took up the minds of all parties.

The Earl of Sunderland had a difficult part to manage: he, and his two noble friends, Essex and Halifax, were the only ministers Charles consulted with. Lord Halifax wanted steadiness, but the notions of the Earl of Essex were diametrically opposite to those of the King.

In the mean time, the Earl of Sunderland and his two noble friends, proceeded in their respective departments of business, without any material impediment, till August 1679, when the King was taken dangerously ill at Windsor. His immediate successor, the Duke of York, seemed in a manner to be proscribed from the throne. In an interval of the King's illness, which proved an intermittent fever, they sent immediately for the Duke; but his Majesty recovered before he reached Windsor.

The Earl of Sunderland and his friends acted the wisest and most honest part: the Duke of York was under no parliamentary incapacity to succeed his brother, and it was difficult to say, which party was most dangerous to the nation; the Tories, by joining with the *papists*; or the Whigs, by attempting to unhinge the *order of succession*. All who know any thing of history, are acquainted with the insinuating manners of Charles II, and that he had so much good sense, and so little bigotry in religion, as to leave his protestant subjects no room to apprehend that popery would ever be introduced in his life time. The Earl of Sunderland's long continuance in the ministry, opened the throat of calumny against him: and his name, with that of the Earl of Essex and Sir William Temple, were struck out of the list of privy counsellors. James II. however, saw the absolute necessity of restoring the seals to so able a statesman, as the Earl of Sunderland: and when he ascended the throne, continued him in all his offices: both *papists* and protestants, however, were preju-

diced against his Lordship; but he soon received a glorious vindication of his firm attachment to the protestant religion; and King William, after his succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, never took any step of importance without first consulting the Earl.

Unhappily, while his Lordship was endeavouring to form a coalition between the Whig and Tory parties, a misunderstanding took place between Queen Mary, and Princess Anne, of Denmark. Mary refused, even in her last illness, to see her sister; but, on the Queen's death, Anne wrote a letter of condolence to the King, by the advice of the Earl of Sunderland, which had all the effect that could be desired.

The Earl, being in high credit with the King and nation, drew near the end of his useful life, and retired to Althorp, where he died on the 28th of December, 1702. His Lordship had married Anne, youngest daughter of George Digby, Earl of Bristol; by this lady he had three sons and four daughters. His second son, Charles, succeeded his father as

THIRD EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

He was thrice married; first to Arabella, youngest daughter to Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and by her had one daughter.

On the 16th of January, 1699, this nobleman married a second wife, Anne, second daughter, (and one of the co-heirs) to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, by whom he had four sons, and two daughters. The mother of these children dying the 16th of April, 1716, his Lordship, on the 5th of December, 1717, married his third wife, Judith, daughter of Benjamin Titchbourne, Esq., by whom he had three children, who all died young.

This part of the Earl of Sunderland's history is too prolix to be gone into by us, however interesting: few are unacquainted with the dismissal of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, from her situation of confidential friend to Queen Anne: the disgust taken on this occasion by her husband, the great Churchill, was followed by his removal, which caused a surprising effect on the funds. A remonstrance from the chief merchants was presented to Anne, who replied, that, for some time, she had resolved to remove the Earl of Sunderland, but she had not determined on any other changes: whenever she should, she would take good care the public credit should not be injured thereby. The Earl was in the highest estimation with the people; and her Majesty sent word she meant to settle on him an annuity of three thousand pounds per annum for his life. To this ensnaring offer, the Earl returned this bold, but becoming answer:—"I am glad her Majesty is satisfied that I have done my duty; but if I cannot have the honour to *serve my country*, I will not *plunder it*." The dismissal of his Lordship still more sensibly affected the funds than the preceding. Four days after George I. arrived in England, the Earl of Sunderland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He attended the King to his German dominions; and in June, 1720, he was appointed one of the Lords Justices, during the King's absence. The fatal effects of the South Sea schemes in that year, caused the sufferers, amazed at their calamities, to impute them, unjustly, to persons in far higher stations than the South Sea directors: and their suspicions fell on the Earl, who very candidly said, he had been for the South Sea scheme because he thought it for the advantage of the nation, to lessen the public debt; but as no act of Parliament had ever been so much abused as the South Sea act, he would go as far as any body to punish the offenders. His enemies thought

this a fair handle against him, and his Lordship, fearful that public service might suffer through their disputes, resigned his place as First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty: he, however, continued to enjoy the royal favor till his death, which happened on the 21st April, 1722.

His eldest son, Robert, was fourth Earl of Sunderland; when his father died he was on his travels; and returning home, he was seized with a violent fever at Paris, which put a period to his life on the 27th of November, 1729. His honors devolved upon his next brother,

CHARLES, OF THIS FAMILY, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

By the death of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, (who was his mother's elder sister, and elder sister of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough), on the 24th of October, 1733, without surviving issue, this Charles, fifth Earl of Sunderland, in right of his mother, second daughter to John, Duke of Marlborough, succeeded to the Dukedom.

On the 5th of October, 1744, his Grace had a large accession of fortune, by the death of his grandmother, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

At this time the French threatened England with an invasion; and to humble their insolence, two powerful squadrons were fitted out; the first commanded by Lord Anson and Sir Edward Hawke; the other under the direction of Commodore Howe, with a powerful body of troops, embarked under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, and it proved that the nation was greatly indebted to these brave commanders.

His Grace was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the British Forces, but did not long survive the appointment: he died on the 27th of October, at Munster, in Westphalia, in the year 1758.

His Grace married on the 23rd of May, 1732, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Trevor, and by her, who died on the 7th of October, 1761, he had three sons and two daughters; his eldest son, George, succeeded him, as

Second Duke of Marlborough, the second of the name of Spencer who has borne that title; but the fourth, if we regard the female line, and include the Churchills. His Grace married, on the 23rd of August, 1764, Caroline, daughter of Lord Vere, and sister to the fourth Duke of St. Albans, by whom he had George, his successor, the third and present Duke of Marlborough, born on the 6th of March, 1766. He succeeded his father, the late Duke, January 30th, 1817, and was married, September 15th, 1791, to Susan, daughter of John, the late Earl of Galloway, and has issue, George, Marquis of Blandford, born December 27th, 1793, married January 11th, 1819, to his cousin Jane, eldest daughter of the present Earl of Galloway.

The motto of this noble family is "*Dieu défend le droit*"—"God defends the right."

ANECDOTES OF HERALDRY AND CHIVALRY.

In the dark ages of Gothic ignorance and superstition, a cloud of fabulous and improbable incidents obscured the bright beams of truth. False miracles were the basis on which even the ecclesiastical history of those times was built, and from monkish legends alone, are many events gathered and recorded in European annals.

A shield, however, or coat of arms, is a testimony that its

bearer fought for freedom and for glory, and is handed down to posterity as a memorial of the noble achievements of its possessor!

From sources, on the veracity of which we can depend, we offer to our readers these Heraldic and Chivalrous Anecdotes; the one depending so much on the other, that it is not possible to treat of them distinctly, since many armorial bearings are derived from Chivalry.

Some old heralds have imagined that the standards of the Israelites were heraldic; but to this we cannot agree, because it is well known they were all taken from the prophetic blessings given by Jacob to his twelve sons, who gave them neither rules, colours, nor any thing else pertaining to the art of heraldry.

There are heralds who scruple not to say that it was a grandson of Noah who first invented armorial ensigns; but all this is so much mingled with fable, that it cannot be implicitly relied on.

The arms that we have been led to consider the most ancient, are those of the Duchy of Mecklenbourg; and they have been continued with very trivial alterations from their first adoption.

Antyrius, it seems, was educated under the care of an Amazon, near the lakes Molcoleda, in Scythia, having learnt the art of war under Alexander the Great: he put himself at the head of the Heruli, and took the title of King. Quitting Scythia, where his possessions were hereditary, he embarked with his warlike people on board a fleet, of which the principal vessel had the head of an ox depicted on her stern. As they arrived safely at Mecklenbourg, from whence they drove the Angli and others, the ox has been ever since retained as the arms of that Duchy; but the horns, which were painted white till the time of the Emperor Charles IV., were, by him, ordered to be of gold, and a coronet of gold to be added in token of their descent from so illustrious and ancient a race of Kings. From this Antyrius descended the House of Mecklenbourg, from whom came a Queen, renowned for her conjugal and maternal virtues, THE MOTHER OF OUR PRESENT GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

But nothing has contributed so much to the honour of heraldry as the Crusades. There are more families who bear arms for their achievements in the holy wars, or who assumed them on that occasion, than for any other cause. Though the battle of Cressy gave rise to many bearings, it did not equal the crusades. The cross, the scallop-shell, the crescent, or a star, were then universally displayed; and it is thought, by most heralds, that armorial charges were not hereditary before the holy war. Some say that the origin of coats of arms and crests being hereditary, came from tilts and tournaments, in the tenth century; while others assert it was from the crusade, under Godfrey of Boulogne. Whence-soever these bearings may be dated, heraldry merits our utmost respect; and though often degraded by upstarts who lay claim to such favours without authority, and assume armorial achievements to which they have no right.

Crests are now too often changed at pleasure; yet a stationary and family crest is generally indicative of honour and glory. A proof of its being the reward of valour is in that of the Cromwells of Huntingdonshire; their crest was a lion holding in his paw a diamond ring. The following anecdote records its origin.

Richard Williams, alias Cromwell, in the 39d year of King Henry VIII, with five other Esquires, sent a challenge at jousts, to all competitors who would come, from Scotland,

F

Flanders, France, or Spain. On the two first days he successfully overthrew his opponents; and Henry, much pleased with his prowess, called Cromwell to him, and said, "Hitherto thou hast been my DIAMOND, now thou shalt be my DIAMOND;" and dropping his diamond ring from his finger, ordered him ever after to bear the above-mentioned crest. He also knighted him on the spot, and gave him Ramsey Abbey for his good services, and the payment of £4663 4s. 2d. held *in capite* by the tenth part of a Knight's fee, paying £29 16s. Cromwell rose to great favour with King Henry, who made him Gentleman of his Privy Chamber, Constable of Berkely Castle, and Captain of the Horse.

The origin of the arms and supporters of the Hay family, which bears date before the crusades, is thus related:—

When the Scots fled from the Danes, at a place called Long Cartey, one Hay, a husbandman, then at plough with his two sons, snatching the yoke into his hands, not only prevented the further pursuit of the enemy, but beat them back with a great overthrow. Kenneth III, who then reigned over Scotland, did not suffer such valour to go unrewarded, but gave him as much land as a falcon could fly over before it took a stand. At a village, called Hawkestone, is a very large stone on the road side, which is said to be the place where the hawk settled. From this circumstance arose the crest and the supporters. In the shield are three escutcheons given them for a bearing, because Kenneth being once in great danger of his life, some of the Hay family threw themselves in between the King and the enemy; and soon after appearing before Kenneth, with their shields covered with blood, he ordered them in future to bear argent, three escutcheons, gules.

Kenneth, who was thus saved by the loyalty of his subjects, whom he seemed to know how to reward, was not equally fortunate in his intercourse with the fair; in 994, Frinella, Countess of Angus, insinuated herself into his favour, and enticed him to her palace, where, while he listened to a plausible narrative of plots against his life, she caused him to be assassinated. His friends surrounded the palace, to seize the murderess, but she escaped by a window, and fled to her party.

In a fight at Dupplin Castle, in the reign of Edward I the whole house of Hay would have been extirpated, had it not happened that the chief left his wife at home in a state of pregnancy; this child proving a son, the name was thereby perpetuated.

The family of Sir Brian Tunstal, who was slain at the battle of Flodden Field in 1513, bore arms before the time of the crusades. The arms are three combs, which arose from the first of the name and family in England, being barber to William the Conqueror. Cutbert, the son of Sir Brian was twenty-eight years bishop of Durham, and was one of the wisest, best, and most learned men of his time. All the descendants of Sir Brian are of the romish church, and have great property at Wycliff, near the Tees.

There is a tradition in the family of the Thyrrwitts of Stainfield, Lincolnshire, which has been handed down from father to son, that the first of the Thyrrwitts had, in some action, valiantly defended a bridge, and was afterwards sought for by his general, and found sleeping among the rushes; he was discovered by the cries and beatings of the lapwings: from whence he was called Thyrrwitt, and afterwards was assigned three lapwings for his coat of arms.

The paternal arms of Granville, Lord Lansdown, on the breast of the Roman Eagle, were borne in that manner on ac-

count of an Hungarian enterprize. Charles Granville, second baron of Lansdown, and thirty first of Granville, served during his father's life-time, in Hungary against the Turks; he was created count of the Holy Roman Empire, and permitted to wear his arms on the Imperial Eagle.

A Sir Thomas Arundel, who greatly signalized himself in war, and took the banner of the Ottomans at Gran, was created Count of the Holy Roman Empire, by Rodolph II. 1592. The title was not limited to himself, nor his male descendants; but to all his family and their descendants *either male or female*. On his return to England, a dispute arose among the peers, whether such a dignity, granted by a foreign prince, ought to be *allowed here*, as to place and precedence, or any other privilege, and was voted in the negative; upon which, King James I, in the third year of his reign in England, desirous of countenancing the signal merit of Sir Thomas Arundel, created him Baron of Wardour; he bears diamond six swallows (three, two and one) from *Hirondelle*, a swallow; and we must say it seems a strange corruption of the name of *Arundel*.

The family of Keith bore arms before the Crusades. It is said that one Robert, a chieftain among the Catti having joined Malcolm II., King of Scotland, at the battle of Pan-bridge, in 1006, was very instrumental in gaining a victory over the Danes, where Cannea, their general was killed by the hand of Robert, which Malcolm perceiving, dipped his finger in Cannea's blood, and drew strokes with it along the top of Robert's shield; since which time the family of Keith have borne the following arms; argent a chief paly of eight argent and gules.

[To be continued.]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A SATIRE.

Come now, all ye beaux and ye belles of the East;
For Cupid his arrows has fixed in each breast;
To the Two-Penny Post-Office hasten away
With your tributes to sweet-hearts on Valentine's day.

See the stationer's windows, how gaily they shine,
With stamp'd sheets, where the rose and the lily entwine,
Beneath whose light foliage, true lovers may pay,
Their vows to each other on Valentine's day.

There Cupids with bows and with quivers are seen,
With arrow pierc'd hearts, and french mottoes between;
Which seem to each damsel's soft bosom to say,
"Remember the pledges of Valentine's day."

But all tempers to suit, both of high and of low,
Love's caricatures are strung in a row;
That neglected affection its wit may display
To the proud, scornful fair one on Valentine's day.

Now the heroes of Grub Street their verses prepare,
And tho' the sweet Nine never dictated there;
Each dashing apprentice considers he may
Make *rhyme without reason* on Valentine's day.

Ye vot'ries of fashion, who shine in the West,
Whose love by the sigh or the smile is express,
Reject not the homage a poet would pay
To the charms of each fair one on Valentine's day.

VALENTINE.

THE TRAVELS OF THAT MOST LEARNED AND SCIENTIFIC DIGNITARY, DOCTOR ROUND.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DOCTOR'S FIRST OUTSET—AND THE EXCELLENT ADVICE HE GAVE TO HIS NEPHEW CONE.

[Continued from page 12.]

The Doctor having, by his little Treatise on the effects of tea, somewhat appeased his choler, ordered Trunc to get it printed and published, little dreaming of what would ultimately be the dreadful consequence.

All things were now ready for starting. Jemmy was sent in a hack with the luggage to the coach office, and the Doctor, after tenderly embracing Mrs. Round, marched with his nephew Trunc to join Jemmy.—It has been often remarked that, in starting upon a journey, the first extraordinary circumstance that occurs is an arbirger, or omen of what will be the result. The Doctor in taking a sharp turn of the corner of a street, thinking of the Chinese and their infernal tails, stumbled over a dog, who was probably thinking as deep as the Doctor (for it was no other than the sapient Toby); Trunc immediately ran to his uncle's assistance, and having succeeded in raising the best stored bookcase in Europe to its perpendicular position, made this sage remark: "My worthy uncle, this is a happy event; it prognosticates the success of our adventures—two of the greatest beings in Europe of the biped and quadruped race have, by accident, come in contact; it indicates that as the beast was under you and yelped at feeling your superior consequence, that you are supreme over begits; and let the *beast* be ever so *beastly*, or ever so *sapient* your superior weight in the world shall crush it!" The Doctor listened with marked attention, praised Cone for his discernment, and having brushed the dirt from his garments, proceeded, in a deep reverie, to the coach office, where, having arrived without further mishap, they found that Jemmy had arranged every thing necessary respecting the luggage, and seated by the side of a buxon lass on the roof of the coach, appeared so jealous of his situation, that he did not even offer to descend to assist his learned master to stow himself within, but left that *enviable* office to the *envied* amanuensis. The Doctor and Trunc being safely lodged, and no other inside passenger,—this pride, this flower of British literature, was whirled at the rate of ten miles an hour on his arduous undertaking: the world little thinking what a treasure they were hazarding upon speculations, though grand in the extreme, were yet excessively precarious in their nature. After a pause of some minutes the Doctor thus addressed his nephew: "My dear Trunc, Providence seems to have pointed out this period as a favourable epoch of your life, by leaving us together in this vehicle without the intrusion of strangers, and thereby giving me an opportunity of lecturing you as to your future conduct in our researches after knowledge, and also as to the moral principles, upon which such a promising young man as yourself ought to act. You are aware, my dear boy, that appearance

in life is every thing; that outward things are infinitely more appreciated, than all the rich and hidden stores of intellectual knowledge; have you not observed how often I have been pointed at by ignorance and folly as a stupid, old, fat fool? Your indignation must naturally have been excited, and your eyes opened to the false judgment of the world, knowing how intensely I have studied to store my mind at the expence of my body; and how I have distorted my frame to avoid the observations of those who are ever envious of superior attainments. Now, my worthy lad, you have not had the advantages of an education equal to myself (and indeed no one, *from your appearance*, would, for a moment suspect it, even had your mind been stored like the Bodlean library); but it is necessary now that we should put a proper face upon our affairs; it is absolutely necessary that you should appear *like a learned man*. In the first place, those locks of yours which hang so luxuriously over your shoulders, and which foolish people call *carotty* (although your aunt knows them to be *auburn*) should undergo a quick and mighty change: you are aware that baldness has ever been considered as a strong indication of mental energy; and imagine that, when the top of your head is well shaved, and those ringlets (as your aunt calls them) well trimmed, when people are eying you as a simple lad, you suddenly take off your hat as if to wipe the perspiration from your studious brow, and disclose, to their astounded senses, the head of a young Diogenes; think of the triumph you will have over their premature judgments! with what calm and conscious superiority, on replacing your hat, you will cast a mixed look of pity and contempt at their extreme deficiency of perception, and march slowly away with all classical dignity. You must always, my dear boy, look as if you *know something*: you must keep your brow constantly knit, every now and then start, as if you had a thought; take out your pocket book, write or scribble rapidly, putting occasionally your finger to your forehead—then, with a sort of hum; pace the room rapidly apparently in deep reflection, but by no means be led into a controversy, only *hum!* and *hah!* and look mountains, shake your head or involuntarily nod; smile a little contemptuously, never mind what the discussion may be, but in a few words appear to know more than you choose to utter; if you should by chance be so off your guard as to make a foolish remark, do not appear to be conscious of it; but immediately utter some low incoherent sentence, so that the company may suppose that over-study has had a temporary effect upon your mental faculties, be rather slovenly in your dress and a *little dirty*: (by the way, that advice is not necessary.) But to continue."—Here Cone took the liberty of observing to his uncle, that he would strictly adhere to his admonition, although he very much disliked the shaving part of the business; but having witnessed the terrible effects of his uncle's indignation, at Twyng Wang's conduct, he thought it

judicious to assent to all his wishes, he therefore tacitly acquiesced.

"This is not all that I require of you, my worthy nephew," said the Doctor, "there is still a severe trial that I must put your fortitude to: I have lately observed, that your appetite is rather of a voracious nature, in fact you eat almost as much as I do, and although you are lankey (I mean slim) at present, yet I observe a small protuberance indicative of a future rotundity equal to my own; you must, however, keep yourself as thin as a weazel, in fact, as genteel in appearance as your *aunt*, whose especial favorite you are; you must partake very sparingly of animal food, no wine, and but little beer, and that very *small*: and then I am certain you will have all the appearance of a studious and learned character." At this Cone's countenance fell, it was a shock so unexpected to him that his bowels grumbled involuntarily at the privation they anticipated.—The Doctor affected not to observe his tribulation, but continued:—"There is another point that I must forcibly impress on your mind, the fallacy, the error of susceptibility in youth; Trunc I have often observed you looking with *rather more* than essentially necessary expression, towards my house-maid Sally; those looks have often excited some doubt in my mind as to their meaning; but considering your extreme youth, I could impute your motive to no other than endeavouring to improve yourself in those lessons of physiognomy, which I have so repeatedly endeavoured to inculcate. Sally is certainly a good looking young woman, and every turn of her countenance evinces her character as a good bed maker."—The Doctor now appeared to be deeply absorbed in thought; and leant back, apparently overcome with the intensity of his anxiety for his nephew's welfare. Cone, all attention, and expecting a continuation of his uncle's lecture, sat open mouthed, but was soon relieved, by an idea that the very thought of a *bed maker*, had lulled his uncle to that dormant state, that relieves the weary from their toil, and makes the emperor and the beggar for the time equal. Two or three slight blasts, like that of a small trumpet, convinced Trunc that he might have the audacity to put his head out of the window, and take a peep at Jemmy and his lass, who, in spite of his dark copper colour, he found was by no means an exceptionable companion to the cherry cheek damsel, as she was looking insinuatingly on his *sun burnt features*, whilst he protected her from the jerks of the coach, by the encircling position of his left arm. Cone called softly, and winking to Jemmy, asked him if he would like an inside place, as he was a little *sickish*; but Jemmy's reply was, "Master Cone, I am glad of it as it will do you good; you know that you ate at breakfast this morning almost as much as your uncle, and as you are not near so clever nor so learned as that great man, you ought to empty your stomach, and *fill your head* a little more."—With this reply poor Trunc had only to sit down and anticipate

the conclusion of his uncle's lecture, when Somnus should have loosed him from his clutches.

Whilst in a deep reverie, and envying Jemmy's situation, the coach stopped with a sudden jirk, which awoke the Doctor, who exclaimed, "Where are we! as the door was opened, and a voice of kind invitation asked if the gentlemen would please to alight, as the coach would stop there twenty minutes.—The Doctor feeling the necessity of keeping up his personal appearance, enquired what there was to eat? "There is a pigeon pie, sir, a cold fowl, and ham, sir." The Doctor descended with dignity, gave a significant look at his nephew (as much as to say remember my lecture), and walked stately into the parlour. Trunc meekly followed, and Jemmy with his lass marched into the kitchen. The doctor *sat down* (in a military phrase) *before the pigeon pie*, and advanced his lines with such rapidity that he soon reduced the *fortress*.—Poor Trunc afraid of touching any thing, after what his uncle had said, took the opportunity during the heat of his engagement to slip into the kitchen, where he found Jemmy and his fair companion, solacing themselves with a comfortable piece of cold boiled beef and mashed potatoes, and ever and anon washing it down with copious draughts, of *very fair country ale*. Cone was fascinated, looked, sighed, sat down, cut, cut again, poured the luscious extract of malt and hops, glass after glass, down his insatiable throat, till the awful sound of the coachman crying "Gentlemen, *I can't wait no longer!*" roused them from their transitory happiness, reluctantly then they arose, and again Cone offered Jemmy his seat inside; but Jemmy again declined his generous offer as politely as before, alleging that, although he had been born in a warm *climate*, he was not at that time at all *cold*! and with a sort of knowing look, handed his fair companion to the coach, and gallantly exalted her even above his renowned master.—Trunc rather more comfortable than he was before, had courage sufficient to sustain a continuation of the Doctor's lecture.—After a moderate breathing he thus began:—"Trunc, where were you during the repast? I scarcely missed you till the coachman called. "Why uncle," said Trunc, I was afraid of *eating too much* after what you had said, and so I walked a little in the garden." Well done, my brave boy, I am glad, to find you possess so much forbearance; it is a proof that what I say is not thrown away upon you; persevere in such conduct, and I prophecy that you will be a great man. We were talking, I believe, when the coach stopped, about *Sally*, I am now induced to continue my lecture on the frailty of the human passions, and on the danger of giving way to that susceptibility, which sooner or later must affect either our *intellects* or our *purses*: I must describe to you the *nature* and the *arts*, of the women of that country, in which we are first to commence our scientific operation: they are as black as the Devil; as ugly as sin; as wicked as Mammon; yet will they seduce the fairest youth of Europe.

[To be continued.]

VALOR AND GENEROSITY.

A TALE.

In the last long and sanguinary war, and in that ever-memorable battle whereby peace and victory were so dearly, yet so nobly purchased, when the English were personally engaged against the French, a lively young fellow, belonging to the former brave and generous nation, highly distinguished himself as a volunteer.

Henry Arnold, the young gentleman in question, was possessed of fortune sufficient to furnish him with every luxury of life; but he could not enjoy that fortune at home; for there was no French invasion, he found, at all likely to take place, and the discontented growling democrats had become so disgusted at Bonaparte's taking the title of Emperor, and then taking such large strides all over Europe, that there was no prospect at all of a civil war to employ his sword; yet his passion for military glory predominated with so much violence, that, though his anxious relatives had made him faithfully promise never to purchase nor accept of a commission, he was determined to fight, without positively breaking that promise; and he, therefore, made a voluntary offer of his services, which were immediately accepted to.

Few men were possessed of more real courage than Arnold; but though he was eager to gather laurels in the defence of his country, her rights, and her liberties, he had, with all the finer feelings, a mind the most enlarged and liberal; nor was he ashamed of the tear that fell over a vanquished foe: he could not, with the eye of indifference, behold so many of his valiant opposers stretched on the ensanguined plain: they were his fellow men; there were, and not a few among them, beloved sons, sole sons, perhaps of widowed mothers. The greater number of the slain were husbands, cut off in the full pride and summer of their lives; indeed, he has beheld the afflicting sight of a father and his stripling son fighting side by side, and both have fallen together by the fire of the enemy.

In Arnold, the man was never lost in the soldier; for justly might it be said of him, that he united the tenderness of the dove to the courage of the lion. Alas! he sometimes witnessed, among the sons of boasted *sentiment*, deeds that would have disgraced the most ferocious savage: indeed, on either side, he saw enough to make him often lament a total want of that humanity and tenderness which he so keenly felt.

A short time previous to the coming up of those allies, who turned the fortune of the day so decidedly in our favour, Henry was taken prisoner; and, in consequence of that disastrous circumstance, was huddled among several others in the same predicament, and conducted to quarters, very far from being commodious and agreeable. However, by the peculiar politeness of the commanding officer, who soon distinguished Arnold by uncommon marks of atten-

tion, his captivity was rendered as comfortable as such a situation would admit; and through the activity of the generous foe, the enlargement of Henry was soon procured. The young volunteer hero was charmed by this unexampled behaviour, and expressed the gratitude he felt in the most energetic terms; assuring the Frenchman he should be truly happy if he could, in any shape, become serviceable to him.

Monsieur de Varonne was profuse in his thanks, which he gave with all that polite fluency so characteristic of his country, and Henry took leave of his good-natured enemy, with the firm resolution of doing him every service in his power, compatible with his own honour; for the chance of war might, perhaps, throw M. de Varonne into that situation wherein his assistance might be of the utmost advantage, without injuring the cause in which Arnold was engaged.

After having given some very shining proofs of valour, Henry returned to England after the glorious victory achieved by the immortal Wellington; and Arnold only regretted that no opportunity had been given him of discharging a small part of his debt of gratitude to M. de Varonne; while the generous conduct of the amiable French officer, during the time he was his prisoner, remained deeply engraven on his feeling heart.

Mr. Arnold was considerably enriched by the death of a near relation, soon after he returned to England. He became a Member of Parliament, and his energetic character would not allow him to be a silent one. Many were the battles he fought in St Stephen's Chapel, though they were not of a sanguinary kind.

Yet this state of life was not to his taste, and he resolved to travel; but, paying a visit to his country seat to arrange some business with his steward, previous to his realizing this project, he fell in love with a young lady in the vicinity, and after a short courtship (for where people really regard each other, a long one is very ridiculous) he married her, and bade fair to be a most indulgent husband; while his Olivia exerted all her powers and accomplishments to render his wedded life a happy one; and she so domesticated him, that he could read of "wars and rumours of wars," of glorious actions achieved in distant quarters of the globe, without breathing a wish to be among the victors; though he was still as brave a fellow as any hero living.

Mrs. Arnold had not been married many months, when lady Marsden, her most particular female friend, was very desirous that the new married pair should join her party in a trip to Paris. Mrs. Arnold wished to go, and Henry could not bear to deny his charming wife any thing; he therefore made preparations for a visit to France, with the greatest alacrity possible. He himself had been twice or thrice at Paris; he found there but little to attract his notice; but Mrs. Arnold was delighted with all she saw, and the varied pleasures of what she thought the gayest city

in the world. Her fond Henry found it the most pleasing task he had ever performed, in taking her to every place, Museum, and public spectacle worthy her attention: but the highest satisfaction he derived from his visit to Paris arose from an occurrence of a melancholy nature.

He was one day passing by the door of a mean looking house, in a very obscure part of this renowned city, when looking in at one of the lower windows, he was struck by the distressed situation of a very handsome female, seated in a room with scarcely any furniture; she was supremely lovely, in spite of the disadvantages of an humble and neglected dress, and she was bitterly weeping over two sweet children, and imploring the father of mercy to look down with compassion on them and her!

Henry, whose delight was in deeds of benevolence obeyed the impulse that prompted him to disregard all form, and he rushed into the house, where he immediately inquired into the cause of a scene which had pierced his very soul. Pained as he was at hearing the beauteous mourner's narrative, he yet felt gratified at finding that she was the wife of M. de Varonne, who had so befriended him when he was a prisoner. Her grief, almost amounting to frenzy, had been occasioned by her husband having been arrested and lodged in prison, being unable to satisfy the demands of his creditors, and one rapacious and unmerciful being had purchased up the whole of his debts: all his goods were seized; and the compassion of one who had formerly been her servant, allowed her the wretched, half-furnished apartment on the ground floor of a house he let out to different lodgers, as a mere shelter.

Henry stayed not to hear another sentence, but after gently soothing her, he told her he would soon bring her comfort: he then almost flew to the assistance of M. de Varonne, his once generous foe, to whom he proved that war may be without enmity; for the brave Arnold released de Varonne, by instantly defraying the debt for which he was arrested; nor did his noble generosity stop there; he exerted every nerve, through the interest of the English ambassador to procure for this gallant soldier, from the late kind-hearted Louis XVIII, a situation of honour and profit; thus paying the debt of gratitude, and restoring a fond father and kind husband to a happy and respectable home.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

When music wakes the raptur'd soul
And bids it bow to her control,
Then let the heart's soft feelings prove
This is the blissful hour of love.

When on the bosom of the deep,
On azure waves the moon-beams sleep;
As on the silent beach we rove,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When the fond vow shall meet reply,
And hear its answer in the sigh;
And both are register'd above,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When from the eye the tear shall flow,
When on the cheek the blush shall glow,
When nature thus the heart can move,
This is the blissful hour of love.

When vainly seeking to beguile
The frown shall soften to a smile
And every rising fear remove,
This is the blissful hour of love.

THE CACOETHES LOQUENDI.

MR. EDITOR,

Though not an M. D., I am a Man of the World, and as I mix much in the circles of fashion, I have many opportunities of studying character in all its varieties, and on perusing your excellent publication, I was much amused by the Article on *Cacoëthes Scribendi*, and it immediately struck me that it strongly resembled a complaint by far too prevalent in society; particularly in the World of Fashion, namely, the *Cacoëthes Loquendi*, *vulgo* Gossiping. In treating of this malady I shall not follow the plan of your correspondent in detailing Nosologically, or writing prescriptions for its cure, but simply state what has fallen under my notice in the several walks of life, and how the different individuals were affected. But I should first inform your readers that it is a disease of peculiar inveteracy, and of a highly infectious character, so much so, that I have often known a whole party, who had sat for more than two hours in a state of the most solemn silence, particularly before dinner, the gentlemen twirling their thumbs, and the ladies playing with their fans, and both employed in the quiet enjoyment of their own thoughts; I have known such a company, Sir, on the entrance of one or two visitors who exhibited symptoms of this disease by the discharge of the most peccant verbosity, instantly catch the contagion, and become most stunningly garrulous. I have generally found the ladies were first infected, particularly if the patient was at all tainted with scandal, and indulged in private history. On these occasions when the infection is once received, the parties leave their chairs vacant and separate into groups in different parts of the room, according to their several dispositions, which occasions the disease to assume various appearances, till a summons to the dining parlour, when the malady is allayed for a time, by the active employment of the diseased organs in gustatory and masticatory exercises.

The *Cacoëthes Loquendi* is of various kinds: in the Drawing Room it is commonly found most prevalent among young Ladies and Dandies, who discuss the most frivolous subjects, at great length; and the latter particularly are affected with a variety of singu-

lar contortions both of face and person, somewhat resembling St. Vitus's Dance. This is a very harmless stage of the disease, which seldom, if ever, serves to render the person otherwise than ridiculous, and gives a peculiar expression of vacuity to the countenance. A short time since, at a fashionable party, as I was sitting quietly in a corner, studying character, my ears were assailed by a torrent of words, which were delivered with so much affectation of utterance, that I was at a loss to determine to which of the living languages they might belong, till on looking up, I discovered a figure of an hermaphrodite description, lisping an account of a private elopement, to a young lady of a modest and unassuming demeanor, whose uneasiness was betrayed by her blushes, and laconic replies; and by the frequent but timid glances which she cast at the neighbouring card-table, where her Mamma was soberly and silently engaged in a quiet rubber, unconscious of the torment her daughter was enduring from the persecutions of her loquacious companion. I soon discovered that this merciless animal was a *Dandy*, and under the influence of the *Cacoëthes Loquendi*, which would have continued interminably, had not the young lady been called to join the dance.

The political is extremely dangerous and violent, and usually attacks gentlemen in the decline of life. It rages most among members of Parliament during the session, when it becomes an epidemic. Persons thus afflicted are extremely vociferous and positive, and make use of the most severe language; they frequent coffee-houses and taverns, particularly in the evening, and discuss the most important topics of government, with as much confidence, as if they were at the helm of state. They are endowed with a kind of second sight, and discover political *juggling*, as they call it, in every public measure, and a general meeting fills them with instant alarm, from the catholic association to the tunnel under the Thames. They have a voracious appetite for newspapers and political pamphlets, which they devour with astonishing rapidity. They were extremely numerous during the war, and the disease assumed a most alarming aspect in the radical mania; when it threatened destruction to the very fabric of social order; but the long and happy continuance of peace has caused the rabid symptoms considerably to decline; though much excitement has lately been induced by the proceedings of the catholic association: but I am in great hopes that the meeting of parliament will remove the irritation and lessen the contagion.

To this the oratorical is nearly allied, which exhibits itself at public meetings of every kind, where it produces a great effect both on mind and body, and while the former pours forth its whole energy in vehemence, the latter is usually actuated by a vacillating motion, to which the arms and head largely contribute. Of this kind are all great public projectors of national improvements, whose whole soul is absorbed in one idea, as Mr. Owen, Mr. Mc. Adam,

Mr. Hamilton, &c. These gentlemen in their public harangues, seldom fail to infect a large portion of their auditors, particularly the monied ones, who eagerly second their resolutions, hoping to realise a golden harvest, and in their turns become projectors. As companies for supplying the public with many of the necessaries of life, and the insurance of it, as well as contributing to the convenience and beauty of the Metropolis in the various improvements too numerous to mention, both in progress and in embryo, each of which has wisely had recourse to a public meeting, to raise the necessary supplies to carry their laudable designs into execution; this class of *sufferers* has greatly increased, and this peculiar feature of the complaint now rages with great fury, and seems to bid defiance to every remedy, but an insertion in the gazette, and a temporary consignment to the gloomy walls of *Ellenborough Castle*, where, for any pity from the projectors by whom they have been deluded, *they may lie* as Macbeth says, "till famine and the ague eat them up."

The scientific, though not dangerous, is highly infectious, and pervades many honourable and useful societies, and is particularly prevalent among phrenologists whose learned researches, have discovered the machinery of the brain, by which the *Forger* executes his *deceptions*, *Prince Hohenloe* performs his *miracles*, &c., &c., and we may hope at last, by their valuable assistance to be enabled to choose our wives and our servants by inspecting their *skulls*, without a possibility of being deceived in the fidelity of the one or the honesty of the other; each of which we must allow to be "a consummation devoutly to be wished!" This species of the complaint is not confined to the above *sapient* and *intellectual* individuals, but is also found among blue stockings, and female philosophers, and displays itself at the evening *conversations*, in an unintelligible jargon of scientific terms, and the delivery of opinions so new, strange and unnatural, as would infallibly subject them to the imputation of strong mental delusion, did not the harmlessness of the patients prove the true nature of their complaints.

There is another species of the disease which bears a *literary* character, and is generally found to attack rival authors, and the scurrility of the language by which it is accompanied is not surpassed by any not even by the scandalous itself. Both appear, if not the same disease, to owe their origin to the same cause, envy—which as it is a prevalent vice in all classes of society, is scarcely susceptible of cure. I have seen many lamentable and desperate cases of this kind, which have gone to so great lengths as to produce irreconcilable quarrels between the most intimate friends, and I have generally found that the best method of treating such persons, when they have unluckily fallen in my way, was to preserve the most obdurate silence, which by depriving them of an active opponent, suppressed, at least for a time, the violence of the symptoms.

Though such, Sir, are a few of the personal observations I have made in various classes of society, yet I am far from being an enemy to *talking*; on the contrary, I only consider it assumes the nature of a disease in the above cases, in all of which it is constantly misapplied, and occasions a morbid state both of the thinking and speaking organs, and produces that troublesome disorder which I have been induced to call the *Cacœthes Loquendi*.

The gift of speech, Sir, is one of the distinguishing marks of man, and raises him to the station he was designed to fill in the scale of being. Its exercise therefore in *talking* is not only laudable, but necessary, and should be cultivated and encouraged for the benefit of society. Without *talking* the world would be a blank; knowledge would be the exclusive property of individuals; but *talking* diffuses the stores of information, enlarges the boundaries of science, and thus contributes to the general good of mankind.

The man who is an enemy to *talking* is scarcely to be considered a member of society; he sits in gloomy silence among his fellows, brooding over those stores which it is his duty to dispense for the benefit of others. Of such a man there is little to hope; and even should he at any time be induced to deliver an opinion, he will be commonly found either an ascetic misanthrope, or a self-conceited pedant.

In proof of the general estimation in which rational *talking* has been universally held, we find it was employed as a mode of instruction by the ancient philosophers, who thus delivered their maxims, and explained their theories; literary characters are generally much addicted to *talking*, of which Dr. Johnson was a remarkable instance, who on every occasion was willing to employ the powers of his mighty mind for general amusement and information. The utility of talking is therefore unquestionable, and its rational and diligent cultivation as one of the most fertile sources of information is earnestly recommended by

A TALKER.

THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

Ah! say not that smile can deceive me,
Ah! say not that tear can betray;
My Mary has sworn to believe me,
She never will dare disobey.

As soon might you clear gushing fountain,
Forget thro' the valley to glide,
Or the wave stirring breeze of the mountain
To ripple the face of the tide.

To be constant and love me for ever,
She swore by the morning's pure light,
And that no one that compact should sever,
She swore by the crescent of night.

Then say not that smile can deceive me,
Ah! say, not that tear can betray;
My Mary has sworn to believe me
She never will dare disobey.

VARIETIES.

TO THE MANAGERS OF OUR TWO GREAT NATIONAL THEATRES.

GENTLEMEN,

As I see a very great rivalry between you, in producing *spectacles*, consisting of show, tinsel, foil, clamour, gunpowder, (even in the representations of times when the latter was not known,) and horses, plunging through water (an element that creature is very much averse from), but all that is nothing; do not imagine, I mean to insinuate that there is the least absurdity in any one of the splendid pieces you so plentifully treat the public with; no, the chief object must be to dazzle the eyes, and in that, you have both eminently succeeded, to the great encouragement of an undramatic taste; and to what, ought first to be considered, the filling your houses, and, consequently, your own pockets.

But in all your triumphs, entries and processions, I think you have neglected our good city of London.

Gentlemen, I am fond of originality, and I flatter myself I have some genius: I will, therefore, lay before you, without further preamble, the following plan for a grand spectacle.

I propose to begin with the Lord Mayor's shew, on the water, the view of the bridge of Westminster, to be taken from the Surry side: the boats to go across the stage; there must be above thirty or forty great boats and barges (you cannot possibly have less, to keep up the pomp of the thing). After these barges have gone across, I would have the Lord Mayor's *grand barge*, come down from the furthest end of the stage, followed by one, containing the Lady Mayoress, habited like Cleopatra, as she sailed down the Cidnus, to meet Mark Anthony. Here I should make a few alterations for the honour of *trade* and the city, as the opportunity might direct; and instead of boys representing *cupids*, she should be surrounded by *Blue-Coat boys*, in their proper dresses, new clothes, of course. Then should follow barges, filled with aldermen, common-council men, and musicians, with bargemen in their white shirts, and watermen, whose liveries and silver badges, will not add a little to the splendour of this scene. The wings or side scenes had better here be knocked all away; that there may be, as the sailors term it, plenty of *sea-room*. When the boats are come to the front of the stage, it will be supposed they are at *Black-Friars* stairs. Then shall be sung, by the strength of the whole house, "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," and "Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England." Here let the painted curtain fall.

Now the removal of all those pageantries must make an unavoidable, and, indeed, a somewhat awkward pause; and yet, I would really wish to be as classical as possible; so I think you ought to have a new curtain scene, expressly painted for the occasion; the subject to be *Fleet Market*; you have just had a distant view of *Bridge Street*, *Black-Friars*, at least in imagination; therefore still keep in the *neighbourhood*, for the most minute particulars have interest in the lives of public spirited men! Let, therefore, the painting on the drop-scene, represent *Fleet Market*: and to fill up the time, in as diverting a manner as possible, introduce

a band of butchers, with marrow-bones and cleavers: this will have much novelty, and if these ancient instruments are in skilful hands, I doubt not but they will, in time, be introduced in the *oratorios*. However, the introduction of them here, will be one of those grand strokes of nature, so much admired by all true lovers of the drama, and keep up the *liaison de scènes*, so much admired by the French critics.

The scene should then open with the procession and cavalcade by land. The marshalling the city companies must be very exact. Among these the men in armour can ride, the four-legged performers, now kept in constant pay, at both your houses. The artillery company must be as fine as possible; but I do not know how we can possibly avoid making all the aldermen walk on their ten-toes, though I would wish this grand spectacle to be a close imitation of nature, yet, we are all allowed to improve nature by art. Now, in the real Lord Mayor's show, the several companies are distinguished by little more than their arms painted upon silk banners. I would therefore as an amendment propose that these arms should be real *bona fide insignia*, which will add greatly to the splendour of the pageant; the idea is new, and novelty and shew will make any thing go down: as an instance of what I would advance; we will say the arms of the smith's company is a stick; then instead of seeing it in silver or gold leaf stuck at the top of a flag, no bigger than my little *Billy's* pocket handkerchief, how much more noble would it be to see that stately bird, walking across the stage, with a *horse-shoe* in his mouth. Some of your melo-dramas, spectacles, or pantomimes, will no doubt, furnish you with a lion, an ox or a monkey, to be used as other emblems; they might perhaps frighten the children at holiday time; and yet it would be a capital business, if living animals could be tamed for the purpose; it would only be the cause, perhaps, of a few lives being lost, that's all!

Excuse me, gentlemen, for giving you these few hints; and be assured, I am not so puffed up with the consciousness of my own abilities, as 'not to listen to the amendments suggested by men of genius. However, there is something more I would wish to mention. In a Lord Mayor's show, there are many persons mounted on horseback; absolutely too many to bring on the stage upon your intelligent quadruped performers; however, I humbly conceive a few might be placed on sham horses, in the back ground: but the court of aldermen must walk as I said before; because, in the real procession, they go in coaches; which, here they cannot do, unless you should lay your house open to the street; and, even then, I fear for many reasons, it would be very awkward. Thus with much noise, the overpowering clang of cymbals, kettle-drums, turkish bells, glittering dresses, and much shew, the piece must be approved of, and you will have overflowing houses every night, even should you both bring the pageant out at the same time. But which ever theatre adopts my idea, I will venture to say that, during the present rage for pageantry, glitter, noise and feats of horsemanship, the manager will have no cause to repent having listened to the suggestions of

A PATRIOTIC PROJECTOR.

MEZERAY.

This celebrated French historian, was rather below the middle size: his physiognomy wanted expression, and might be pronounced neither for him, nor against him; he was, in-

deed more distinguished by his wit, than his appearance; but he wanted a certain polish which is pleasing to every one, although it is not every one who may be possessed of it. An enemy to every species of constraint, he submitted to the laws without respecting them. His sincerity would have been highly praiseworthy had he kept it under due bounds, or that hidden motives had not frequently made him go beyond them. His character had a certain originality, as the following examples will serve to prove.

This historian never wrote except by candle-light, even when it was broad day, in the height of summer; and, as if he was then persuaded that the sun no longer shone, he did not fail to wait on his guests, to the street door, with a candle in his hand, to light them out; Mezeray was one of the chilliest men on earth. Patru, a celebrated lawyer, met him one morning when it froze very hard, and asked him how he found himself in such weather?—"I am now at the letter L, my dear Patru, and I am hastening home to my fire." This enigma puzzled the man of law; but it was explained to him by one of his friends, who said to him, "Mezeray, as soon as winter commences, has always hanging behind his arm chair, twelve pair of stockings, ticketed from the letter A to M; when he gets out of bed he consults his barometer, that he may put on as many pair as the different degrees of cold may require."

ANECDOTE OF THOMSON, NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

This charming writer, notwithstanding the liberality of his mind, was, like the great Johnson, remarkably subject to the vulgar terror of ghosts and supernatural appearances; it is said that, for the first twenty years of his life, at least, he would never allow his chamber door to be shut, and was miserable when obliged to sleep in a strange house, where there might not be any one on the same floor with himself.

While he was studying divinity in the university at Edinburgh, he was engaged as private tutor to Lord Cranston's eldest son, and spent the summer months at the seat of that family.

During his continuance there, young Thomson became enamoured of the beauty of Miss Cranston; and as he could not hope that she would participate in his passion, he resolved to content himself by the contemplation of her attractions. The style of dress was such, at that time, as to disfigure, instead of to set off female charms; enormous hoops, stiff stays, and long mis-shapen waists, with the chest cruelly confined. Thomson was anxious to behold the object of his admiration divested of these troublesome disguises. He slept in the room directly over that of Miss Cranston, and her room, as in many old mansions in Scotland, was not cieked: he, therefore, found means to bore a hole through the floor, in which he put a cork, to prevent discovery; and when he found the young lady was going to rest, he pulled out the cork, and laid his eye to the aperture: but he was sometimes too late; the young lady was in bed, or well wrapped up in her night clothes, and he resolved rather to retire too early and wait for the time of her disrobing. We have heard, however, that he had not always been disappointed in his unwarrantable curiosity, and it is confidently reported that the beloved object gave rise to that high wrought description in his *Summer of Musidora* undressing for the bath.

However, our poet retired one evening very early to rest; but Thomson was always of rather a heavy nature,

and he fell fast asleep at his post, but his mouth, instead of his eye, was rivetted to the hole in the floor, and there he lay, and most profoundly snored.

Miss Cranston was alarmed at the sound, and called her waiting woman: "Lud!" cried the young woman, "he has fallen asleep at his hole." "What hole?" cried the young lady.—"Have patience, madam, and I will tell you; you know nothing of the matter."—"How should I?"—"Ah! miss, if any man had looked so tenderly at me, I should have known it long ago. Mr. Thomson, madam, is desperately in love with you. He talks about you in his sleep, so loud, that I can hear him in the garret; he's almost out of his wits about you; and Betty tells me, that in sweeping the room, she has for some time past discovered a hole filled up with a cork; of which I can easily conceive the use."

"The girl raves," said Miss Cranston.—"It is no raving, I assure you, madam; and if you will only let me make use of your candle, I will shew you some sport."

We have read, and our ancestors have told us of the pertness of chambermaids at that time; the Abigail stepped on a chair, and applied the candle to the lips of poor Thomson, who quite forgetting where he was, sprung up, with a loud roar, as if he fancied some infernal spirit was come to punish him for his late temerity. It was with the utmost difficulty, after he had alarmed and brought to his assistance the whole household, that he could be persuaded to go to bed: but he was always ignorant from whom the affront proceeded.

SELFISHNESS.

This sentiment derives its source from a feeling, natural enough to the heart of every living being, the care and affection we experience for ourselves: this feeling is born with us, and quits us only with our existence: but it gains such an ascendancy over the minds of some men, that it becomes an exclusive sentiment, and finishes by being a vice the most fatal to society.

Selfishness does not imply a want of good sense, or of wit, the latter being only a happy combination of ideas; but it destroys the energy of the soul, from whence emanates all that is noble and generous.

The selfish man loves only himself, sees only himself, is occupied solely about himself, and behaves towards others as if they existed only for his use. He has found the art of uniting two defects, diametrically opposite to each other, Avarice and Prodigality. He is prodigal for himself, avaricious towards every one else.

If an unfortunate person pours into his bosom the sorrows of a lacerated heart, he will answer him, by saying, "How thankful I ought to be that I am not in the same situation!"

He is capable of every thing, even of doing good, if his own interest is concerned. See him in a drawing room: if the weather is hot, and if he loves warmth, he will discover a hundred reasons for opposing the opening of a single window. Is it cold? he stations himself by the fire place, to which he seems to interdict the approach of his neighbours. See him alone, he is never devoured by the spleen, for he can talk for ever about himself.

If any one speaks of the miseries and disasters he may have heard, the selfish man preserves the most imperturbable sang-froid. If the vineyards of Burgundy have been dread-

fully injured by the hail; what is that to him. He has enough in his cellar to last him two years; has a fire burnt a house, and those adjoining it to the ground? the misfortune is not a very great one, his house was *insured* two days before.

The selfish man is neither friend nor citizen, seldom a father or a husband. His friends are those he most wants, and the affection he shows them is lent out upon usury. His country and his family are where his wealth is.

Fontenelle proved the truth of that aphorism so truly antiscial, that, "there is no perfect happiness except that enjoyed by a bad heart and a good appetite." And this celebrated philosopher, and distinguished writer, was the man most tainted with selfishness of any one of the age in which he lived.

Few are unacquainted with the reply of the dying Colardeau to his friend Barthe, who asked him his advice concerning the comedy of *L'Homme Personnel*, which he had just read, as he sat by the pillow of the sick man.—"You may add an excellent trait to the character of the principal personage," replied Colardeau, "by saying of him, that he compelled his old friend, the very evening before his death, to listen to a comedy, of five acts!"

Every one also, has heard of that Marchioness du Defiant who, during the last months of the president Hénault's life, one of her oldest friends, was accustomed to pass with him every evening. She arrived at the house of madame de Fourcalquier: and, as it was known that the president had been indisposed, every one concluded, by this visit, that he was better; they immediately inquired after his health, "You would not have seen me here", replied she, "if I had not had the misfortune of hearing that he died this morning."

A lady of high rank, lately, was ill in bed; some friends came to visit her; and complained how cold it was in her chamber.—"It is cold, then, is it?"—"It is a most severe frost."—A servant was instantly summoned, by a bell at the *ruelle*: and it was hoped by the shivering friends, that a fire would be ordered; on the waiting maid presenting herself, the lady said, "Bring my eider-down coverlet, and put it over my feet."

The following trait, also, which happened not long ago, exhibits in all its ugliness this species of mental leprosy. A man, well known for his selfish disposition, recounted, in a large party, the following incident: "I was hunting one day this season, with a very intimate friend to whom I am exceedingly attached. His horse reared up, threw him, and fell over him; I hastened to his assistance; for I was very much terrified; but I delivered him from his horse. He received only one bruise, but his paleness was horrid. I saw that he was about to faint away. Fortunately for me, I always carry about me, on these expeditions, a little flask of *liqueur*, I drew it from my pocket, and swallowed it off, at one draught, for I found myself getting extremely faint!"

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF MERIT.

NEW LANDLORD'S TALES—OR JEDEDIAH IN THE SOUTH,
London, 2 vols.

WE may, perhaps, be deemed wanting in good taste, or rather we should say we are not, really sufficiently awayed by general opinion, when we do not scruple to declare, that we think Jedediah Clichbotham has

lost none of his wanted powers of amusing, since he removed southward. It is not every one who understands the peculiar manners of Scotland, and still less its dialect, the meaning of many words therein being totally misunderstood by those who have never travelled northward: consequently, to such, Scottish tales cannot have much attraction, though they will admire them, for fashion's sake: not that we would wish to deduct, one atom, of just applause from *him, her or those*, who, GREAT and UNKNOWN, are certainly possessed of uncommon brilliancy of talent, and a *rapidity* the most wonderful in putting their ideas on paper, and rendering their numerous pages of fiction truly interesting to all, who can *comprehend* them.

The work before us, we have perused with infinite pleasure, it consists of a series of tales comprised in two volumes, with a very well written introduction by Jedediab, assuring his readers, that, instead of being "melted into thin air," as had been affirmed by him, he had long left Scotland, and was "living at Dulwich, near the Greyhound Inn."

Of the domestic tales, true to nature, and what is brought home to our observation every day, if we are possessed of any, are "But just in Time," and "Constancy in the Nineteenth Century." The last mentioned tale we found most excellent. "Friar Robert's walk" keeps interest alive; yet, though it has in it nothing of immoral tendency, we are sorry the *blasphemous charm* is so minutely described: the present age is a daring one; and German *spectacles*, and German publications now familiarize our youth to "supping brimful of horrors."

"The Red Man of Nagy Retsky," and "Grimmer the Wizard," are extremely well told, and have each their separate interest, which is not small. We pity the reader who cannot find ample amusement in these two volumes, written with the most unaffected ease, and evincing, at the same time that superiority of talent, which makes us hope that Jedediab Cleishbotham will not be idle in future.

LISBON, IN THE YEAR 1821, 22, and—23—By Marianne Baillie, 2 vols. small 12mo.

Our readers, who have not travelled in Portugal, will derive much information of the state of society and manners of the Portuguese from the following extracts, taken from the above work. Mrs. Baillie resided two years and a half in the country, which afforded her sufficient opportunity for studying the people, and observing their manners.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS OF THE PORTUGUESE.

"Where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearances of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil,

garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention—to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of our St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women, (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves,) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt! I must beg you to add to this, the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea, and the picture will be complete!"

Mrs. Baillie is exceedingly glad to leave this scene for the rural retirement and beauties of Cintra; whither she goes to avoid the heats of the season (July.) We will now select from several of her letters a few of the pictures of the country, which appear to us to be most piquant and original.

— "The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim 'Viva!' which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile. The manners of women to each other, are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres *kissed* my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a *senhora* now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon the cheek.

"The women wear scarcely any petticoats, even in winter, and some of the lower classes none whatever, contenting themselves with the chemise, covered only by the gown. The latter never wear night-caps, and many still continue the ancient fashion of sleeping in a state of nature, considering clothes, during the night, as equally unwholesome and unnecessary. Both sexes adopt this practice. My informant went one morning lately to visit a lady in Lisbon: upon entering the room, she (being still in bed) invited her visitor to sit down by her side, and arising from her pillow embraced her: the latter started involuntarily back, for the lady was *perfectly* unclothed!—but this, I believe, does not extend to the better educated and more refined classes of society. The nobility (unlike those of Spain, who, in the days of Cervantes, left the custom to the common people,) universally eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed, and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the

highest bred Hidalgo, differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant—it will be easily imagined that neither resembled the perfumed gale of Arabia!—

“Among many anecdotes of Spanish customs and manners, I will repeat the following, which will, doubtless, somewhat surprise you.—The late Baron de B. (a Portuguese,) was travelling, some years since, in Spain, and passed a few days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain only covering the entrance to each. The baron was a favourite of the fair hostess. One morning as she was in her own apartment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come and sit down. The gentleman hesitated a good deal, surprised at her freedom of manner, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward appearance), and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance, he asked, if her lady was dressed and would admit him? ‘Dressed!’ repeated the laughing damsel, ‘what difference can that make? come in—come in.’ He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency’s corns! A French belle receives male visitants at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a disagreeable spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers: how impolitic the sang-froid of the other was, I need not waste time in expressing. The same lady had a very large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night, and a few minutes before the proper hour, her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels, from which she cooily selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress, chattered the whole time to the noble visitants, without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter in Spain) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and began to smoke.

“The Portuguese ambassadress had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her, from the Hidalgos, among whom she was come to reside; and was told, that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portuguese, covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise, scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed, and still the musicians played to the walls and benches! The supper was equally ne-

glected, and in short the whole entertainment thrown away. A few days afterwards, she received from the French ambassadress, a solution of the mystery. How did your excellency word the tickets of invitation?—‘I scarcely understand your question.’ ‘I mean, who did you mention in each card?’ ‘The heads, and the principal members of every family, of course.’ ‘No one else?’ ‘Certainly not; who should there have been in addition?’ At these words the French woman yielded to an inexpressible burst of laughter. ‘Forgive me, Madam,’ said she, ‘but your simplicity is so infinitely amusing! you should never have asked husband and wife together; had you invited every lady and her *cicesbeo*, your rooms would have overflowed!’ The Portuguese, in order to prove the truth of this hint, gave another ball, wording her invitations in the proper manner, and the consequence was, that her entertainment was the most brilliant and numerously attended that it is possible to conceive—

The Queen of Portugal—Continues to live in the utmost retirement; she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into public. Her dress, is the extreme of shabby dirty dishabille; consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton, a cap with as little pretensions to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man’s black beaver hat—altogether no bad representation of one of Macbeth’s witches: but the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from her waist to the middle of her leg, and are always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts!—Her majesty, however, is no bad personification of the city of Lisbon, where disgusting filth and religious relics are held in particular esteem.

“We went the other evening to Ramallao, a palace and gardens belonging to the queen; the grounds are laid out in the ancient Dutch style, and the palace on the outside, (for we were not allowed to enter,) appears but a shabby and tasteless residence; many of the houses belonging to the first nobility have this exterior effect, and the utter want of comfort and delicacy is evident at the first glance, from the filthy dung heaps which are for ever found, (undisturbed by a broom or any other scavenger than the dogs,) lying beneath the windows of the best apartments: a number of fowls are always kept by every family, whether rich or poor, and as they never make any use of the feathers, they are suffered to remain uncollected; by which means an accumulation of fleas and vermin is infallibly induced, which sometimes rises to the torment of an Egyptian plague: I shall never forget seeing the Count de— for the first time, in the forenoon of a very hot day, standing out in a balcony of his palace as it is called, (a building which, however spacious, had all the air of a sordid gloomy dilapidated prison,) dressed in his usual morning dishabille, hands, face, and teeth unwashed, hair in disorder, and with a swarthy beard which evidently had not felt a razor for two or three days, a tooth-

pick in his mouth, which (as *Malvolio* seems to think) is a great and dignified resource for idle persons of high rank, and hanging over the fumes of one of the largest heaps of impurity that I had yet seen, even in the filthiest streets of Lisbon; such a specimen of a nobleman and his palace, was indeed not to be passed over without due wonder and admiration!

"I have seen a singular equipage, belonging to a gentleman of the neighbourhood who has a large family, but who cannot afford to keep horses or mules for their accommodation; a clumsy old coach, (as large as a travelling caravan at an English fair, or a barge,) drawn by *bullocks*. This ponderous machine is well suited to the state of the roads in Portugal, (which are all dreadfully rough and dangerous,) and I dare say it would contain three times the number of persons who were stowed, as the poet informs us, in the chaise of Johnny Gilpin's wife. This Noah's ark stopped at the gates of several houses here, and the door was with some difficulty wrenched open by the driver, (*drover*, I ought to say,) who also enacted the part of a footman. Let it not be imagined that the antediluvian coach in question was merely a country contrivance, for the same sort of things are frequently seen even in the streets of the fashionable metropolis of Lisbon.

PORTUGUESE ANECDOTES—RELIGION.

"A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in this country, related an anecdote of the King upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette, which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed there, which is an unusual circumstance: 'What is all this, what is all this!' said he, 'how came these chairs here?' To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, 'The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever use a chair in my presence!'—All the royal family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank, (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*,) are under the necessity

Vol. II.

of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head. ---

"I am as yet ignorant of the existing character of the Portuguese clergy, generally considered; but the following anecdote relative to an individual *padre*, which was related to me by an English gentleman, does not greatly prepossess a protestant in their favour. 'A woman in the lower class of society, being oppressed by the weight of some family misfortune, went to one of the churches to pray; she was found by this priest upon her knees, pouring out her supplications to that Almighty Redeemer, who alone is able to save! 'Why do you pray to Jesus Christ?' said he: 'apply rather to such and such *saints*, for they are so powerful in heaven, that they are able to do every thing for you, and may ask *whatever they choose* of Jesus Christ, who dares not refuse them! I cannot, however, bring myself to believe this tale! The common people at Lisbon are all much *horrified* at the idea of our priests being allowed to marry; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intimation of being married; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity by the populace, as 'the *English padre's wife*.' ---

"A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadilloes of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness; the confessor, as he was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgment, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye; the negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the *Senhora* (somebody,) the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess *her* sins to the same worthy auditor: she had hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities; nothing could equal the indignation of

G

the Senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the 'infamous,' calumnies of the priest, in language too gross to repeat."

PORTUGUESE RELIGION.—The religion of the Portuguese is, we should hope, without a parallel in any other part of the Catholic Christendom; for they seem, with the most ultra devotion, to possess as little morality as possible. They worship saints, madonnas, images, and relics—every thing but God. No country under heaven, abounds more with the outward signs of devotion than Portugal: the Virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history. Such a name as Donna Maria Madre de Dios would sound more profanely than devoutly in heretical ears; and we should think that there was far more of blasphemy and stupidity than any thing else in the remark of (an ancient marquez, who, when a discussion arose whether the Virgin Mary, were she alive, could be admitted into good company, in consequence of her plebeian rank, said; 'Yes, we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected*; she is, you know, the Mother of God!'

TASSO AND THE SISTERS, &c., by Thomas Wade.—
Letts Junr. Cornhill.

FROM the preface which introduces these poems to our notice, we learn that the author is both young and unknown; if young, we the more sincerely congratulate him on having produced the present volume which would do no discredit to mature age. In the poetry before us there is much power combined with considerable pathos, and throughout the whole great beauty of sentiment. Some of the descriptions may perhaps be thought by some, to be a little too warm; but we know that glowing scenes are most congenial to all true poets—in a cold atmosphere they seldom thrive. The nuptials of Juno we admire the most; it contains many passages of great beauty and tenderness, sufficient, we think, to recommend the present volume to all real lovers of the tuneful Nine.

The following is from the poem entitled "the Nuptials of Juno."

"Oh, that the heart should tremble at a kiss!
E'en as the strings of some melodious lute,
Beneath the hand that strikes;—that such wild bliss
Should linger in a gaze! Tho' tongues be mute
And in the eloquence of speech remiss,
Still eyes speak thrilling language, and forth shoot
Fire to the doting heart, and make it quake
With thoughts of passion, that have power to break!

"Joy—joy to sit, by moon-light, on the hills
Twin'd in a lover's fond, endearing arms!
The white Diana with her beauty fills
All air—all space, and, as by magic, charms
The elements to silence; o'er the rills
Breathes silver, and the depths of Ocean calms
Into wide rest,—e'en as a mother's singing
Lulls the lov'd infant to her bosom clinging.

"Then rise the feelings that make life a dream,
And turn all speech into a single sigh:
The stars have beauty, and the moon's pale gleam,
Can glad the bosom and delight the eye;
Till love obscures their glory, when they seem,
But as fair things to light it;—the reply
Of beating heart to heart—of soul to soul,
Shuts up the senses and demands the whole!

"Oh, Love! young Deity of boundless might,
Trampling o'er youthful hearts, and giving life
To musings that exist but in the light
Of thy far-beaming torch—divine and rife
With unimaginable sweetness; thoughts which write
Their records in the breast, and with the strife
Of passionate enjoyment pure hearts fill,
Which, but for thee, might have been tranquil still!

"Tis strange;—for even the tumultuous sense
Of joy which passion to the young heart yields,
Is mingled with sad fears; but why, or whence
They rise we know not, o'er the bliss that gilds
The hours when love is reigning, and dispense
Clouds to his sunshine: e'en as, o'er the fields,
Light mists will spring upon the glowing green,
When nought but radiance in the skies is seen.

"Tis said to be unwise to build a nest
Of many hopes upon another's truth;
Nor deem that aught may mar its blissful rest,
Or harsh unkindness blast the days of youth.
It may be, Love!—and that thy visions blest,
Of gay-wing'd joy and undecaying ruth,
Are but as beauteous clouds of airy lightness,
Which prove but vapor cloth'd in fleeting brightness.

"Yet will I still love on!"—

We have too good an opinion of the taste of our fair readers to consider any further recommendation of these poems necessary. We shall, therefore, take leave of the poet by wishing him that success to which his merit justly entitles him.

THE DRAMA.

—Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius * plerumque secat res.
Hor. 1 Sat. 10. v. 14.

DRURY LANE.

AT this season of the year, tho theatres seldom offer any thing to the public that is at all worthy of the grave disquisitions of criticism. The gentlemen

of the shoulder-knot, the ladies of the broom and bed-curtain, the linen-drapery dandies, the snowy sons of the chimney, and all the little boys and girls of the kingdom, half suffocated with plum-pudding and roast beef, may be seen creating a beautiful variety in the pits of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, (for, be it known to our readers, that many of the worthies above mentioned, would be tempted to exclaim, "A rose has fallen from my chaplet!" were they ever to enter either the one or even the two shilling gallery) having assembled to witness the glories of a Christmas pantomime, in which Messieurs Clown, Pantaloon and Harlequin, with the fair *demoiselle* Columbine, unite to astonish, by their grins and agility. "*Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees and Golden Waters*," was the captivating title of the Drury Lane holiday Drama, which, in spite of a considerable degree of the bad management which invariably mars the effects of this kind of entertainment at that theatre, went off well and did credit to the contrivers—some of the scenery was beautiful in the extreme. Of course the *plot* was dull and unintelligible enough: but the transformations, kicks, cuffs and tumbling were frequently *perfect*, and highly amused many a happy soul, and old and young laughed outrageously at the roguery of the Clown and the misfortunes of poor Pantaloon. The best part, in our opinion, of the pantomime, was a burlesque parody of the ridiculous incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, where the Clown casts pancakes instead of bullets: a cook rises from a stew-pan, and saucepans, and ladles swing round in a "*terrific*" manner, as the critics said of the graver mummery of Caspar. We think an excellent burlesque might also have been contrived upon the music of that "opera."

For a wonder, Mr. Elliston has, at length, done something worthy of praise, and after his knight errantry with Mr. Williams, *Married and Single* Pool, &c., has bestowed a benefit upon the Drama by reviving the "*Fatal Dowry*" of Massinger and Field, from which Rowe, for the most part, pilfered his elegant tragedy of the "*Fair Penitent*." The characters were distributed as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Rochfort..... | Terry. |
| Novall..... | Thompson. |
| Ducroy..... | Armstrong. |
| Charaloin..... | Wallack. |
| Young Novall..... | Penley. |
| Romont..... | Macready. |
| Beaumont..... | Archer. |
| Liladam..... | Browne. |
| Beaumelle..... | Mrs. West. |
| Bellapert..... | Orger. |
| Florimel..... | Miss Smithson. |

Macready's *Romont* must rank as a master-piece of histrionic genius,—it equals even his *Virginian*, and incontestibly confirms him in the rank of first

actor of the day: there is a depth, a passionate power in his acting, which we in vain look for in any other performer, and the *fighting manager* may congratulate himself upon having him at the head of his company—for what would it be without him? Terry, Wallack and Armstrong also much distinguished themselves in their several characters—of the others we would say, "the least said is the soonest mended." The Morning Herald observed of the *plot*, "Every lady is acquainted with it," which whimsical reflection upon the fair sex, was "wiped off" on the following day, thus "*Erratum*, in our paper of yesterday, "for 'lady' read 'body.'" Good friend critic! and good again, when thou say'st: "It, (the play) *entirely succeeded*, but upon its *probable career*, we will not venture to speculate." How charming is the hidden mystery of this imposing passage!

Of other novelties, at this theatre, our space forbids us to speak at present, and we must reserve them for our next number.

COVENT GARDEN.

Attend, all ye that have ears to hear, and eyes to see! J. Russell, Esq., the *Filek* of the English Opera House, has astonished the world by his magnificent representation of—*Shylock*!!! Assuredly we shall next see our little friend Knight perform *Caius Martius*, *Coriolanus*, or queer Keely embody, the terrible *Macbeth*. It is needless to say what was the fate of Mr J. Russell and his *Shylock*—Peace to their ashes!

The pantomime at this theatre (*Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly, or More of More-Hall*), was as excellent as ever: faultless in scenery, trickery, mechanism, acting and every thing. The setting the Thames on fire was capitally done—when will Drury Lane perform a similar feat with its pantomimes? Young Grimaldi is a true chip of the old block, and old Joe could not have a son and successor more calculated to occupy his honorable station in the *legitimate walks of the Drama*, as the learned term them. The scene commences with the combat between the Dragon and More of More Hall, as described by the poet in this sublime manner:

"A huge black dragon jump'd out of his den,
"With his li-lo, lantre-down dilly,
"That had kill'd the Lord knows how many men,
"With his li-lo, lantre-down dilly."

We must confess we do not exactly know what a "li-lo, lantre-down dilly," may be, but cannot help admiring the verse. At the commencement of the combat, the dragon's tail came off, to the great consternation of More of More Hall, who recovered, however, and, with *Harlequin* and his *tail-less* enemy, will no doubt continue, for many nights, to amuse the crowded audiences of Covent Garden theatre.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR FEBRUARY 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed at the border with full and long puffs, in two distinct rows; the puffs are fluted, which imparts a richness to this novel kind of ornament. The body fits close to the shape, and is ornamented lengthwise, down the bust, with rouleaux of satin, dividing *en gerbe*, and brought together in a point under the belt. The sleeves fit nearly close to the arm, and are surmounted by very full but plain *mancherons*; at the wrists are worn broad gold bracelets, fastened with a cameo. A very narrow tucker of Vandyke blond surrounds the bust. The head-dress consists of a full dress cap, in the form of a *fichu*, of tulle and blond, brought in a point on the forehead, and the hair, which is arranged in very full curls, is ornamented, on the right side, with one large, full-blown Provence rose, with its foliage; and, in front of the cap, is another rose, placed rather backward, yet entirely seen in front.

BALL DRESS.

Over a white satin slip, a beautiful dress of gauze, of a shot lavender colour; the colour formed of grey lilac and pink intermingled, which combination imparts the most delightful gleam, that is particularly attractive by candle-light. The border of the gauze dress is ornamented on the hem, with a rich rouleau of amethyst-coloured satin, indented in diamonds; an ornament perfectly novel, and well deserving the attention of Ladies of taste and elegance. Over this are three rouleaux of satin of the same brilliant purple, set on in festoons: the points confined by full bouquets of yellow china-astres, without foliage. The corsage is plain, but is finished round the bust and at the back, with the same gauze as the dress *bouillonné* and the fullness confined by rouleaux of amethyst-coloured satin. The sleeves are short, full, and *bouillonnés*; the puckerings confined in bias, by rouleaux of amethyst satin. A sash of the same chaste and lovely colour encircles the waist, with a handsome rosette behind and short ends. The hair is arranged very high, on the summit of the head, and the loftier part brought rather forward than usual. The full curls on each side of the face are brought nearly as low as the tip of the ear; the rest of the tresses are disposed in braids and bands, intermixed with gold chain-work, finely wrought, and yellow china-astres.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The lengthened light of day is now become visible, and the fashionable morning airings in Hyde Park, have commenced: from three to half past four, when the weather is propitious, we behold the gay and

elegant throngs pass, in brilliant succession, exhibiting all that attraction which is imparted to their fair forms, by the aids of invention and taste.

There has been but little alteration in the form of the bonnets, or in the style of their trimming, except that those made exclusively for the carriage, especially for morning visits of ceremony, are of smaller dimensions than those which are merely appropriated to carriage airings or the promenade. One of these tasteful dress bonnets, which we found peculiarly deserving admiration was of *tourterelle* coloured velvet, crowned with blush roses, and green plumes of the tropic bird, which feathers seemed to issue from the roses, and played gracefully over the front, and a part of the brim. We have also seen a black velvet bonnet, worn by a titled lady of fashion, in the ancient cottage form; a bonnet so becoming, that we are pleased to see its revival.

The out-door coverings for the head, are, however, not much thought of during the time that fashion's glories are chiefly exhibited by candle-light: the carriages are still closed, and the hours devoted to shopping and snatching a few fleeting minutes of day, in leading the younger branches of a family through what morning lounges are at present opened, give but little scope for the display of that costume which constitutes the most modish for the out-door department. The head dresses, however, for every time of the day, and every style of dress, are very beautiful; for the morning *deshabille*, the *cornettes* are of a richly figured blond, finished at the edge in points à la *Vandyck*, next the face, and ornamented about the head piece, with numerous little puffs of figured ribbon; the ground yellow, spotted at the edge with scarlet: the *déjeuné* *cornette*, is of fine Mechlin, and often of *Urling's lace*, and is ornamented with shaded striped ribbon; the colours, *tourterelle*, lemon colour, jonquil and orange. The home *cornette* for receiving dinner parties is of net and blond, of a *Vandyck* pattern, ornamented with small detached bouquets of various kinds of flowers. The theatre *cornette* has the appearance of a tasteful turban, were it not for its very long lappets, and which are generally fastened under the chin: it is of pink gauze, in bias folds, and is charmingly diversified with flowers; in front is a delicate branch of the Catalonian *jessamine*; and on the summit, and on each side are lillies of the valley and double wall flowers: on the hair, on each temple rests a flower, one a simple Indian rose, without foliage, on the other a bunch of pink hyacinths; the hair well arranged, and much taste in the putting it on, is required with this head dress, to render it appropriate for the evening. A coronet toque, for full dress parties, is a very elegant *coiffure*; it is formed of white satin and rows of pearls; the coronet

or circlet part is mural, and the indentings, which are bent downwards, are edged round with pearls and from each dependant square, hangs a small pear pearl, which has a most unique and splendid effect: small white feathers float over the front of this superb head dress. A black velvet dress hat, is also admired for evening parties, ornamented with gold cordon, and acorn tassels; this is crowned with a magnificent plume of white ostrich feathers. A Russian cap of black velvet also, enriched with pearls, or with gold cordon, with a full plume of pink feathers is much in favour.

Among the coloured chintzes now so prevalent for morning costume, we cannot forbear citing one, which we found peculiarly striking; the pattern being the most beautiful we have ever yet seen; and so disposed, as to have that effect on the texture, that it is almost impossible, except by the touch, to distinguish it from a French silk: the ground is a pale yellow, and the figures consist of narrow stripes in waves of a straw's breadth, and about an inch and an half distant from each other; these are of massacca brown; between these stripes are shaded spots, about the size of a shilling, very close to each other, of purple and scarlet, lightly sprinkled over with shagreen spots, so small, that they are scarce visible, but on a close inspection; but they add much to the softening of the shades; and, at a distance, the pattern has the appearance of a fancy plaid. This dress is made high, *en demi blouse*, and the sleeves fit close to the arm: the border of the skirt is trimmed with nine very narrow flounces, set close together, but distinct. A high dress of scarlet, real cachemire, is a favourite gown for home costume: it is trimmed with *gros de Naples* and satin of the same colour: two pointed flounces, reversed, of *gros de Naples*, the points edged with silk cordon ornament the border. The corsage is *bouillonné*, in front, and the puckerings confined by satin straps across: the mancherons quartered like a melon, in alternate divisions of cachemire and satin: round the throat is an ornament of double points, which forms a kind of collar, and corresponds with the trimming at the border of the skirt, being of *gros de Naples*, and finished with silk cordon, in a similar manner. A Bavarian robe of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, delicately sprigged, is also a half dress that has been much approved; the *tablier* part is improved by an elegant finish to the satin straps that confine its slight puckering; the straps being terminated by short fringe tassels: the corsage is made partially high, and is formed almost entirely of folds of satin, very little of the *gros de Naples* appearing between. The sleeves are of the same material as the robe, made full, but confined at equal distances, all the way from the wrist to the shoulder, with very narrow bands of satin. An evening dress of striped gauze, just completed for a lady of distinction, lately fell under our notice, which is a beautiful specimen of taste, and well

adapted to the season, by the charming glow of its colours, and the elegant style of its make. The ground is of a bright geranium colour, with stripes of shaded satin, orange-tawney and jonquil. Over the hem is a broad, full rouleau of jonquil satin, above which are large puffs, in festoons, of buffont drapery, of *ponceau* and jonquil gauze; each puff, which is very long, being brought together, of the two different colours, and confined by rings of fluted jonquil satin; the corsage fastens behind, and is made *à la Vierge*, except that a drapery folds across the bust, and ornaments the sleeves, to correspond with that on the petticoat.

Pelisses of velvet and *gros de Naples*, the former trimmed with the most costly furs, in various ingenious patterns are still in high request; it is wonderful to see the figures in which it is disposed; but we sincerely wish the *furriers* had not destroyed the genuine beauty of their valuable furs by mingling them in the fanciful way they have done this season. To the dress-maker who forms foliage and flowers, from the glossy black lynx, the chaste, and lovely brown of the unmixed sable, the silvery grey of the American squirrel, and the uncontaminated ermine, every praise is due, for the novel idea. But, we trust the furriers will leave off the regular patch-work of white diamonds in the grey squirrel, or black waves on the little zibeline, making that truly valuable skin to have something the appearance of that of the Norway rat.

At a ball given at a gentleman's country house, a few miles from London, a very short time ago, were seen some very superb as well as tasteful dresses, that were equally admirable for their elegant simplicity; and before we dismiss the subject of fashionable intelligence, we shall mention two or three that most struck us, and which promise most likely to be exclusively adopted by the higher classes. *Par excellence*, we first mention a tunic robe of amaranthine coloured velvet, trimmed with broad white blond, of a most superb pattern: the petticoat, which the robe partially discovered in front, was a white satin, richly trimmed with flounces of blond. The hair, elegantly arranged, was ornamented with a diadem of brilliants; behind which was the favourite little *négligé fichu*, now so much the rage, scattered over, at the back part with roses of paradise. The body of the dress, according to the present mode, was the same as the skirt, but being diversified by a white satin stomacher, and a falling tucker of blond, it had not the least heaviness in appearance; and the tunic robes, which are now very fashionable, are well adapted to velvet, which, especially at balls, looks better in such fancy dresses, than in those that are round. The other velvet dress was also a tunic robe with a white satin petticoat; the velvet dress was black, splendidly trimmed with gold cordon in Vandyck points, with tassels and fringe; and the sleeves, which were

long, were finished at the wrists with Vandyck points of exquisitely fine white lace, in the old English style; an ornament of which fell over the bust, which was beautifully relieved by the above-mentioned lace, and by a white satin stomacher. Amongst the hair were entwined pearls and white roses, in the most elegant and tasteful manner, though, seemingly,

"Wild, without rule or art."

Though we do not admire black for the ball room, yet this last-mentioned dress, with one of fine black *tulle* attracted universal admiration, especially as we were given to understand the two ladies were in the last stage of mourning. The black *tulle* dress was an Arcadian robe over satin, and was richly trimmed in bias folds of satin, as high as the knee, which were disposed in tasteful wavings, and scattered over with roses; this caused the most charming effect, when the robe was partially looped up, by the roses appearing as if they ornamented the petticoat of satin worn underneath. Pearl combs and roses adorned the hair. The young persons had, many of them, clear muslin dresses of fine India Bocca, over white satin or *gros de Naples*; indeed the very, young were all in white: Arcadian robes were very general, of richly striped gauze or of figured *tulle*: where the robe was of this form, a few simple flowers, to keep up the classical costume of Arcadia, were scattered among the tresses; but many young ladies had no other ornaments on their heads, but their own fine hair, beautifully arranged, and gave proof of the attractions belonging to youth's early bloom;—

"Unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

We were just about closing our observations, when we had the advantage of inspecting a beautiful carriage pelisse, just completed for a lady who ranks high in fashionable life. The pelisse is of blush-red *gros de Naples* lined with a rich white sarcenet, and trimmed at the hem with a double rouleau; down the sides of the skirt, in front, and on each side of the bust, is a superb ornament, representing *plumage*, beautifully embossed, and formed of such narrow rouleaux, that it appears light, as well as costly. The collar is half falling, scalloped at the edge, and elegantly ornamented with chain-work of narrow rouleaux. The sleeves are peculiarly novel and elegant; they are only of a moderate width, yet without mancherons, and are finished down the outside of the arm, from the shoulders to the wrist, with united diamonds, ingeniously formed of chains of narrow rouleaux; and the seams of the body are ornamented in a correspondent manner.

The favourite colours are jonquil, pink, scarlet, orange-tawney, amaranth, and massacca brown.

ANECDOTES.

VENETIAN DIGNITY.

A Frenchman, walking one day in St. Mark's Place, accidentally jostled against a noble Venetian, the square being much crowded. The Venetian took hold of the Frenchman's arm, and begged he would tell him, what beast was the most awkward and heavy? The Frenchman was astonished, and remained some time silent, but the Venetian, preserving his gravity, repeated the question; on which the Frenchman replied, that he thought the elephant was the most heavy and awkward animal, of any. "Very well, Mr. Elephant," remarked the Venetian, "learn for the future, that you are not to run against a Noble of Venice!"

PERPETUAL MOTION.

The very high reward, which our government thought fit to offer, for the discovery of the extraordinary power which should produce "*perpetual motion*," has, at various times, set the wit and speculation of our most renowned philosophers in action. It happened once in Exeter, that a very clever and ingenious young man suddenly thought he had made the desired discovery, and with the most vehement assertions ejaculated, "I have found it! I have found it!" "Found, what?" asked his friends, who were around him conversing in a public shop, "Found! what?"—"Perpetual Motion!" cried he "the £20,000 will be mine," and he ran to the door, and all the rest followed his example, when the wag, pointing to two gentlemen who had just passed the house, linked arm in arm, again cried out "I have found it!—there it is!" and it was then seen, that the one passenger's head was afflicted with a constant nervous shake, and that the opposite end of the other, strongly kept time in unison like the pendulum of a clock.

ECCENTRICITIES.

Mr. Reddish, the tragedian and contemporary of Garrick, was designed as many other members of the *corps dramatique* are, for a quite different profession. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, in the west of England, where he received that stimulus for the stage which ultimately caused him to adopt it with undisputed ardor. One day, when his master was out on professional duty, the young Roccus engaged the cook in the capacity of auditor, and recited some passages from "Alexander the Great," to the great satisfaction of himself and Dolly. When lo! the sudden return of the doctor as hastily put an end to the scene; for hearing a very loud noise and unusual confusion above stairs, he asked, in a hurried manner, "What was the matter?" "Oh! nothing Sir," replied the boy who let him in, "nothing but Alexander killing Clytus!" The very learned, but eccentric disciple of Esculapius, above-mentioned, made two pedestrian visits to Rome, once in the habit of a pilgrim, traversing bare foot round the shrine of St. Peter. He also determined on trying upon how small a portion of nourishment the human frame could be sustained: and to that effect contented himself with one gooseberry and a quart of water *per diem*, for three weeks, and it was with the greatest difficulty that his most respected medical friends could prevail upon him to lengthen life (which was fast urging to a close,) by a more nutritious diet.

CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

[This department contains the Paris *Journal des Dames*, and other French works of the same kind, regularly and accurately translated.—Extracts from the newest foreign works of eminence—also full and authentic information of every circumstance connected with the Parisian World of Fashion, its High Life, various Modes and their Changes, Men and Manners, Opera and Theatres;—the whole forming a full epitome of whatever is passing in Paris, and on the continent in general.]

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

—Those husbands, who amuse themselves in telling their young wives of the little gallantries they practised when they were bachelors, ought, when they exemplify in themselves the conduct of *le Mari à bonnes fortunes*, to profit by this counsel of Madame Derville's :—

“A tender heart, my son, is jealous of the past.”

Let them, also, remark when this piece is performed, that all the ladies at this line, close their fans, and strike them on the palms of their hands, which is their mode of applause.

—A man who arrived at Paris from the furthest part of Bretagne, strangely mistook the meaning of the word *diletante*; he imagined that it meant those men who sing remarkably loud, and whose clear voices are conspicuous in the *miserere* at St. Peter's at Rome.

—It is now a fashionable term, for a young female who has been betrayed, seduced, and ill-treated, to say she is a *Léocadia*. Unfortunately for these *Léocadias* of the town, they are not so lucky as she at the Feydeau.

—Rossini and his wife, the late madame Colbrand, were no sooner arrived in Paris, than a lady of fashion was fortunate enough to get hold of them both, at one of her evening parties. The Orpheus of Pesaro was very desirous of accompanying, on the piano, some fragments of his *Semiramide*, (an Opera performed at Venice in 1823). Never did this great composer pretend to display much execution; it is one thing to be an able statuary who can model a figure of glazed earth, but it is another to be the adroit sculptor who executes it in marble. However, genius will always discover itself: Rossini, at the piano, when he accompanies a piece of singing, has a kind of rapture, and an energy that astonishes. His playing is not remarkably fine; but it is vigorous, and sinks deep into the heart.

—“Tell me, do you know that handsome gentleman who is talking to that good old man?”—“Yes, truly; but there is no great difference in their ages.”

—“He, that I have pointed out to you, cannot be more than thirty.”—“Say, rather, fifty-six, at least.”

—“Impossible. Look at his hair.”—“It is a wig.”

—“But his whiskers?”—“He dyes them every week.”

—“Ah! but then his easy carriage, his shape!”

—“He has stays, and a padded coat. As for the rest, I have some business to transact with him to-morrow

morning, and if you will not believe me on my bare word, you shall see him, and you will fancy him to be the grand-father of him before you; which will put him in a fine rage.”

—One of the most foolish ways of spending money is in forming a cabinet of curiosities. This costs from twenty-five to fifty thousand crowns; but then you have the pleasure of shewing a fowling piece mounted in gold; a sabre with a blade from Damascus, the handle of which is a *chef-d'œuvre*; gardening tools made of polished steel, most admirably finished; a picture, in ivory of the most inestimable value; and a little horse, formed out of one single large pearl, &c., &c.

—Black makes our fat ladies look more slender; they, therefore, mean to keep on their mourning as long as they can. But slender women look lean in it, and they anxiously look forward to a fine day, when they may put on a white dress.

—In all great houses they have now portable screens of glass. On one side the glass is painted, on the other plain; the painted side is a subject taken from history or fable, the other serves as a looking glass; and the ladies find this *subject* not without its merits.

—A new game of forfeits has lately been played in company, entitled “*The Flower Garden*.” The most beautiful flowers are supposed to appear one after the other. A *goat* presents itself among them, and *eats up* some of them; but *Flora* comes in her turn, and causes those who have let the goat into her garden, to pay very heavy forfeits. The *butterfly* is allowed to hover over the flowers, but *thistles* are not to be seen there with impunity.

This game, the chances of which are numerous and diversified, is composed of thirty-six cards, well coloured, and placed in a very elegant box.

—It is said, that a lady belonging to one of the first classes, has sacrificed the sum of ten thousand francs to form for herself a *musical library*. In a book-case of citron-wood, with glass doors, divided into panes, are shelves to contain the works of Gluck, of Mozart, of Cimarosa, of Rossini, of Grétry, of Berton, and of Boyeldieu, all bound in the following manner: the German composers in green morocco, the Italians in blue, and the French composers in red morocco.

—The price of a flute is, generally, twenty francs, a guitar thirty, a violin sixty, and a piano may be had for fifty crowns, while a music desk, with a ma-

hogany pillar, with sconces and ornaments in bronze well gilt, is valued at three hundred francs.

—It must be confessed that the modern stair-cases are very elegant; but they are not favourable to politeness. Two ladies are quitting your house, and you offer them each a hand to conduct them to their carriage. It is not possible for three persons to go abreast down your stairs; therefore, one of your ladies must be either before or behind; which of them will you quit?—What may not be the result of the preference you shew!

—The principal hall, in the Artillery Museum, begins to have a very imposing aspect. We find there, among other suits of armour, that of Godefroy-de-Bouillon, King of Jerusalem. Notwithstanding the lapse of seven hundred years since its first existence, this magnificent envelope of polished steel, inlaid with gold, is yet complete. Godefroy-de-Bouillon was not a tall man. As a contrast, two suits of armour belonging to Francis I., one of which was denominated the *Lion's armour*, because it was ornamented with the heads and jaws of lions, prove the wearer to have been six feet in height. One of the suits of armour worn by this monarch is complete, not only for the knight, but also for the horse; all is placed in the middle of the grand armoury. The horse is modelled by one of the best French statuary, and is formed of earthen-ware. The Artillery Museum possesses, also, a suit of armour given to Louis XIV. by the Republic of Venice: the workmanship is admirable; all the campaigns of this monarch are wrought on the divers parts of this armour. At the bottom of the cuirass is to be seen a vacancy occasioned by a ball which struck the left side. Ladies are not obliged to know whether a cuirass is proof against a ball, or against a musket with a good charge of powder and ball levelled at it. What is related above is not meant to diminish the glory of the monarch: Louis XIV. gave sufficient proofs of his valour.

—At Paris, when a lady does not receive company, she thinks she is better out of doors than at home, and this way of acting is not without reason. A man, for example, who is all the morning employed in business, and who, at night, is not seen in company or at the theatres, is reported to be sick, in deep mourning, or ruined.

—Flowers are no longer placed on stands, in the middle of the room; it is now a globe of crystal, with gold fishes, to whom are thrown, from time to time, little pieces of sugar.

—The fashionable rings now worn, are of black enamel, adorned with gold chasing. The colet encloses a brilliant spark, or an amethyst. These mourning rings produce a good effect on a white hand.

—Why are all the ladies of fashion so fond of going to the Opera Buffa?—Because they are not only sure of being remarked there, but of being known, and it is not only said, "There is a pretty woman!"

but, "There is the pretty *Madame une telle*." At the Buffa, are always assembled the first class of people, and foreigners of distinction. A female, on coming out, is surrounded by princes, dukes and marquesses, while the compliments that are paid her, are overheard by all those she is accustomed to meet in society; this is much better than the admiration of the vulgar, which is forgotten the next moment.

—The favourite topic of conversation, is the new carriage to be used at the ceremony of the coronation of Charles X. The lining is to be plain velvet, of a bright crimson, embroidered with gold. The pattern of the embroidery is to be the arms of the *fleurs-de-lis*. In the centre of the principal escutcheon, will be two C C interwoven. The pannels are to be of glass, so that his Majesty may be seen. The emblems on the imperial, as well as the framing round the glasses, will be of gilt bronze, after the designs of the celebrated M. Percier.

—The musical evening meetings begin later than they did last winter. The piano is opened at eleven, and the *Prima Donna*, and the *Senor* of the saloon do not make their appearance till midnight.

FRENCH THEATRICAL REVIEW.

OPÉRA COMIQUE.—*Léocadia* is a very successful piece at this theatre, our readers will, therefore, not be displeased, at perusing an outline of it. *Léocadia*, as virtuous as Lucretia, has found a new Sextus in the person of a Spanish nobleman, who triumphs over her virtue, while he renders homage to her charms, and four years have passed away, since this crime has been committed; such is the introduction, we now come to the piece itself.

Two weddings are on the point of being celebrated in the seignory of Elvar, on the banks of the Tagus; Philip, a simple sergeant, is about to be married to Fanchette, the niece of the alcaid Crespo, and a marriage is also spoken of, concerning Fernand, a young captain belonging to the same regiment as Philip, to whom Carlos, his colonel and friend, gives his sister for a wife. Carlos, in this country, has seen *Léocadia*, Philip's sister, and has fallen in love with her. But far from accepting his homage, *Léocadia* avoids, as much as possible, the very sight of him, and appears the prey of melancholy, of which no one can divine the cause. In crossing the village, Fernand has remarked a young child, called little Paul, whose parents are unknown, and Fernand speaks before *Léocadia*, of a scheme he has in his mind, which he had just thought of, to take the child and make a page of him, and he goes to obtain him of the woman who has the care of him. Fernand, as soon as he has formed this resolution, sets out to put it in practice, and returns with a letter that the nurse has just received, and in which she is forbidden to give the child to any one. This letter has no

signature, but it is evident that it comes from the mother of the little Paul: the alcaid Crespo, who knows the hand-writing of Léocadia, immediately penetrates into this secret; and as he is very tenacious of the honour of his family, he will not ally himself to Philip; the breaking off the marriage of this one with Fanchette is then announced through the village. These events form the business of the first act.

In the second, Philip enraged at his sister, returns home. Léocadia, after she has, in part, assuaged her brother's anger, confesses her dishonour, but not her crime. Philip being one night on duty, Léocadia hastened to a town, situated a short distance from the village, to obtain help for her aunt, who was very ill, and with whom she was staying. All at once, she was surrounded and insulted by some young noblemen who had just broken up their orgies, carried off, and dragged into a house, without being able to combat against this outrage, for she had swooned away, and remained without sense or motion. When she recovered her senses the unfortunate creature found herself alone, in profound darkness: she tried to find her way out of the apartment, and felt with her hand for the door; at length she touched a window, which she opened. By means of a feeble light, which then beamed into the room, she remarked, she said, that she found silks and gold every where, in shining profusion, and she perceived over the chimney-piece a medallion of gold, which she immediately seized hold of, in the hope that one day it might lead to the discovery of her ravisher. "And where is this medallion?" asks Philip, "here it is," replies the trembling Léocadia. But alas! it is the portrait of a female; and Philip knows nothing of the original! The alcaid Crespo returns; he finds, in the portrait, the exact features of the sister of Carlos, whom Fernand is about to marry. "It is four years since Fernand has been in possession of the portrait of his intended bride," exclaims Philip; "he told me so; he alone is guilty! He must repair the honour of my sister, he must marry her!" But it is too late; Fernand has just wedded the sister of his colonel, Fanchette announces this marriage, and soon after all the wedding guests arrive, Philip then has no hopes but in his revenge.

In the third act the feast and the ball take place in the town, in a house that Carlos has given to his sister, and where the new married couple are, already arrived. Philip goes there to seek his adversary, to whom he sends a challenge, without naming himself, but demanding him to answer for a mortal outrage. While he is gone to find some one to carry the note according to its address, Fernand appears with Carlos, and gives to him, laughing, several letters of congratulations on his marriage, telling him that if he wishes to read them, he is very welcome, and he adds to them, that of Philip, which

is just brought him at that moment. Carlos, left alone, opens several of these letters, and sees that by which his brother-in-law is challenged to fight; a secret grief consumes him, and, as his life has become a burthen to him, he does not fear to risk it. He says nothing of this challenge to Fernand, and he goes in his place to the rendez-vous pointed out. Léocadia, has found that her brother intends to fight, and to prevent it, she comes to implore the succour of Carlos. But looking up, and casting her eyes around, she gives a scream of terror—she knows the apartment again, and the chimney-piece over which hung the medallion. "It was here—Ah! here"—she cries, as she shudders with horror, "Ah! Carlos, protect me." The trouble, the wildness of Léocadia's manner soon discover the truth to Carlos; he is the guilty person, it is he who is pursued by remorse; and he finds himself but too happy in recovering his peace of mind by repairing his atrocious conduct, and it is on his knees that he supplicates his victim to accept of his hand and fortune. It is easy to judge of the other dramatic incidents.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

Letters and Conversations on Ancient, Modern, Religious and Theatrical Dancing; by M. A. Baron.

Paris, 1 vol. 8vo.

M. BARON has concealed, under the name of Sophia, that of the young female dancer to whom he addresses his letters dated from London, in 1822; there are seven letters on the History of Dancing. After he returned to Paris, he completed his work by seven conversations on the same subject.

The historical treatise on dancing by Cahusac, and the history of dancing by Bonnet, written in the time of the regency, have been great helps to him, which he candidly confesses. Two dancing masters of the same epoch, Feuillet and Desaix have furnished him with a *Choreographical Lythography*. What is styled Choreography is the art of writing on dancing as they write music. Feuillet and Desaix had engraved fifty dances; M. Baron has produced two.

After speaking of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the ancients, M. Baron remarks to his pupil, "You will not find, which I think I ought to tell you, in the space of time which you will have to run over before you arrive at the present age, neither more passion nor voluptuousness in the Indian dances; neither more grace, dignity, nor philosophy in the Greek dances, nor more perfection and knowledge of the art in the Roman dances, as when, in the midst of the brilliant festivals of Italy, in the wonderful age of Louis XIV. You will, at least, believe that we surpass the ancients in magnificence; and, if we cannot render Venus more beautiful, we make her more splendid; yet, I shall be obliged to undeceive you, in displaying be-

fore you the pomp of the Ptolomies, and the majesty of the Roman Emperors."

One of the French Princesses was very fond of the colour of iron-grey. On her marriage with the Duke of Savoy, it was the wish to give her an entertainment in honor of her favourite colour. "When the curtain drew up," says M. Baron, "according to Bonnet, Cupid made his appearance, and tore off his bandeau; freed, then, from the restraint to which his eyes had been subjected, he called for light, and engaged it, by the most tender strains to diffuse itself over the stars, the air, the earth, and the waters; in a word, by giving a thousand different beauties by the variety of colours, he might be enabled to chuse that which was most pleasing. Juno heard the prayers of Love, and granted them. Iris, by her orders, flew through the heavens, and spread abroad the most brilliant colours; Love, struck by this dazzling sight, after having fully enjoyed it, decided in favour of grey, as the most modest and unobtrusive colour."

Mademoiselle Sophie interrupts M. Baron, by giving him the history of the opera to testify to him her astonishment at not hearing him name any female dancer. "Our forefathers," replies M. Baron, "could not boast of that which renders our modern ballets so charming, there were then no female dancers; you will find it difficult to believe that M. Gardel should fill those characters designed for a female, that Paul should replace Mademoiselle Clotilde, and Albert Mademoiselle Bigottini; then we should not behold the delightful *pas trois* of Noblet, Fanny Bias, and des Maréllié; where Aladin, the chief character in the *Wonderful Lamp*, would change into soldiers all the army of enchantresses under his command. Well, our ancestors, if they did chuse to have ballets, they had male dancers, disguised as women, to fill those characters, and it was not till 1681, that, for the first time, four women danced in the Ballet of *The Triumph of Love*."

M. Baron has made a curious selection from passages in different authors, since the last hundred years, which all speak, in similar terms, of the great perfection of stage-dancing in France.

Bonnet, who wrote in 1723, says, "It is only requisite to see a *chacoune*, by Ballon, an *entrée* of the winds and the furies by Blondy; a solemn and serious *entrée* by Lestang, one of peasants by Dumoulin, and a dance of *Caprices* by Prévost, in order to judge that it is impossible to carry the perfection of stage-dancing any higher. Twenty years after, the abbé Dubos, in a little tract, written at the end of his *Reflections on the art of poetry and painting*, affirms, that, in his time, dancing was brought to the highest pitch of perfection that it could possibly attain. No man has better designated it than Dupré, none ever danced with more elegance, not any one ever displayed nobler attitudes. Who can ever hope to surpass the grace of

Mademoiselle Sallé: you deceive yourself if you fancy you can ever attain that lively gaiety, that natural precision which is displayed in the dancing of Mademoiselle Camorge."

Noverre, who came far after these, says, "that the mechanical execution of his art is brought to that degree of perfection, that there is nothing left to be desired."

To these eulogiums ever renewed, M. Baron adds that of the present time by M. Blasis. "It is impossible," M. Blasis says, "to prevent ourselves from admiring the progressive rapidity made in the modern style of dancing. Our dancers are possessed of a taste the most refined; their manner is full of charms and grace, qualities which never existed among the artists of former times; they were ignorant of that firmness, that equilibrium, those graceful positions, those *fine attitudes*; those fanciful seductions we boast, were not then known."

Noverre, of whom we have spoken above, was the chief of the school of dancing, according to de Sturgard, who furnished France with Dauberval and the Vestris. "Noverre," says M. Baron, "renounced immediately that uniformity consecrated by routine, and imitated nature. Formerly the figure dances were only a servile copy from the ballet-master; wherein all, like a flock of sheep, did exactly the same thing; it was sufficient for one to lift up a leg or an arm, for all the rest to do the same. Noverre altered all that. A ballet, he used to say, is only a suite of pictures, disposed by some great painter, in proper order, where it is ordained that one framing shall be given to one, different from the other, and so every group should take in the ballet different movements and positions."

Noverre composed above one hundred ballets. Before M. Gardel, he had treated of the subject Telemachus afforded, and he gave with success the Ballets of Cupid and Psyche, and the *Judgment of Paris*.

In the conversations relative to dancing M. Baron has taken in the dances usually performed in private society, in masquerades, and in public balls at the Opera. "Balls, at the Opera," he says, "have always been a crowd. To the former masquerades, which the French kings were so fond of, succeeded masked balls, both public and private. The last masquerade at which Louis XIV. danced, took place on the 18th of January, 1688. The Regent, at the Palais Royal, and the Duchess du Maine, at Soeaux, gave magnificent balls. The balls, also, given by the elector of Bavaria, are much spoken of, as well as those by Emanuel of Portugal, at Surène and at the hotel de Bretonvilliers. On the 31st of December, 1715, the Duke of Orleans permitted public balls at the Opera three times during the Carnival week. The Comédie-Française wished also to establish masqued balls, but did not succeed.

NATIONAL SEPULTURES; Principally those of the Kings of France; by Legrand d'Aussy. Paris, 1. vol 8vo.

Three parts of this volume belong to Legrand d'Aussy, who died at Paris in 1800. His Treatise on National Sepultures was read at the Institut at the commencement of the Consulship; we may reckon ourselves fortunate in obtaining a second edition; for nothing has been yet published that treats so learnedly on this subject.

Whatever the Gauls possessed, that was most dear to them in life, was, at their death, always burnt with them, and consigned to the same tomb.

He gives the following reason why those barbarous nations that plundered all Europe, yet remained always poor; he says, "These robbers were ignorant of the true use of riches. During their lives they employed a part in dress and ornament. After their death all was buried in the earth with them; by which they hoped to shine in another world. Although this fact should not be attested by history, does not Tartary, at this day, offer numerous proofs of it? Those travellers, who have wandered over those immense countries, do not they inform us that, in a thousand places, are found under innumerable tumulis, and mounds of earth, besides skeletons and human bones, immense treasures of ancient coin, jewels, vases, armour, and precious stones?"

Legrand d'Aussy informs us that it was the Romans who first introduced among the Gauls epitaphs and monumental inscriptions.

The first tomb-stones consisted of two oblong stones, one of which being deeply hollowed out served as a kind of case to the body, and the other was flat, forming a cover, towards the feet, these stones became narrower. The custom of the stones being all of one breadth is of much later date. The coffins of the poor were always of wood.

The outward ornaments of tombs form the subjects of one chapter. At first, they were the representations of the deceased, graven on a plate of copper, or in mosaic work wrought on the tomb; next came statues to be placed on tombs, of this last custom, M. Legrand d'Aussy speaks as follows:

"We find statues were placed on tombs, early in the 12th century; and, consequently it must have been in the 12th century that monuments were placed over the dead. Philip I. who died in 1108 was interred at St. Benoit sur-Loire, and was there represented on his tomb by a statue, in a recumbent posture, clad in royal robes, with a crown on his head, and holding in his hand a falconer's glove. When Suger, abbot of St. Denis, undertook to beautify that church, he had a cenotaph erected for Dagobert, the founder of the Abbey, a prince whose tomb had been plundered by the Normans; and the monument was also adorned with a statue. Louis, the Young, had one in the church of Barbeau, as well as the Queen Constance, his second wife."

These statues were of stone. At the conclusion of the thirteenth century, marble was made use of. The first statues were recumbent, they began to give them other attitudes. At first they only gave the effigy of the defunct; accessory figures were now sculptured. White marble was mingled with black. Statues, also were seen of bronze and alabaster.

Legrand d'Aussy informs us that "the arts from Italy were patronized and naturalized into France, under Francis I. from them came the study of antiquity, a love and knowledge of all that was beautiful, an enthusiasm for all that was magnificent."

To honour the memory of his predecessor, Francis I. ordered a superb mausoleum to be erected over his remains. The monuments of Francis I. and Henry II. were also most magnificent. M. Legrand d'Aussy, thus speaks of mausoleums:

"After all the rich mausoleums erected to genius, or to gratify pride, it remained, for the honour of virtue, that conjugal love should desire to raise its tribute; and it is due to an inestimable wife, who could always preserve her faithful affection in the midst of a court, famed for its licentiousness: this was Margaret of Savoy, wife of the famous High Constable, Anne of Montmorenci, who died in 1567. She commanded one for her husband, and for herself in the little town of that name. Bullant, who was charged with this office, durst not depart from those forms that had been adopted for the three preceding mausoleums. He caused an architectural monument to be raised, ornamented with pillars, and covered with a demi-arch; wherein, like his predecessors, he placed four statues, two recumbent, and two kneeling; but so far he departed from them, that instead of representing the recumbent figures naked, they were clothed."

We think, having four statues for two persons requires some explanation. By the naked statues the sculptors wished to render them as in the state of the sick, when death attacked them; for, at that time, every body went to bed, as the Portuguese do, to this day, *sans chemises*.

Legrand d'Aussy then gives us the following intelligence concerning those statues on monuments, which were not represented as kneeling.

"They now made use of another kind of decoration for sepulchres; the ornaments on monuments were imitated from the ancients, and did not, in anywise, resemble those that preceded them; they consisted of pillars, more or less adorned. Such was that of Francis II, loaded with flames, ornamented with Genii, and surmounted by a vase of bronze, in which is the heart of the monarch. Such was that of the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, the pillars of which are wreathed, with laurels and vine-leaves: the urn on the top also contains his heart; that of Timoleon de Cossé, erected in 1572, and adorned with cyphers and crowns; that of the Cardinal de Bourbon, king of the league, surmounted

by his statue. Such, in a word, was the group of the three graces, destined to support the heart of Henry II. and which is regarded as the master-piece of Germain Pilon. These diverse essays merited encouragement; they did not meet with it. 'The use of kneeling statues yet prevailed.'

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM A VARIETY OF ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

SEVERAL ladies wear at balls, black crape dresses sprinkled all over with bugles: others have a slight embroidery at the border in polished steel. Black dresses are most elegant among women of fashion, with which, at the Opera Buffa, have been seen white hats and those of rose colour.

Pelerines have been invented, made of marabout feathers, these have a very distinguished appearance.

Turbans are of gauze with the crowns of velvet; they are more in vogue than ever: on toques are placed two aigrettes; one near the ear, which falls over the neck.

Hats of black velvet or satin, have succeeded to those of *gros de Naples*; the brim flies off the face; the trimming them with bows of the same material as the hat, yet continues.

Wreaths of flowers are the sole ornaments on the hair of young ladies. At the public spectacles has appeared a new head-dress, called a *béret*: at evening parties, toques and turbans are preferred.

On several hats is seen so broad a blond at the edge, that it forms a demi-veil, this blond, however, should not be more than a hand's breadth.

The disposal of marabouts and other feathers is decisive of the manner most proper for the toques or *bérets*. At the opera a lady was seen with the *béret* covered entirely on one side by a plume of marabouts, the end of every feather standing upright: the other part of the *béret*, which was of black velvet was quite uncovered.

Half dress gowns are trimmed with fur; some are trimmed down each side, like an open pelisse, the ends of these two rows of fur are lost in the upper border that surrounds the skirt.

At the concert given in the rue de Cléry, for the benefit of an Italian artist's widow, there was, among several other very remarkable head-dresses, a velvet toque, which was ornamented with three rosettes of velvet, and twelve marabouts, four between each rosette. Several toques of black crape were sprinkled with stars, others were covered with a net-work in bugles, and most of them ornamented with three flat feathers. On small dress caps, made very flat on the head, were seen the flowers called snow-balls, on others marabouts, placed arch-wise, the ends being bent together, so as to form a kind of bower. Young persons wore only their own hair, or a hat of white *plûche de soie*, ornamented with satin rosettes. Moabitish toques of rose coloured satin, fasten under the chin. Some velvet dress hats are ornamented with gold.

Turbans and toques are confined to every day wear, or to the public spectacles—for a ball or a concert, ladies of fashion

have their turbans, their flowers or their feathers arranged by the hands of the hair-dresser. At balls, and at evening parties, wreaths of gold or silver, are often mingled amongst the hair, and entwined among gauze or velvet. Flowers also, made of different coloured gems, are a favourite head-dress for young ladies.

Deshabille hats are of dark colours, and are trimmed at the edge of the brim with a broad blond: the crowns are heavily trimmed with satin rosettes, and often with those formed of *plûche de soie*. There are many white hats now to be seen; they are fastened with two strings of crape, with a rosette at each ear: underneath the hat is a half wreath of small flowers.

Several dress gowns are of white barège, grey, or lilac; they are trimmed with folds of satin, and three rows of chenille.

Some maltese collars are of organdy, or of clear muslin, made very stiff, they are embroidered with black, in feather stitch.

For ball dresses, young persons wear blouse-ropes of white Organdy, embroidered with black crewel: these embroideries fill up the spaces between broad bias folds.

On those days, when the weather has been less cloudy than it has been for some time, some very fashionable ladies have been remarked walking in the Thuilleries. They were in dresses of velvet, either black, violet, or dark green, they were all trimmed with chinchilla or black marten; with long tippets of the same fur, which covered the back, and were very broad over the shoulders: these pelerine tippets were clasped with gold claws, or with two hands, united.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In addition to the plan of giving the *Genealogies of the illustrious families of Great Britain*, (which, we are happy to say, has met the approbation of some very distinguished personages), we intend, in future, to denote a portion of our pages to *Anecdotes of HERALDRY and CHIVALRY*, which, we flatter ourselves, will contribute very successfully to the amusement and interest already excited by our Work.

Correspondents are requested to continue to supply us with information and criticisms, on the passing events that may interest the polite World.

Our readers are respectfully solicited to recommend this Publication amongst their friends. It is the only work dedicated to *High Life, Fashionables and Fashions*. No periodical of the kind, has embellishments that can be compared to this.

Persons who reside abroad, and may wish to be supplied with this work every month, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and any part of the West Indies by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, and at No 21, Sherborne Lane, to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, by Mr. Cowie, No. 22, Sherborne Lane.

LONDON: PRINTED BY G. SCHULZE,
13, POLAND STREET.



THE

WORD OF FASHION

AND

Continental Feuilletons.

A Monthly Publication.

Dedicated to

*High Life, Fashionables, Fashions, Polite Literature, Fine Arts,
The Operas, Theatres, Embellished with London
& Parisian Fashions and Costumes
of all Nations &c. &c. &c.*

Vol. XXII.

(January to December)

1845.



EDITED

By several Literary and Fashionable Characters,

LONDON.

Published by Mr. Bell (Removed to) N^o 299, STRAND.

And may be had of every Bookseller in any part of the World.



THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1845.

THE SENSITIVE MAN; OR, THE LAST REQUEST.

"Nature's mirror shows me,
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow."—BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

My friend and companion Leonie Delbar, was several years younger than myself. She had lost her mother when very young, and in consequence I used to *chaperone* her about to balls and concerts, and her father often confided her to my care to pass the summer with us in the country. My husband had a beautiful estate on the borders of the Rhone, in the vicinity of Avignon. To bury myself in this retreat, was looked upon by me as a sort of exile, and in order to sweeten the solitude, I induced Leonie to accompany me.

We went as far as Lyons in the carriage, and from Lyons we proceeded in a steam-boat down the Rhone. Leonie, who had only seen Paris and its environs, was enchanted with our journey, and when she came in sight of our old castle, she expressed herself most rapturously. The country around was certainly delightful, but I was too fond of gaiety to appreciate its beauties; but submitted with a reluctant sort of resignation, to the idea of passing two or three months there in the society of Leonie, determined to gather together our surrounding neighbours, by a succession of entertainments.

"Your neighbours are few," said my husband, "but Avignon will supply you; you can get up a concert, or a ball if you like it better, and I shall take charge of the invitations."

Leonie had a most exquisite voice; the idea of getting up a concert quite delighted me; we should produce quite an effect in the country, and would cause a regular revolution in the musical world.

We fixed upon the following Monday for our *fête*, leaving the invitations to my husband to manage, and giving directions myself for the reception and entertain-

ment of the company. The evening was superb, the setting sun reflected its brilliancy in the tranquil waters of the Rhone; all nature appeared at rest, and the surrounding flowers cast forth their richest perfumes.

"What think you of a walk this glorious evening?" said the enthusiastic Leonie.

"I see, my dear child, that you are quite captivated by our rustic scenery, but remember, we have no neighbours, therefore whither should we go; you know I have no taste for green fields and weeping willows."

"There is a sweet spot about a league from this," replied my husband, "a delicious Castle, that I should like to show to Leonie; but as the proprietor is a young man, I think it would be more discreet to await his visit, than first to honour him with yours."

"A young man, and having a splendid Castle," I cried, quite delighted at the idea of an adventure to cheer our solitude; "Oh! how I should like to see him; he is doubtless some romantic and handsome exile; rich, powerful, and amiable, what say you to a visit, Leonie?"

My artless friend coloured visibly. My husband informed us that the owner of Rock Castle was a most benevolent, amiable, and studious young man, who, regardless of his immense fortune and proud position, withdrew himself from general society, and gave himself up to literature.

"Oh! pray tell me his name?" I exclaimed.

"Augustus Senneval," replied my husband.

"Then do let us pay him a visit;" and without waiting for a reply, I rang the bell and ordered the carriage.

In a few minutes the servant announced the carriage was waiting. Leonie, who was dressed in pure white muslin, ran to her room, and placed upon her golden locks a hat of white chip, becomingly trimmed with satin and blonde, and throwing across her shoulders a scarf of rich lilac satin, was soon equipped for the ride.

We followed the course of the Rhone, ornamented on either side by a richly fertilized country, with here and there a picturesque and beautiful cottage, half shaded by the luxuriance of the surrounding trees. After following the course of the river for about a quarter of an hour, the carriage turned to the left, and we found ourselves in a

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

magnificent valley, in the middle of which reposed the most captivating and beautiful castle I ever beheld. When we arrived at the bottom of the avenue, we descended, and were conducted by my husband into the garden, where he left us to announce our arrival to Mr. Senneval.

Never was suspense greater than ours on entering this earthly elysium; it was the accumulation of art, with the utmost prodigality of nature. Flowers and shrubs of the most expensive and rare productions, were scattered around in almost excess of abundance. Without railings or enclosure, free and independent in the richness of its beauty, this parterre conducted to the terrace of the Castle by a poetic avenue of laurel and roses, whose elevated branches balanced their flowers over our heads. We ascended the steps of the terrace, where two orange trees, covered with showers of blossom, served as sentinels, and leaning against which we awaited the return of my husband. From the eminence we could see the course of the Rhone, enpurpled by the setting sun—the green hills on the other side of the bank—and farther still, the gigantic blue mountains mingling with the azure sky.

"What an enchanting spot," said Leonie, in an ecstasy.

"Yes," I replied, "what a favoured being the mistress of this place will be. What think you, Leonie, of such a residence?"

I was about continuing my bantering but imprudent observations, when my husband appeared. He told us that his friend had left for Avignon, and would not return till the next day; but that in his absence his gardener had directions to show us the house and grounds, and to offer us any refreshment we might be disposed to take.

The gardener now appeared, and conducted us to an elegant dining-room on the ground floor, where was prepared in a short time, a splendid collection of the choicest fruits, of which he entreatingly begged of us to partake. The walls of this apartment were covered with stuccos of the purest white, relieved by massy gilt mouldings and cornices. In each of the four corners, raised upon marble stands, were statues chiselled in the perfection of art, representing nymphs crowned with fruits and flowers. A carpet of the richest texture and brightest colours was on the floor, and the open door that looked upon this princely demesne, had, instead of glass, rich transparent windows, where the heads of Cupids smiled amidst a bower of roses.

We passed from this into another room of a more sombre appearance than the last. The walls were covered with various and choice pictures of the Italian school, in ebony frames, the subjects generally illustrations from scripture; the furniture of this room, like the frames, was composed of ebony; the couches and chairs covered with black velvet, which gave an air of deep dejection to the apartment. I hastened into the adjoining room, which I found to be Mr. Senneval's library; the walls were completely covered with maps, and the books were of the rarest and most valued selection. Here the furniture was superb, characteristic busts and precious orna-

ments, evincing the good taste and enlightened mind of the master.

"I am sure Mr. Senneval is an artist and a poet," said I, in raptures with what I saw.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot tell," said the honest gardener, who was, in truth, ignorant of the meaning of the two words, "but I know this, that my dear master, notwithstanding his fortune and his youth, is always sad and gloomy. I devote my whole time to the cultivation of the choicest plants and rarest flowers which he loves so much, but never a word, or even a smile, does he reward me with, to let me know he is pleased. I only see the excessive care he takes of them himself, and they appear to be his only source of happiness."

"Ah, Andrew," said my husband, pressing the hard hand of the old man, whom he had known living with his friend for several years, "you mistake for sadness the poetic reveries of a young man. When your master is married, and has a pretty wife and fine children, you will see him become as smiling as those flowers he loves so much."

"God grant there is truth in what you say, sir," said the old gardener.

And chatting thus we regained the avenue of plantations, where our carriage was waiting, which we mounted, and taking leave of old Andrew we returned home. During the ride Leonie remained silent, and apparently thoughtful; and I feel assured, that during the night the exquisite demesne, Castle, and perhaps the absent master, passed more than once in the dreams of my young friend.

CHAPTER II.

THE FETE.

Three days passed on since our visit, and to my great astonishment Mr. Senneval had not called upon us, although I knew he had returned from Avignon.

"Is it excess of modesty, or excess of ignorance, that has caused your friend Senneval to commit such a gross piece of rudeness as not to call on us in return for our visit?" I said to my husband one morning.

"It surprises me much," said my husband, "as previous to your arrival, he was here every day with me."

"Then he is afraid of encountering Leonie's captivating glances perhaps?"

"I know he is extremely timid, yet that does not sufficiently explain his conduct. I fear he is ill, and I shall call to-day to learn the particulars."

"Oh, do," I exclaimed, "and invite him to our *fête* at the same time; tell him that I shall take no excuse."

Charles went; we awaited his return with impatience, and as the time flew rather heavily with me in the country, I proposed to Leonie that we should stroll out to meet Charles.

"What you here," he exclaimed on seeing us; "if I had any idea of seeing you, I should have brought Senneval with me thus far, he is but a moment gone."

"Is he ill?" timidly asked Leonie.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"He has been suffering a great deal, I found him much changed."

"Well, will he come to us on Monday?" I asked.

"He has promised that he will."

The week flew rapidly in preparations for our *fête*, to which we expected all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. It was my intention to commence with music, as Leonie had so exquisite a voice, and I was particularly anxious to display my acquirements in that way. We sang, we played for hours together, in order that our performances might be the more effective and finished when the display was required. We remodelled the old furniture, we decked the rooms with flowers in their choicest abundance, and lighted the suite of rooms with unwoated brilliancy. At length the time arrived, and our guests were exact to the moment. Our *soirée* consisted of about sixty persons, "But where," I whispered to my husband, "is Mr. Senneval?"

"He has not yet arrived," he replied.

Leonie was at the piano playing the symphony to one of the airs of Norma which she was about to sing. Never had I seen her look so lovely. A simple dress of white crape over white satin, displayed to striking advantage her noble and graceful figure. A bracelet of turquoise encircled her arm, and a handsome brooch of the same placed at her bosom, confined the drapery of her dress.

Leonie's face possessed all that nameless grace and purity, which youth and extreme beauty can alone bestow. Before she commenced singing, her large and expressive deep blue eyes wandered for an instant around the assembly, as if in search of some desired object, then turning them upon me I smiled; she blushed, and to relieve her embarrassment, she began the cavatina *Casta Dove*. Her voice was of the very highest order, and had often been compared to Malibran's, and certainly with justice; and her extreme beauty, with her entrancing voice, rendered her at this moment irresistibly bewitching.

All eyes were fixed upon Leonie—all ears were open to drink in her rapturous sounds; but above all I noticed a very small man, whom I had not seen enter, and who, in listening, appeared plunged in an ecstatic reverie.

This man was dressed in deep black, his gloves were of the same colour, inappropriate as they appeared at an evening party. His figure was thin in the extreme, which ought to have made him appear young, if the extreme pallidness of his countenance, and mournful expression of his eyes, had not thrown a gloom over his whole appearance. It is possible I should not have paid attention to this person, if my husband had not approached me, and said in a low voice,

"There is Mr. Senneval," and with his eyes he indicated the little gentleman in black.

"What! Is it possible!" I exclaimed, examining him feature by feature. His hair was thinly scattered over his head, so that the reflection of the white skull could be seen, which gave him the appearance of having grey hair, although he was a young man. His eyes were red and sore-looking, and totally unprovided with the accompaniments

of eyebrows or eyelashes: his nose was flat and pointed, drooping over his mouth, which was almost totally unornamented with teeth, nothing being visible therein but a few discoloured stumps. The expression of his face was that of profound sadness, although at this moment it displayed more than ordinary sweetness, called forth by the visible emotion he betrayed in listening to the witching sounds of Leonie. But I could not believe it possible that Charles was serious in saying that little, ugly, insignificant looking animal was the accomplished master of the Castle and demesnes of Rock Flora.

At this moment Leonie had finished her song. Charles immediately took the little man in black under his arm, and approaching me, introduced him as his old and valued friend, Mr. Senneval.

I found great difficulty in addressing him a few polite words; he answered with considerable embarrassment, and then mingled with the crowd. Leonie, escaping from the enthusiastic acclamations by which she was surrounded, approached me, saying with a sigh,

"Well, he is not come."

"You mistake," I said. "He is here."

"Where?" said she, with vivacity.

I looked round for Mr. Senneval, and perceived him near a glass window that opened on the terrace, a lamp was placed over his head, and shed its full light upon him.

"Now you deceive me," said Leonie, with impatience, after she had looked at him.

Mr. Senneval, seeing that we were regarding him, disappeared upon the terrace.

"And is that the proprietor of Rock Flora?" said Leonie, drawing me into the recess of a neighbouring window, "the man whom I have so longed to see."

"Yes! my dear child," I replied, "that is indeed Mr. Senneval, the interesting young man, as Charles called him. You see how lenient gentlemen are to each other's deformities."

"Oh! your husband has been guilty, more guilty than he thinks," replied Leonie, with a serious and sorrowful tone. "I have loved," she added in a trembling voice, "Yes! I have loved for eight days the fancied image of this man. The deception is horrible."

Here she became agitated. I fondly embraced her, and we remained some moments in silence, resting against the window. I thought I heard something proceeding from a cluster of jessamines, whose branches touching our foreheads, shed forth its sweetest perfume. Although the night was calm and serene, yet it was dark. I leant forward, but could not distinguish any object.

We mingled with the company. I sang a duet with Leonie, but her voice was no longer the same, and she occasionally forgot her part. I sought in vain for Mr. Senneval, but he did not again appear. I then accused myself of not having paid sufficient attention to this poor young man, so unhappy on account of his extreme ugliness; this remorse turned to irritation against my husband, who, by his silence in this respect, had been the cause of so much pain to Leonie's susceptible nature, and led to the flattering conjectures with which we had invested him.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

When the company retired, I spoke strongly to Charles on this point.

"In truth," said he, in reply, "the idea never struck me, I have known Senneval from his infancy: during my sojourn here I have seen him daily; he was at all times a delightful companion, full of noble and generous feeling, mild, affectionate, and instructive, with a loftiness of intellect not easily met with. And can you be surprised that I never remarked his ugliness. I assure you until this hour I have only thought of him with reference to the superiority of his mind.

The next day I was quite overpowered with the fatigue of the preceding evening, and my poor Leonie was evidently not recovered from the disappointment she experienced. The weather became windy and wet, and continued so for eight or ten days. This was quite enough to sicken me of the country; I accordingly proposed returning to town, which Charles acceded to, as he saw I was bent upon change. Leonie was silent, and the day was fixed for our departure.

The evening before our departure, I expressed my astonishment that Mr. Senneval had not called to say adieu.

"Mr. Senneval is very ill," said my husband. "He is a superior man; and I regret that you did not appreciate his worth."

We quitted the banks of the Rhone in the latter end of September. Charles remained three months after us. When he again joined us in Paris, I was at once struck with his melancholy air.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked.

He replied with intense sadness—"I have lost my friend. Senneval is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "And of what?"

"That letter will inform you," he replied. "Before he died he wished to write to you."

"To me! Why, he scarcely knew me."

"He knew you through me," said Charles, with affection. "I told him you were more thoughtful than you appeared to be; and he wished to confide his secret to you."

I took the letter from Charles, and broke the seal with considerable emotion, read as follows.

CHAPTER III.

THE LEGACY.

"It is not to *her* that I dare write to cloud the serenity of her future life. 'Tis to you, madam, that I venture to unburden my mind, for you can pity me without entailing misery upon yourself. I die, because I feel assured of the impossibility of ever being loved. If I were to live, this avowal would be ridiculous; but one dare not mock an evil that causes death. Before arriving at this knowledge, my days were tranquil, but not joyous. But from the hour that conviction fell upon me, I felt stricken by death. That day—oh! that day, madam, was the happiest and the most miserable of my life. Before recalling it, let me give you a sketch of my infancy without joy, and my youth without hope.

"My mother died in giving me birth; I was born to a noble house. My father was an old man, and died, leaving me immense wealth. Oh! that he could have bequeathed me instead, health and beauty—at least any other face than the hideous one I possess. I was soon made aware of my personal deformity, laughed at; first by the children of my own age, and afterwards sneered at by my school companions. Instinct led me to solitude, and at eighteen years of age I shut myself up in the retreat which you have seen. Nature cast around me her beautiful gifts—the love of study enthralled my mind. In the morning I culled my flowers, and in the evening I retired to my library. Thus I passed some years, without being actually miserable. Nature's study was so engrossing, the spectacle so imposing, and always so new, that if I could have forgotten my own identity, I might have been happy; but everything reminded me of the isolation of my destiny. If I by chance encountered a young girl in the fields, she started up on seeing me, and an occasional exclamation of horror met my ears. Oh! I was hideous, repulsive—and I knew it. I saw my deformity, and looked with horror upon myself. With so keen a sense of moral beauty as I had, I also intensely appreciated the grandeur of personal perfection, and I would remain for hours with excited ardour contemplating the *chef d'œuvres* of the old masters, in which were exquisitely portrayed the young, the beautiful, and the happy. But yet my sufferings were but vague and undetermined. I could struggle with them, and perchance vanquish them; but the time was fast approaching when misery and despair were my only portion.

"You cannot have any notion of the varied emotions and sleepless nights caused by the news of your arrival, accompanied by a young friend. What! two young and beautiful women locating themselves in my neighbourhood—the common courtesies of society, independent of my warm affection for the husband of one, would inevitably oblige me to see them. In vain your husband tried to laugh me out of my terrors; and you may have some idea, madam, when I tell you that the day on which you honoured me with a visit, I was there tremblingly following you with my eyes, but not daring to appear before you.

"Hidden behind the window curtains of my sleeping apartment, I saw you leaning—*you and her*—against two orange trees, the blossoms of which were waving gracefully over your heads. I saw *her*—young, beautiful, and artless—charmed with the aspect of my retreat. I heard her words and yours, and happiness was lost to me for ever.

"For some hours my heart was separated from my body, and I lived in the world of thoughts, and was happy. I fancied myself loving, generous, and intelligent—worthy of *her*—and that she returned my passion with all the warmth and ardour of woman's first love.

"When you left, I spent the night in the place in which you had walked. I kissed the print of her footsteps, and cherished her image. I felt she was all my own. I entered my deserted mansion; a lamp burned brightly in the drawing room; by its light I saw, on

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

entering, my own face reflected in the glass. I reeled back with horror, and in an instant was brought back to the sad reality of my disgusting deformity. 'Oh! never can I be loved,' I exclaimed, and tears of bitterest anguish rolled down my cheeks. Then I prayed to God to precipitate for me the course of years. I wished to be in a moment transformed into an old man. The world laughs at ugliness as if it were a joke—they ought rather to pity it as an incurable misfortune.

"Worn, ill, and becoming every day more weak, I refused at first to be presented to you; but I fled you only in appearance. Wherever she wandered there I was concealed by the foliage, and watching her every movement. Not an evening's walk have you taken, that I was not in attendance. I thus imbibed the poison that killed me, but it was a happiness I could not deprive myself of.

"The evening of your *fête*, I determined, notwithstanding my promise to your husband not to allow myself to be seen, but to listen on the terrace near an open window. But I saw her, and forcibly impelled to have a nearer view, I advanced, my resolution fled, and I entered. Then I forgot all. I saw no one but her, I heard nothing but her exquisite voice. Transformed by enthusiasm, I was no longer a man, but in a moment had become an ethereal being.

"Oh! what happiness was mine for a few moments. When the song ceased I wished to fly, but I had not time, for the arm of your excellent husband grasped mine, and he conducted me to you. I felt that I was lost, and your look and start betrayed your disgust at my ugliness. I wished to mingle with the crowd, and retire before she could behold me. I was seized with a fatal weakness, and turned my head to look upon her for the last time. At this moment you pointed me out to her. Her look was as expressive as your own, for I read in it her disgust. In retiring I sat down overwhelmed with despair, and there I heard! I was there, Madam, I was there when she said to you, '*I have loved for eight days the fancied image of this man.*'

"Thus I would have been loved by her if nature had been less merciful to me, and might have been united to this lovely being, if my exterior was like other men's. Oh! what ineffable pictures these words present to my soul. I see her in my solitude, the beautiful and affectionate wife, the youthful mother, the lovely offspring gambolling around her. She encircles them in her arms, then conducts them to me to receive my caresses: then together we could visit the hovels of the poor; and bring to them relief, and happiness. Then our distant journeys together, and the cultivation of art and poetry, and luxury, I could anticipate her every wish. I had enormous riches, and I loved her with such intense adoration, that I would gratify her every thought. When these visions of unattainable happiness presented themselves before me, I felt the arrow of death entered into my soul.

"From that day I have felt that death would be a blissful summons, and I await the final summons with joyous expectation. My death will benefit the poor, to whom I bequeath the entire of my fortune. Tell her not of my

sufferings, but tell her not to despise the last request of a heartbroken man, and it is this—that she will deign to receive through you the two orange trees against which I first saw her leaning: that she will give them an asylum in her own home—that she will occasionally inhale the perfume that they yield, and at that time, and at that moment, my spirit shall hover round her, shall protect her from impending ill, and soothingly whisper to her hope and joy in the world to come."

BELINDA.

TO M. A.

The morn breaks in beauty, the beam's on the sea;
The south wind is whispering like loved tones from thee,
And the music I hear in the rippling waves play,
Reminds me of tones and of times passed away.

Passed away—yet to memory what is so dear,
As a retrospect, e'en though it summon a tear;
When long banished hopes and past joys again blinding,
Rush back to a heart long with sorrow unbending.

Yes, those hopes and those joys, oh! how oft will they
wake,

With their musical whispers to woo the lone heart;
The dark spell which sorrow cast round us to break,
And a glimmer of passing delight to impart.

They come on the breeze as it murmurs along,
On the crest of each wave, as it burst o'er the main,
And memory still finds them in each favourite song,
And responds to the melody sadly again.

J. G.

A RIDDLE.

My riddle's the means to impart,
A zephyrous breeze to the fair:
But say, is it nature or art,
That taketh it under her care?

Yet wherefore should art be despised,
If it is not the means of distress?
My riddle the ladies much prize,
And it maketh a part of their dress.

Again, I have known it exposed,
To the touch of the husbandman's hand,
When the work of the day was not closed,
Tho' the sheaf was released from its band.

But how can a zephyrous breeze,
Be combined with the dress of the fair?
Like Eve do they deck from the trees?
Or do they delight in the air?

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE CONTEST OF HARPS;

OR, THE BARD KING.

A Tale of Pagan Ireland.—By J. H——.

CHAPTER I.

The ancient kingdom of Partry, in the west of Ireland, over which the ancestors of the powerful sept of the O'Mallies ruled, before they were driven to a more remote territory, was divided into three districts—Partry, of Kears, in the present barony of Kilmalein, in the county of Mayo—Partry of the Lough, in which Cong, once the residence of the Kings of Connaught, is situated, and Partry of the Mountain, extending over the wild mountainous region that reaches beyond Lough Corrib, as far as the celebrated peak of Croagh Patrick. In a deep and solitary valley in the latter district, a few miles to the west of Cong, was the little village of Glandarra (literally the valley of Oaks), consisting of ten miserable cabins buried in the midst of the dark forest, that then covered the wild and lofty mountains of Connemara. And yet mean and humble as it was, it contained within its narrow limits, that which forms the glory of the greatest kingdoms of the earth—genius, strength, and beauty. Oona was fair as Freya, the Venus of the northern nations, and Keiran, her affianced lover, bore the sacred stamp of intellect and of superiority, with which the celestial Crom marked the brows of his favourite sons; while even the humble hamlet in which they lived, would appear to have borrowed from those bright stars a portion of their lustre. But what can boast of escaping the withering hand of time? All that then existed has disappeared. The beauty of Oona has faded. The genius of Keiran cast but a gleam around, and then passed away for ever. Like the great empires and cities of antiquity which have bent beneath the universal law of destruction, the little village of Glandarra, with its ten hovels, is no more, while Cong, the seat of royalty—the site of the celebrated abbey of Saint Fechan—the retreat of the last of Ireland's monarchs—is now but an impoverished village, remarkable only for its ancient celebrity, for its architectural ruins, and for the beauty of the scenery by which it is surrounded.

It was winter. The night was cold and gloomy, and a single star alone glimmered in the horizon. It was to be seen in the direction of the valley, and was, in fact, merely the light of a lamp, which trembled amidst the foliage from the entrance, to the poorest and the most dilapidated of the ten cottages.

The humble evening repast was prepared inside. Silent and absorbed in thoughtfulness, sat a young man and a young female at opposite sides of the apartment, without appearing to notice each other's presence, or the preparations for supper, which, for the preceding hour, had engaged the attention of the good old Brenda, the mother of the girl. After gazing for some moments alternately on the youthful pair, the old woman at length asked, with visible impatience,

"Keiran, will you not come to supper?"

"Whenever you have it ready, dear Brenda," was the reply.

"That makes the tenth time that you have given me the same answer within the last half hour. What is it that can so occupy your mind. As for the time when you used to join in the wolf hunts in the forests of Partry, you were then a pleasant companion. There was not on this side of the distant Shannon, your equal in pursuing the wild boar through the woods, or in bounding like the red-deer over the highest tops of the mountains. Keiran, have you renounced all these noble pursuits that are alone worthy of a brave Dammonian, or rather," she added, in a subdued tone, "have resolved to kill poor Oona, your affianced bride, by your indifference and forgetfulness."

At the name of Oona, the young man who had been but slightly moved at the other reproaches that were thus addressed to him, rose quickly from his seat, and fixed his eyes, with a melancholy sigh, on the fair maiden who was seated in silence opposite to him.

Oona was more interesting in her humble garb, than the daughters of princes, dressed in lace and velvet. Her pale features, and downcast but expressive eyes told that she was the victim of a tender and silent melancholy. Her dress bore a strong resemblance to that of the peasantry of the same district at the present day. It consisted of a tight bodice of coarse red flannel, that came close to the throat, and a short petticoat of the same material, gathered in large plaits around the waist, and descending about half way below the knee—the entire being well suited to display the fair proportions of his slender and graceful figure. A pair of dark *trecheens*, or stockings without soles, were the only covering of her small and finely shaped feet, while her hair, uncovered and unrestrained by even a band, floated in luxuriant tresses of light brown over her shoulders. Such was the daughter of Brenda—the artless and attractive Oona—the mere mention of whose name had sufficed to arouse Keiran from his abstraction.

The resigned and melancholy silence of Oona, made a more powerful impression on the young hunter, than all the words of Brenda. He advanced towards her, and seizing her hand in his said, in a tone full of tenderness and sorrow,

"Oona, I have made you suffer. Can you forgive me?"

"I love you, Keiran, and your pardon must ever lie in those words. But you have a secret—a secret of which I am jealous, since it distracts your thoughts, and your love, and draws you away from me."

"Come," said Brenda, "none of this folly. Keiran has, I am sure, no wish to make you unhappy. Do you not forget that your marriage is fixed for the day after to-morrow, and may not the near approach of his happiness have the effect upon him of which you complain. Or perhaps," added she, with a smile, "he may have had one of those curious dreams which so often disturb young brains, and for an explanation of which, he may be anxious to visit some of the *draoi* among the mountains,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

if not to go to the sacred oracle of Cromcruch, on the plains of Moyseuct, in Breeiny; but if he intends doing that, he had better put it out of his mind until Domnach Cromdaibh* comes round again.

"You have guessed more truly than you intended, Brenda. A dream has troubled my mind latterly; but let us speak of something else."

"In due time, Keiran, you shall see it fulfilled. A dream is a warning from on high, and as such it fills the soul with a holy terror from which it is impossible to escape. Oona, we should not press him further."

Here the good mother ceased, and cast a look of apprehension on her young companions. Then, as if struck with a sudden alarm, she asked,

"But, Oona, is not your brother yet returned?"

"Not yet, dear mother."

"How rash," murmured Brenda.

"Why do you accuse Murchad of rashness?" demanded Oona, raising her large and expressive eyes towards her parent.

"Why? Because he is incautious; because he is inquisitive as the daughters of Culrahen; so I'll engage he has been rambling in the environs of Cong."

"And what danger could await him there, mother?"

"Have you then been dreaming as well as Keiran? What danger! Are you then ignorant that a month has elapsed since the death of the old King Mac Fiacra More, and that his son, Aric, has not yet ascended the throne?"

"I see no great evil in that," said Oona; "the noble Aric is, at this moment, fighting on the plains of Gallian, and though he has not yet been crowned, he is no less entitled to ascend the throne, when he returns with his victorious *fenui*. What can he have to fear?"

"Every thing," replied Brenda, mysteriously. "An outbreak has taken place among the people, and to-morrow they are to assemble in the great council rath at Cong, when after long deliberation, whatever bard shall best sing the reign and the virtues of Mac Fiacra More will be elected king. All the greatest bards of the land will be present, and the ceremony is to be called 'The Contest of Harps.'"

"Oh, it will be a delightful spectacle! Will you not, dear mother, bring me to see it?"

"No, Oona, my child, it will be no place for us."

Keiran, during these latter observations, had resumed his absent and pensive attitude. His lips were for a moment contracted with a movement of nervous impatience, while large drops of perspiration chased each other down his forehead. Notwithstanding his efforts at concealment, his suffering was noticed by his two companions, and they were about anxiously inquiring if he were unwell, when a forced smile appeared on his countenance, and drawing the stool on which he was seated towards the table, he said,

"Ah, Mother Brenda, is it thus you give us our

* The Sunday of Black Crom, called also St. Patrick's Sunday, the last Sunday in summer.

supper? All you have been saying is, I admit, very wise and true, and yet, at this moment, I am more anxious to see the contents of that old pot that smokes so temptingly near the fire, than to hear anything you could tell us either of dreams or of harp contests."

"You are right, Keiram. There should be a time for everything, and it is now time for you to get your supper."

The repast over, Keiram rose to retire, and giving his betrothed a parting kiss, left the cottage.

On approaching his own cabin he stood for some moments motionless, in the attitude of one who endeavours to distinguish some distant sound. The next instant a young peasant approached with hurried steps.

"Is it you, Murchad?" was the inquiry.

"Yes, and I am the bearer of good news. The contest of harps is fixed for the twelfth hour to-morrow. There are eight competitors, and your name is the last entered. Thank the Gods! If I had been but a moment later, the list would have been closed."

"Thanks, Murchad! Thanks, my brother. Guard well my secret until to-morrow, and till then, farewell. Hasten home and comfort your poor mother, for she is uneasy at your absence."

When he was left alone, Keiram endeavoured to sleep, but could not. He sought the coolness of the open air, for his blood was boiling within him. He had fever in his head and in his heart. Suddenly his countenance beamed with a pleasing idea. He re-entered his cottage, and taking under his cloak a small harp, in shape like the Phœnician lyre, he had soon clambered to the very summit of Ben Levi, the nearest of the surrounding mountains. It was a wild and solitary spot. The thick woods were on one side of him, while on the other yawned a deep ravine, at the bottom of which roared a cataract of half frozen water. There, seated high above the mists that rolled beneath him, Keiram was soon lost in meditation. He raised his eyes with sadness to the heavens, as if complaining that they should appear enveloped, like shivering age, in a mantle of black clouds. In a few moments his mental prayer would appear to have been heard. The sky became more clear and beautiful, and the moon gradually tore aside the dark curtain by which she had been veiled. It was then that the face of the young hunter seemed to brighten with a divine light. His long hair floated wildly in the winds, while his cloak was flung aside as an encumbrance. The inspiration of the *Siodha* had descended upon him, and during the remainder of that night the echoes of Ben Levi rung with words as noble as any that had been ever sung in the same expressive language by the immortal Ossian, and with strains as sweet, as pathetic, and as heart-moving as the harmonious murmurs of an Eolian harp.

CHAPTER II.

The next day arrived, and with it came the great *féile* of Cong, which was to decide the chieftainship of the principality. A large rath, enclosed by a double moat,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

and surrounded by a dense oak grove, was chosen as the scene of the contest; and here, from an early hour, a numerous and anxious assemblage had collected together from all parts of the country, to witness the proceedings. The "Contest of Harps" was at once a literary solemnity, and a political demonstration, and nothing appeared to be wanting to make it as efficient in both respects as possible.

The areopagus, or council by which the palm was to be adjudged to the conqueror, was composed of the ardbrehon, or chief judge of the kingdom, four draoi, or druids, four bards, and four senachies, all of whom were selected for their age and high character in their respective classes. They were seated on a bank covered with skins of the moose deer, and each was attended by a boy or page, who sat on the grass at his feet, and held the *Oraissu*, or Taibhle Filaadh, tablets of birch-wood, on which the ancient Irish wrote before the invention of parchment. This, however, was more for show than use, as their decision was given without any notes of the proceedings being taken. Immediately in front was a low wooden scaffolding, ornamented with branches of holly and of ivy, for the competitors, while the remainder of the space was allotted to the spectators, without much distinction as to rank, age, sex, or profession.

At the appointed hour the judges took their seats, and the eight champions were introduced before them amidst the general acclamation of the multitude, and the loud clangor of martial music. The ardbrehon after some moments rose, and on stretching forth his hand, ensured an instant and universal silence.

"Brave Dammonians," he commenced, "pay a deep attention to the poetic accents that shall reach your ear from this bench. We wish to make our decision with you and through you. On the election which we are about to hold, will depend the destinies of the land of Achy, of Nuadd the silver-handed, and of the great Crom himself. You have sworn to obey him whose tongue shall be most eloquent, and whose harp shall be most melodious. Listen then. It is the Gods who shall give the inspiration, and we are here but to sanction the choice which their divine wisdom shall make."

A murmur of approbation resounded through the rath at the termination of this address.

The competitors were then called in the order in which their names appeared on the list.

The first sung of the origin of the Dammonians—of the valiant deeds of Nuadd of the silver hand, the leader of the second colony of the Dananns into Ireland, and the conqueror at the great battle with the Belgians at Moytura, near which they were then assembled. He described the death of Achy the Belgian monarch after the battle, by the three sons of Badra, and the triumph of the race of Nemeth over all opposition, until the accession of their late sovereign, whose virtues he extolled above those of all his predecessors.

The second bard celebrated the superiority of Erin over all the rest of the world, in disticha burning with patriotism, and concluded by describing the reception of

Mac Fiachra More at a banquet given to him by the Immortal Gods after his decease.

The third bard sung a *Rory Cuath*, a martial ode, with an effect so magical and overwhelming, that the burden was repeated by the multitude at a petition, with wild enthusiasm.

Discouraged by this last ovation, the succeeding bards declined coming forward, and returned the rath in succession. There now remained but one candidate more, and he, after a moment's hesitation, slowly ascended the steps of the tribune, and awaited in calmness until tranquillity should be restored, while his predecessor, proud of his own triumph, surveyed him with a look of mingled pity and contempt.

The masterly chords that proceeded from the harp of the new champion, at once communicated a strange emotion and a tender sympathy to the entire assemblage. It was no longer a cold and servile panegyric, nor a war cry to make sword blades jump from their scabbards, but it was poetry grave and serious, penetrating and profound. The bard retraced the reign of Mac Fiachra more as one that had poured the blessings of peace upon the land—that had established laws founded upon justice, serving as a shield to preserve, and as a sword to defend his subjects.

The tones of the harp, and the voice of its master, mingled in sublime harmony, while his words conveyed within the bounds of the most perfect rhythm, struck upon the ears and the hearts of his hearers in a succession of magic verses.

Before he had yet ceased to sing, the ardbrehon arose from his seat and presented him his hand. At this unexpected movement the admiration and enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds. The entire assembly united in a cry of joy and approbation—a glorious and spontaneous confirmation of the judgment given by the council.

The victor was at once crowned with a laurel garland. He was then conducted to a splendid chariot, ornamented with trophies and banners, and was thus led in triumph to his new residence.

Scarcely had the procession commenced its march, when a piercing cry arose from the group nearest to the triumphal car. A young female had fallen down in a state of insensibility, and if a peasant had not snatched her in his arms, she would have been inevitably trampled beneath the horses feet.

It was Oona, whom an unaccountable presentiment had induced to proceed to Cong, and her rescuer was her brother Murchad.

When Oona recovered from her swoon, and once more opened her eyes, she found herself in a magnificent hall, filled with richly-dressed persons of both sexes, and lighted by a hundred lamps, with a degree of brilliancy of which she had never before formed any conception. The poor maiden of Glandarra, accustomed to simplicity and poverty, suddenly found herself possessed of that magnificent hall for her chamber—soldiers for her slaves, and a palace for her residence.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Keiran," she cried, as soon as she could collect her scattered senses, "I wish to see Keiran."

They hurried to the Chieftain of Partry.

Soon after, in the day, when by the orders of Keiran the people of Brenda had been brought to the palace, and when she demanded of her daughter the cause of her emotion, she could only reply by a torrent of tears. "It causes my child to weep thus," said the mother, trembling with affectionate solicitude as she spoke.

"I know not," said Oona, sorrowfully, "unless it be that I have become the betrothed of a monarch."

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime the night advanced, and the busy noise of the public festival had gradually died away. Sleep had spread its silken wings over all the inmates of the palace. Keiran alone, was awake, seated in the company of his betrothed and her parent in a retired apartment of his palace. Oona filled with affectionate indulgence for her lover, adopted with artless joy all the hopes which his pride inspired, and embellished with her sweet accents the splendid structures which Keiran's imagination raised in the dim perspective of the future. Brenda joined not in the discourse, and her silence was a mute protestation against the vanity of their anticipations, not one of which, in her mind, was ever to be realized. Suddenly the door opened, and Murchad, with agitated looks, stood in the midst of them.

"Keiran," he cried, "all is lost if the people do not rally around you. Aric, long apprised of the popular movement against him, has hastened with a large force from the Gallian wars, and is now within an hour's march of the spot where we stand."

This intelligence terrified the two females beyond description, Oona more particularly, who possessed but little of the strength and ruggedness of character common among the inhabitants of the north, and who approached more in her delicacy and sensibility to the weak and languid daughters of the East, felt her soul sink within her at the prospect of a new and unexpected danger. Attending only to the promptings of her love, and yielding to a gloomy foresight, she cast herself upon her knees before her affianced husband, and in imploring accents addressed him.

"Keiran, if you indeed love me, oh! grant me this one favour. Renounce at once all this grandeur for my sake, and be content in the possession of my affection alone. Of what advantage is a crown to those who love as we do. Let us then fly together. Keiran let us fly."

The new chieftain started from his seat at the sound of that dearly loved voice. Perhaps he was for a moment about yielding to her entreaties. But he glanced at the rich ornaments of the throne that were around him; the cushion beneath his feet felt more soft and yielding than ever, and the chrysal handled sceptre of Mac Fiachra More seemed to tremble in his grasp.

The fever of power, the pride of acquired rank, and above all, the golden image of royalty, quickly prevailed

over the passing regret that his bitter feelings had raised within him.

"It is beyond my power," said he, "to be guilty of such dishonourable cowardice. What terror can death present when my eyes are to be closed by the God of Battle, and when the paradise that welcomes heroes who die in war, opens for me beyond the grave. No, Oona, if I cannot raise myself above my destiny I cease to be longer worthy of thy love."

Then snatching up a lance that rested near him, he rushed forth, his last words being,

"Mother, pray for him who shall soon become thy son. Oona, pray for thy spouse."

The maiden would have retained him, but his hand slipped from her grasp. She cried to him, but he had vanished.

The early dawn of day saw Aric at the head of his army before the great rath of the palace. A vigorous resistance was organized in the interior, for though the nobility had felt themselves humiliated by the elevation of Keiran, the mass of the people regarded him as their true representative, and had resolved to respect his election as a sacred evidence of their own power. The rivals might, therefore, be regarded as having nearly equal chances of success.

All was prepared for the attack and the defence, when Keiran, anxious to spare the blood of his new subjects, and willing that he alone should have the glory of confirming his former triumph, proposed to decide the contest by single combat, in presence of their united armies. Aric at once assented to the proposition, and hostilities were accordingly suspended. The God of War, the deity then most respected, was left to decide who should enjoy the sceptre, and from his decisions there could be no appeal.

Two hours were employed in preparations for the combat on either side, and at the end of that period Keiran was seen issuing from the rath, attended by an immense assemblage of the people. All eyes were now directed to the contest. The combatants fought with lances, and on foot. Aric had been born in a camp, and reared from his infancy among warriors, while the fingers of Keiran were more accustomed to touch the cords of the harp, than the rugged wood of the lance. Still the issue of the combat remained long doubtful. For half an hour victory hovered over the lists alternately, passing from one side to the other, not knowing which to crown or which to overthrow. At length, in the midst of a cloud of dust that rose around them, the two warriors were seen to roll together on the ground.

A deathlike silence prevailed for a moment among the spectators, and the next instant Aric was seen springing to his feet, and waving his lance aloft in triumph. A shout of "Aric for ever," rent the air, and stifled the dying groan of the vanquished bard.

The corpse of poor Keiran was borne away by his partisans, who prepared by the orders of the conqueror to bestow upon it the solemn and imposing obsequies ordained for the funerals of their deceased monarchs. The bards and crochies had already assembled, and had ranged them-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

selves in two divisions or chorusses, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier, which was placed in an elevated position in the open air, and ornamented with flowers and grave clothes. The low doleful tones of the harp of the chief bard of the head chorus rose in the breeze, and he had already commenced the first stanza of the *caolman* or funeral lament, when a piercing shriek from a female voice was heard in the rear, and in the next moment Oona had penetrated through the crowd, and was beside the cold and lifeless corpse of her lover. Her aged parent, in a voice hoarse, and nearly unintelligible from grief and agitation, was heard calling her away, and telling her that the deceased had proved himself unworthy of her regard, in preferring the allurements of pride and ambition to her love. But Oona heard her not. Her eyes were fixed on the pale and bloodless features of the vanquished warrior with an intensity of grief that found vent in neither words or tears, until her weak and gentle nature could resist no longer, and she sunk upon the corpse of her betrothed never to rise again in life.

The wretched mother bore the remains of her child in her arms to her humble cottage at Glandarra. She placed the corpse in a winding sheet, with a solitary lamp burning at her feet, and then taking up her own position, kneeling beside the pillow, she passed the long night in solitude and grief, singing in a low tone the virtues of her lost one, and the high honours of the station which she had been so near attaining. The neighbours entered in the morning, but they found the old woman a helpless maniac.

She had ornamented the humble bier of her child with parti-coloured rags and faded flowers, and when her friends approached, she beckoned them with pride to stand aloof, adding:—

“Approach her not; she is the affianced of a king!”

Aric took possession of his throne that same day, and shortly after the remains of Keiran and his betrothed were interred together in a small uninhabited island in Lough Carrib, where the site of their tomb is yet pointed out by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Such was the fate of Keiran the bard, of the lovely but unfortunate Oona, and of their royalty of a day!

CHARADE.

My first is useful in the linen trade,
Without the same, no linen can be made:
My seconds heard before the dawn of day,
And cheers the nightly traveller on his way.
My *tout* is nothing but a simple toy,
Excites the youthful mind with mirth and joy.

CHARADE.

When armies march the field to take,
My first is always met;
My next to find, your church go seek,
And it you're sure to get;
My *tout* will quickly bring to sight,
(As you, I'm sure, do know it),
A genius rare of talents bright—
A great and modern poet.

THE ARAB'S FRIEND: AN ALGERINE TALE OF OUR OWN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

The vast plain of the Mitidja, which extends from the line of sea-coast hills, on the declivity of which stands the famous city of Algiers, to the foot of the chain of Little Atlas, slept in the stillness of a summer's night; while the soft moonbeams played with gentle zephyrs amidst the foliage of the solitary palms, the wild orange trees, the clumps of cactus and agate, and the pale-leaved olive trees that varied at intervals the monotony of its otherwise arid surface. A shadow might be seen moving on the brink of a broken ravine, or a whining cry heard on the waste;—it was that of the hungry jackal, or the lean hyena, seeking for prey—the silence of nature was disturbed by no other sound.

Near the verge of the plain two horsemen ascended the side of an eminence, which was clothed in the rich verdure of various tropical shrubs, and surmounted by a graceful but lonely marabout, or rustic mosque, with its dome and crescent of snowy whiteness. The costume of the travellers announced them to be Arabs of Mount Atlas; and whilst the age of one did not exceed sixteen or seventeen years, that of his companion was far beyond the spring time of life. They sought a place of repose for the night; and while their steeds were suffered to go loose and seek fodder for themselves, the elder Arab kindled a fire, and the youth produced some provisions and regaled himself with a good appetite, whilst his companion partook of them but sparingly. The old man then sat by the fire, holding his withered hands before him to receive the heat; and as the red light flickered on his dark visage, partly concealed beneath the hood of his white burnous, and on the long barrel of his gun, and the richly ornamented handles of his pistols and yatagan, it gave him a wild and picturesque appearance.

Thus did some moments pass, when suddenly the old man raised his head, and seemed to listen to a distant sound. He looked anxiously towards the plain, and then pointed out to his son,—for such the youth was—a white mass that moved at a distance of about a quarter of a league from the spot on which they were.

“It is a tribe marching on some warlike expedition,” he exclaimed, “perhaps to meet the French, who left Algiers this morning a little before us, to avenge the murder of their harvestmen, as it was rumoured;” and the object which they thus described, continued to approach them with the rapidity of a cloud driven by a tempest, until at length some hundreds of Arab horsemen, of which it consisted, were only separated from our travellers by a ravine, a few score perches in width, into which they dashed with reckless speed, and in another minute were lost in the thick shadows of some olive-trees and underwood.

For some time the travellers watched in breathless silence, to observe in what direction the horsemen would emerge from the ravine, but nothing living made its appearance, nor was any sound heard, no more than if

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

that mysterious troop had plunged into some chasm, which carried them into the bowels of the earth.

"Aroun, my son," said the old man, "move not, breathe not at your peril. This is an ambuscade, prepared no doubt for the French, by the tribes of the Sahel, who are our deadliest foes; and if they could but suspect that the Caid of Suk-el-Erba was so near them, my race would soon be run. Alla grant that I may not have to regret the curiosity which induced me to undertake this journey to Algiers!" and he murmured, "all I ask is, that I may be allowed to bring back safe to his tribe the son who will bear my name, or else," and he grasped his yatagan, "that I may not die without being avenged. God is merciful!"

"Father, do you not hear something at a distance?" earnestly whispered Aroun.

"Nothing!" replied the Caid, after listening with attention.

"Yes, below there, towards the north; but now it has ceased. Yet, hark!—there it is again! Do you not hear it now, father?"

And scarcely had Aroun ceased to speak, when the head of a column of cavalry was seen to emerge from behind a hillock, at a distance of about half a league in the direction in which he pointed. They filed silently along the base of the rising ground, and the regularity of their march soon showed that they were European soldiers.

The column, which consisted of two squadrons of Spahis, detached as a reconnoitering party in advance of the French army, which was encamped for the night at some distance, marched towards the Marabout; and in a short time, the Caid and his son could hear, at a few paces distance, a clear voice, giving the word of command to halt, form front, and put themselves in battle array.

The officers gathered round their commander.

"Comrades," said the latter, "we shall not pass this Marabout; we are farther from the body of the army than perhaps prudence would advise; the whole plain is in motion; every bush and every hollow may conceal an enemy; and as this is such broken ground, it would be well to explore it before we venture to repose. Send for the Arab guide, who has brought us hither."

"The guide! where is the guide?" cried several voices. But the guide was not to be found. Some men were ordered from the ranks to reconnoitre, but, at that moment, a ball came whistling from the ravine, and struck a sergeant of the Spahi's dead. Then a loud and fierce yell followed the messenger of death, and the Arab host appeared, as if by enchantment, face to face with the Spahis, who received a shower of balls before they were able to return a single shot.

The surprise was terrible, but brief; the trumpets sounded to the charge, and the French dashed forward with the impetuosity of a pent-up torrent that burst its barrier. The firing was succeeded by the clashing of sword blades; and the combat was carried on, man to man, with unrelenting carnage. Notwithstanding the bravery of the French, however, numbers were prevailing on the side of the enemy, until a party of the former who

had gone round the Marabout, attacked the Arabs on the flank with a loud shout, and the latter, believing themselves assailed by a fresh force, fled in disorder.

And now a scene occurs, which brings us back to the Caid of Suk-el-Arba, and his son. A random shot has wounded Aroun, and a young French soldier, who has been placed as sentinel near the Marabout, quits his post to aid the father in staunching the wound of the youth. A Moorish officer in the French service, harshly reprimands the soldier for neglecting his post, and not killing the Arab whom he sees near him. The latter act he is about to execute himself, when he is prevented by the young Spahi, whom he accuses of treason and cowardice, striking him at the same time with his sword; but the ire of the Frenchman is roused into fury, and his sabre descending quickly on the head of the officer, hurls him from his horse. Some of the Spahis who witness the encounter from a distance, are stupefied; but before they can seize the offender, the enemy rally and return to the charge; and in the midst of the confusion which ensues, Sanpierre—for such was the young soldier's name—put spurs to his horse, and gallops fiercely towards the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

An interval of two years has elapsed since the events which have been mentioned in the last chapter; and we have now to introduce the reader to the house of Ben-Ali Mohammed, sheik of the dashakra or village of Suk-el-Arba, situated on a verdant plateau, amidst the very wildest fastnesses of the Atlas. It was a fine September evening, and the Sheik and his family were seated at their repast, on mats placed round an oblong table, raised but a few inches from the floor. On either side of the old man sat a youth; he on the right was Aroun, his only son, and he on the left, Sanpierre, the young French Spahi, who was saved from death on the morning after the untoward affair of the Marabout, by the intervention of our friend, the elder Arab, at the moment that he was about to be subjected to most cruel tortures by a horrible tribe, into whose hands he fell while making his escape. The humanity and devotedness which he had shown in aiding the wounded Aroun, and saving the life of his father from the rage of the Moorish officer of his regiment, gained him the warmest gratitude of both father and son; and in the course of time, while he continued to enjoy the hospitality of their roof, that gratitude warmed into a tender and familiar affection, the venerable Mohammed regarding the young Spahi, as a second son; whilst Aroun loved him with the fondness of a brother.

At the end of the table opposite to this group were two females—the wife and daughter of Ben Ali. They were habited in long dresses of fine white woollen stuff, which descended loosely from the neck to the ground, and, unlike the Moorish women, they were not veiled. Three negro slaves, one of whom was a young girl, and the handmaid of Ben Ali's wife, were assembled a short distance behind the latter group.

The meal ended, as usual, with some weak coffee, and

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the smoke curled gracefully from the long pipes of the male portion of the company.

"I have often been surprised by the knowledge which you have acquired of the French language, father," said Sanpierre, after a short silence. "I have scarcely done more with your language, after my residence of two years in your tribes."

"From the Arab merchants who know how to speak it; and in your camps and villages where I sometimes ventured, I soon learned a few words of your language, which I considered might, one day or another, be useful to me," said Ben-Ali-Mohammed. "But that reminds me, son, that you have not answered our question, why you left the bosom of your family, and your native country, at so early an age."

Those words brought a cloud over the brow of Sanpierre, which the old man did not observe; there was a moment's silence, during which there was a struggle in the breast of the young Christian, and at length he said in broken sentences:—

"My story is a sad one, but it is brief and simple. Some time after the death of my father, an old naval officer, who left us at his death some six years since, a considerable fortune, a fire consumed in one night all that we possessed; and nothing remained but a few acres of land, which were sold for the support of my mother, my sister, and myself. In two years after my mother died, leaving us a prospect of immediate misery, and when all was gone I was obliged to do something for my sister's sake, and accordingly I engaged for a sum of a thousand francs. (£40), in the place of a young conscript, who was the son of wealthy parents. The money I sent to my sister, whom alas! I was never to see again; for I was scarcely a month away, when she too—died."

It was with difficulty Sanpierre pronounced the last words; they seemed to choke his utterance: and he hid his face for a moment, between his knees. Old Ben-Ali enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke, which concealed his emotion; Aroun paced the floor, with long strides, for the same purpose; but the gentle Marumi took no pains to conceal the pearly tear which stole from her dark eye along her oval cheek. It was plain that the sympathy which existed between the young Spahi and the daughter of the Sheik of Suk-el-Arba, was not of a common or a transitory nature; and when Sanpierre rose, in a few minutes after, to leave the house; there was an expression of the tenderest gratitude in the look, with which he thanked the gentle Marumi for her kindly feelings.

Sanpierre having crossed the small court, in the midst of which stood the goubri of Ben-Ali-Mohammed, walked pensively towards the brink of the table land, whence the eye might glance down in the shades of evening, through deep mountain defiles that led by many an intricate winding to the distant plains below. There he stood, but stood not long until a sound, long unfamiliar to him, smote his ear—it was that of artillery, which sent its heavy booming at intervals, from amidst the incessant din and clatter of distant musketry. The French army must be near, and carrying desolation among the Kabyle tribes

of mountains, would, probably, ere the morning sun, illumed the surrounding peaks, have overwhelmed with death and destruction, those who were now the only friends that he possessed in the world.

At that instant, Aroun tapped him on the shoulder, and their mutual glance told the anxiety with which both their bosoms were inspired. There was no time to be lost. They returned in haste to the house of the Sheik, where they found that the alarm had penetrated before them, for the heads of the tribes were already assembled there, and the fighting men were mustering in the court-yard without.

A Kabyle covered with dust rushed into the midst of the goubrie, and proclaimed with the gesticulation of a frantic person that the Censigris, a tribe of the plain, who were allies of the French, and served as irregular spahis in their ranks, were marching on them, and had already set some villages of their nearest neighbours in flames. This was, in fact, a *razzia*, in which a wing of the French army was then engaged.

There was, upon this, a cry of lamentation from the women, and the old Sheik, who was himself unable to move, owing to temporary lameness, issued his orders with vehemence to prepare for the defence.

"Aroun, my son!" he exclaimed; "and you, our christian friend, hasten, hasten to fill my place. Cut off the march of the enemy ere they pass the deep defile of the gate of Zoraya, or we are lost. Hurl the rocks of Atlas on their heads, and let their bodies lie unburied in the ravine; fly! God is great and merciful! may he speed your steps! Fly, my sons, fly!"

And a shout that echoed among the mountains was raised outside, and the warriors of the tribe, with Sanpierre and Aroun at their head, rushed with impetuosity from the village, and vied with each other in hastening through the rugged mountain passes towards the distant valleys from whence the sounds of war proceeded.

A height was soon gained that commanded a village, in pillaging which the enemy was engaged. At the appearance of the new foe trumpets sounded below, and leaving the work of plunder, the Censigris prepared for the attack.

A sharp discharge of musquetry ensued on both sides, and the Censigris were ordered to take the heights by assault, when a volley of formidable and unexpected missiles soon broke their forward movement. Huge masses of rock were loosened from the heights above, and came tumbling down with accumulated force until they swept through the ravine, leaving wide gaps in the ranks of the enemy. This kind of warfare spread terror among the invading force, and if they had not been officered by French veterans, with a large sprinkling of Frenchmen in their ranks, their disorder would have been irremediable. They were brought, however, again to the assault, and several of the Arabs of Suk-el-Arba having descended from the heights, the combat was renewed with greater carnage than before, the light from the flames of the burning village now prevailing over that of the departing twilight, and adding by its lurid glare to the horrors of the scene.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Sanpierre and Aroun did wonders, flying from one spot to another, pointing out every way in which an advantage could be gained, and encouraging their friends by their valour in the thick of the battle. At length the enemy gave way, but skilfully covering their retreat, they succeeded in carrying off all the cattle and other spoils of the desolated village.

Sanpierre now sought for his young friend Aroun, but in vain. He searched among the dead and mangled, but could not find him, nor could he meet any of their friends who had seen him at the close of the battle. He made the rocks and caverns echo all night with the name of Aroun, but received no answer, and at length he returned in the morning to the daghakra with a heavy heart, which even victory could not cheer.

"We have made the enemy fly, and filled the valley with their slain," cried Sanpierre, on entering the gurbie of Ben-Ali-Mohammed.

"But my son, Aroun! where is Aroun?" cried the aged sheik.

"Alas! he must be a prisoner with the enemy, for I have sought him in vain the livelong night," answered Sanpierre.

"Aroun a prisoner!" exclaimed the venerable Ben-Ali; "and is it you, Sanpierre, who bring that news to his grey-haired father?"

"True—true, he was under my protection!" said the young Frenchman. "I should not have lost sight of him—I should have followed him to the very tents of the enemy; but now I go, not to return 'till I bring back Aroun, or some news of him. Farewell!"

And he rushed from the presence of the distracted father, and turned his footsteps towards the valley. Marumi he saw for one moment ere he left the village; her eyes were moistened with a parting tear, and her lips uttered a parting prayer; and then Sanpierre found himself alone among the dreary precipices, speeding, he knew not whither, on his perilous journey.

CHAPTER III.

We shall not follow Sanpierre in his painful and hazardous journey among the rugged valleys of Atlas, and along the borders of the plain, where he sometimes had to hide himself in the hollows of rocks, and in the groves of Cactus, in the vicinity of a hostile tribe or of a detachment of the French army, and sometimes ventured into villages which he hoped were friendly, to procure a morsel of food, and renew his inquiries about the fate of the son of Ben-Ali-Mohammed. But at the end of the second day his fraternal search was abruptly terminated. Indeed the plain, and lower slopes of the mountains, were so overrun by French troops and their allies, that it was impossible for Sanpierre to escape detection for any length of time, and hence, with all his caution, he fell into the hands of some irregular cavalry in the French service, by whom he was on the point of being shot, without further inquiry, as a Hadjout, or Arab of one of the hostile mountain tribes; but upon its being discovered that he

was a Frenchman, he was delivered by his captors to a troop of his own regiment of Spahis, and was then conveyed to Algiers by an escort commanded by the identical Moorish officer whose life had been in jeopardy at his hands on the night of the ambuscade at the Marabout.

A court-martial followed, and Sanpierre was sentenced to be shot for the double crime of attempting the life of his officer, and of deserting during war.

On the morning after his condemnation, a few moments after sunrise, Sanpierre heard a loud knocking at his prison door, and as his cell was nearest the gate in the inner court, he could distinguish the well known voice of Ben-Ali-Mohammed, imploring the guard for permission to see the prisoner; but alas! all the entreaties of the old sheik were in vain; the guard was inexorable, and the sound of Ben-Ali's voice ceased.

A few heavy hours passed, and the voice of his old friend was heard again, but this time it approached nearer, and the prison door being opened, the Sheik of Suk-el-Arba was ushered into Sanpierre's cell. Nor was Ben-Ali alone. He was accompanied by a female—the gentle, dark-eyed Marumi herself, who, at this time, was dressed in the costume of the Moorish women of the city, being veiled, all except her soft expressive eyes, in ample folds of snow-white drapery.

To rush forward, grasp the hands of the old man, who could not speak with emotion, and more gently press those of Marumi, whose eyes streamed with tears, was the first movement of Sanpierre.

Their joy that moment was like the sunbeam which issues for an instant from amidst dark clouds, and is the last for ever—it was the joy of the unfortunate, that fugitive joy, which dies at the same instant that it is brought forth.

For some moments they spoke not; the fleeting smile was soon changed for the darkening look of sadness, then of anguish, and then bitter tears flowed, and heavy sighs were heaved.

"My father! my sister! my only friends on earth!" exclaimed Sanpierre, again pressing the hands of his visitors.

"Hush! hush! children as you are," said the venerable Ben-Ali, endeavouring to compose his countenance, "we have not yet lost all hope. I will go myself to the governor—I will plead your cause anew, and in justice he will grant the pardon. Bismillah! hope my son; God is merciful, and I have come to bid thee hope. A brave captain who obtained permission for us to see you, has promised to lead me before the Governor himself. I will now go, may Allah hear my prayer!"

"But Aroun, father, have you heard nought of Aroun?" inquired Sanpierre with deep anxiety.

The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he shook his head mournfully.

"Surely the Bensegris are keeping him with the hope of receiving a rich ransom; he will be restored to thee, father," observed Sanpierre in a tone of fervour.

The sheik made no reply, but turned and made a sign to the gaoler to open the door.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"I will return in a short time," he said. "Come Marumi, come my child; we are going back to our friend, and—"

But he would not finish the sentence, and left the prison, where a faint ray of hope gleamed on Sanpierre—a very faint ray, indeed, yet sufficient to foster hope in a besom on which no ray had shone before.

Arrived at the marble portico of the inner court of the Casha, the old man found the Captain who had got him admission to the prison, and who now led him to the antichamber of the Governor's private office. In five minutes more he was in the presence of the Governor himself.

"Men chan Allah!" exclaimed Ben Ali Mohammed, approaching the General with solemnity. "May it pour on thee and thine the most precious gifts; but grant me only justice; I ask no more."

And he explained briefly the request he had to make, and the grounds on which he made it.

"You ask an impossibility, old man," replied the General. "I know all the circumstances of the case, and all that you could allege in favour of that young man. It is possible that his heart had no part in the crime which his hand might have committed, nor in the consequences of his unheard of infraction of military discipline; but for acts like his no excuse can be admitted. He must be made an example of; and if he be a good soldier his death will have the more effect. Go, my resolution is fixed; nothing on earth, or in heaven, can alter it." And turning to the officer of the guard, he said, "Let the culprit be prepared to undergo his sentence at the dawn of day to-morrow."

The old Ben Ali fell on his knees, he implored for pardon—he offered ransom—any ransom that could be demanded! Alas! he knew not the sternness of military law. He was led to the door by an orderly, as a piercing shriek from Marumi, who waited in the anti-room, followed the announcement of the sad news.

We will spare our readers the account of the harrowing scene which took place in the condemned cell of young Sanpierre, when Ben-Ali-Mohammed and his daughter returned to relate the result of the interview with the governor, and to take their last farewell. Their grief was the more poignant, as each endeavoured to restrain it from a feeling of decorum; and at length the gaoler interrupted them by announcing that the moment for separation was arrived, and that the prisoner should see no other person but the priest until the hour of his execution.

His parting with Marumi was more affecting than the terror of death itself; but ere they left Sanpierre whispered something in the ear of Ben-Ali, to which the latter expressed a silent assent; and then the Arab and his daughter were torn from their friend for ever.

On the following morning as soon as the rays of the sun gilded the minarets of the city of white walls,* a detachment of the 13th regiment of the line filed along the narrow street of Bab-el-oned, with drums beating a funeral

march at their head; and a soldier disarmed, with his head bare, and his hands tied behind his back, walking in the centre of the gloomy cortege. It was the unhappy Sanpierre, the victim of military law.

His face was deadly pale, but his eyes sparkled, and his pace was steady and bold. By his side walked the priest, whispering in his ear the balmy consolations of religion.

The march was slow and solemn; and the crowd followed in silence, as if moved with pity for that young man, whose graceful figure, and manly yet submissive air, touched the hearts of the spectators.

From the gate of Bab-el-oned, they proceeded over the open space of the military ground to the foot of the fort Vingt-Quatre-Heures, where the detachment halted, and with a regiment already on the ground, formed three sides of a square, the walls of the fortress being the fourth. Sanpierre was brought into the centre of the square, and having heard his sentence read, was ordered to go on his knees. The firing company were drawn up at a distance of thirty paces. The last words passed between the prisoner and his spiritual guide. The word of command to "fire" was given—the hills echoed with the report that followed—but the mutilated body of Sanpierre lay senseless on the arid soil.

The drums beat once more; the soldiers filed past the body of their comrade, and the cold remains were deposited in an humble tomb in a distant corner of the old Moorish graveyard which was hard by.

If a benighted traveller had passed by chance on the night of the following day through the cemetery in which the body of Sanpierre reposed, he would have been startled by a singular scene which he there might have witnessed.

The rain poured in torrents, and the thunder rolled in fearful peals through the dark heavens, yet some men covered with whitish cloaks, like ghosts muffled in their winding sheets, might be seen groping among the tombs, and at length appeared engaged in digging a newly formed grave. At a short distance stood several horses, whose bridles were held by a single Arab, under the shelter of a large white tomb, which was surmounted by a dome like that of a mosque.

After some minutes work a bloody corpse was extracted from the grave, rolled in linen cloth, and placed on the back of a stout horse, in front of a young athletic Arab; and immediately after the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as the party galloped off, was lost in the increasing uproar of the tempest.

About a month after these events, a young Hadjoute ascended with weary steps through the last rugged pass that led to the dashacra of Suk-el-Arba. Arrived at the top, he stopped for a moment, cast around him a look of joy, clapped his hands, and exclaimed,

"Oh, Allah! what a joyful surprise when they see me now, after being away they know not where, for two weary waxings and wanings of the moon."

He hastened with renewed energy towards the village, but had not proceeded many steps before he saw an old man sitting on the green sod beneath a rock.

* Algiers.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"My father!" cried Aroun, for it was he, "My father, I am returned!"

But the old man heeded him not. His eyes were fixed on a whitened stone, on which were engraved the names of Sanpierre and Marumi—all that remained of both reposed beneath.

"Father! can this be true?" cried Aroun, and he placed his hand on the shoulder of his parent, but the body of the old man, which had been long since lifeless, rolled to the earth at the touch, and Aroun stood alone!

The village was sometime after laid waste in a *razzia* by the French, but the Arabs say that Aroun had been killed in the battle with the Bensegis, and that it was only his spirit which continued to hover about the *dahacra* of Suk-el-Arba, and the grave of the Arab's friend.

ON SEEING A LOVELY GIRL IN A CHURCHYARD.

She sat among the ruins of the tomb,
Like a fair floweret in its opening bloom;
Wild desolation reign'd around her there,
And hollow murmurs shook the evening air.
The wand'ring peasant turn'd away his face,
As if he fear'd to gaze upon the place;
The very birds with lengthen'd scream flew by,
And soar'd yet higher in their native sky;
And far off echo's caught it as they fled,
Swelling in mournful cadence o'er the dead.
And yet amid this scene so drear and wild,
In calm composure sat that lovely child;
Smiling in sweetest innocence and love,
Like some bright vision from the world above.
No shock of fear came o'er her joyous face,
Nor doubt nor dread could'st thou upon it trace,
She appear'd the guardian spirit of the place.
She twined a wreath of cypress as it grew,
And bound amidst her long hair's golden hue;
Then gaily laughed and toss'd the curls behind,
As they waved forward in the sighing wind.
Oh! there was something beauteous in the sight,
Of that lone being in those shades of night,
Sporting in thoughtless glee upon the brink,
Of some new grave at which the boldest shrink;
Plucking the flowers which grew upon the earth,
That cover'd all of beauty or of worth;
Tracing the letters on the marble white,
Clapping her infant hands in gay delight,
And little dreaming that the same cold stone,
Would mark too soon her last long narrow home.
I gazed in wonder and in thought profound,
On that young fairy in that hallow'd ground;
When all things savoured of the ghostly tomb,
And death in all its horrors and its gloom;
What mortal then could look on that sweet thing,
And mark her dawning life her budding spring,
Without a sadden'd brow and tearful eye,
To think that like the rest, she too must die.

M. A. COLYER.

THE FALSE ONE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which odours have once been distilled.
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

MOORE.

"First love will with the heart remain,
When its hopes are all gone by:
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind,
From the shades mid which they sprang,
As summer leaves the stems behind,
On which their blossoms hung." L. E. L.

It was one of those delicious evenings in very early Spring, when the whole air seems redolent with the perfumes of the different wild flowers that in all their varied hues adorn the hedges at this season. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and in his dying glory had tinged the surrounding clouds and sky with those warm and glowing tints so peculiar to one of Claude's landscapes, but which are so seldom seen in an English landscape. Their brilliant hues and ever changing colours were reflected with additional splendour in the bright waters of the broad and beautiful Wye, as it went winding through the luxuriant meadows that lay round the romantic little village of Norton. On one side stood the old and ruined castle of Ham Aron, encircled by magnificent groves of oak old as the hills. On the other the village, with its gable-ended houses, ancient church, and "Ivy Mantled Tower," forming altogether as lovely a scene as pencil can picture, or pen describe.

On the banks of the river, just below the hill on which the Castle was situated, stood two persons earnestly conversing with each other, and watching the tiny waves as they rippled along at the distance of a few yards. Seated on the trunk of a recently felled oak, was a young girl of apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, busily engaged arranging in bouquets the different wild flowers she had gathered during her walk. Pushing back her long fair hair, that fell in rich masses over her pale countenance, she suddenly looked up, and addressing her companion on the bank, exclaiming—

"See Isabel, look George, how beautifully the blue forget-me-not, that tells of the giver's truth in absence, harmonise with the pale pink rose; the lily of the valley and the wild white rose, emblems of modesty, innocence, and enduring affection."

The girl called Isabel turned towards the speaker, and displaying a face of faultless beauty, fixed her eyes on her with an undisguised expression of anger and impatience at the interruption; a scornful smile lingered for a moment on her well formed lips, as she looked towards her companions, and resumed her conversation with the young man by her side. He, however, stepping forward, said—

"Well, Ruth, you certainly have displayed great taste

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

in the selection of your nosegays; and if that be the signification of the one you hold in your hand, pray bestow it on me."

He held out his hand for it as he spoke, and the bright flush that crimsoned Ruth's brow at this speech, faded to a deadly paleness when she perceived that the simple flowers so requested, instead of being cherished by himself, were presented to Isabel.

She received the gift coldly, but her eyes sparkled with triumph on observing Ruth's anxious look of observation; and after holding them carelessly in her hand for a moment, suffered them to drop into the stream below.

Trifling as the act was, it caused a feeling of pleasure in Ruth's heart. She cannot love him, she murmured to herself; I have been mistaken. I would have cherished the meanest flower presented by his hand, and she coldly casts his gifts from her. She does not—cannot love—

Her reverie was here disturbed by Isabel exclaiming in a loud voice—

"And you really do intend to leave this village in a few months, George?"

"Such is decidedly my intention. What have I to detain me here when you have left, and glory calls me. But will you remember the sentiments of the few simple flowers I have just given you, and sometimes bestow a thought on me in absence?"

This was spoken with a confiding smile, that seemed to say the question was a needless one.

Isabel observed it, and drawing up her beautiful figure to its full height, said,

"Mr. George Howard deems himself, I read by that complacent smile, secure of a permanent place in the recollection of his friends. He entertains a high idea of his own attractive powers to be so certain of making a lasting impression."

"Isabel—dear Isabel—forgive me if I have done or said ought to offend you," rejoined he. "If I am vain, you have made me so." And taking both her hands in his, he whispered, "I only believed my Isabel, when she told me that as long as life remained my image should never fade from her memory."

Isabel suffered her hands to remain prisoner, and looking up in his face softly uttered,

"You are forgiven."

A smile of such doubtful import illuminated her face as she spoke, that George was for the moment startled at its expression; but he soon reconciled himself to the idea that it originated in a feeling of affection for him struggling with wounded maiden modesty, at his expressing his conviction of such affection in so open a manner. A keen observer, however, would have discovered more of pride, irony, and gratified vanity in that smile, than pure and abringing affection.

Ruth during this conversation, which had been carried on as if the parties were unconscious of her presence, was so overcome by the variety of emotions that agitated her mind, that she sunk back almost breathless at its conclusion.

George was the first to observe her changed looks and

rushing to her side exclaimed, "My dear Ruth, I fear this long walk, and damp keen air, has brought back your illness. Come, we must return or Mrs. Milward will chide us for our want of care."

And drawing her arm affectionately within his, he offered the other to Isabel, and they thus proceeded homewards to a beautiful little cottage near the entrance of the village. At the gate leading to the grounds George left the two girls, and took his way slowly along the fields to the Grange, his father's residence, about half a mile distant from Norton.

CHAPTER II.

Isabel Trevallyon and Ruth Millward were first cousins. The former was the daughter of a gentleman of high birth, but small fortune, who resided near the town of B—. She was eminently beautiful: her large full eyes, long ebony tresses, rich dark complexion, and perfect Grecian features, joined to a figure of matchless symmetry, made her an object of general admiration. But her perfect consciousness of her own loveliness rendered her haughty and overbearing. Her education in childhood had been greatly neglected. Left entirely to the care of servants, who instilled into her infant mind vast ideas of her own beauty and consequence, she grew up an ill-tempered, disagreeable child; and at the age of twelve was so thoroughly tyrannous that her father, by the desire of his friends, sent her off to a school near London.

Unfortunately for Isabel, the school selected was one of those where showy accomplishments were studiously cultivated, and every domestic and womanly qualification entirely neglected, or considered as things of minor importance to grace, elegance, and a finished manner. Thus the bad seeds sown in childhood were fostered in youth, and when at the age of eighteen Isabel Trevallyon returned to her father's residence, she was as beautiful and accomplished, but heartless a being as it was possible for one of God's creatures to be.

Very different to her cousin was Ruth Millward. Far inferior in personal beauty, and infinitely superior in mental acquirements and goodness of disposition—in person she was slight even to fragility—her soft blue eyes and long golden hair, were in perfect harmony with her small but exquisitely chiselled features; but to observe that her features were beautifully sculptured, or that she was anything more than one of those fair interesting girls so often met with in every day life, it was necessary to know Ruth long and well; for the chief charm of her face lay in its ever varying expression, and her richly cultivated mind and amiability of temper, were duly discovered on an intimate acquaintance with her.

Isabel, on the other hand, was cold, proud, and immoveable. Her brilliant beauty struck the beholder at first sight with admiration, but the more you knew of her the less you liked her: and the longer you gazed on her face, the more painfully you became aware of the utter absence of that soul which should have been enshrined in so lovely a casket. Hers was the beauty that takes the eye captive, but fails to touch the heart.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

George Howard was the only son of a country squire of the olden time, who resided near Norton. He held a lieutenant's commission in the Indian army, and in the course of a few months he was to rejoin his regiment abroad.

Ruth and George had been chosen playmates in childhood, and many were the conjectures that the affection they displayed for each other as children would ripen into love at no very distant period. His son's marriage with Ruth would have been very gratifying to old Howard, who already loved her as his own child.

In the meanwhile Isabel Trevallyon came on a visit to Norton, and George became a victim to her superior personal charms. She, nothing loth to receive attention, did all in her power to rivet his chains.

Ruth's feelings, when the cherished companion of her youth became the declared lover of her lovely cousin, were sedulously concealed in her own breast. True it is, however, that from the day that George placed all rumour of his attachment to Isabel beyond a doubt, by announcing himself to Mrs. Milward as the betrothed husband of her niece, and requested her to write in his behalf to Mr. Trevallyon, there was a marked and decided change in her conduct and appearance.

The lively, joyous girl, whose buoyant spirit rendered her the delight and life of all her youthful friends, became at once a silent, thoughtful woman.

Her soft blue eyes were clouded with a settled melancholy, strangely at variance with her youthful years. Her once open, placid brow, became marked with the records of deep care, whilst the beautiful, though fleeting bloom, more beautiful from its very evanescence, that used with every thought and movement to illumine her countenance, gave place to a paleness almost unearthly in its hue.

There were times, however, when she was a totally different being both to the moping, broken hearted woman here described, or the light hearted, innocent girl, she had been previous to her cousin's visits.

A chance remark on her altered appearance—a jest from one of her young friends that Ruth Milward had lost her heart, or was sighing with hopeless love, would call up the eloquent blood into her pallid cheeks, and lighted up her eyes with a brilliancy perfectly startling, whilst her clear voice rang painfully on the ear in wild laughter, and scornful denial of such a charge.

Thus roused from her apathy, her spirits became exuberant; she seemed to love all centred over them. Laugh, song, and sparkling jest would follow each other in rapid succession from her lips, until the suspicion which she dreaded had been excited by her melancholy was entirely done away with by this apparent joyousness, and then she would sink back into her former despondency.

Little did those who saw her in these moments of fitful excitement, imagine that the sparkling animation of countenance they so admired, the unwearied spirits they so envied, and the varied talents they so wondered at and applauded, were the emanations of a broken heart—the vain efforts of a crushed and wounded spirit to hide its woes under the semblance of gaiety and a mind at ease.

Oh! who could for a moment suppose, when looking upon that face radiant in smiles, and those brilliant eyes, dancing with pleasure, that a painful recollection had ever clouded the beauty of the one, or a tear of sorrow dimmed the lustre of the other? Who, when listening to that clear melodious voice carolling some wild song of other lands, or singing with deepest feeling a tale of happy love, could believe that the songstress's own heart was bursting with agony—the agony of seeing the object she adored devoted to another, and that other totally unworthy of such devotion.

“It is her spirit's bitterest pain,
To love and not be loved again.”

The continual struggles Ruth underwent to conceal her love, and her fruitless endeavours to overcome it, at length brought on a severe illness from which she was recovering when this tale commenced.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed on. The period of Isabel's visit to her relations expired, and found her restored to her former health and beauty (to renovate which she had come to her aunt's cottage); she therefore returned to her father's, and George, a few week's after, went off to town to prepare for his voyage to India. Mr. Trevallyon had given his consent to an engagement, but would not hear of a marriage until Howard had attained the rank of Captain; and old Howard was so enraged at the disappointment of his favourite dream (of Ruth as a daughter), that he would not interfere in the matter at all, and the betrothed parted; George to toil for wealth and fame beneath the burning sun of India—Isabel to gain admiration and fresh conquests at home.

Ever since the departure of her cousin, Ruth had avoided George Howard's society; a few evenings previous to his leaving Norton they met by accident. Ruth was returning from a visit to a sick friend, and it was with a feeling of deep regret she observed George come forward to join her, for she felt it to be utterly impossible to sustain the part she had lately acted when in his presence. She listened with trembling to his candid expression of joy at meeting her, and accepting his arm in silence, she hurried on as quickly as possible, for she was fearful he would notice the deep depression she laboured under, and that she should in the event of his questioning her, betray her long hidden secret to him from whom she would have died to conceal it.

He talked gaily of his intended voyage—his prospects in life—his love for her cousin—and his anxiety for the time to arrive when he could claim her as his wife. All and every word of this conversation sank deep into poor Ruth's heart, yet she so far mastered her feelings as to speak in a firm voice her present wishes for his future welfare, it only faltered, and that slightly, when she alluded to his marriage, which she did in a cursory way, for it was a subject she felt too deeply to enter upon.

George was too absorbed at the time to notice her

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

averted face, and broken evasive answers—but often during his voyage out, when thinking of Norton, and the happy hours he had spent there, did Ruth Milward's singular coldness, so different to the warm interest she had always evinced in any plan of his, occur to his mind; but not a single idea of the true cause of her seeming coldness, glanced across it. Little did he imagine it proceeded from excess of feeling, and that his well doing and happiness were dearer to her than her own life, at the very time that she strove, and successfully, to appear careless and indifferent. The following lines written on the night of his departure, will but reveal the state of her feelings.

Fare thee well, and if ever again I should meet thee,
I will be as a stranger, perchance as a friend;
It will cost me some struggles thus coldly to greet thee,
My spirit may break, but it never shall bend.

I have loved thee, still love thee, but yet thou may'st leave me.
I'll not utter one sob, or shed one single tear;
To know of my wretchedness might, perchance, grieve thee,
I never will cause thee one heart-ache, one fear.

Oh! be happy with her whom thy noble heart's chosen;
Pursue thine own paths of unbounded delight:
No premature sorrows thy young heart hath frozen;
Oh! may it be ever as fresh and as bright.

For not in my bitterest moods can I blame thee,
Let mine be the fault, as its punishment mine;
I sought thy love—failed—oh! mine let the grief be,
It never must rest on thee, or on thine.

Then beloved one farewell, our paths lie apart;
And perchance, love, on earth we shall ne'er meet again;
But my first—best affections are thine, and my heart,
My true girl's heart, will thine ever remain.

HELEN.

T O P—A.

Dear girl wilt thou come with me
To Erin's sunny vale;
And joy shall crown our blissful love,
And fortune on us smile.
For Erin is a happy land,
The Eden of the west;
Favoured of heaven and of earth,
Most beautiful and blest.

And my home in the valley fair,
The home that gave me birth,
Needs but thy presence there to be,
The brightest home on earth.
Then say my first, my only love,
Say, dearest, wilt thou come,
To the valley of my early youth,
My childhood's happy home.

W. J. CORBET.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—BALFE's opera of the *Daughter of St. Mark*, continues its course most prosperously, and is certainly one of the most beautifully got up pieces that has ever been produced on the English stage. The story is founded on history, and the incidents are highly romantic. The scene is laid in Venice in the year 1469, and at the opening of the opera we find that festivities are taking place in the Palace of the patrician *Andrea Cornaro* (BORRANI) in honour of the intended celebration of the marriage of his niece *Catarina* (Miss RAINFORTH) with *Adolphe de Courcy* (HARRISON), a gay French knight; the Council of Ten have, however, other views in favour of *Catarina*; it being decided she shall marry *Lusignano*, King of Cyprus (BURDINI). *Moncenigo* (WEISS), one of the Council of Ten, comes to inform *Andrea* of the intended state policy, and by his order *Andrea* commands the marriage to be suspended. The second act opens in the oratory of *Catarina*, who is surprised by the appearance of *Moncenigo* in her room; he tells her that she must forget *Adolphe*; and that on her so doing his life depends; he then lifts a drapery, and shows her three assassins concealed, awaiting her lover; *Adolphe's* secret visit takes place, and, under the dread of his being assassinated, she tells him she loves him no longer, and in disdain he casts her from him. The scene then changes to the Isle of Cyprus, and the arrival, with a brilliant cortège, of *Catarina* as the affianced bride of the King, *Lusignano*. In the third act we find *Adolphe*, who has followed *Catarina* to Cyprus, dogged by order of *Moncenigo*, and about to fall under the daggers of the assassins, when he is saved by a knight who, unknown to him, proves to be *Moncenigo*; *Adolphe* then meets *Catarina*, and learns from her the events of the night, and that she refused his love under fear for his safety; *Moncenigo* surprises them both at their stolen interview, and in retort of *Catarina's* threats, orders both *Adolphe* and *Catarina* to be taken to the citadel and confined in separate cells; *Catarina* is doomed to the scaffold for her supposed infidelity, and *Andrea* at the place of execution, discloses to *Moncenigo* that *Catarina* is not his niece, but *Moncenigo's* own child; he then anxiously protests her innocence, and *Lusignano*, with much magnanimity, bestows the hand of *Catarina* upon her beloved *Adolphe*. The opera is throughout most efficiently supported. Miss RAINFORTH sings with much spirit and excellence, without, perhaps, having quite power enough for the part; still her ballads are very charmingly sung, and she elicited much applause. HARRISON gives his music with excellent spirit, especially the beautiful ballad, "Oh! smile as thou wert wont to smile," in which he is invariably encored; whilst BORRANI, WEISS, and BURDINI, are also entitled to much praise for the really effective manner in which they execute the different portions of the music allotted to them. No pains or expense have been spared in the production of the opera, which is most complete in every respect. The scene where *Catarina* arrives at the Island of Cyprus, is, perhaps, unrivalled for its splendour, the entire stage seems to have been shorn

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of its usual pendants to afford space to the splendid procession that marches from the very roof of the theatre. The whole of this scene is admirably managed, and the effect of the brilliant costumes, the brightness and splendour of the suits of armour, and the trappings of the men at arms, and heralds in their rich quaint dresses, with the hundreds of persons assembled on the stage together, form one of the most brilliant *coups d'œil* that can be imagined; the first and last scenes of the third act were also very beautiful, the last especially, the gigantic Castle with the crowds of spectators, was admirably painted, and had a most imposing effect.

The Christmas novelties present little scope for criticism. It is one of those periods when humour and practical jokes combined with splendid scenery and effects, are all in all of the theatres, and the juvenile interests are more especially considered. For them *Robinson Crusoe* will have many attractions; the story is well adapted for a pantomime: and with WIELAND, T. MATTHEWS, Miss CARSON, and HOWELL, a pantomime cannot go off otherwise than well.

At Covent Garden Theatre the pantomime is a hit at the musical promenades so recently given here (at least in the title, and is entitled *Crotchet and Quaver; or Harlequin Sharp, Flat, and Natural*. The characters are all musically entitled 'Semiquaver' being a young maiden loved by 'Crotchet,' and opposed by the 'Demon Discord.' 'Crotchet,' however, by the aid of the 'Genius of Music,' gains the hand of 'Semiquaver,' 'Discord' being discomfited; and the harlequinade winds up the pantomime in the usual style.

Mr. H. BETTY has made his appearance in *Hamlet*, with much success, his performances being marked with considerable judgment, and his delivery of the author's text is excellent. He possesses a good and commanding stage figure, with every requisite for success, and will prove a great acquisition as a leading tragedian. The lyrical tragedy of *Antigone*, with MENDELSSOHN'S music, which is shortly to be produced, will also be a feature of prominence.

THE HAYMARKET has produced one of those amusing extravaganzas that have become almost as legitimate as the rich and racy comedies now produced here with so much spirit. It is by PLANCHE, and is taken from one of the stories of the Countess D'ANOIS, and is called *Graciosa and Percinet*, the chief characters being supported by Miss P. HORTON, JULIA BENNETT, and BLAND, by whom it is most admirably acted. The story is not very complicated, but there is a great deal of humour and quaintness about it, and the parodies are charmingly melodious. WEBSTER has spared no expense in its production; the new scenery and costumes are really beautiful, and a most attractive feature has been added in the shape of a new pictorial Dioramic Tour in Switzerland, painted by PHILLIPS, one of the most admirable performances of the class that has ever been exhibited.

At the LYCEUM, *Valentine and Orson* is done in the form of a burlesque by KENNEY and ALBERT SMITH,

and produced with all the gorgeousness that characterises the productions at this house. The *Valentine* of Mrs. KEELEY, and the *Orson* of KEELEY, are two most perfect representations of burlesque extravaganzas.

NEW MUSIC.

The Daughter of St. Mark: Balfie.—Chappels.—In this opera Mr. Balfie has taken higher ground than he has done in any previous opera. His aim has been to write a grand opera, and in this he has fully succeeded; the consequence is, that there is more breadth in the music, whilst the melodies are of a more lofty character; there are, however, several of those catching melodies, that attract attention from their beauty and simplicity, and some of these are, perhaps, the most charming he has written in any opera, and will be certain of a lasting popularity. The arrangements that we have seen for the Pianoforte, have much brilliancy and character about them, and those most deserving of notice are,

The Favourite Airs, by Burrowes.—These are in Burrowes' usual style, fingered so as to be at the command of most amateurs, and possessing all the spirit of the opera.

Favourite Airs de Ballet.—These are light and effective, having the true spirit of ballet music, with its marked and joyous character, and are amongst the most pleasing *morceaux* of the opera.

The Welsh Quadrilles: Jullien.—Although there is neither the marked character, nor the flow of melody of the Irish and Scotch Quadrilles by the same composer, they are still rather effective, and the variations are well worked out; they are, perhaps, better adapted for *divertissement's* than for dancing to, as the variations are rather intricate for "tripping a measure."

Castle Aymon: Balfie. Piano; Burrowes.—Addison and Hodson.—The second book of this lively opera seems to equal the first in spirit and originality, and embraces the most popular songs of the opera charmingly arranged. It is quite in Burrowes' best style.

Trois Mazurkas pour le Piano: Dohler.—Addison and Hodson.—These are not so difficult as the general run of Dohler's music, but they have the peculiar characteristic of his style of playing, excepting the somewhat frequent occurrence of accidentals, they may be almost termed familiar. The Mazurkas are pretty, and very agreeably worked out, being in the keys of B flat, A flat, and G.

The Fairy Bird: Ballad. John Parry, senior.—Addison and Hodson.—This is full of character and expression, the melody being charmingly written in the key of G, with a pretty change into B flat, and adapted for most voices, and is likely to be as popular as the same author's favourite song of "Jenny Jones." We regret want of space prevents us giving the pretty legend upon which it is founded.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR JANUARY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich white satin, *à trois jupes*; each skirt edged in a vandyke, and bound with lavender satin, and beautifully embroidered in lavender floss silk, giving the dress the appearance of having three deep flounces; very low pointed corsage; the top part decorated with folds of spotted *tulle*, forming a point in the front, where it is attached to the dress with a *nœud* and two ends of lavender satin ribbon, loops of the same decorating the top of the *corsage*, and a double row continued round the short sleeve, which is made loose at the lower part, and faced with folds to match the top of the bust; three folds are put on to a foundation of stiff net, so as to set out from the sleeve, and joined so as to form a point at the side of the front part of the sleeve. The hair simply arranged in front with two long ringlets *à la Anglaise*, and a round plait at the back of the head.

EVENING HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is made in pale pink *gros de Tours* or *moire*; the skirt very full, and perfectly plain; high pointed body, open in the front and upon the shoulders, shewing the under chemisette of thin white *batiste*, edged round the throat with a narrow white lace, and attached across with bands of pink velvet, fastened on each side with small round buttons of the same; half long sleeve, made straight and open from below the elbow, having on each side of the opening a row of velvet buttons; small open *jackey*, attached across with velvet bands and buttons; under loose sleeve of lace inlet and *tulle*; small narrow bands of black velvet are tied round the wrists. The hair arranged at the back in a serpentine twist, catching back the front hair in the form of a band, from which depends one very long ringlet.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of chocolate-coloured Pekin plaid silk. Scarf manteau of rich black satin, made much shorter than the dress, and encircled round the bottom with a black fringe of moderate width; the scarf which forms the cape is edged over the shoulders and back with a double broad frilling or flounce, edged as well as the ends in front, with black fringe; the top of this scarf turns over round the throat and down the fronts, forming a kind of lappel; these fronts are crossed, rendering it very warm to the chest. We need scarcely add that this is a very favourite style of cloak with our fashionables, particularly those who study comfort. Bonnet of white satin, the form rather large and close; the exterior of the front being nearly concealed by two rows of white lace, very rich, and put on perfectly plain, the upper row being headed with a wreath of small shaded red roses; the crown decorated with pipings of white *crêpe*, put on at regular distances; *nœuds* and ends of white satin ribbon are placed at the back of the bonnet.

20

PLATE THE THIRD.

OPERA DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich white satin, the skirt trimmed with two immense broad flounces of white lace or blonde, reaching high up the dress; low plain corsage, and short sleeves, both richly decorated with white lace. *Sortie du bal* of dark violet-coloured velvet, with small square collar, and half-long drooping Persian sleeve, edged round as well as the collar and cloak, with a row of white swans-down, the border round the lower part being considerably wider than the rest, the entire mantle lined with a rich white silk quilted, or white satin. Small muff of the same description of fur, lined with pale pink satin, and finished on each side with two ends of white satin ribbon, of a moderate width. Cap composed of a light style of lace, intermixed with pretty shaded pink roses, without leaves, arranged in a kind of cluster at the sides, the lace being perfectly flat upon the top of the head.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—The under dress is of rich light-coloured brown satin, corsage and sleeves made perfectly plain. *Manteau* of a bright purple satin, the skirt being made much shorter than the dress; the cape large and rounded, forming a kind of large sleeve in the front, and edged all round with a broad black lace, the front of the cloak being closed all the way-up by means of a purple velvet facing opening on the top of each shoulder, where it is laced across with a purple silk cord, from which depends two long ends of the same, finished with two splendid purple silk tassels; the velvet facing may be greatly enriched in appearance by having a *brandenbourg* trimming continuing all the way up the centre of the front. Capote of shaded orange-coloured *velours épinglé*, the edge of the brim and crown decorated with folds of satin, the folds on the latter being confined with a beautiful branch of shaded roses.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of dark emerald green velvet; the skirt made perfectly plain and very full; high tight corsage, and long loose sleeve, having under ones of plain white silk. *Palatine* and muff of magnificent ermine, lined with rich crimson satin, the muff ornamented with loops of white satin ribbon. Bonnet of dark-coloured violet velvet, the top of the crown is greatly lightened in appearance, by being covered with black lace, which also forms the curtain at the back, and confined with a bow and ends of violet satin ribbon, the crown decorated with a plume of *cog* feathers, drooping low over the left side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This style of dress is called the "*Caraco*," a description of which will be found in our Fashionable

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Novelties. It is composed of green *moire* shot with a plum colour, the front of the *jupe* trimmed with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, put on on one side, and continued up the centre of the high and tight-fitting corsage, the jacket edged to match *manche d'homme*, the *jockey* and cuff also edged with several rows of narrow ribbon velvet, the sleeve being sufficiently short to show the under full sleeve of plain *batiste*. Bonnet of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, the edge of the front and curtain, handsomely trimmed with black lace, which also serves to decorate the crown, interspersed with a branch of *asalias*, the same colour as the bonnet, a fold of black lace surrounding the top of the crown.

HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of pale lavender watered silk, the entire front of the dress being trimmed with straps of lavender satin, attached on each side with pretty fancy silk tassels, *en échelle*. Corsage fitting close to the figure, and perfectly high; long tight sleeves, the tops ornamented with a plain round epaulet, turning up round the bottom part, and forming a narrow facing, edged with a fold of satin; deep pointed cuff, also surrounded with a double narrow fold of satin, the folds divided with a flat band of satin, forming a facing to the cuff. *Coiffure* composed of crimson velvet, and a double row of white lace just passing over the top part of the head. Boots of green velvet, the top part of silk or satin of the same colour.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Pelisse of plum-coloured velvet, the front tastefully trimmed with a broad satin ribbon, the same colour as the pelisse, and put on in a vandyked form, caught at the point of each vandyke with a small *nœud* also of ribbon; high open corsage, edged round the top and down the fronts with a rich gymp border, and showing between the under body of fulled muslin and inlet, with a frilling of lace round the throat; the sleeves are straight, and rather larger at the bottom than at the top, and sufficiently short to show an under full sleeve of muslin, having *manchettes* of lace, the top of the velvet sleeves surrounded with a narrow fulling of the same, put into the arm-hole. Capote of pale pink satin, decorated solely with a splendid pink *marabouée* feather, falling over the crown. *Pelerine écharpe*, of ermine, lined with white satin.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress and *Paletot* of black velvet; the dress made perfectly plain, with a tight sleeve, having a full puffing of cambric at the wrist; the skirt long and extremely full. The *Paletot* is made to fit the figure, the body and skirt being all in one; it closes from the waist to the throat, and has a small square collar; the sleeves are wide, and descend about half way below the elbow; they are left open at the back, are trimmed round with a rich lace gymp, and faced across with a cord and tassels; the collar is edged to correspond; the skirt is short, is left open at the sides, and bordered by a broader laced

gymp; the opening at the side laced to correspond with the sleeves. Bonnet of satin, *couleur de rose*; the brim open and low at the ears; it is edged by a small double piping; the crown is a little full; a long full feather of the same colour droops from the centre of the bottom of the crown on to the right shoulder, and a trimming of satin is placed on the left side; the interior is ornamented with *nœuds* of broad satin ribbon; strings to match.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rose-coloured satin; the corsage plain and tight; the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are short and quite tight; a deep cape *à la berthe* surrounds the neck of the dress, trimmed with three rows of black velvet; a narrow tucker of plain cambric stands up inside, fitting the neck close; the skirt is long, extremely full, and is trimmed *en tablier* by broad pieces of satin *en biais*, which falls from each side the point at the waist, increasing in width towards the bottom of the dress; these have three rows of black velvet down them, placed at equal distances at the bottom, but nearly meeting at the waist; the bottom of the skirt is perfectly plain. Head dress of rose-coloured velvet, consisting of a slight fulling across the top of the head; the fulness confined at each edge by a row of pearls; long ends of velvet fringed with pearls, droop on the right side, whilst on the left is placed a white ostrich feather.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of green striped silk; the corsage and sleeves plain; waist *à poine* *Manteau* of grey cashmere, the back fitting the waist; sleeves *à l'Orientale*, lined with pink satin quilted; a deep cape is attached to the *manteau*; it is open at the shoulder, and falls round at the back; the corners of the cape in front are pointed, and it is slightly hollowed from there to the opening at the shoulder; a row of fancy silk buttons are placed at this opening on the back part of the cape, and small loops on the front, so that it may close if required; a deep collar, the corners falling square in front, and having a small opening on the shoulders, forms a very pretty finish to the neck of the *manteau*, which is trimmed round with three rows of black velvet, as are also the cape, collar, and sleeves. Drawn bonnet of white lutestring; the crown rather high, the brim open, and not very low at the ears; it has a deep curtain, and bow and ends of broad ribbon placed low at the right side; the interior of the brim is ornamented by a simple trimming of pink ribbon; the strings are also of broad pink ribbons.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

THE QUEEN—CHRISTENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Dress of richly figured white satin, of Spitalfield's manufacture, the pattern most unique and splendid; the corsage is high, and fits the figure closely; the waist long and *à pointe*; from the seam on the shoulder to the point at the waist is a row of puffings or slashings of plain satin, edged with *blonde*, forming a stomacher; the sleeves are long and tight, the cuff a little open on the back of the arm, and the corners rounded, they are slashed at the back of the arm from the shoulder; the skirt is

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

extremely long and full, it is trimmed *en tablière* with puffs of satin, commencing on either side the point, increasing in size as they reach the bottom of the dress; a small *colletette* of blonde falls over the neck of the corsage, completing this rich and splendid costume.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT—CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of rich green satin, the body and sleeves tight, the waist long and pointed; it has a small fur collar or cape, which, from the shoulder, decreases in width to the point at the waist; the sleeves do not quite reach the wrist, they are left open in the front of the arm, the corners rounded and trimmed with fur; under sleeve of plain cambric, having a deep lace ruffle. The skirt is long, immensely full, and is trimmed *en tablière* with fur. Bonnet of white satin, the brim open and not too long at the ears, there is a rich pattern embroidered round the front of the bonnet; the curtain is deep, and embroidered at the edge to correspond; a small bow with long ends is placed in the centre of the curtain; a long and splendid ostrich feather droops on the right shoulder.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND—EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich satin, shaded black and *couleur de rose*; the corsage low, waist long, and *à pointe*; the sleeve is short and quite tight; a deep double cape of black *Chantilly blonde* surrounds the neck of the corsage, falling deep on the shoulder, entirely covering the sleeve, and terminating in a point at the centre of the bust; the skirt is exceedingly long and full, and has three broad volants of *Chantilly* lace, above each of which are three rows of narrow black velvet, or satin pipings. Head-dress of white silk and gold net-work, the ends falling low at the sides, ornamented with gold trimming, and tassels composed of gold and silver intermingled.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1845.

We greet our fair subscribers at the commencement of the new year, with sincere and grateful thanks for the continued encouragement bestowed upon our labours during the past year, and many preceding ones: their approbation being alone wanting to inspirit us on to fresh zeal and exertions in our researches after the newest and latest intelligence concerning everything appertaining to a lady's toilette. In order to prove our sincerity, we hasten to lay before our readers the greatest novelties in

CAPS.—Nothing can be more simple than those which are composed of silk *tulle*, made *très petits*, and trimmed with two *biais* of *tulle* headed with a wreath of small blue flowers; those of muslin are also much in favour, made long at the ears, and trimmed upon the front with several rows of very narrow lace very slightly full, separated with narrow loops of red velvet, each side of the loop being trimmed with *choux* of red velvet, from which depends numerous ends falling as low as the shoulder; the crown being also covered with a net work also of red velvet. The present style of cap is still made very small, but the crowns are more ornamented than they have lately been; the form *paysanne* is still in great request with some of our fashion-

ables. We must not omit mentioning, also, those very stylish and becoming little caps, the crowns of which are of pink or blue velvet, and ornamented with lappets of point lace.

CLOAKS.—We have remarked several of a very warm and useful description, made of black merinos or cloth, and lined with a deep bright colour, such as red satin; the *jupe* part is made rather long, and corsage *à coulisse*, or gauged, trimmed upon the front with large facings of black velvet; a small pelerine also of velvet, adds much to the graceful appearance of the cloak, and is gathered in at the waist, forming a little jacket or *caraco* descending over the sleeve, where it is left open and laced up the fronts of the pelerine joining the *revers* of the skirt. A splendid *cordelière* is worn round the waist, and perfectly straight, trimmed with facings of velvet opening underneath, and laced *pareil* to the pelerine. Another very elegant style, are those made in blue satin *à la reine*; descending a little below the knee, with broad facings of velvet sufficiently deep on the shoulders to cover the top of the sleeve, narrowing at the waist, and descending wider down the fronts to the edge of the skirt; small velvet collar joined upon the shoulder to the facings of velvet by a silk laced cord, terminated with long tassels; the cape of the cloak descends much lower than the waist, and is trimmed all round with a broad black lace; the facings are joined together down the entire front with ornaments of *passementerie*, put on *en travers*; those in black satin are also much in request *à taille*; the pelerine forming a long and rounded *mantelet* at the back, gathered upon the top of the arms, and descending down the fronts in long square ends, and only trimmed as far as the top of the arms with two broad frillings edged with a fringe, headed with gyp ornaments; the lower ends of the pelerine being decorated with two narrower frills. A fringe headed with a row of *passementerie* encircles the bottom of the cloak.

CHAPEAUX.—Velvet is in great request for hats for public promenade, particularly those in dark blue or green; they are mostly decorated with feathers or bouquets of *marabouts*; those which are intermixed with satin have a very light effect; for instance, the front part of the hat of violet velvet, and crown of the same coloured satin full, and trimmed with a narrow fold of velvet and *nœuds* of satin; *velours épinglé* is also a favourite material with our *modistes*, those in yellow being considered very *distinguée* looking, trimmed round the front with a broad *biais* of satin, which is again repeated round the crown, and finished with a small bouquet of flowers upon the side; sometimes the *culotte* alone is decorated with two satin *rouleaux*, brides and *nœuds* of blue satin decorating the interior; the form of these chapeaux are very long and close at the ears.

BALL DRESSES are at the present moment a subject of great importance amongst our *élégantes*. The following are what we have selected as most worthy of the attention of our fair friends. For instance, a robe of blue Italian taffetas, trimmed *en tablier* with fullings of the same material attached at regular distances with *nœuds* or bows of blue silk; plain body *à triple couture*, the point of the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

waist being very deep and long. Another is composed of pink satin, trimmed on the top of the hem with *choux* or rosettes of satin, placed upon each side of the front breadth just over the seams. Under-dress of *tarlatane* muslin, having a broad pink satin ribbon fixed upon the side of the waist, and descending crossway upon the front as far as the top of the knee, where the skirt is caught up and fastened with a *choux* of pink satin; low plain corsage à *pointe*, trimmed with draperies *en tarlatane* put on in the form of a *berthe*, and fastened upon the shoulder with a *patte* of satin, and in the front with a bouquet of roses; sleeves *demi-larges*, caught up just under the *patte*, which confines the *berthe*, leaving the arm quite bare. We must not omit mentioning that the former dress is rendered complete by the addition of a most becoming *berthe*, made of a double row of English point lace.

CRISPINS are much in favour, particularly for throwing over an evening toilette; they are very pretty when made in pearl grey *poult de soie*, lined and bordered with a broad band of white plush, which is again repeated round the arm-holes; also those mantillas, with sleeves attached made in black velvet and trimmed in a most graceful manner with lace.

FULL DRESS ROBES are principally composed of satin, and the *damas Pompadour* richly trimmed with volants of English point lace, whilst velvet dresses are generally ornamented with the *Alençon* lace, that being of a heavier and handsomer description. We may cite as a very elegant model, a dress of light green satin *glacé* white, à *double jupon*, each trimmed with a broad *falbalas* of *Alençon* lace; the sleeves and *berthe* formed of several rows of lace placed close together.

SHAWLS.—The most novel are those of black cloth or cachemire fitting quite plain all round the throat, and fastened in front as far as the waist with a double row of buttons, laced across with braid, and decorated all round with a narrow embroidery of braid in a large Gothic pattern, the same being continued round the shoulders, and at the corners of the shawl.

MUFFS are now universally adopted; they are made in every kind of fur, with their usual accompaniments those useful *manchettes*, and are lined with *moire* or satin fastened at each end with a pretty fancy *nœud* of ribbon of the same colour as the lining.

MANTLES are also in great request, particularly for the theatre or evening costume; those having satin sleeves are extremely commodious for a *sortie de bal*; they are remarkably elegant when composed of white satin lined throughout with ermine, and encircled with a deep bordering of the same. This kind of pelisse is very pretty for young people, when made in pink or blue satin, trimmed with swansdown or *grèbe*, the ends of the sleeves edged to match.

MATERIALS.—Amidst all the rich and varied textures now in favour, it is necessary to mention the Alpaca wool, now so much patronized by the Queen, and alike remarkable for its fine soft and silky fleece, its natural colour being a mixture of black and white. Several dresses, having colours intermixed, have just been finished for

her Majesty, and also one entirely black (a plain lustre), which in gloss and softness exceeds silk. We have, therefore, but little doubt that they will now become all the rage amongst our *élégantes*, not only for its novelty but also for its warm and rich appearance.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—Rich full hues are still all the rage, as well as *noisette*, *bruns*, greens, violets, &c.; black, also predominates, particularly for out-door costume; and azure blue, pink, white, *paille*, and *hortensia*, for evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Paris is now alive with gay hearts and smiling faces, all busy alike in giving and receiving New Year's gifts. We, the devoted ministers of fashion, hasten to present our gifts to our fair readers, trusting that they will be graciously accepted; for what offering can be more grateful to a pretty woman, than the knowledge (which we are about to communicate) of adding to those charms with which nature has endowed her. Let us see, then, what are the latest modes for

CAPOTES.—We may cite among the most novel, those of green, pink, or white satin, some trimmed upon the edge of the first gaging with a lace put on flat, and covering the second *coulisse*, the *calotte* encircled with a second row of lace lightly fulled, and the side of the capote decorated with a *oiseau de paradis*, whilst others are trimmed upon each gaging with a broad fold of *velours épinglé*, and a bunch of roses at the side, or what is still prettier, a white lace disposed round the *calotte*, and a *nœud* of green satin ribbon placed at the side, *nœuds* and roses serving to decorate the interior. Another very becoming style are those made of the blue *barbeau* satin, having a fulling of *tulle* round the edge, and two others very similar round the crown, a ribbon being passed through each. We have remarked several very elegant capotes in velvet, ornamented with *nœuds* of ribbon, or ribbon velvet, and having black lace intermixed, giving it a rather lighter effect. We see also that *voilettes*, or broad laces, are being attached to the edges of this style of bonnet, they are gathered on so as to diminish towards the centre in width, giving a winter appearance to the sides of the fall.

COIFFURES.—Several very elegant ones are composed of velvet; for instance, those made in blue velvet, the crown entirely concealing the back hair, the front part being very small, and falling in a square form on each side, edged all round with a broad silver *galon*, and terminated on each side with a long silver *filet*, intermixed with pearls. Another and a lighter style are those made simply with lappets of lace, rather long, and attached on each side of the head with bouquets of small roses. The coiffure à *la vierge*, is also a new and charming style of head dress. Two of the greatest novelties for the trimming of head dresses is the *dentelle de velours*, and *le réseau de Venise*; the latter, however, is most generally used, and is formed of a white silk ground work, or,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

what is richer, gold and silver threads, forming the centre part, bordered with a rich coloured *chenille*, which has a most magnificent effect. This style of trimming is also much used for the decorating both of long and short gloves. For the Opera the most favourite style of coiffure are those without any crown piece, the front being composed of a light blonde scarf, à *flurs blanc d'argent*, one end of the scarf falling over the left shoulder, the right side decorated with a drooping branch of very small roses, the same colour as the leaves, and those elegant full-dress cachemire turbans, of an entire new style, being composed of a scarf having a border embroidered in silver and coloured silk, and decorated with a splendid Arabian fringe. Then, again, we have noticed a very distinguished looking head dress, composed of dahlia-coloured velvet, having no crown piece, and decorated on the right side with flowers of the same kind of material, and on the left with a broad fringe made of white beads, such as pearls. Lastly, we may cite those rich-looking Oriental head dresses, composed of a mixture of gauze and velvet, and having a small crown ornamented with a gold *byrrinthe*, and splendid Arabian tassels. For a ball head-dress, nothing can be more becoming than a *chaîne* of flowers which encircles the head in the form of a crown, and falling on one side in a wavy branch, likewise terminated with a flower of a deeper colour than the rest.

PARDESSUS.—Satin ones retain all their favour, particularly those in black satin, descending as far as the knee, and edged all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with a broad band of black velvet, and upon the front a double row of large black velvet buttons; tight body, fastened straight up the front with a row of buttons similar to those on the skirt; square pelerine, sufficiently deep just to reach the waist, edged with velvet, and headed with a small stand up collar, bordered to match. Those in black velvet are generally encircled with broad black laces of rather heavy patterns, or richly bordered with sable and other dark furs, sable being the most favourite for promenade toilettes, and ermine for carriage costumes. In speaking of the *pardessus*, we must not forget mentioning one now in much favour, resembling somewhat a man's great-coat, or pelisse, the skirt being cut completely on the cross, avoiding the plaits round the waist. It is easy for ladies who have a handsome old shawl, to transform it into one of these *pardessus*, and line it with quilted satin, making either a rich visiting dress, or *robe de chambre*; the sleeves are made large, but not of that Oriental width as those of last winter.

TOILETTES DE VILLE are now composed of winter materials only. We give the following as most remarkable for their *distinguée* appearance and good taste:—A dress of garnet-coloured plaid velvet, the skirt richly trimmed with three rows of broad twisted fringe, put on about the width of the fringe distant from each other, so as to allow the top row to reach over the hips; the body is formed high and *en biais* in the front, decorated with an open lace gymp *posée* upon the centre seam of the corsage; long plain sleeves, with *jockeys* upon the cross, and edged with a broad fringe, *pareille* to the *garniture* on

the *jups*. Another very elegant costume is composed of satin à *la reine*, ornamented on each side of the skirt with a *passementerie*, formed very wide at the bottom part, and finishing at the point of the waist, at the distance of the seam under the arm, bordered on each side is placed a ribbon velvet of the same colour; the corsage is made quite high and perfectly plain, the waist forming a rounded point, the front of the body being entirely covered with an open lace gymp; plain sleeves, *demi-longues*, and edged with velvet; under sleeves of full muslin, and *manchettes* of broad lace. Another way of trimming dresses made of velvet, is ornamenting the front of the skirt with eight rows of a fancy gymp, put on *en travers* (across), the bodies made plain, high upon the shoulders, and open down the entire front, trimmed with four rows of *passementerie*, of the same description as that on the skirt; the sleeves perfectly plain. Dresses of cachemire are mostly trimmed with velvet; for instance, one of a beautiful *pensée* colour, decorated with eighteen rows of ribbon velvet, separated in threes, and distant about a third of the width; plain body, made high upon the shoulders, and with open facings edged with velvet; plain sleeves, rounded upon the front of the arm, and open nearly to the elbow, also edged with velvet. We cannot help remarking, that as the season advances so does the rage for the *passementerie* trimmings, which are now universal for the decorating of this style of dresses.

TWINE.—The most elegant are those composed of *grenat* velvet, lined with white satin, and ornamented with a broad *passementerie*, reaching from the shoulder to the lower edge of the skirt; long open sleeves are attached, lined also with white satin, and edged with a fancy trimming, *pareil* to the one which serves to decorate the skirt; they are much in vogue for theatres, or to be worn over evening toilettes.

LE CARACO.—Here we have something quite after the ancient style of dress, at least as far back as 1786, consisting of a kind of high body, à *basques rondes*, so as to be very much cut out or marked, having the appearance in front of two small pockets, put on sideways. That which is most remarkable, however, in the new style of *Caracos*, are the sleeves, the top part being nearly like the *Amadis* sleeve, the lower part being sufficiently enlarged to allow of an under fullied sleeve, a small closed up *jockey* decorating the top part of the sleeve in *Pekin veloné*, *poult de soie glacé*, or *camelon à quarte reflets*. These style of dresses have a very good effect upon plain materials, they ornament the edges with three rows of narrow ribbon velvet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Legacy" received, and under perusal.
 "Ballads," by Warburton Burch, received.
 "The Smuggler's Hut," in our next.
 "Ah! Weep Not!" certainly in our next.

LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.













THE WORLD OF FASHION,

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

THE POOR PAINTER;

OR,
THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"With sharpened sight sage antiquarians pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore."

POPE.

A young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, of commanding figure, and intellectual face, was wending his way resolutely on the high road which extends from Arezzo to Florence. His costume, his careless air, and above all, his scanty wardrobe, which he carried at the end of his stick, plainly revealed that he was a travelling artist. Hewas, in fact, a French painter, of the name of Hermann. Enthusiastic love of the art had brought him to Italy, and in this enterprise he had consulted his desires more than his resources. The organization of artists is generally incompatible with calculation and financial foresight, and such was the case with our hero. A sojourn of some months at Rome had nearly emptied his purse, and but little remained, certainly not more than a few francs.

"This will enable me to get to Florence," said Hermann; and he continued his route on foot, without troubling himself as to the future. A painter, he thought, could not experience misery or hunger in the country of Michael Angelo.

Certainly our young traveller had not been very fortunate in his worldly *début*. Art had responded but churlishly to his vehement desires. Success had not crowned his first attempts, and notwithstanding all his efforts, his name and his talents remained plunged in obscurity the most profound. At Rome he had executed many copies, and originated several pictures which he thought remarkable, but which the jealous public did not deign to notice. Previous to his journey to Florence, he offered himself as a candidate for the great prize of painting, but the judges did not recognize in his works sufficient merit to allow him even to become a competitor.

A decree so severe had excluded from the Louvre all the pictures which he meant to offer for competition there.

VOL. XXII.—No. 251.

He must either have mistaken his vocation, or been incorrigibly blind to bear up against so many humiliating failures.

On entering Florence, Hermann was so seduced by the grandeur of the monuments, the beauty of the statues, and the magnificence of the palaces ranged proudly round him, that he forgot for a time the fatigue of his journey. Instead of seeking a resting place, and thinking of repose, he abandoned his thoughts to the wonders that were to be seen around him. Covered with dust, and still carrying with him his wardrobe, he ran through the city, looking at this object, admiring that, and criticizing all. This day an extraordinary bustle was observable in Florence. It was said that strangers from all parts had made their rendezvous in this illustrious city.

At each step was encountered faces and figures belonging to all the nations of Europe. Hermann gave little thought to this increase of population. The only object that attracted his attention was a carriage that passed him slowly, containing a most beautiful girl, accompanied by a gentleman, apparently her father. As our young artist's heart was as romantic as his imagination, the image of this charming creature haunted him for the remainder of his walk. He still thought of her—when the night, fatigue, and a violent appetite, decided him upon presenting himself at an hotel of modest appearance, where he was told that but one single chamber remained unoccupied.

Hermann took it, supped and went to bed, and slept so long, that they were obliged to knock violently at his door to arouse him at two o'clock the next day.

Amongst the strangers that that day thronged Florence, not one of them less expected a visitor certainly than our young artist, who did not know a creature in that crowded city. What, then, must have been his surprise, when he saw entering his room a man of the most distinguished appearance, dressed in the extreme of elegance and luxury, which is only met with in great Italian noblemen, or rich oriental merchants.

"Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Hermann?" demanded the visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied the painter, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"I am the Prince Gratiani," said the visiter, making a profound bow.

"A Prince," cried Hermann, jumping from his bed. "But how comes it? Your excellency has doubtless made a mistake."

"No, Mr. Hermann. No, I mistake not; it is you that I have come hither to seek."

"In that case," said Hermann, "your excellency will. I trust, excuse my receiving you in such disorder. If I had had any idea that I should have been honoured with a visit—"

"It is I should apologize," said the Prince, "for thus intruding on the hours of rest of a man who, doubtless, consecrates the quiet calm of the night to learned meditations."

"Oh! no," said Hermann. "I have slept too much, that is all; as I was quite overpowered yesterday with fatigue. Will your excellency permit me to dress before you?"

"I shall consider myself flattered in assisting so eminent a man."

"Eminent," repeated Hermann, aghast. "Your Excellency is certainly deceived, or you mock me."

"Heaven forbid that I should mock a man of your talents. No, I am one of your most profound admirers."

"Then I do not understand it," said Hermann.

"I know well, Mr. Hermann," said the Prince, "that your modesty is only exceeded by your overpowering talent. You would remain in obscurity if it depended on yourself. But here your works are known."

"Truly," said Hermann, "I was far from thinking that they had penetrated as far as Florence. Your admiration surprises and embarrasses me."

"Well, then," said the Prince, bowing, "I shall do violence to my sentiments, and respect your scrupulous modesty; and, if more agreeable to you, will be silent as to your merits."

"You are kind and indulgent," replied Hermann.

"Permit me but this once to speak of your claims and your glory, and to say that a man such as you are, must not inhabit so humble an apartment as this. It would be a disgrace to the city of Florence."

"It answers my purpose admirably," sighed Hermann, carried back by the observation to the frightfully reduced state of his finances.

"I am perfectly aware that all the apartments are let, and you could not probably find better in this hotel, and I consider myself fortunate that the state of things are thus, as it enables me to offer you that hospitality which will confer everlasting honour on the palace of Gratiani. Refuse me not, I conjure you. Come, all is ready to receive you worthily."

Hermann made several excuses, but he found it useless to attempt to turn the Prince from his object, he yielded, in secret rejoicing at the prospect before him.

"It is evident," he thought, "that the taste here is more exalted than in other places. My pictures here would have met with that success which I vainly struggled for in Paris and Rome," and his mind revelled in all the

delights of future fame. In descending the stairs of the hotel, Hermann gave free vent to the flattering thoughts the circumstances suggested, and inwardly lamented having thrown away his incomparable exertions on so blind and prejudiced a people as his early days were spent amongst.

Here was the field for labour: and fame, and fortune, would alike be his. These thoughts added buoyancy to his step, and brilliancy to his eyes, as he seated himself beside the Prince in his splendid carriage.

"You are not acquainted with Florence," said the Prince, "and if you will accept me as your guide, I shall be delighted to shew you the principal buildings, and our splendid galleries."

"Joyfully," said Hermann, carelessly extending himself on the cushions of the carriage.

The young painter felt perfectly at his ease, and really began to be convinced he was a great man, when in the gallery of the palace of Pitti his *cicerone* said:—

"Perhaps you do not like painting? As to me I frankly acknowledge that I have no taste in that way. I neither admire nor understand the great works of art."

It would be difficult to imagine the emotions of Hermann at these strange words. His pride was mortally wounded, and his head drooped with disappointed hope.

"All is, I now see clearly, a mistake," thought he with sadness: "but who does he take me for?"

They walked for some time, as the Prince was proud of being seen with his companion. They did not return to the Palace of Gratiani until dinner hour. Two domestics in showy liveries, conducted Hermann to his room, which was one of the handsomest in the palace. The young artist put on his best coat, and hastened to descend to the drawing-room, where a numerous company were assembled, amongst whom he recognized the charming girl he had remarked the preceding day.

The Prince presented Hermann to the company, who shewed him the most marked respect.

"But I warn you," added the Prince, smiling, "that you must not speak to my friend of his merits or his celebrity. His modesty is excessive."

"In mercy," said Hermann, in a low voice, "draw not the attention of the company upon me, it will embarrass me exceedingly; render me the greater service of allowing me to remain unnoticed. Tell me first, however, who that beautiful fair girl is, sitting near the window?"

"She is the daughter of a man whom you ought to know by reputation—Miss Hortense Pippart. You of course have heard of the great antiquarian of Geneva of that name?"

At dinner, Hermann was placed between the Prince and Miss Hortense. It is needless to say that his attention was completely devoted to the latter. The conversation generally turned upon science, literature, and the arts. The young painter took no part in the discourse, he resisted upon these subjects all the advances and attacks of the company, and thus secured the triumph due to his discretion, as his silence was construed into profundity of learning. With his pretty and fascinating

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

neighbour he talked fluently, but in a low voice, and met with all the success he could rationally expect from a first conversation.

This *tête à tête* was prolonged during the evening; they admired and respected Hermann too much to withdraw him from what evidently gave him so much pleasure. At twelve o'clock the company began to separate, when Hortense, with fascinating artlessness exclaimed,

"Already!" This was a strong manifestation of the agreeability of the companion she was conversing with.

The Prince and the artist were left together, when the former said with a malicious smile,

"I see with pleasure that your profound talents disdain not the sweet occupations of gallantry. Whilst you were conversing with Miss Pippart, her father appeared to regard you with pleasure; he asked me if you were married, and I answered 'No,' without being myself informed on that point."

"You have but attested the truth," said Hermann, blushing and smiling.

"I have very little doubt," continued the Prince, "of the hope that passed in the brain of the antiquarian."

"Alas!" exclaimed Hermann, in thinking that his favourable reception was based upon error.

"I do not understand your exclamation," said the Prince, "but I respect your secrets."

"Alas! Alas!" cried Hermann, shutting himself up in his gilded chamber in the Palace of Gratiani, "all this favour, and all these homages will disappear, when they learn that I am but a poor painter."

The next day Hermann, after passing a night of extreme agitation, was about descending to the gardens of the Palace to cool his feverish excitement, when Mr. Pippart presented himself before him.

"It is a colleague and an admirer who has come to pay his respects to you," said the antiquarian, entering.

"A colleague!" replied Hermann, astonished.

"An unworthy colleague, truly," said Pippart, "who wishes humbly to ask your advice upon this point;" and he unrolled a long parchment filled with strange figures.

"What think you of that?" he demanded.

"It is very badly drawn," said the young painter.

"Oh, let us pass over that imperfection; but how do you translate these figures?" asked the antiquarian.

"You would laugh if I were to reply," said Hermann.

"I dare say it is very simple and easy to read," said the old man; "but yet I find difficulty —"

The learned Genevese was visibly embarrassed, whilst Hermann recoiled back with horror, at length discerning the frightful truth. The enigma was discovered. They had mistaken the young artist for an antiquarian, versed in all the darkness of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"I have not found these figures," continued Mr. Pippart, "upon the maps of the admirable work which you have revealed to the learned world."

Hermann now felt that he must summon up all his audacity to avert the catastrophe, and he replied with gravity,

"If these figures are not upon the maps of my work, it is because there are no such hieroglyphics."

"You believe so?" said the antiquarian, starting back in affright.

"I am sure of it," said Hermann.

"Oh, my God! and I about printing the translation."

The learned Genevese regretted these imprudent words, but it was too late to recall them.

"Do not destroy me," said he, in an accent of despair, "I hold a brilliant position—I am the father of a family—I occupy two chairs of professors—I have ample means of increasing my fortune—I am esteemed, honoured, decorated—destroy not then, I beseech of you, the fruits of a laborious life; and if I must make to you a complete avowal, I confess that I understand nothing of the hieroglyphics that I explain—nothing of the science that I have professed with honour for the last thirty years; but I believed that I was not doing evil, because my most solemn conviction is, that the interpretation of the Egyptian is a rebus, a chimera, a prejudice, by which a man may live, without doing wrong to any one."

"Oh! that is very true," replied Hermann, endeavouring to disguise the serenity of his soul on hearing this avowal.

"All now depends on you," said the Genevese, in evident disquietude. "The scientific congress of Florence opens to-morrow. There will be no other Oriental antiquarians there but ourselves. Give me your aid—stand by the sense of my translation of these figures, and I am saved. What do I say? your countenance will double my reputation. Be then merciful, I beseech of you, in the name of my child!"

"The indulgence which you ask," said Hermann, "I cannot but grant to the father of my intended bride."

"And is it possible? Will you deign? Oh! what honour—what happiness for my child; for she loves you, and I am enabled to give her fifteen thousand pounds fortune."

All the exalted aristocracy of Florence were disputing the honour of receiving and entertaining the men distinguished for their learning, who had arrived to be present at the Congress. By a fortunate chance the name of Hermann had appeared as the author of a scientific work, of which the German publisher had sent several copies into Florence. The President of the Congress had inscribed the learned name of Hermann amongst the number of eminent men whom he had invited by the voice of the public journals to come and honour that re-union with their presence. The poor painter had been mistaken for the eminent antiquarian of that name.

At the Congress all passed off with great *éclat*. The veritable Hermann had long ceased to trouble himself about such matters, for this reason—that he had been dead for the last hundred and twenty years. His book was only a reprint under a new form, a snare laid for science by an Hungarian editor.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Enlightened as to the productive vanities of Orientalism, Hermann gave up his pencils to espouse Miss Hortense Pippart, and to this day shares with his father in-law the dignities and honours consequent upon a professorship of hieroglyphics.

BELINDA.

A BALLAD.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
Its pleasures, and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
While yet the spell remains.

Oft has hope the bosom warmed,
Delusive tho' thy power;
Love had a charm, that ever formed
The magic of the hour.

No dream that ever fancy wove
To people forms of air:
'Twas woman's smile, and woman's love
Shone brightest features there.

Joys which else the world had fled,
Shall never more depart,
While woman's love remains to shed
Its lustre o'er the heart.

Love has its cares, its soft alarms,
Its pleasures, and its pains;
But tell me not of other charms,
While yet the spell remains.

WARBURTON BURCH.

WEEP NOT!

The moon is shining lovely maid,
My barque is in the bay,
And I must leave thee now my love,
I dare not longer stay.
Yet weep not thou, nor from thine eyes
Let pearly tears be shed;
Although I part from thee my love,
There's nought for thee to dread.

Let love beam in thine eyes my love,
Hush all thy cares to sleep;
We do not part for e'er my love,
Oh! why then should'st thou weep?
Love wipe away those pearly tears,
And still those vain alarms;
My barque shall bear me back again,
In safety to thine arms.

G. S.

THE FALSE ONE. PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

Five years had elapsed since George left England, and in a few months more he was expected to return to his native shores. He had written frequently to the Millward's during this period; his letters to Ruth were in a strain of pure regard and cousinly affection. In his last he informed her of his long expected promotion, and his intention of being at Norton 'ere the close of the year, with Isabel as his bride.

This intelligence was received by Ruth with very different feelings to those she once thought it would excite in her. Five years had wrought a wonderful change in her sentiments; she still loved Howard, but it was with a pure and holy love. She had learnt to look upon him as the husband of her cousin. His welfare was still dearer to her than her own, and gladly would she have secured his happiness, by sacrificing her own had it been necessary; but she had ceased to feel that deep, that overwhelming affection for him, that had once rendered life itself valueless without him.

"Her ripened years had told her,
That life's a chequer'd way,
And darkening clouds unbidden,
To shade its brightest day."

She had seen the sinfulness of worshipping the creature instead of the Creator, and had been taught to bear sorrow with patience and resignation, and to look for comfort in affliction, from a higher source than earthly love. She sought for consolation and obtained it (none ever seek in vain), in pursuing that path of duty, which alone brings joy to the wounded spirit in this world, and secures it everlasting bliss in the world to come. The rose once more bloomed in her pale cheeks—her step regained its elasticity, and her blue eyes beamed with contentment, if not with happiness.

* * * * *

One beautiful evening in August, Ruth was sitting in the cottage porch, quietly musing over a small volume of the gifted L. E. L.'s poems, when she was startled by the arrival of the Norton postman, with a large parcel addressed to Mrs. Millward. It was Mr. Trevallyon's writing, and bore the B— post mark. Hurriedly calling her mother, she awaited its opening with a feeling of considerable trepidation. She felt a singular presentiment that the packet was in some way connected with Howard's fate.

How often do we experience a foreboding of evil, or a peculiar buoyancy of spirits, without any real cause for either sorrow or joy, previous to the occurrence of any event calculated to produce such emotions in the mind. Truly hath it been said—"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The parcel contained bride-cake, cards, and a letter. The words "The Earl and Countess of Maltravers," were engraved on the cards, and the letter was eagerly

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

seized to elucidate the mystery. It was from Ruth's uncle, informing her of Isabel's marriage, and expressing his happiness—poor worldly minded man—that her beauty and acquirements had procured for her a partner every way more desirable than Captain Howard would have been, and an establishment infinitely superior to what his most sanguine wishes had led him to expect.

Ruth's first sensations were those of unfeigned joy and delight, but she soon reproached herself for feeling so much satisfaction at an event which she feared would embitter Howard's future life.

Mrs. Millward wrote to her brother, but Ruth would not so far compromise her feelings, as to address Lady Maltravers in a strain of affection, or offer congratulations on a subject which would occasion so much misery to one whose happiness she regarded as she did George's. Besides, she felt doubtful that Isabel's brilliant match, would in the end be productive of anything but misery to herself, for conduct so heartless and cruel as her's had been, would bring its own punishment, however bright the present aspect of things might appear.

They again heard from Trevallyon saying that he had written to Captain Howard, and that he hoped the letter would reach him previous to his leaving India, for he fancied the intelligence it contained, would in all probability prevent his coming to England for some time. This was sad news for Ruth. She had ever since her cousin's marriage, been looking forward with pleasure to a meeting, and unknown to herself had cherished the hope that he would again take up his abode at Norton.

The bitter disappointment she felt on the receipt of her uncle's letter, revealed to her the true nature of her feelings, and of the wish she had so fondly cherished. She had persuaded herself that the warm interest she took in Howard, arose from the purest friendship, and great was her distress when she found that since Isabel had rendered him free by her union with another, her sentiments towards him had assumed a warmer tone, more like the feelings of old, than those of cold esteem; therefore she determined to do all in her power to conquer them, and by steadfastly removing her mind from him, and fixing her thoughts on other subjects, she soon secured her wonted peace of mind, and resumed her different employments. Thus we will leave her, busily engaged in doing good to all around her, whilst we proceed to give an account of Isabel and her Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

About six months previous to Captain Howard's expected arrival in England, Miss Trevallyon accompanied some friends of her father's to a Race Ball. There she met Lord Maltravers, who was down in the country on electioneering business. He, struck by her dazzling beauty and brilliant accomplishments, soon made her an offer of his hand, heart, and fortune, an offer which she joyfully accepted, totally regardless of her solemn engagement to another. Her highest dreams were about to be realized. Rank, wealth, and beauty were her's, and she anticipated with triumph the sensation she should cause

in town (whither they were going on her marriage), as the bride of a man so distinguished in the *beau monde* as the Earl of Maltravers.

George Howard she had never loved, but discovering her cousin's affection for him soon after her arrival at Norton, she, actuated by the very amiable desire of causing pain to one who never injured her, but whom she disliked, because she felt conscious of her superiority, did all in her power to supplant her. She in a short time succeeded, and finding attention and admiration necessary to her existence in so stupid a place as Norton, she gave him more encouragement than she at first intended, and finally allowed herself to be engaged to him. A feeling of shame prevented her confessing that she had been only trifling with his best and warmest feelings for her own pleasure, and the heartless gratification of her vanity.

She would, however, have found means of breaking off with him had he remained in England, but a lover in India was not the obstacle to her love of flirtation and unbounded conquest, that one nearer home would have been; besides, he might get promoted, and if that were the case, she determined to become his wife on his return, in the event of not securing a more desirable position before that time.

Great was her delight when Lord Maltravers made his proposals, and gave her an opportunity of forming a brilliant connection, as well as of avoiding a marriage with a man whom she certainly had no preference for, and who was so entirely destitute of any or either of those qualities that rendered Lord Maltravers so eligible a match—rank, high birth, and excessive wealth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was on one of those peculiarly gloomy days in November, when the azure fiends seem to have undisturbed power over the mind of every idle Englishman, that Captain Howard arrived at the Clarendon from Chatham. Intercourse with the world, and a few years passed under the sun of India, had transformed the boyish Lieutenant into a handsome, fine, but rather bronzed, military looking man.

The letter containing an account of Isabel's marriage, had passed him on his voyage homewards, and as she had neglected writing to him ever since the beginning of her acquaintance with the Earl of Maltravers, he was very anxious to quit London, and make his appearance at Mr. Trevallyon's, to inquire in person respecting her long silence. He had business at the Horse Guards that would detain him a few days in town, therefore he proceeded to examine the different dispatches he had been entrusted with by friends in India to their relations at home, in order that he might forward them during his stay, to their destinations.

Amongst them was one addressed to the Earl of Maltravers; the writer, a cousin of the Earl's, and a particular friend and brother officer of Howard's, he now recollected had requested him to deliver it in person; he therefore ordered his carriage, and drove to Belgrave

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Square. On his arrival he was ushered into the library, to wait his lordship's appearance. He soon came, and receiving Howard with great courtesy, invited him to take up his abode at his residence during his stay in town. This he declined, but accepted an invitation to dinner on the morrow.

The library was divided from another room, furnished in the same style by folding doors. Just as Howard had risen to take his leave, a lady entered the inner room, and advancing to the table took up a book. She was about to quit the room again, when the sound of a voice (one well known) in the library attracted her attention, and caused her to look in that direction. Howard turned round at the instant. "Oh, powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?" She recognized him in an instant, but before he could collect his scattered senses sufficiently to utter a single word, she disappeared. The Earl, who had neither observed Howard's confusion, or the apparition, for such it really seemed to him to have been, repeated his invitation, and his carriage being announced at the instant, he took his departure in silence, ruminating on the singular appearance of his betrothed or her apparition, in Lord Maltravers' library.

The more he reflected, the more convinced he became that it was Isabel Trevallyon he had seen, and no other. Bitterly did he lament the momentary doubt of her identity, which had prevented his asking an explanation from the earl on the spot. The more certain he became of her identity, the greater surprise he felt at her not recognizing him; in fact, the whole affair was wrapped in mystery. His friend had often spoken of his cousin as a bachelor, to whose fortune and title he would probably succeed: but then he might have married since Howard left India, and Isabel might be on a visit to the Countess.

He tried to console himself if this were the case, as her familiar entrance into the room, and morning dress, seemed to betoken, they must meet on the morrow. He made up his mind to write to her immediately, and after informing her of his arrival, mention that he had seen her in the evening at the earl's residence. This would prevent the unpleasantness of an unexpected meeting, and prepare her for seeing him on the following day.

As he was proceeding across the park to his hotel, to put this plan into execution, an old friend, who only left India a few months previous to himself, rode up to the carriage window, and cordially welcomed him to England.

In the course of conversation, he spoke of the Earl of Maltravers, and mentioned having called there with their old friend's letter.

"Did you see our new star in the hemisphere of fashion, the lovely Countess. She is decidedly the most beautiful woman that has appeared at Almacks these five seasons. She has already turned the heads of half the men in town, and if her own stands the adulation and worship she receives, it must be made of more than common materials."

"I did not even know his lordship had become a Benedict. I dine there to-morrow, and shall then be favoured with an introduction to the lovely being who has

made even the impenetrable Clinton captive to her charms," said Howard gaily.

"You are right," replied Clinton, laughing to display his fine teeth to advantage, "I do plead guilty to a weakness in that quarter. The Earl has not long entered the holy state. He became a victim to the saffron god at B——, where she went to canvas with his cousin Montague."

These few words of Clinton explained all. The Earl had doubtless married some friend of Isabel's, and she had accompanied the bride to town. He was revelling in the delightful anticipations of meeting her on the morrow in society which she was so calculated to shine in, and which was superior to any he had ever hoped to see her placed in, when Clinton interrupted him, by making a remark on his serious cast of countenance, and deep thought. To turn it off, he inquired if the Countess had any friends from B—— staying with her. He was all anxiety to hear his companion's opinion of his future wife.

"Oh no! I fancy not. Her ladyship is too judicious a manager to endanger her newly acquired honours and distinguished position in the fashionable world, by the introduction of any country cousin. By the way, Howard, you may know her connections, I have heard you mention the name—Trevallyon—Isabel Trevallyon—was the Countess's maiden name."

Poor, poor Howard! All the bright visions of happiness he had cherished in absence for five long years, were overthrown in an instant—fame, wealth, the brilliant reputation he had acquired in the field, were now valueless—for she whom he so fondly hoped would share his honours, had basely deserted him, and all his prospects of future enjoyment were blighted.

The meeting too, on the morrow, which a few moments previously he had been looking forward to with such anxiety and delight, would now be a scene of anguish and misery to him, for he should behold not his betrothed wife, Isabel Trevallyon, but the idolised and beautiful Countess of Maltravers. His feelings were beyond description when he reflected on the duplicity she had been guilty of towards him; she seemed to have wound herself so firmly round his heart for the sole purpose of stabbing him the more effectually in his weakest point, and had secured his deepest, tenderest affections, merely to trifle with them, and wound them.

When he called to mind the blandishments she had used to gain his love, and the devoted, endearing affection she professed even in the last letter he had received from her—a letter, perhaps, written at a time when she was practising the very same blandishments and arts towards another that had been so successful in winning him; and when that other was secured, his love was trampled on, and himself cast off without a pang.

These recollections, even though painful ones, seemed to diminish Howard's sorrow, even if they increased his anger. His vanity and self-love was mortified, when he thought that he had been considered a proper subject for such heartless conduct. But his love was indeed gone, when he found that the object who once possessed it was

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

unworthy of even a single affectionate remembrance. Had she been obliged to relinquish her engagement with him and marry another, by command of her father, he should have pitied her—nay, in that case, he felt he must still have loved her: and though his stern sense of duty would have prevented his even returning into her society, still her interests would have been dearer to him than his own life. But no motive of this kind had influenced Isabel; for she had spoken in most of her letters of her father's anxiety for Howard's return, and his kind plans for their future comfort. She had been solely actuated by a desire of establishing herself in life splendidly, and in order to accomplish this, had thrown away a heart as devoted as ever beat in the breast of man—broken her solemnly pledged vows to one who would have worshipped her through life with love enduring and unchangeable, and finally perjured herself at the altar, by swearing to love, honour, and obey a man, who, however worthy he might have been of exciting those sentiments, she only married for the sake of his wealth and title. Therefore, under these circumstances, Howard's only feeling was deep and utter contempt.

His first determination on parting with Clinton, was to write an excuse to the Earl, and quit London immediately; but in a short time he came to the resolution of dining there on the following day, and by meeting the Countess as a stranger, show her that her heartless conduct, and worthless desertion, had entirely destroyed all feelings of love and regard he might once have entertained for her.

Lady Maltravers, on the other hand, had been deeply affected by the sight of Howard, whom she immediately recognised in spite of his altered appearance, closeted with her lord in the library. Her fears were soon dissipated when the Earl entered her boudoir with an open letter, and informed her that he had just received a long epistle from his cousin, and that the bearer of it, a Captain Howard, would be presented to him on the following day. Feeling assured by these words that George had not acquainted the Earl with their previous knowledge of each other, she began to look forward with great joy to the morrow, and anticipated with pleasure overwhelming him with her splendour and magnificence. Great was the disappointment when the morn arrived, to find on descending to the drawing room, arrayed in all the spotless elegance of her bridal toilet, and glittering with diamonds, that he was so completely engaged by his next neighbour's conversation, as to be totally unconscious of her entrance; and when particularly introduced to her notice by the Earl, he greeted her as a perfect stranger. His cold glance betrayed neither anger or admiration, and after listening with studied courtesy to the long flattering speech that followed her acknowledgments of his presentation, he turned away and sought the side of his fair acquaintance, who strangely reminded him of Ruth Millward. It was this chance likeness in look and voice to Ruth, that procured for her so much of Howard's attention.

Though his outward appearance was calm and unruined, he still felt deeply the worthless, cruel conduct of Lady

Maltravers, and, therefore, he turned with great gladness to a face, and listened to tones that reminded him of one whom he had known in happier days.

If he had entered the Earl's residence with one lingering solitary feeling of regard for its mistress, he left it wholly and thoroughly disgusted by her very palpable but fruitless endeavours to regain his affections, and regain the power she once possessed over his mind. The glimpse she had caught of Howard on the preceding day, slight as it was, had convinced her that he was very much improved in person, and strikingly different to the raw boy she had known at Norton, but it had not prepared her for the total change that had taken place in his manner and appearance. In fact, she could scarcely recognise her youthful and bashful lover in the handsome, noble-looking soldier, and perfect man of the world, who was the life and soul of the dinner table, by his brilliant conversation, and animated descriptions of the different scenes he had been witness of in camp or field.

If ever Isabel felt a sentiment approaching to love for Howard, or regret at having jilted him, it was at that moment. She determined to use every art in her power to make him once more her slave. If her beauty, when in ill health, and disguised in part by her invalid's dress, had made such an impression on him when at Norton, what would it not now be able to effect when she was in the full bloom of matured loveliness, aided, too, by all the advantages of dress and fashion.

But all her fascinations were put forth in vain, Howard was impenetrable. She failed to discover in his looks anything but the most studied politeness, and perfect indifference. Piqued by his coldness, she at length bestowed all her attention on Colonel St. Hillier, who sat on her left, and he, delighted at the honour, engaged her in an animated conversation, which lasted until Howard approached to make his adieus.

They did not meet again for years, for Howard left town on the day following. He longed to be at Norton, amongst old friends and familiar faces. Whilst the world smiles on us, and we bask in its prosperity, the home of our infancy, and the friends of our childhood are forgotten. But let sorrow come, and the world frown, then will the stricken heart cling to the memory of *home*, be it ever so humble; and the broken spirit yearns to be laid at last beneath the green sod that is hallowed by youthful recollections, the true oasis in life's desert, the green spots on which our memory loves to linger, is the remembrance of the place where our youthful days were spent in innocence and joy. The world with its coldness, its pomp, and its treachery, opened on our mind, and chilled our best and purest feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Howard's first visit was to her cottage after his return. Ruth had heard of his arrival a few days previously, therefore, when he came, she was prepared to receive him without any of those unpleasant feelings which must have attended their first meeting, had it been an unexpected one on her part. It was some time, however, before she

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

could bring herself to speak of Isabel. And great was her surprise when she did mention her, to find how little it affected Howard. She thought that he had once loved her cousin truly and fervently, and was astonished to find how little her loss was felt by him. She had first to learn that love, the deepest and tenderest—*first love*—may be forfeited by misconduct; for true affection cannot exist without respect.

She loved Howard once with her whole heart—loved him still very dearly—and knew that as the husband of another she should have regarded him with kindness and esteem, consequently she imagined his sentiments with regard to Isabel must be the same. She could not believe that true affection could ever be entirely eradicated from the heart that had once cherished it, though the object was lost to it for ever. There was a wide difference in her case to Howard's.

Her love for George had begun in childhood; it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. His love for Isabel had been founded on admiration of her excessive beauty, which blinded him to all defects of mind and temper.

He had gifted her in his own mind with virtue, amiability, and goodness; and when, on his return from India, he found that these qualities had only existed in his own imagination, and saw her in her proper colours, his only feeling was one of contempt for her, and sincere joy that he had escaped an union with one so little worthy of him.

The winter passed—George was still at Norton. He had ceased to talk of returning to India, and was beginning to find that the affection he bore for Ruth Milward was assuming a tenderer character than the passion he once felt for her cousin in its warmest moments ever had been. He spoke to his father on the subject, and in a short time Ruth—the patient, enduring Ruth—was made happy, by hearing from George's own lips how very dear she had become to him.

She did not attempt to conceal the affection she entertained for him, and in the course of a few months they were quietly married in the village church of Norton. Howard found that every day as it passed increased his happiness, and strengthened his love for his gentle confiding wife.

Soon after she became his bride she confessed her former love, and the misery she experienced when she first became aware that he loved her cousin in preference to herself.

If anything could have endeared her to him more fondly, or raised her in his estimation, it was the knowledge that she had suffered so much, and so patiently on his account; and that her love for him had stood the test of time, absence, and his devotion to another.

They resided at the Grange with old Mr. Howard, who insisted upon Mrs. Milward taking up her abode with her daughter, and when Ruth presented them with a grandson, which she did ere the close of another year, the happiness of the family was complete.

CHAPTER IX.

The first year of Lady Maltravers' married life was passed in town, followed, flattered, and caressed, wherever she appeared. Her life was one long scene of dissipation and pleasure; the only mortification she had experienced was Howard's indifference, and subsequent marriage with Ruth. But she soon forgot her sorrow in fresh conquests, and a continual round of gaiety.

Colonel St. Hillier, of whom mention has been before made, was her constant attendant to all places of fashionable resort. He was young, handsome, and aristocratic: peculiarly fascinating in manners, and a perfect man of the world in every respect. The daily and hourly companionship of a man of this stamp was particularly dangerous to one so little gifted with strength of mind and virtuous principles, as Isabel. His unremitting attentions, and insidious flatteries, at length became indispensable to her happiness, and when they went down to the Earl's seat in Norfolk, she earnestly requested that St. Hillier might be of the party. At this time, she was free from a single thought of crime, as her so openly expressing a desire for his presence evinced; but if once a married woman feels pleasure in the society of any man except her husband, she becomes guilty of a breach of the marriage vow in the sight of God, if not of man; and the chances, generally speaking, are ten to one that she sinks into actual guilt in the end.

Lord Maltravers was considerably older than his wife, and had married her for her excessive beauty; being a man of strong mind and strict principles, he was greatly disappointed at the want of those qualities in his wife.

He was gratified by the admiration her loveliness had excited in the coteries of fashion, which his distinguished position had placed her in, and delighted to find his choice so universally approved of, but he had expected to find in the woman he had married a continual companion: one who by her talents and conversation could enliven his hours of retirement in the country, as well as reign unrivalled in beauty and jewels at Almack's.

It was during their seclusion at Norfolk that the utter frivolity of Isabel's mind became so apparent to Lord Maltravers, and disgusted by the insipidity of her ideas, whimsical complaints, and querulous complaints, he sought his amusements in field sports, books, and the billiard table; whilst she was thrown more than ever in the society of St. Hillier, who did not fail to profit by any opportunity of ingratiating himself with her.

From the first moment of St. Hillier's introduction to Lady Maltravers, he had been a passionate admirer of her unequalled beauty, and being a libertine of some ten or twelve years' experience, had determined on adding her name to the number of those victims that already swelled his list, and rendered him a fit object of abhorrence to every woman possessed of female purity. But such is the world, and the opinions of those in the world, that the very number of his crimes, and the daring recklessness he evinced towards the feelings and happiness of others, only made him the more sought after and caressed. The glare of fashion shed on his faults dazzled the eyes, and blinded

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

them to the utter depravity of his nature. His libertine conduct was termed the wild gaiety of youth; his crimes were faults, and these originated in the thoughtlessness of his disposition, not in badness of heart.

Thus is sin not only tolerated but glossed over, and the man who makes an habitual practice of it may lead a life of human infamy and be absolutely courted and sought after if he have the redeeming virtues of rank and riches.

St. Hillier had been induced to avail himself of the Earl's invitation to Norfolk, by the idea that he should have more opportunities of pleading his passion, and effecting his object with the Countess, in the country than he had in town. Isabel was flattered by his devotion, and dazzled by the thought of leading in her chains, a man so universally desired and caressed, as the gay and gallant Colonel, the leader of the fashionable world. She had married Lord Maltravers without feeling a single atom of affection towards him; indeed, his character and disposition, though calculated to ensure respect and esteem, were not precisely those most likely to inspire a young and beautiful woman with love.

All the love in her selfish nature was now bestowed on St. Hillier, and being entirely devoid of all religious and virtuous principles, she would have been an easy conquest, had not the love of admiration been so strong within her. That she felt reluctant to resign the homage of the crowd for the devotion of *one*, though she loved the *one* and despised the many. She had listened so often to his declarations of attachment without anger, that he, emboldened by her concessions, proceeded to urge warmly her putting herself under his protection, and accompanying him to Italy, whither he was going in a few weeks.

"He comes too near who comes to be denied;" for though at the time she appeared to be deeply indignant at his proposal, she one evening, after a bitter altercation with the Earl, brought on by her levity and impropriety of conduct, accepted his offer, and that very night eloped with him to the Continent.

The Earl did not attempt to pursue the fugitives, but proceeded at once to London, to take steps towards obtaining a divorce. This he found no difficulty in obtaining, and afterwards married a lady of high rank.

Of Isabel and her guilty companion, nothing from them was heard, but it was supposed in England that they had married at the time the divorce was obtained, and that they were residing somewhere in Italy.

CHAPTER X.

Ruth Howard had grieved deeply at the time over her cousin's fall from virtue, but seven years had elapsed since then, and Isabel, her beauty, and her shame, were alike forgotten by all not connected with her by ties of blood or affection. At the Grange her name was never mentioned, for though Ruth and Howard often thought of her, they seemed by mutual consent to avoid speaking of her.

These seven years had passed without either of them having had cause to repine for one single moment, at the

actions or conduct of the other. Ruth studied every wish and thought of her husband's, whilst he endeavoured by every means in his power, to show her how sensible he was of her affections, and how dear her comfort was to him.

Their family had lately been increased by the birth of a daughter, who was christened Ruth after her mother. Their first child, a fine beautiful boy of six, was busily prattling on his father's knee about the "pretty baby" who took up so much of his mother's attention, and fairly threatened to place him in the background. It was a bleak, stormy winter's evening, the doors had just been fastened for the night, the windows closed, and the curtains drawn. Ruth had brought her charge nearer the cheerful fire, at which Howard and his son were already seated, when they were startled by a loud ringing at the outer bell. In a short time the servant entered with a letter from the landlady of the little public-house, dignified by the name of inn, at Norton, stating that a carriage, containing an invalid lady and her child, had arrived there about three hours previously, and as the lady was evidently in a dying state, and the servant who accompanied her a foreigner, she had taken the liberty of requesting Captain Howard, in the absence of the village clergyman, to give his opinion as to the best course to be pursued.

Howard lost not a moment in starting for the village, and on his arrival at the inn, was informed that the medical man who had just arrived, declared that it was impossible that the invalid could live for many moments. The foreign servant and the child now entered the room where he was conversing with the hostess.

The child was a remarkably beautiful, intelligent little girl, of about five years old, and Howard, by her excessive loveliness, and the helpless situation she was about to be left in, took her up in his arms. She clung round his neck affectionately, and in broken English called him her dear, dear papa Henry, whom her mamma spoke of so often.

Interested by her innocent prattle, Howard inquired her name. "Isabella," she did not know Isabella what. She was called "little Isabel" by her mamma. Turning to the servant, Howard put a few questions to her in Italian (her native language), respecting her mistress's name and rank, and on receiving her answer, rushed wildly into the inner room. There, extended on a low wretched bed, lay the miserable wreck of the once courted and admired Isabella Trevallyon. Few could have recognized in the care-worn, pallid object before them, writhing in the agonies of death, the lovely and followed Countess of Maltravers, her countenance lighted up with an expression of joy that for a moment banished the care and anguish imprinted there, when she observed her child in Howard's arms, and vainly endeavouring to express her thoughts in words, she sank back and expired.

CHAPTER XI.

It was many many months before Ruth recovered from

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the shock her feelings sustained at the death of her cousin. The little Isabel was adopted by her, and brought up with the same care and affection as her own children.

Howard and herself proceeded in the humble path of life they had chosen. They continued to live at the Grange (though his fortune at his father's death, which took place soon after Isabel's, would have enabled them to shine in any circle), beloved and respected by all who knew them.

CHAPTER XII.

For a few months after Isabel's flight with St. Hillier, she was happy as a woman can be, guilty of the crime she had committed. She stifled the reproaches of her conscience, with the idea that as soon as a divorce was obtained, he would make her his wife, and that they should then return to England, and resume her station in society. She had seen several instances of the kind in high life, when women who had deserted husbands and families, and married to their seducers, were received into society as before, and as much courted, admired, and sought after, as if their whole life had been a pattern of excellence and virtue. Awful was the retribution inflicted on her when she discovered that marriage had never been contemplated by him, and that she had lost rank, station, and an unstained reputation, for one whose love for her was fast decreasing. The anguish of her mind brought on illness of body. This considerably diminished her beauty, and that had been her only attraction in St. Hillier's eyes, so he soon deserted her and her child for an Italian lady of high rank, whom he followed to Naples.

Isabel retired to a small cassino on the banks of Lac di Como, where she spent her hours in penitence and prayer. Finding her health decline daily, she determined to return to her native land to die. In passing through Norton to B——, she was suddenly seized, and as she had lived, unloving and unloved, she died unlamented; for "the wholly false the heart despises."

HELEN.

MY LOST FRIEND.

By a Lady.

Fidelle he was a favourite friend
Of moderate renown;
He was the best beloved I'm sure,
Of any dog in town.

I do not mean to say that he
In drinking used to shine,
But when a friend he wished to see,
He always gave them *whine*.

Nor do I wish his friends to think
Too fond was he of grog;
His *spirits* were not *over-proof*
For such an active Dog.

One day Fidelle was taken ill:
What ailed him no one knows;
For water he had in his eyes,
And wheezing in his nose.

I placed him in a tepid bath,
And then he had some *bark*;
I gave him sulphate of *canine*,
Because his tongue looked dark.

Alas! I did not know how much
Would ease my poor dog's pain;
Instead of giving him a *dram*,
I gave him half a grain.

Convulsions seized my poor Fidelle,
I saw we soon must part;
And with one sad reproachful look,
He nearly broke my heart.

At length I *muster'd* all my strength,
A *mustard* poultice made;
But in a *coughing* fit he died,
And in his *coffin's* laid.

OH! WEEP NOT!

By The Dreamer.

Oh! weep not that the friends ye loved,
Must change and pass away;
And weep not that on beauty's cheek,
The roses must decay.

And weep not that the gentle eyes,
That once with kindness shone,
Can meet thy gaze with coldness now,
And pass as though unknown.

And weep not if the friendly hand,
Which fondly press'd thine own,
Should raise the scornful finger now—
The first to cast the stone!

Oh! weep not these; but weep to feel
Thy spirit's dull decay,
And Time's effacing fingers steal,
Youth's buoyancy away.

Though lovers fly, and friends deceive,
Mourn not when these depart,
But weep in bitterness to lose,
Thy gay and guileless heart.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE LEGACY: A TALE.

By Juvenis.

What a diversity of opinion there is respecting conjugal bliss! Some saying that a bachelor's life is a state of "single blessedness;" others that a wedded life alone produces happiness, and that without it, life is a season of unblest solitude; but this point we will leave our readers to decide, and proceed with the tale.

In a small sequestered nook of England, known to few save its own inhabitants, resided the Reverend David Ebenezer Trigge, a divine rich as to learning, but very poor as to wealth, he being only the curate of a rich rector, who hardly knew whether the edifice appointed for religious worship was a church or a chapel, and who, from his own liberal allowance, could only allow him £60 per annum.

Mr. Trigge had married a lady with an annuity of £50, a fact of which he was reminded by his spouse twenty times in a day. This sum, in conjunction with his stipend, enabled him to live; that is, to purchase a piece of beef on Saturday, which was destined to be roasted on Sunday, cold on Monday, fried on Tuesday, hashed on Wednesday, and compounded into a pie on Thursday, the two other days he dined on the air, or something as light and easy of digestion.

The curate had a sufficient stock of theological knowledge to teach him contentment, so he never expressed dissatisfaction with his humble fare. But here his troubles did not cease, his wife was a second Xantippe, and frequently in her contentions with her reverend lord, when peaceable means failed, resorted to *striking* arguments. The poor curate, however, resigned himself to his domestic persecutions, and sought amid his classical tomes, the peace which he could not find elsewhere. When he perceived the approach of the remorseless tempest, he seized his Horace and rushed into the fields, to escape the abuse of his lady's tongue, and look for solace in the placid enjoyment of his own thoughts.

But to give you, reader, a better idea of Mr. Trigge's life, we will impart to you a small particle of our own ubiquity, and introduce you to a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*.

The curate was seated in his study, busied in disengaging himself from his black gaiters, and Mrs. Trigge was seated beside him, inflicting upon him the usual lecture, which took place every evening except Sunday, when he escaped from the side of his wife, to deliver a lecture in his turn to his parishioners.

"You pitiful wretch," exclaimed the lady, notwithstanding the parish clerk was present, "why don't you strive to elevate yourself in the world; look at Richardson's wife, the grocer, how smart she dresses, while I have nothing fit to wear, and you the parson too; what would you have done without my fifty pounds, eh, you old wretch? I was a fool to marry the like of you."

"Well, dear," blandly responded the divine, "you should have thought of that many years ago."

"Didn't you come round me with your honied words, you hypocritical old fellow; didn't you send me those lines,

'Fare-thee-well, and if for ever;'

and said they were your own composing; and didn't I afterwards find they were from that nasty, impudent poem Don Juan, written by a fellow named Southey?"

"Speak not lightly of the poet laureate, my love; besides, those lines you mentioned, are not from Don Juan, neither were they written by Southey."

"Why you told me so yourself, and beside, I'll leave it to Mr. Davies to decide," exclaimed the enraged lady, appealing to the clerk, who, knowing which of the two was most to be feared, though he was quite unacquainted with the poets, replied,

"Southey wrote it sure enough, mem, I know it well, mem, 'cos he wrote the streams of lovely Nancy."

"Oh! what vile ignorance," cried the curate, raising his hands; "to couple Southey's name with a wretched ballad."

"Sir," replied the clerk, "I means to say as how —"

Mr. Trigge would not stay to hear more, but seizing a candle, hastened to throw himself into the arms of Morpheus, who casts a sweet oblivion over the woes of mortals, and bids them find in his kind arms a lenitive for every sorrow.

* * * * *

Mr. Trigge's life was truly wretched; he had to contend with poverty, and the still more dreaded temper of his wife. He had read in his favourite modern authors of the happiness and peace of life when shared with some loved companion, for whose benefit and advantage all the energies, whether mental or corporeal, should be employed; and at an early period of life, with a spirit teeming with benevolence, he had consigned himself to the fetters of Hymen, synonymous to him with the bonds of misery; and though his kind disposition was not soured by this constant irritation, he believed that his authors were much inclined to mendacity, or that their knowledge of the female sex did not extend to such examples as Mrs. Trigge.

The reverend gentleman had, it is true, some slight hopes of the ultimate amelioration of his fortune, by the death of a near relative, an old lady of that class denominated "old maids," an appellation so odious to the ears of young ladies; but these hopes were so faint as hardly to deserve the name. Our hero had been often requested, or rather commanded, by Mrs. Trigge, to pay more attention to this lady; but his noble spirit refused to cringe to another for pecuniary emolument, consequently he was deaf to all his lady's admonitory hints. In this unhappy condition was the curate, so that if he had not been a divine, he must have inevitably taken advantage of the suicidal month of November, to have suspended himself per collum (*Anglice*, by his neck), but Fortune, which never wears a continual frown, sent him a messenger of joy in the shape of a letter.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

This epistle came from Miss Gratton, the lady before alluded to, requesting the presence of her cousin, the Reverend David Ebenezer Trigge at her residence, as in one of her fantastic freaks she had determined to make her will, and bequeath to each of her near relatives whatever they respectively requested.

Mrs. Trigge bailed this epistle as the harbinger of good fortune, and accordingly was elated with the joyous prospect, but the expectations of her husband were much humbler, and his transports more moderate.

"Don't you see, Trigge," cried the lady, using her husband's surname, a proof of her increased suavity of temper, "don't you see your fortune's made?"

"No, my love, I confess," replied Mr. Trigge, "this matter is not so conspicuous to me, as it appears to be to you."

"What!" exclaimed his wife. "Don't you see it as clear as the light of day. You are sent for by Miss Gratton, and she promises to give whatever you desire."

"Firstly, my dear wife, she may not give us what we asked—and secondly, what I shall request as a boon will not raise us to affluence."

"Will you not, you old coward," angrily responded the wife, resuming her natural acerbity, "ask for enough to make us rich, when I have lived with such an old fool so many years?"

"I shall merely beg her Bible, my dear," said Trigge, with assumed courage, "as a memorial of her after death."

"We have plenty of memorials; am I not a lasting memorial of my folly in marrying you, and your mean and indolent spirit in not permitting me to appear as a lady. And we have plenty of Bibles, too; and I warn you, if you obtain nothing but the Bible, I'll break your foolish cranium with it."

The curate said no more, but shrugged his shoulders, and resigned the contest to his vituperative lady. Early the next morning his horse was at the door, and he set out on his journey, his wife remembering to renew her admonitions as to the biblical legacy.

Mr. Trigge, when he arrived at the house of Miss Gratton, found this specimen of antiquated virginity confined to her room, and her kinsmen seated beside her, and wearing an air of great affliction; but the worthy curate saw through the dimsy disguise, and turned with contempt from their greetings. The sick lady received our friend with evident pleasure, and to the chagrin of the others directed towards him the whole of her conversation; she was proud to be connected with a member of the Church, and in addition to this, the curate alone of all her relatives had disposed her to be very liberal to him in bequeathing her property.

When all were assembled, and the attorney was prepared to note the request of each of the legatees in expectancy, the old lady explained the motives of her strange conduct, by saying that she wished all her relations to be satisfied after her decease, and not, as in most cases, execrate her memory. Mr. Trigge had the priority of asking, and notwithstanding the threats of his spouse, and the solici-

tations of Miss Gratton, he persisted in naming the Bible as his sole request; the others, according to their seniority, asked in their turns, and were more aspiring in their wishes than the curate.

This business being concluded, Mr. Trigge, with a desponding heart, but with a mind, as he expressed, *conscia recti*, turned his head towards home. When he arrived at the door of his rustic dwelling, he encountered his wife, who had been anxiously waiting his arrival.

"Well, sir," commenced Mrs. Trigge, as the curate entered the door, "What did you request from Miss Gratton as your legacy?"

"My dear, ere I started, I told you that I should ask for nothing but Miss Gratton's Bible; which, as I have not got a similar edition, will be very useful to me."

"Dare you say, sir, that you have asked for nothing except an old Bible. Well, sir, I tell you now I'll leave you, and live on my annuity, which is happily settled upon myself, and then what will you do without my fifty pounds?"

"Be not so violent, my dear wife," mildly interposed the curate, "we have lived comfortably hitherto, and shall, I hope, continue to do so."

"What do you call comfortable?" retorted his wife. "Is it comfortable to lead a dog's life with an old wretch like yourself, who will not exert yourself to enrich us?"

"But, dear, listen to the words of—"

"I shall listen to nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Trigge, as she angrily interrupted her much injured husband, and rushing into the adjoining room, she shut the door with a noise which echoed through the house.

* * * * *

About fourteen months after the last events, the Rev. David Ebenezer Trigge and wife were seated in their little parlour; the former was bending over a folio of theology, and was engaged in deciding some abstruse point; and the latter was plying her busy needle, and, wonderful as it may appear, her tongue was silent. Time, which effects miracles, had been busy here. Mrs. Trigge had scolded her husband till she found it as useless as if she stood on some promontory, and bade the waves cease their incessant rolling; so that she had, in truth, become weary, and now seldom, except on important occasions, exercised the terrors of her voluble tongue. But once more the curate was destined to hear her loquacious powers. The divine, to his great annoyance, when weighing over some subtle metaphysical doctrine, had been disturbed by the entry of the servant, bringing in a large parcel.

To view this parcel, Mrs. Trigge had laid aside her sewing, and commenced tearing off the paper which enveloped the mysterious contents. In a few seconds the lady, with a smile of derision, informed her husband that it was his legacy—Miss Gratton's large Bible.

"It is enough to drive a person to madness," she exclaimed, with great bitterness, "to think that through your stupid means, we have only that shabby old Bible, instead of a little fortune."

This conviction, indeed, afflicted the lady so much that

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

she burst into tears; the kind-hearted curate was unable to withstand this forcible appeal to his sympathies, so he seated himself beside his wife, and endeavoured to soothe her. After her grief had somewhat ceased, he said,

"We perhaps should not have been happier, if our deceased relative had bequeathed to us a large sum of money; so, my love, let us remember our duty; for we could have no better gift than the Bible."

The worthy divine was proceeding to illustrate his words by some favourite passage, when upon opening the sacred volume, he beheld a folded paper, with his own name on the outside. The contents filled him with the liveliest joy, and were as follows:—

"REVEREND COUSIN,

"Being particularly impressed with your noble disinterestedness in the matter of the legacy, I have determined to reward it by bestowing upon you my Bible, among the leaves of which you will find notes to the amount of £2,000.

"A. GRATTON."

This unexpected good fortune made the reverend gentleman believe that he was afflicted by some mental aberration, but he was soon persuaded to the contrary; the characters of the notes were those of the testatrix, and the discovery of all the notes placed the matter beyond suspicion. Mrs. Trigge hugged her dear husband, and in her joy bestowed upon him a thousand embraces; she even implored his forgiveness, acknowledging that he had acted wisely, and that there could not be a better gift than the Bible.

From the day of the arrival of his legacy, the domestic comforts of Mr. Trigge were greatly increased, and his wife became quite amiable and obliging, yielding a ready submission to her husband's superior wisdom. Thus the opportune gift of Miss Gratton, smoothed the asperities of the curate's life, and rendered him a happy man, by enabling him to aid and comfort others in distress, and enabling him to drive misery from the neighbourhood of B—y.

Any one who visits the parsonage of B—y, will see in a conspicuous place in the little library, Miss Gratton's bible, now boasting a rich binding in calf; and if any one interrogates the good clergyman as to the secret of his success, he returns an unflinching answer,

"The means of raising us to affluence was the bible—the bible."

CHARADE.

My first is what we see each day,
In shape of dogs and gags;
My last what any man will say,
When of his horse he brags—
That's if at Epsom he has won
The cup with ribbons blue;
Now put the first and last in one,
And you'll have a wit—tis true.

VOL. XXII.—No. 251.

THE SMUGGLERS HUT.

The morning arose dark and lowering, and the mist hung heavy and thick on the Belsumes, as a party of soldiers approached a miserable looking hut, at the door of which stood a young man evidently placed there to keep watch; for no sooner had the grey dawn allowed him to discern their numbers, than cautiously opening the door, he entered the hut, and after remaining for a short time, he came out and resumed his former attitude, and quietly waited until they drew near, when the sergeant called out,

"Stand aside, my lad, until we see who are the rest of your company."

"You're welcome," said the young man with a scornful smile; while the crimson blood mounted to his brown cheek, and the fire flashed from his dark eye, as the men rudely pushed past him.

But they found the place untenanted; while two chairs and a table, on which lay the remains of a humble repast, told it had not been long unoccupied: and an open door in the back of the hut, showed the way by which Ronald M'Gregor and his daughter had escaped. But the door opened out on the wild stream, now swollen by the Autumn rains into a torrent, and the frail bridge by which the fugitives had crossed lay floating in the roaring water, and the boldest of the men drew back as they looked at the dark sky, and the wild rage of the foaming element. And with an angry oath, the sergeant bade them seize the lad, and then ordered him to tell them where they would find Ronald M'Gregor, or he should have a trip to town, and a year's lodging in the county gaol.

A slight shudder came over the young man, as he turned to his native mountains, which the rising sun was now gilding with the golden light of morning, while the mist slowly rising, discovered the bold rocks that crowned the top. And after a long and sorrowful look, as rock after rock appeared through the opening mist, he said to the sergeant:—

"It is needless to ask, I will never betray them. And I am ready to go to the gaol, or wherever you please."

And in vain did they sometimes intreat, and sometimes threaten Allan Macdonald, for so was the young man called, remained steadfastly silent. And taking good care their prisoner should not escape, they travelled on through the bleak moors of Glenmorris, and the birch clad braes and silver streams of the lovely vale of Mortlach, until after a long and weary day, by the clear light of a harvest moon, Allan then saw for the first time a town—and now a prison. And when he heard the heavy clang of the iron doors, as the keys turned in their massive locks, the young highlander hid his face, and wept.

Weeks and months passed by, and Allan was still a prisoner, an associate of the felon and the thief, for no crime of his own; for Allan had never joined in the smuggler's dangerous trade, or shared in their unlawful gains; and until the morning he was arrested, never had he entered Ronald's wild hut.

But hearing a party of soldiers had been seen going in

D

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

that direction, he determined at every risk to save the life of the father of his beloved Jane, who had promised to be his wife, and with her only remaining parent had determined to try their fortune in America. And in a week hence they were to bid farewell to Glenlivet, to return no more.

For a ship lay at Inverness ready to sail, but Allan had scarcely time to give Jane his little all, ere the soldiers were upon them : and hastily bidding them God speed, he hurled the plank by which they had crossed into the stream, and for Jane's sake he resolved to give himself up, to allow them time to escape to the seaside, where, after a few days' detention, he hoped to join them. But the smugglers had of late become so bold and insolent, that the authorities had determined to make an example ; and as he was found in Ronald's but, and had evidently connived at his escape, they condemned him to a year's imprisonment, or to pay a heavy fine, which was totally out of his power.

Winter, and spring, and summer had passed, and autumn came again, and no letter arrived from one he had suffered so much for, and who, alas ! was as worthless as she was beautiful. And often would the old folks say, as they walked from their little chapel in the braes, "Allan is o'er good for that hountan lassie o' M'Gregor's ;" and even the old priest tried, but in vain, to put an end to the connexion ; for though Allan would sometimes think she was over free with Jamie Stuart, a wild but handsome lad in Ronald's employment, she would tell him it was all for her father's sake ; and with one of her sunniest smiles, and a saucy toss of her handsome head, would ask him if he could be jealous o' she like o' Jamie Stuart ? and Allan, like many wiser men, if she had some faults, would look in her lovely face and forget them all ; and this was the reward for all his true and trusting love.

At length the bright brown cheek of the Highland lad became pale and slim, and his dark bright eye sunk and dim, and Allan lay on the bed of death, amongst the vilest of the vile, with no hand to help, no voice to cheer him, for he was an orphan.

Never shall I forget the time I beheld him : it was a gloomy day in November, and a drizzling rain had wrapped all nature in a sort of cloud, as I entered poor Allan's dreary dwelling-place, and though accompanied by the jailor, and not my first visit, it required all my courage to enter the large, dark, ill-ventilated, stone-vaulted room, in which were ten of the most ruffianly savage looking men, surrounding a large fire-place, some smoking, some drinking, some playing at cards, and all singing, roaring, I should have said some horrible song ; while on a wooden bedstead, raised a little from the floor, with scarcely clothes to cover him, in the last stage of consumption, and shivering with cold, lay him who was once the pride of his native glen.

With some difficulty, and the assistance of a good doctor, we got him removed from that den of vice and sin, to a poor but comfortable home, and kind hearts, and gentle hands, smoothed his pillow, but it was too late, all human aid was vain ; and one evening as a friend sat by

his couch, and read to him from the Book of Truth, he turned suddenly to the little window, through which the last rays of the setting sun shed its departing glories, and shielding his eyes with his thin white hands, gazed sadly on it, until the gold faded into grey, then falling back upon his pillow,

"Lady," said he, "I feel death is coming fast ; I shall never again see that sun set, perhaps never see it rise, and I shall die far from the green braes of Glenlivet, and the clear waters of the bonnie Avon, but I would fain lie there, and nae in a stranger's grave, but in my ain quiet kirk-yard, where Jane, if ever she came back, would see my grave ; and oh, tell her I forgie, and with my last breath pray for one I loved o'er well."

A faint blush came over his wasted cheek, but soon sunk to a deadly paleness ; and Mrs. Evans, the fair young wife of the Minister, who day after day, with unwearied kindness, had watched o'er his sick bed, supported the head of the dying Allan ; when pressing his already cold hands in hers, and breathing a fervent prayer for his support in the dark vale he was so soon to pass through, she bade him farewell for ever in this world, and when next she saw him he was at rest.

But Allan's wish was unfulfilled ; he lies far from his Highland home, in the crowded churchyard of the town, and no stone marks the place where the solitary stranger sleeps.

No account ever came of the M'Gregor's, but as a large steamer going to America was wrecked about that time, and all on board perished, it is supposed that they and James Stuart, who had also disappeared, were amongst the passengers.

A BALLAD.

By Warburton Burch.

Thro' many lands these steps may stray,
Ere I may chance to see,
Among the youthful, fair, and gay,
Another like to thee.

Now as I gaze upon that face,
And gaze alas ! in vain ;
Where still my fancy seeks to trace
Love's fondest smile again.

To think, to dream, and oft survey,
Those treasured features o'er ;
While yet thy charms around me play,
I love thine image more.

O, had I thought while yet you liv'd,
Such beauty rare could fade,
Tho' still of every hope depriv'd,
I had not grieved dear maid.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

TALES OF THE OLD BARN. No. IV.

By the Dreamer.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DREAMER—OR LIFE AS IT IS.—[CONTINUED.]

THE NOTE.

"Miss Onslow sends her compliments to Mr. ———, and hopes that he will trouble her with no further communications."

June 20th, 1830.

On reading this, it fell from my hands upon the carpet, a mist rose before my eyes, my head awam round, reason seemed to reel upon his throne—memory, hope, consciousness, all were gone: and I knew nothing, felt nothing, but an overwhelming sense of anguish, which all the subsequent troubles of life have never surpassed.

For hours I sat motionless, unmindful of everything that was passing around me, till I was aroused from my reverie by some gentle arm past round my neck, and a soft voice breathing in my ear, enquiring the cause of my distress.

'Twas my sister's. I am not in the habit of blushing, but pride at that moment made my cheek crimson, and I answered "Nothing." I picked up the note, which had fortunately escaped my sister's notice, and crushing it in my hand, I walked away, and thrust it into the fire. I immediately became calm, deceitfully, frightfully calm. That evening I accompanied my sisters to a public meeting, which I had engaged to attend and to address. Naturally buoyant and energetic, that evening I was more so than ever.

My speech was more effective, and more applauded than usual. Congratulations poured in upon me on all sides; my friends were all elated; they knew not what I was suffering. My manners gave the lie to my feelings; they knew not that evening's effort was like the convulsive lightning flash, heralding the devastating thunder burst. Yet so it was; I had now arrived at a terrible, at a reckless resolve. For five years I had been the ardent, firm, and devoted lover of her, who now, without a pang of remorse, scorned and trampled upon my love. I had loved her as none but ardent, enthusiastic, and poetical minds can love. Now that that love was rejected, my heart lacerated, and my feelings crushed, I resolved with a foolish and reckless madness, to plunge into every scene of pleasure and of vice which presented itself.

This was done to stifle recollection. Memory was a thing of tears, and I strove to crush it by vicious excitement; the pleasures of the past were as ghosts in my pathway, and thorns in my pillow. Madly did I fulfil my purpose; firmly keep my vow, till all the noble and finer feelings of my nature crumbled away beneath its influence; and custom and vice had thrown evil after evil of their adamant chains around me, so that it required years of sorrowing and bitter repentings, and struggle upon struggle, to release myself from the frightful position and terrible bondage in which I was placed.

Ah! ye who still possess all the freshness of youthful feelings, and the purity and holiness of first love; whose hearts are as yet unpoisoned and uncontaminated by an enlarged intercourse with the world, may ye never approach so near to the fire of unhallowed passion, as to be scorched and blasted with its power! He who is laid down in the tomb of the Apostate from Virtue, is bound hand and foot in his grave clothes, and is never able to rise till that voice which found its echo in the tomb of Lazarus, pronounces the magic words—"Come forth!" and says to the hoary vices which bound him in their fetters—"He is mine; loose him, and let him go."

When the heart becomes excoriated, and the feelings warped, the soul flings back its immortality to its maker and dies. And surely if the angels rejoice when the sinner passes from "death unto life," they must veil their faces in sorrow when they see any of earth's wayworn pilgrims pass from life to death! the soul, forgetful of its high destiny, lays down in the sepulchre of its blighted hopes, and lives no more.

A few days after the receipt of the above note, I met Miss Onslow's sister; she was fully cognizant of Marianne's conduct, and I then heard, for the first time, that she was receiving the addresses of Alfred Travers. Indignant at the thorough heartlessness which such conduct manifested, in order that I might avoid seeing her, and thus be placed beyond her power of annoyance, I changed my residence to another but not very distant town.

Scarcely had I been in my new abode a week, ere, as I was one evening wandering in a romantic spot adjoining it, I came full upon her and her new lover. With a shriek she fainted in his arms. I turned hastily down a by-path, and retreated towards home. With a bitter invective he called upon me to stop, and threatened to pursue me if I did not. It was an empty threat; his attentions were divided between anxiety to know something more of myself, and anxiety for the recovery of the precious burden laying in his arms. I threw back upon him one sarcastic smile in reply, and past on. He knew me not, but I knew him well.

A few minutes after reaching home, I was disturbed by a violent knocking at the door, and looking through the casement, perceived that it was Travers, bearing the unconscious form of Miss Onslow in his arms. I immediately sent to procure medical assistance, and bidding the domestics render all the aid in their power, but on no account to summon me, I withdrew.

This was not done without a struggle. Oh, how I longed to fly to her side—to press her gentle hand in mine, and administer the cordial to her lips. But pride forbade this. She whom I loved so fondly—for whose happiness I could have sacrificed everything I possessed, nay, life itself had it been required, was now in my own house, nay, reposing on my very couch, ill, unconscious, and I forbidden to approach her, while another was bending by her side. And that other—but no, not now, I shall come to that anon.

Repeatedly did I hear Travers, as he stood by her

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

side while she reposed upon the couch, curse in no qualified terms him who had been the cause of her alarm. Before medical assistance arrived, the lady had recovered, and was just preparing to depart, when uttering another fearful shriek, and clinging to Travers's arm, she exclaimed,

"Oh, take—take me away from this place; I am ill, very ill; let me go—let me go; I would not see him again."

Her lover was now evidently much puzzled at her extraordinary conduct, and from a remark he made, appeared to think that her brain was affected by her recent alarm; but as she insisted upon leaving forthwith, they departed: she, ever and anon casting a hurried glance back to the house she had just left, and he silently musing upon her strange and unaccountable behaviour.

On their departure I hastened into the apartment they had occupied, in order to ascertain what could have drawn from her the exclamation I had heard. The secret was soon unravelled. Directly facing the foot of the couch where she had been reposing, hung a full length portrait of myself. This portrait she had frequently seen and admired, prior to its removal to my present residence, and, by a singular fatuity, this was the first thing that arrested her attention, when she awoke from the alarm which the presence of its original had excited in her mind.

The evening's adventure somewhat excited me, as may be imagined. Its different features pleased and vexed me. But it had placed in my possession an important secret, which I failed not speedily to take advantage of.

* * * * *

The old Abbey clock proclaimed the hour of eleven on the next evening as I sauntered into one of the celebrated club-houses near to Charing Cross. A few young "sprigs of aristocracy" were collected round a table in the farther end of the room, laughing and joking. Their backs were toward me as I entered, so that they saw me not. I caught up a newspaper which lay on an adjoining table, and cast myself upon a seat within a few yards of them. I was just glancing over the foreign news, when I was somewhat startled by one of the above-mentioned party starting from his seat, and shouting in an angry voice,

"Why, d— it, Al, you don't contemplate marrying the girl, do you?"

"Ned, you are too hasty," said a voice in reply, which I knew to be Travers's, "Neither my pride, my family, nor my honour, would allow me to think of that for a moment. The girl is well enough for her station; a linen-draper's assistant would be a handsome speculation for her, but as the wife of Alfred Travers—pshaw! the idea is preposterous."

"True, ah, true; the idea is preposterous," said the first speaker; "but what do you purpose doing? You say that the girl, though of plebeian extraction, possesses a high and unyielding virtue, and that to withhold your offer of marriage, would drive you from her presence for ever. Now, under such circumstances, I am at a loss to conceive how you mean to act; to give up the pursuit of beauty, is not the plan generally adopted by Alfred Travers."

"Neither will he adopt that plan now," said Travers. "The girl must be mine by fraud. Ned, I have it; I will go through the farce of a mock marriage. I will persuade her to elope with me; the ceremony shall be private. I can frame a thousand excuses for that, and for keeping the marriage concealed for a year or two, till I am of age; our old friend Timothy Walker has just the cut of a country curate, and is as poor as a church mouse. Five guineas will be a little fortune to him, and he shall have that for playing the parson for once. And I will hire one of Mother Willis's country cottages for a couple of years; thus a little ingenuity and a handfull of gold will do all. O gold, gold! thine is a magic power, silent but mighty in thy effects; the virtuous and the vicious, the rich and the poor, are alike slaves to thy will. The fabled enchantments of the sorcerer's wand, melt away into 'thin air' when compared with the pleasures of that paradise which thou dost open to thy possessor. Before thy touch the stern cherubim which guards the Eden of beauty and love, shrink away. Virtue clothes herself in the robes of vice at thy bidding—modesty casts aside her blushes, and hearts of ice, which nothing else could touch, melt into kindly sympathy and love, beneath the genial sunshine of thy smile. Thou lendest a lustre even to vice, and givest high sounding names to crimes and things, which, if a man destitute of thee were even to contemplate, he would be expelled from society as a wretch unfit to repose upon its bosom. Profligacy and debauchery, when named by thee, are but 'Fashionable Follies;' the madhouse, or the suicide's grave, is nothing more than 'a spirited young fellow;' the duellist, who murders his friend for 'satisfaction,' 'a man of honour!' Ah! gold—gold, like charity, thou canst cover a multitude of sins, and like repentance, open to us the gates of heaven at last."

"Well done, Travers," said his companion, "by Jove you'd make an excellent moralist. But the girl—shall you want any assistance in the affair? If so, I'm your man; I like those kind of adventures, there is something so romantic in them. An elopement—a mock marriage—a country retreat—the consternation of her friends—and the *dénouement*."

"Moderate your transports my dear Mortimer," said Travers, "the thing will need a little contrivance yet; I shall doubtless need your assistance. I shall have a carriage waiting to convey her away on the night of her elopement; and—"

"And I'll be coachman," interrupted Mortimer, "I can drive like the very devil you know. I'll lend you my Lightning Jenny, the fastest thing at a gallop in London, no disparagement to your Lucifer, and I'll defy Belzebub himself to overtake us, with her in the traces."

Here the conversation was put an end to by some one sitting at the table where the speakers stood, calling upon Travers and his friend to give their opinions upon the merits of a manuscript drama which was being read. One of the party proceeded to read some of the most striking passages, many of which called forth loud marks of approbation from the hearers. But scarcely had the reader

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

pronounced two sentences, ere I felt paralyzed upon my seat. It was but a fortnight previous that I had finished the composition of a drama entitled "The Revenge," and the very passages which were now being read in my hearing, were passages from that very drama. I strove to arise and advance toward the reader, to ascertain how it had come into his possession (as I had written but one copy of it, and that had never past out of my own possession, as far as my own knowledge was concerned), but the events of this and the preceding night had unnerved me, and I remained fixed to my seat. Mortimer at length inquired the author's name, and my surprise was a thousand fold increased, when I heard the reader reply—Edwin Paxton. The idea instantly flashed across my mind that Paxton had abstracted it from my bureaux. I remembered that he had called upon me the day after I had finished it, and that I had not seen it since. From the subsequent remarks of the person who had been reading it, I found that Paxton had sold it to him for thirty guineas, and that having purchased it, he purposed erasing the name of its (pretended) author, and substituting his own instead, present it to the lessee of one of the London houses for representation. Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, my heart wrung to very bitterness by the base perfidy of my old schoolmate and pretended friend. I rose from my seat and staggered rather than walked into the public street. At that moment I experienced the first strange pang of that terrible malady which has since destroyed my health, impaired my memory, and transformed four years of my existence into a fearful, a mindless, and a dreary blank.

Robbed of love, beauty, fame, honour, and happiness, by one of the most consummate villains that ever stepped athwart the threshold of God's world, I wandered I scarce knew whither, till I found myself on the road to Kensington, and leaning against the railings of Hyde Park.

I was roused from my reverie by hearing the chimes of a distant church clock announce the hour of two in the morning. I looked upward to the far off heavens: they were crowded with the radiant stars, which seemed to smile upon me in their mocking beauty. It was the month of July, and the first faint streaks of the morning twilight were visible in the orient horizon.

When the first glimpse of passion beats upon the youthful heart, ere its warmth is chilled, or its green freshness withered by the poisonous atmosphere of common life, every object in nature is beautiful to an enthusiast. The hoary stars, the ever-youthful heavens, the tempest-wrought ocean, the everlasting mountains, the magnificent forest, the chrysal streams, and the *wee wee* flowers, are scenes and things, which while to the youthful heart they are pregnant with unalloyed delight, leave behind them no sting, awaken in us no regret, call from us no tears, and ask from us no love! But when the passion expires beneath the breath of jealousy or disdain, and the heart which had been its cradle is transformed into its sepulchre, and the fair hopes which had tended upon its infancy, fold their rainbow pinions, and weep in sadness over its grave. The beauty of nature is a torment instead

of a delight: the heavens and the earth, the stars, the flowers, the birds, and the streams, are as gay and joyous, and changeless as ever. Our hearts alone are sad, and there is nothing in the external universe which can sympathise with that sadness, for there is nothing in that universe which has offended its maker. *Man alone has sinned, therefore man alone must weep.*

Such were the reflections which thronged upon my mind, as my gaze was fixed upon the distant stars in the dim twilight of that summer morning. At length roused to a more perfect state of consciousness by the chilliness of the morning air, I retraced my steps, and on arriving at Hyde Park corner, I stepped into a cab, and giving the driver my card, bid him drive me home as speedily as possible. I then threw myself back upon the seat, and fell into a kind of fitful slumber, which lasted till I was disturbed by the cabman informing me that he had arrived at his destination.

Dismissing the cab, I rung violently at the gate, till one of the servants appearing, I entered, and passing him without speaking, hastened to my chamber, and threw myself, still dressed, upon my bed, where in a sleep rendered memorable by the horrid dreams which infested it, I reposed till it was long past the breakfast hour. Pale, haggard, and feverish, I rose and left my chamber, and could hardly believe that the events of the past night were anything else than a horrible dream, till an allusion being made to the lateness of the hour at which I arrived at home on the preceding night, or rather morning, the dreadful truthfulness of the events forced itself at once upon my mind.

To the many inquiries put to me relative to my pale and wretched appearance, I returned evasive answers. The moment I was alone I determined upon some plan of warning Miss Onslow of her danger, and the villainy of Travers. For a long time I was at a loss how to do this. But at last I decided upon communicating the particulars to her personally. In consonance with this decision, I prepared to seek her immediately; but being anxious to satisfy myself upon another point, I searched among all my books and papers for my tragedy, but it was nowhere to be found. This perfectly satisfied me of Paxton's perfidy.

In the course of the day I called on Miss Onslow. She was from home, but as she was expected to return in a few hours, I called again in the evening. Upon being informed of my visit, she peremptorily refused to see me.

Alarmed at the danger which impended over her, (for I tenderly loved her still), I refused to leave the house till I had seen her. I sent her message upon message, each one more imploring and earnest than the last; and it was not till all my efforts being fruitless, and I was threatened with forcible ejection if I stayed any longer, that I took my departure.

Determined not to be foiled, I hastened home, and having written a letter detailing in vivid colours Travers's premeditated villainy, I forthwith despatched it by one of our servants.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The opening of this theatre will take place early, and, contrary to former custom, be magnificent from its very beginning. On the 26th of January, MORIANI leaves Madrid for London, to begin the season. FORNASARI's *congé* has just been purchased, so that he should arrive at the same time; nor will a second tenor be wanting, as CORELLI will arrive with the young *basso*. ROSSI-CASSIA and CASTELLAN, it is generally asserted will be here. As regards the ballet before Easter, CARLOTTA GRISI and LUCILE GRAHN are expected; together with the young FERRANIS, from Milan; MONTUEL, CASSON, DUBIGNON, and a favourite of last year, FERDINAND. PERROT is now on his way from Milan, and after Easter comes GRISI, MARIO, LABLAICHE, and CERITO. TAGLIONI will make her last curtsy. ADELE DUMILATRE is also spoken of. Several new operas will be produced. *Ernani*; *I Lombardi alla Crociata*, and *Nabucco*, are three operas to be brought forth by VERDI, who, it appears, will come to superintend their production. RICCI's *Scaramuccia* will also be produced.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL's programme for this season, presents more in the way of attractive novelty than any that he has yet put forth; for we have nearly all new *artistes*, a new *répertoire* of pieces that embraces all that is most in vogue in Paris, and the promised production of an entirely new comedy by Alexander Dumas, brought out under his own superintendence. The subscription for the present series of performances, is for forty nights, and the arrangements are precisely those that have been so much approved of previously, viz.; the subscription nights being on the Mondays and Fridays, with the option to the subscribers of exchanging them for the Wednesdays if they prefer it. Lafont is most favourably known to many of our subscribers, by his excellent performances some few years since in "Jean and L'Ami Grandet," and other pieces of that class. He is the husband of Jenny Colon, and has performed at most of the Parisian Theatres, at each of which he has been a star of the first prominence, his ease and gentlemanly manners, and the humour and spirit of his comedy, rendering him an especial favourite, and he possesses the advantage of being a good singer, having formerly been engaged at the Opera Comique. His performances in the "Chevalier du Guet," and "Le Chevalier St. George's," are very highly spoken of in Paris, and we are to have him also in several of his most popular pieces, amongst which are "Pierre le Rouge," "Requiesnette," "Père et Fils," &c. Mademoiselle Nathalie, of the Théâtre du Gymnase, also appears with Monsieur Lafont, and is just the sort of *actrice* suited to him. Madlle. Nathalie is a very pretty woman, full of life and spirits, what the French term so neatly *un peu riieuse*, and can both dance and sing charmingly, accomplishments that she introduces with much effect. Frederick Lemaitre is, we think, a most excellent engagement. Who is there that knows Paris, that does not know Frederick Lemaitre, the Talma

of the Boulevards as he is termed. He is the most finished actor of the day in his line. The characters that he has become celebrated in, seem to be peculiarly his own; no one has been able to touch them. His "Robert Macaire," his "Don César," and a host of others, are as fresh with him as if they had never been imitated by others. During his engagement, the popular plays of "Don César de Bazan," and "Ruy Blas," by Victor Hugo, will be produced; as well as the last new piece of the Porte St. Martin, which now excites such extraordinary interest in Paris, and in which he has performed for ten consecutive weeks, "La Dame de Saint Tropez." Madlle. Clarisse, an actress of whom report speaks very highly, is also to appear at the same time. After Easter comes Madame Albert, who is too well and favourably known to require any comments from us. She will appear in the two new comedies of the Théâtre Français, "Une Femme à Quarante Ans," and "Le Mari à la Campagne," in addition to "Mathilde; ou, la Jalousie," and "Marie; ou, les Trois Epouques;" with other favourite pieces of her *répertoire*. We are then to have an actor who is quite new to this country, but whose celebrity at the Palais Royale is surpassed by few *artistes* of the day. Those of our readers who can remember the production of a piece called "Le Tourlouron," at the Vaudeville, might remember the great ability displayed in it by a young actor named Ravel, then new to Paris. Since then, Ravel has risen very rapidly in his profession, and become almost the rival of that *riche comique* Arnal; there is an abruptness, yet vigour, spirit, and freshness about his acting that is quite delightful; and he is just the actor that is suited for this country, where he cannot fail to become exceedingly popular. He will be followed by the charming and graceful Plessy, with whom is engaged M. Regnier, of the Theatre Francais, an artist also new to this country, and one who will be of vast assistance in the higher department of comedy; in Paris he is considered as ranking next to Monrose, whose characters he frequently takes, and with much success. His performances in "Bertraud and Raton," as Oscar, in "La Camaradine," Timothee, in "Japhet," Balandard, in "Une Chaine," are performances that rank deservedly very high at the Theatre Francaise. Achard, with his fund of humour, and charming *chansonnettes*, has left too favourable an impression behind him to be omitted in the list of engagements, and we are glad to find that he is also engaged for a few nights, and will appear in the last new Vaudeville of "Le Gymnase," "Babiole et Joblot," by Scribe, "Ywan le Moujick," and other new pieces, with the occasional representation of some of the most popular plays of his *répertoire*. Arnal is reserved to wind up the season, and most mirthfully will he do so. Arnal is not new to this country, he has even appeared at Drury Lane theatre; and the rich fund of comic humour that he possesses will have ample scope for display in the pieces that are selected for him to appear in; he is, without question, as a *comedian*, the most amusing of all the Parisian artists: his humour seems inexhaustible, and he supports it throughout the piece; even his bye-play is rich in

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the extreme. For his performances will be produced "L'Homme Blasé," ("Used Up,"), "L'Humoriste," "Les Gants Jannes," "Passé Minuit," ("Two in the Morning,"), "Les Cabinets Particuliers," "Renaudin de Caen," "Le Poltron," "La Mansarde du Crime," "Le Bal du Grande Monde," &c. The working company seems to us to have been selected with much judgment, and comprises the names of most of the favourites of last season, whilst the additions appear to us to promise most favourably; indeed, we think, taken altogether, it will be by far the best company that Mr. MITCHELL has yet had. Amongst those engaged for the season are M. Cartigny, M. Oudinot, M. Déchamps (of the Gymnase); M. Lienard, M. Bizot, M. Masquilliez, (of the Porte St. Martin); M. Tourtillon, M. Bonnet, Mademoiselle Eliza Forgeot, Madame Croset, Mademoiselle Mery, Mademoiselle Ozy (of the Variétés), Mademoiselle Estelle (of the Palais Royal), Mademoiselle Valerie (of the Odéon), Mademoiselle Chaplin, Mademoiselle Andrea (of the Porte St. Martin), Mademoiselle Bonval (of the Theatre Française), Mademoiselle Lambert (of the Variétés, &c., &c. Leader of the Orchestra—Monsieur Barotte (second chief d'orchestre at the Theatre du Vaudeville). Mademoiselle Eliza Forgeot remaining as usual the Directrice. The opening pieces, "Le Mari à la Ville," and "Pierre le Rouge," are admirably adapted for Lafont and Madlle. Nathalie, and have all the freshness of novelty to recommend them.

The subscription, we are glad to hear, is an excellent one: boasting more rank and fashion than it has done during any preceding season, so that it will quite take the lead with the aristocracy.

NEW MUSIC.

There has not been much in the way of novelty during the month in the musical world. JULLIEN has put forth some more of his dance music, amongst which those most worthy of notice are the *Queen's and Prince Albert's Polka*, in D sharp, which is light and flows smoothly, and if there is nothing remarkably novel in the movement itself, it is still well adapted for dancing to, and is an agreeable *divertimento*. The *Varsavian Mazurka* is another of the *Cellarius Waltzes*, and is in F; the time is taken rather quicker than in any of the others we have seen, but there is a good deal of character about it. *Kenig's Beaufort Waltz* is pleasing, and written in a familiar style, though the Introduction is somewhat overlaid with accidentals; it is principally in D and E sharp. The *Greys' Polkas*, by D. OWEN, are lively and brilliant, and have a good deal of marked character about them. They are in the keys of C. and F. We are promised several novelties in the musical world. Mr. BUNN is about to produce, it is said, *Robert le Diable*, by MEYERBEER, and the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, of DONIZETTI, for DUPREZ and ANNA THILLON, though that will be some time hence. He is also said to have entered into an engagement with MEYERBEER, to superintend the production of his new opera of the *Camp of Silesia*, for

which a third act is to be written. At the Princess's we are to have AUBER's opera *The Duc D'Olonne*: a new opera by LODER; and as report says, a new opera by Sir HENRY BISHOP.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO STOWE AND STRATHFIELDSAYE.

Within the course of the last month, her Majesty has honoured the Dukes of Buckingham and Wellington with a visit at their country seats. It was understood that both visits were strictly private—the demonstration of her Majesty's personal respect and sincere regard for two of the most illustrious of her subjects. These visits may, therefore, be esteemed as "strictly private"—as not coming within that class of entertainments, which, combining a portion of political duties, with personal amusement, are suited for the notice and the comments of periodical publications. We feel it to be our duty to respect the distinction which is thus drawn between the private pleasures, and the political responsibility of the Sovereign. We abstain purposely from entering into the details of each day's amusement: it is sufficient to inform our readers, that wherever her Majesty appeared in her "royal progresses" towards Stowe or Strathfieldsaye, her presence was sure to elicit the enthusiastic cheers of a people, who respect her for her high station, honour her for her greatness, and love her for her personal virtues.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS.—We have to announce the death of this venerable and revered nobleman. The lamented event took place at Port Eliot, St. Germans, Cornwall, on the 18th of January. The noble lord had been ill only a few days; indeed, we understand he had taken an airing during the week. The cause of death was disease of the heart, to which his lordship had been subject for many years past. The unexpected demise of the noble lord has been the source of universal grief to all classes residing in the neighbourhood, by whom he was regarded not merely with respect but veneration. His Lordship singularly adorned his station in life by the most perfect humility and unselfishness—he shrank from anything like flattery or compliment; and a mere vote of thanks, however richly deserved, seemed to distress him rather than otherwise. In charity the noble lord was bountiful and unostentatious; and he was always accessible to the humblest and poorest person in the parish, to whom he would listen with patience, and whose case he would follow up with anxiety, and relieve with cheerful liberality. In a word, his Lordship was an eminent Christian. His lordship was born on the 1st of April, 1767, and was in his 78th year. He was the third and youngest son of Edward Lord Eliot, of Port Eliot, and second Earl of St. Germans, having succeeded his brother John, the first Earl, who died without issue in 1823. The deceased Earl was married four times, but had only issue by his first marriage. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his only son, Edward Granville, Lord Eliot, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of plain pale sea-green satin, made to fit quite close to the figure, over which is worn a very warm and *distinguée* looking short cloak of pale lilac *gros des Indes*, to which is attached long loose sleeves, square cape, and collar; the whole surrounded with a splendid open gymp lace bordering of the same delicate colour; this mantle is closed up from the waist to the top of the throat. A simple head-dress, composed of white lace falling on the left side in the form of a pointed lappet; and on the left side the lace is rounded; very small sprigs of pink roses are placed on either side, the leaves being of velvet; there is no crown worn to this style of cap.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich white satin; the *jupe* splendidly ornamented with two broad flounces of *point d'Angleterre*, the upper volant being caught up on the left side with a splendid passion flower, beautifully shaded, the green leaves being of velvet; plain corsege, and very short sleeves, which are entirely concealed by a rich lace *berthe*, meeting in the centre at the top of the corsege, and confined with a flower similar to the one on the *jupe*. The hair simply arranged with half-wreaths of pale pink shaded roses, the green leaves which are attached being very small, and forming in a kind of point on the top of the head, where they are attached together.

FULL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This costume is composed of pale blue satin; the skirt, which is ample in its width, being ornamented with a succession of rows of blue and silver gauze ribbon of different widths, gradually narrowing upwards; plain low pointed corsege; the waist surrounded with a very narrow kind of vandyked frilling bound with silver ribbon; up the centre of the corsege is placed a fancy ornament of pearls, the upper part of the corsege having a row of silver forming a heading; the short sleeve is entirely formed of three double frillings put on moderately full; the top of the long white gloves surrounded with a narrow fulling of *tulle*. The hair is handsomely decorated with three twisted ostrich feathers, and a mixture of pearls amongst the plaits of hair; the front part arranged in ringlets confined with splendid silver-mounted front combs.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This elegant costume is made in purple velvet; the skirt being richly decorated with *martre* fur in the shape of a deep flounce, which surrounds the bottom part of the dress; the *caraco* body is made high up to the throat, and entirely encircled with a narrow row of the same description of fur, meeting and closing up the centre of the corsege; long tight plain sleeves, finished with pointed cuffs of fur. Scarf *mantelet* of *martre* fur, lined and wadded; the white satin lining being quilted in a large

pattern. Capote of black raised velvet of a honeycomb pattern, decorated on the right side of the crown with a cluster of small pink roses, encircled with a broad fulling of black lace.

VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A splendid robe of pale green satin; the skirt trimmed with five rows of black *guipure* lace, each row headed with a narrow band of satin, corded on each side either with black satin or velvet; high pointed corsege, fitting close to the figure, and decorated round the throat with a row of *guipure* lace, five rows of the same being put on the front of the body in the form of a high stomacher; *demi-sleeves*, straight, and formed rather wider below the elbow than at the top part, also encircled with a row of lace; under full sleeves of *batiste*, with *manchêlles* of lace. Capote of pink *velours épinglé*; the form of the brim being rather shallow, and rounded; the crown decorated with a long pink shaded twisted ostrich plume.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—An elegant robe of very pale pink satin; the skirt richly decorated with three rows of trimming, each of which are composed of fullings of *areophane* gaged down nine times, and diversified at regular intervals with loops of narrow pink satin ribbon put on rather slanting; these trimmings are placed each at the same distance, the one from the other, on the dress; the *berthe* which decorates the top of the low pointed corsege being formed of the same kind of trimming attached in the centre of the front with a cluster of beautiful shaded pink roses similar to the bouquet; this *berthe* entirely conceals the short plain *chemisette* sleeve, which is edged with a narrow white blonde. The hair is ornamented with a splendid ornament of pearls and gold, the former drooping in five rows on each side of the head, attached together with very *petit* gold chains.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

THEATRE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An under-dress of pale lavender satin; the high body and sleeves made of India muslin; the corsege opening down the front, and headed with a fulling of *tulle*, through which may be passed any light coloured ribbon, according to the wearer's taste; the sleeves full and attached across at regular intervals with bands of lace inlet; *Manchêlles* of broad lace. *Pardeus* of rich purple velvet, faced with cross pieces of the same; this *pardeus* is made to open all the way down the front, the body being half high so as to show the under corsege, and is headed with a flat *biais* piece forming a kind of small cape; a long straight sleeve reaching half way below the elbow, and likewise faced with a *biais* forming a kind of man's cuff; the skirt is made also to open up each side. Head-dress of white lace, passing over the top of the head quite flat, and square at each end, the centre part being trimmed

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

with a double fluting of lavender gauze ribbon, and attached on each side the head-dress with two long ends of the same, fringed at the lower edges.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This dress is composed of an under-skirt of white crape worn over a pale primrose satin slip, and trimmed round the bottom with three rather broad fullings of the same material headed with a small corkscrew trimming; the upper dress is also composed of white *crêpe*; the lower edge of the skirt touching the top of the trimming of the under-dress; the left side caught up with a *guirlande* of delicate small pink and white roses; the right of the *jupe* trimmed with three fullings of the same inserted in the dress lengthways; pointed low corsage; the top part decorated with folds of white *crêpe*, which surrounds the top of the bust, and is attached in the centre of the front with a half-wreath of small pink and white roses, a row of the same surrounding the bottom part of the short full sleeve, which is edged also with a frilling composed of a fold of *crêpe*. The hair is decorated with a double band of crimson velvet passing over the top of the head, and attached on each side with a moderate sized rosette of the same, from which depends five loops of crimson velvet.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This elegant costume is made of a rich white satin shot with pale green; à double *jupe*; the top skirt tastefully trimmed with a white lace surrounding the edge of it, and ascending three times up the left side of the skirt as far as the waist; this side of the skirt being also ornamented with clusters of beautiful roses shaded pink and white, the foliage of which being composed of dark green velvet; pointed low corsage; the top of which is trimmed with folds of satin; a loose hanging short sleeve, looped up on the top of the arm, and attached with pink roses the same as the centre of the body. The hair decorated with a splendid wreath of flowers shaded pink and white, and composed of velvet.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

COSTUME DE NORMANDIE.

FIG. 1.—Boddice of green velvet, fitting tight, the waist pointed; a plain short sleeve, trimmed with three bands of gold lace, and a deep ruffle falling below the elbow; the seams at the back are marked by a gold lace, and a band of the same is round the armhole; a deep fall of lace surrounds the neck of the boddice: the skirt is of green satin, short and full, and trimmed at the bottom to correspond with the body, it is looped upon the right side; under skirt of crimson silk, having round the bottom two rows of black velvet, edged with gold. Apron of black lace, fully trimmed. Head dress composed of a small cap à la *Normandie*, the trimming of which is black velvet, edged with gold; a small hat of black lace is placed very forward on the top of the head, it is ornamented with gold, and has long lappets.

GREEK COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Tunic of white cachemire, the corsage rather high, and edged with a double row of gold embroidery; it

is buttoned to the waist by rubies; the skirt of the tunic is extremely full, and descends a little below the knees; the sash is composed of a splendid cachemire scarf, clasped by rubies, and having a deep gold fringe at the ends. *Pelisse à la Gréc* of pale blue silk, edged and embroidered with gold; the sleeves are short and plain, and open in the front, from under them hang long open sleeves of gauze, with a deep gold embroidery; loose trowsers of pale primrose-coloured silk, drawn round the ankle; a small Greek cap embroidered with gold, and a large gold tassel drooping on the left shoulder, complete this very elegant and *distinguée* fancy costume.

SWISS COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—*Jupe* of rich crimson silk, bordered by velvet of the same colour; small boddice of black velvet, perfectly plain; under boddice and sleeves of plain *batiste*; the sleeves reach a little below the elbow, and are composed of three large puffs, each being separated by a band of gold; the small cape or tippet is of pale straw-coloured silk, bordered with black velvet; it has a small square collar standing up, of black velvet, lined with white satin; apron of *batiste*, bordered with sea green. The head dress is composed of a small embroidered silk cap, fitting close to the head, and ornamented with rows of pearls, a kind of fan of crimson silk is placed a little on the right side, at the back of which are placed some very light *marabout* feathers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pink *crêpe* worn over a *jupe* of satin of the same colour; the corsage low and plain; the waist long and à *pointe*; the sleeves short and plain; a deep cape à la *berthe* surrounds the neck of the dress, and is trimmed with four rows of narrow black satin *rouleaus*; the skirt is very large, and extremely full, being perfectly plain; the second skirt, à la *robe*, descends a little below the knees, and is surrounded with black satin *rouleaus*, which decrease in width as they approach the waist; this costume is an exceedingly elegant one, and is at once both becoming and *distinguée*.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of *tartan* embroidered with fine wool; the corsage low and plain, the waist and point very long; a double cape, indented at the edge, and bound with white satin, falls very deep at the back and on the shoulders, entirely covering the plain short sleeves, and is brought quite to a point in the centre of the bust; the *jupe* is double; the under skirt being exceedingly long and full; the second is nearly as long behind, but is very short in the front; the edge is indented, and bound with satin; three *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon, having long ends, are placed on each side the skirt; those near the waist being smaller than the others.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of green satin, striped and watered; it is high on the shoulders, and open in the front à l'*Amazon*, having two small capes turning back towards the shoulders, they are pinked at the edge; the waist is long,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

and the dress fastening before, is left open at the point ; a small double epaulette falls over a sleeve composed of rows of lace pulled transversely, and finished a little way above the wrist by a narrow band and ruffle ; the skirt is very long and full, is open in the front, and has a plain facing *en biais*, pinked at the edge, and turned back *à la robe*, being narrow at the waist, and increasing in width towards the bottom ; underneath is a breadth of plain satin, of the lightest shade of the dress, on which is placed two rows of very broad and rich *guipûre* lace ; chemisette to correspond. A small hat of black velvet, having on the inside of the brim on the right side, rosettes of black lace, and ends of velvet edged with lace ; on the left side of the crown is a small plume of *marabout* feathers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1845.

At this moment, and at this particular season of the year, there reigns in the houses of our *modistes* a very perceptible animation and bustle, if we may judge by the preparations going forward, in order to prepare and execute those exquisite costumes intended for both evening and morning wear ; the opening of the Houses of Parliament, and the number of marriages which are about to take place, causing double occupation for our *artistes*. Amidst such a variety, it is almost difficult to decide upon which is most worthy of attention ; we have, however, chosen to commence with

CARRIAGE HATS AND BONNETS.—Both are more remarkable for their elegance than for their novelty, as they vary but very little in their form, those that have already been adopted retaining all their favour, the colours alone constituting their novelty. Most of them are composed of velvet. We have cited the following as most worthy of attention :—The first, made in emerald green velvet, decorated with a branch of leaves also made of velvet. The second of black velvet, ornamented with a graceful heron plume, and trimmed under the brim with a fringed blue *Napoleon* ribbon ; and the third, in white velvet, solely decorated with a lappet of English lace, crossed over the *calotte*, and drooping a little backward on each side, a second lappet which is plaited, is put over the brim and forms the *brides* ; this hat is considered remarkable for its elegance and perfect taste. Those in satin are mostly decorated with drooping feathers *glacé*, with *Mancinis* composed of *coques* of ribbon.

BALL HEAD DRESSES are principally composed of hair, and we observe that ringlets, or as they are termed *Anglaises*, are, if possible, more numerous than the *Bandeaux*. Of the former style we may cite the following as one of the latest and most fashionable modes adopted :—The front hair being parted in the centre, forming waving bands on each side as low down as the eyes, and then the rest or points is curled in four very long ringlets ; in the midst of these curls must be carefully fixed a *petite canetille*, and which reunites on each side the *cordon* which attaches the back hair ; the front

part of this head dress takes the name of the *Polka*, which is likewise completed by the back hair being formed into a plait, which is likewise interlaced with an Algerine embroidery, forming a kind of small turban inclining towards the left side ; two ends are reserved of the embroidery, finished with rich tassels, which are allowed to droop on the right side of the head. Another very light and simple kind of coiffure, is the placing round the back plait of hair a beautiful crown of heath blossom, to which it is affixed by the aid of three *marabouts*, drooping gracefully on each side of the head. We have also seen this kind of wreath fastened on each side with large roses. This is particularly becoming, especially when the front hair is worn in bands. In speaking of wreaths we may here observe, that those which have met with the most decided success, are the *guirlandes Marie Stuart*, which are not only extremely graceful, but very distinguished looking. We must not omit mentioning, also, that coral is now all the rage with some of our *élégantes*, having been successfully introduced by the young and fair Duchess of Aumale, made in the form of a coronet, surmounted with balls of rich pearls, and placed round the back part of the hair. Then, again, there is the *coiffure ionienne*, which is made simply of a band of velvet, either sky blue, pink, or purple, *posé à l'Antique* over the forehead, and allowing to fall from each side of the head, a small veil of brilliant gauze, of a mixture of gold and silver.

TRIMMINGS OF FULL DRESS ROBES.—Those which are most in vogue, are called *les Montants*, that is to say, trimmings placed on each side of the skirt. We have seen several very beautiful wreaths made for this purpose, which are composed of foliage *semés*, with a kind of enamel which glitters at candle light like precious stones, and droops gracefully upon branches of a rich shrub, such as the *arbutos*. For velvet or satin dresses, rich broad lace is the most favourite trimmings, put on in the form of *volants*. Those robes of a light hue being decorated with white point lace, whilst those of darker shades are ornamented with black.

DRESS HATS FOR THE THEATRE are principally composed of white or black lace, and lined with a light coloured gauze, such as pink or blue, decorated with *marabout* feathers either white or black, tipped with the same colours as the linings.

PELISSES.—Velvet ones are much in favour for the public promenades, and as the weather is at present very cold, several are trimmed with fur, dark furs being the most in estimation. Among those that are not trimmed with fur, we have noticed several of satin, the corsage turning back, and fastened with beautiful buttons. *Spencers à basques* are also much worn, made of velvet, and sometimes trimmed with rich black lace. They look very rich when worn with *jupes* of satin or watered silk.

PEIGNOIRS are principally made in rich silks or satins, and trimmed with *révers* of velvet, every description of costume not being considered complete without either being trimmed with velvet, or composed entirely of that magnificent material.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

BALL DRESSES—ROBES A RUBAN.—Although we have made mention before of this novelty, still its success is so decided, that we cannot refrain from again speaking of it. The colours of those ribbons are so pretty, and the fringes so fresh and light in their appearance, that they are generally put on in eight or ten rows, particularly when intended for trimming of those becoming and youthful style of *crêpe* and *tulle* dresses. We must also mention those very elegant dresses composed of velours-satin, of a rich pink colour, the front part of the *jupe* (that is to say, the front breadth) entirely covered with a rich lace, upon each side of which is *posée* two wreaths of small flowers, having a very large rose at the end of each wreath, also encircled with very small flowers. Plain corsage, very low and pointed, and decorated with a *berthe* composed of two rows of lace, open in the front, and only reaching on each side as far as the side seams of the corsage, where it is attached with small wreaths of flowers, descending on each side as far as the point of the waist. Plain short sleeves, with *manchettes* of rich lace, headed with a *petit* wreath of flowers. Also a dress, the texture of which is silk, striped yellow and white, the white stripe being figured over with small pink roses; the *jupe* of this costume is made open, so as to show an under front breadth of yellow satin, joined on to the skirt by means of a rich black lace, which is put on plain, and ornamented with *nauds* of yellow satin ribbon. The corsage is made very low and pointed, *à triple couture*, the two front pieces being composed of yellow satin, similar to the front of the skirt, and richly embroidered the whole length in gold. *Mantille* of black lace, the front part descending as low as the point of the corsage, and reaching no further than the side seams, so as to render the whole of the centre part visible. Very short sleeves, and *manchettes* of black lace, raised or caught up with a *naud* of yellow satin ribbon.

KAZAWEJCK.—Notwithstanding this somewhat barbarous name, we can assure our fair readers that it is as comfortable a novelty as the season has produced. *Le Kazawejck* is a kind of small *dolman* with sleeves, and which is made in velvet, lined with satin, wadded and quilted, trimmed either with lace, fur, or embroidery. It is made so as to remain open, or fasten up over the chest, according to the make of the under dress, as it is intended to replace the shawl, which is so often used by our *élégantes* for throwing over their shoulders when awaiting their carriage; it also serves to replace the *camail*. *Le Kazawejck* is, in reality, a very precious comfort, as it may be thrown upon a sofa, or any other place, without injuring it in any way. We particularly recommend those which are made in black velvet lined with pink, *grenat* velvet lined with white satin, white satin lined with *cerise*, or white encircled with a bordering of swansdown. Sometimes they are lined entirely with ermine, which has a very magnificent and regal appearance.

LES TOILETTES DE VILLE.—The most universal kind of costume for out-door dress, are those comfortable *paletots*, which are entirely *doublés*, with rich furs, also those elegant pelisses in velvet, trimmed with dark furs,

such as *martre*, to which are added muffs of the same description of fur for travelling. Cloaks made of bright coloured plaided cachmeires are much in vogue, the cape which is large, and small square collar, being trimmed with *biais* of velvet, the colour of the darkest plaid stripe, the interior lined with wadded silk, quilted in a large pattern, the same hue as the velvet.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS do not vary much for the present month, dark hues being all in favour for out-door costume, such as purple, different shades of green, dark ruby, and above all, black. For evening dress light colours prevail, such as *mauvé*, pink, blue, pale lilac, and white.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Our predictions of a brilliant season are being amply verified, the fashionable winter having commenced with an unusual degree of gaiety and splendour. Several splendid *fêtes* are also in preparation, and numbers of our young *noblesse* are looking forward with anxiety to what will be most becoming for their forthcoming presentation costume, all that art and taste can invent being brought into requisition for this (to them) most momentous occasion. We will, however, before directing our fair readers' attention to these details, first see what novelty there is in evening costume, and will, therefore, commence by looking over what intelligence we have received respecting

MATERIALS for full dress. Those which are most in favour being *Le Pompadour velonté*, *le Pekin satin à grappes*, *le royal bananier*, having its rich leaves raised upon a satin ground, and the *royal Mandarin*, with its rich and varied shades, and forming squares of precious stones upon satin stripes, all of these rich materials being now in much request.

MATERIALS FOR BALL DRESSES are now composed of lighter textures. We may cite as pre-eminent in beauty, embroidered *crêpes ombrés*, gauzes, also numbers of light silks prettily designed, such as *le poult de soie feuille*, *le damas taille douce*, *le Pekin guirlande*, *le royal point d'Alerçon*, and *le point d'Isly*.

EVENING DRESSES are mostly composed of heavy and rich materials, such as shot silks, velvets, and satins; the most elegant style of costume are those made after the following fashion:—Robe of shot silk; *pardessus* of silver grey satin, reaching no lower than the knee, and ornamented all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with a splendid *dentelle de velours*; a second row of the same being placed some little way above, and finishing in the front under the first row; close fitting corsage, ornamented with a lace forming a continuation to the one on the skirt; square pelerine reaching no lower than the waist, and small collar likewise of a square form, both of which are similarly decorated with a *dentelle de velours*: *manches* (sleeves) *à la religieuse*, the facings of which are covered with lace. A very rich style of costume for a concert or evening dress, is made in satin, having wide facings, those on the body forming a kind of *berthe*, and fastened

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

in front with an enamelled *châtelaine*; these facings are composed of velvet as well as the three flounces which decorate the skirt, the facings and flounces being edged with a broad and rich embroidery or *dentelle de velours*, or else a very broad fringe; the latter ornament in particular being much in favour; the sleeves are made very short and *masquées* by the facings on the corsage, under which is seen a *chemisette* formed of a single piece, having, in consequence, the appearance of a corsage à la vierge; this *chemisette* surrounds the top of the bust, and is composed of very fine muslin, trimmed with very fine lace, and ornamented with open-work embroidery; under-sleeves of lace, full in the under seam, and confined round the wrists with enamelled bracelets. For a young lady, we strongly recommend the following very elegant dress, made of *soierie glacé*; corsage aux deux tiers, very low, and *busqué*; the top part trimmed with a broad facing forming a *berthe*; short sleeves, not very wide, and nearly covered by the *revers*; open skirt; each side ornamented with a *revers*, forming a quilling, upon which descends three rows of ribbon put on plain.

CAPOTES.—We observe that those made of satin are much in favour trimmed with velvet, particularly morning ones; when they are made in light colours no other trimming is used but ribbons; for a *demi-toilette*, *velours épinglé* is the material preferred, both in white, sky blue, and pink; these are decorated with bouquets of small feathers *posée* upon the sides, or marabouts of the same colour as the material, edged with white. We have remarked several very pretty looking capotes for promenade, composed of velvet and *ayrafée*, with *nauds* of the same, lined with satin of a different colour, but not of a colour sufficient to make it too *prononce*, such as pale green in the interior, and a beautiful laurel green on the exterior, the palest colour being always placed in the interior. Another very becoming style of morning capote are those which are made in pale fawn-colour *velours épinglé*, lined with pale pink satin, and decorated with *nauds* of pink ribbon in the interior, and slender leaves of the same material as the exterior falls over each side of the crown, attached in the centre and on the top of the crown with a knot of the same.

COIFFURES.—They are of infinite variety, the generality of them being, however, formed à la *Fanchon*, shewing to great advantage the lace of which they are composed; a profusion of flowers are now also much used for the decorating of those pretty little caps called *jeune femme* for a theatre; no style of coiffure can be better adapted (particularly becoming to young ladies) than those wreaths of gold or silver ribbons placed very far back on the head; also *le petit bonnet Marquise* retains all its favour, being slightly modified after the following fashion. The crown, or foundation of the cap, composed of blonde, the designs of which are made expressly for it, and decorated with blonde lappets arranged in *nauds*, which are attached with a single flower, or a cluster of precious stones. We cannot fail to admire, also, those little *toquets* in pink or blue velvet, encircled with a narrow scarf in net work or gauze, a mixture of silk and silver, the stripes

being crossways, and the ends finished with a rich fringe of the same rich materials, falling low on one side of the neck. A very *distinguée* kind of head-dress is formed of a narrow *bord* of black velvet, ornamented with two rows of pearls, the top row being placed on the edge, and the second row round the head, raised on the right side with two small *frisées* feathers mixing with the curls of hair. We have observed that the most fashionable head-dresses are worn very shallow at the ears, and are more or less placed backwards on the head; long drooping ends of ribbon *des pompons*, or branches of detached flowers, descending upon the neck, being the sole *prolongements* permitted in *coiffures à la mode*. Velvets of all colours are now in great request for some of the present style of head-dresses, and are mostly intermixed with lappets of lace and blonde; a lighter and richer description of material is also used, being a kind of net work either of gold or silver; when the former, they are enriched with clusters of pearls falling on each side.

VISITING DRESSES.—Those most in favour are entirely composed of velvet made in the amazonian form, and richly ornamented with *dentelle de velours*; *pardessus* of the same costly material; à *manches demi-longues*, rather smaller at the top, and wider towards the lower part; the lacings and *tréfles* (trefoil) of embroidery; the fronts of the *pardessus* are à *petit revers*, which will allow of its being crossed at will; others, which are also composed of velvet, plain or *épinglé*, are ornamented with rather large silver buttons, or buttons ornamented with precious stones; if the latter, they are only placed upon the corsage. Several very elegant mantelets have also appeared, called *un Mantelet étoile*, of an entire new form; made principally of *moire*, lined and wadded, and encircled with a rich velvet lace put on flat; the ends of this *mantelet* are made very wide, and the pelerine very spacious, the plaits round the neck being sufficiently deep to admit of its forming invisible sleeves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Helen's" contribution has been received, and shall certainly appear in our next.

"Home and Hope" shall have an early insertion.

"Stanzas to E," under consideration.

"R. S.," received and accepted.

"Stanzas to G," in our next.

If "Elize" will favour us with her address, we shall reply by post to her last communication.

Falmouth.—White is proper for wedding favours.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.



Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James.











Normandy

Guich

Digitized by Google



THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS;

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1845.

THE MAN OF HONOUR;

OR,
THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

"That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds—
His honour." SHAKESPEARE.

If there was a truly happy man in this world, Ambrose Dumesnil was one. God had bestowed upon him unsparringly, all those gifts that sweeten life, and constitute felicity. Health, content, and cheerfulness were his, with a never-ending desire of assisting his fellow-creatures. His tastes were simple, and his fortune moderate, yet more than ample to supply all his wants and wishes.

Dumesnil was thirty-three years of age, and calmly enjoyed existence, unmolested by the passions that governed his youth. A distaste for the din and bustle of the world, and a desire for profound repose, induced him to take up his residence in a charming house, in a retired but beautiful village. There he lived in peace with himself and with the world, cultivating those pursuits which yielded to him the greatest pleasures—his books and his garden, with its shady walks and blooming flowers; he abandoned himself to these enjoyments, forgetful of the world, and felt and acknowledged his life to be one of uninterrupted happiness, for Ambrose was perfectly satisfied with his moderate means, which enabled him to live in peaceful obscurity. He did not wish to go beyond the limits of his own garden, and refused alike, with equal indifference, the splendours, and the riches, and the honours of the academy.

Sometimes his thoughts would wander back to Paris, and he would sigh at the recollection of his former vanities.

"Poor people," thought he, "who agitate themselves so uselessly in that vortex of pleasure, and spend their lives in following a gilded chimera."

The daily journals which he received and read, brought him vast subjects for meditation; he encountered from time to time the names of one or other of his old companions—some members of the bar, some devoting them-

selves to literature, and others aiding their country by their wise counsels. Some rising, others falling, he deplored the misfortune of one party, without being jealous of the success of the other.

"I would not change the happy mediocrity of my condition," said he, with sincerity, "for all the triumphs and prosperity of the most favoured. And yet," he continued in a subdued voice, "if I had not been enlightened by reason, I also might have followed these frivolous enjoyments, not so much to gratify himself, but for her —."

Where is the man that finds not in the past, the tomb of many a bright illusion and cherished hope? The heart of Ambrose Dumesnil had not been wholly exempt from weakness, and in looking back upon the past, he could traverse with the clear torch of memory, scenes replete with witchery, sadness, and disappointment. And he could still gaze with rapture on those gifts of the first and only love that had ever penetrated his heart. These gifts were a letter and a lock of hair. These treasures he preserved with pious care. The hair was bright gold colour, and the letter was signed Lucy. He could now smile, looking at this tress of hair, and that letter that he had so often bathed with his tears.

Does not time, with more than magic power, heal all wounds of the heart, let them be ever so deadly? Ten years had rolled by since the birth of that love, which the determined opposition of his family had reduced to despair. Dumesnil soon after quitted the province, and betook himself to Paris, where all was forgotten, and he heard no more of his loved Lucy.

"Doubtless," thought he, "she no longer thinks of me. At sixteen, the impressions are as speedily effaced as they are created."

Dumesnil, notwithstanding his modesty and retirement, was unable to withdraw altogether from the observation and admiration of his friends. They often visited him in his retreat, asking counsel of his wisdom whenever they found themselves in any difficulty. They always cited him as an example of sound sense, joined to a noble and benevolent heart, for Dumesnil was not only a professor of good principles, but a constant practiser of

E

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

them. Such men are rare, and therefore obtain a certain celebrity whenever they are found. We are willing to do justice to their merits, but never to imitate them, consequently the reputation of Dumesnil was established upon a solid and extensive basis, and he was called "the wise and honest man," titles which he certainly more than merited. This recompense of his virtues would have proved satisfactory, if his friends had not passed from admiration into indiscretion.

Under the notion that Dumesnil was full of benevolence, truth, and wisdom, they first came to consult him upon affairs of consequence, then he was appointed an arbitrator in all matters of deep importance, and his retirement and quiet was broken in upon every moment.

"We leave all to you," his friends would say, "because we know not any other man as honest or as just."

One of his old college companions endeavoured to force him to accept a post of great political importance, in which it was of the utmost consequence to have a truly honest man. But this Dumesnil resisted vigorously, saying that the wealth of the world would not induce him to embark in the fatigues and cares of a political life, but other missions he could not refuse, which were equally repugnant to him to perform. Two of his friends named him executor to their last will and testament; a third, on his death bed, confided to him the guardianship of three children, the eldest only seven years of age. How refuse the prayer of a dying friend? of a fond father who said with expiring voice,

"Take pity on my poor orphans; if you abandon them, they will fall into the hands of greedy relatives, who will despoil them of the little I am enabled to leave. I know but one honest man who will protect their interests as he would his own, and this consoling thought will sweeten the pangs of our cruel separation. Let me die in peace, with this consolatory assurance, and my last words shall be to bless and pray for you."

Dumesnil accepted the guardianship of his young charges, but from the moment he undertook this serious responsibility, he felt all the weight and embarrassment of the father of a family. Farewell the quiet calm of that peaceful retreat, where he had lived alone and happy for so many years. Farewell the silence and the study that had soothed and sweetened the bye-gone days of his existence. For the first time the philosopher perceived that his house was small, and scarcely accommodated his young guests. His beautiful garden was converted into a play-ground, and his cherished plants and flowers, trampled under the feet of his heedless and merry visitors.

At the farthest end of the garden, Dumesnil constructed a pavilion, to which he removed his library.

"At least," thought he, "here I shall be quiet and enjoy repose. The expense is somewhat more than I am able to bear, but I shall get over it by strict economy."

In fine, the honest guardian was obliged to mortgage part of his estate to pay the architect. Thus he clearly saw his ruin was commenced, for it is difficult for a man to practise economy, who has but just enough to live upon.

50

Dumesnil felt this sad truth, yet he lost not courage.

"After all," said he, "I can work, or write, as so many others are obliged to do, but then I shall be obliged to renounce my loved solitude and sweet independence, which has so many charms for me."

One evening, as our philosopher was plunged into one of those reveries, in which the bitter necessity of exertion was manifesting itself to him, a carriage stopped suddenly at the door.

"Who can this be, at such an hour?" thought he, "but it must be some mistake."

A loud knock was now heard; Dumesnil went himself to the door.

"Ah! is it you, Dumesnil?" said a well-known voice.

"Yes," replied he, approaching the door of the carriage, in order to ascertain who really was the speaker; and when he saw his friend, he exclaimed, "Sainval! by what happy chance ——."

"I shall explain all in a moment, but first assist me in taking down this box."

"It is extremely heavy," said Ambrose.

"Yes; for the article it contains is made of iron."

"What is it, then?" demanded our hero.

"The model of a steam-engine, of my own invention, a discovery that I have brought to you, in order to have your opinion of it."

Sainval dismissed the carriage; the box was transported into the drawing-room, and placed upon the table.

"So, at last you have become industrious," said Dumesnil.

"Not in the least; that is what I shall never be," replied Sainval.

"Then I have not understood you rightly. Is it not a steam-engine of your own invention?" said Dumesnil.

"I only said that before the coachman," replied Sainval, "there was no necessity in making him as wise as I am myself."

"Well, we are now alone, you may therefore speak freely; what does this box contain?"

"My fortune," replied Sainval; in saying which he raised the lid of the box, which was filled with gold.

"Yes," continued he, "my entire fortune, five hundred thousand francs."

"And why bring it here?" demanded Dumesnil.

"To confide it to your care. It is a service which I entreat of you to grant me, and I feel assured you will not refuse me. One of my uncles has died lately, and left me a considerable fortune. This sum is but a portion of my inheritance, and in order to secure the remainder, it is necessary that I proceed to the United States. I start this very night, as the least delay would be fatal to my interests. Now, you can well understand that I cannot take this gold with me."

"Yes—but you could place it"—

"With you," interrupted Sainval. "You are the only man on earth I would confide in. Nothing is solid or safe now a-days. Bankers or notaries, they are all alike surrounded with peril. There is nothing certain but the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

conscience of an honest man, and I know but one, and that one is yourself. I shall certainly deprive myself of the interest I might otherwise gain, but yet I shall be certain of finding the principal. Now, as I leave in such a hurry, just give me a receipt on plain paper for the sum, as sudden death might occur, and with this simple acknowledgment I shall start with perfect tranquillity and content."

Dumesnil's objections were repulsed by his friend, and the honest man was unwillingly obliged to accept this mark of confidence. Sainval departed, leaving the five hundred thousand francs.

Scarcely was he left alone with his treasure, than Dumesnil began to comprehend the innumerable annoyances attending such a deposit. Where could he place the box? In what secret corner would he hide it? If any one was aware of his having such a sum of gold in the house, what unhappy consequences might ensue? From this moment Dumesnil lost the blissful security which he had formerly enjoyed, and experienced all the tormenting anxieties of a miser.

What would he not have given to be restored to his former comparative poverty. He now looked with suspicion upon everybody, his house appeared more insecure than he had formerly thought it, and it would be necessary forthwith to have iron spikes put round the garden. At each moment of the day he left his books to see that the treasure was secure. At night he would start from his sleep under the impression that he heard robbers. Then he would shut himself up for hours to count over the gold, and assure himself that the deposit was as it was left to his care.

Thus, as guardian to the children, and as miser over the gold, Dumesnil suffered all the cruel anxieties attendant upon paternity and riches, without having the joys of either. And it was his character for being an honest man that drew upon him the honour of performing these double functions, so delicate and so embarrassing. Certainly the charge was heavy, and somewhat more than our poor hero was able to bear, and rather a heavy toll for worth and honesty to pay.

About two months after the deposit of gold, our unfortunate philosopher was doomed to receive another visitor, another friend—the friend of early boyhood, whom he had not seen for fifteen years.

"My dear Martigny," said Dumesnil, warmly grasping his hand, "you would not believe the joy I feel in seeing you once again. For now I stand in great need of your sympathy and friendship."

"Are you unhappy? But no, that cannot be. I have the world's opinion of you. I know that you are a philosopher, and a wise man, content with your lot, surrounded by the esteem and admiration of all. Yes, my friend, the world respects and honours you, and it is your brilliant reputation which brings me here at the present moment."

"What can I do for you?" asked Dumesnil in a faint voice, with a presentiment of increased embarrassment.

"I have a great favour to ask of you," said Martigny.

"I doubt my power of granting it," said our hero.

"Ah! Dumesnil, I expected not that cold reception when I calculated on our old friendship. I now perceive that I have more difficulties to battle with than I had calculated upon."

"Pardon me, my friend. I wish not to offend, or refuse you. Speak, and if it is possible for me to render you any service, I pledge you my honour to do so unhesitatingly."

"Yes, you can, and moreover I tell you that you are the only man in the world whom I would ask or allow to aid me in the critical situation in which I am placed."

"Explain yourself, then. I am all attention," said Dumesnil.

"I leave this very night for a distant journey," said Martigny.

"You also!"

But what matter, thought Dumesnil, two treasures will not be more difficult to guard than one. I shall be obliged to enlarge my money-box, that's all.

"It would be tedious, and perhaps useless, to tell you the motives of this journey. Enough to say that it is of vital importance to my prospects and future welfare. I shall embark the day after to-morrow from Havre, but I go alone my friend, although I am married. My wife is in delicate health, and the physicians declare that she would be unable to endure the fatigues of so long a journey. I cannot then bring her with me, and must, therefore, leave her in France. How am I to leave a young and lovely woman without protection. She has not a relation to whom I could confide her. I have but one friend, noble, generous, and honourable, with whom I would deposit that sacred trust, and that friend is—yourself."

"What! Martigny, your wife?" exclaimed Dumesnil, in a voice of alarm.

"Yes, I have your word, and I calculate upon its fulfilment. You will accept the charge that I shall leave to your care and vigilance. My wife is at Paris; I shall proceed there forthwith, and bring her back here. I feel assured she will not embarrass you in the least, as she is mild and modest, sweet and charming. As to the expenses of her sojourn with you, we shall settle that on my return. Farewell my friend. I shall remember this service with an eternal recollection of gratitude."

"Well," said Dumesnil, when Martigny had gone, "I shall take up my lodging in the pavilion, and put my books in the garret."

Some hours after the visit of the husband, Madame Martigny arrived. What was Dumesnil's astonishment to recognise in his friend's wife, the object of his first and only love.

"Can my eyes deceive me," exclaimed Ambrose, "or do I really see Lucy before me?"

"Yes! Ambrose, yes. Your old friend Lucy has become the bride of your old companion Martigny."

"And did you know to whom you were coming?" asked Dumesnil.

"Yes. But I did not know it till I was far advanced on my journey, when it was impossible to recede."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"And did you name to your husband that you were the object of my early attachment?" inquired Ambrose.

"No! I did not," replied Lucy. "For under the circumstances I thought it imprudent unnecessarily to agitate his mind. Besides, I had every reliance upon your honour, and the reputation you had acquired forbid me to doubt you. I feel assured the love you once felt has been long since forgotten, and my image has completely faded from your imagination."

Dumesnil believed that she was right, but this unlooked for apparition, this singular meeting, had operated like a revolution in the heart of the philosophic Ambrose, and although the flames of love had been for some time smothered, yet they were not completely extinguished, and only required the breath of circumstances to burst out afresh. Dumesnil soon perceived this: but what was to be done? Could he with propriety leave the charge he had pledged himself to protect? Would he be justified in deceiving the friend who had trusted him? He would consider her as an additional ward—a second treasure; but a treasure far more difficult to protect than the other, for he had to guard against himself, as well as guard her from the contact of others.

Never was virtue more tried—never did virtue conquer more gloriously. The honesty of this man had exposed him to all sorts of inconveniences. His house was made a nursery of—his exquisitely cultivated garden converted into a play-ground—his retirement destroyed—his peace invaded—all his best and dearest occupations intruded upon, and all this because he was more honourable, honest, wise, and benevolent than the generality of his fellow men. Still Dumesnil, much as he deplored the circumstances under which he was placed, persevered in strictly doing his duty, although at times he felt the burden more than he was able to bear.

At length he began to despair, and looked forward to death, which could alone, he thought, release him from the annoyances which he now felt were beyond human endurance, when a letter arrived from Philadelphia sealed with black, announcing the death of Martigny, and stating that previous to his decease he had fulfilled the object of his journey. He had found the man whom he sought—the thief who had robbed him of five hundred thousand francs—and that man was Sainval.

Thus virtue, after having suffered much, was about to be recompensed. Ambrose Dumesnil married Lucy, the undisputed inheritor of her husband's wealth, and thus became the legitimate proprietor of the double deposit confided to his honour and truth.

BELINDA.

CHARADE.

My first it is called the best part of a pig;

If I was my second, a Doctor I'd call;

My third like fool fashion runs many a rig,

When you find out my *tout* you have all.

TO EMILY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

By James Everett, Esq.

Though many a harp might sweetly ring,
And strains of melody be breathing;
Though many a bard might sweetly sing,
And chaplets for thy brow be wreathing;
Come, let me now entwine for thee
A wreath of rudest minstrelsy.

And long may circling seasons bring
This day to thee in love and gladness;
And time steal by on downy wing,
Unmixed with aught of pain or sadness;
And to thy gentle heart be given
The joys of earth—the smiles of heaven!

When, too, the dream of life is past,
That dream of vain and empty lightness:
May hope's bright prospect shine at last,
In visions of eternal brightness!
Where flowers of heaven shall brightly bloom,
In fadeless glory o'er the tomb.

TO ———

I never call'd thy beauty rare,
Thy cheek of roseate hue;
I never said that thou wert fair,
Thine eye of softest blue.
For deem I well thou would'st not prize,
Such smooth and honey'd phrase;
Say, rather would'st thou not despise,
The flatterer's studied praise.

But mine is not the flatterer's art,
My love no transient gleam;
It flows from a truthful, loving heart,
'Tis affection's brightest beam.
'Tis a love that neither time can change,
Nor sorrow dim it's shine;
Grief may blight, but can't estrange,
For my heart—my heart is thine.

W. J. CORBET.

REBUS.

On London-bridge my first you'll see,
And yet a crowd 'twill always flee:
My second's joyous, gay and free,
And yet it pines for love of thee;
My *tout*'s a wonder, so you'll say,
Whene'er you journey a long way.

B. M.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

CHAPTER I.

"When on the past the memory dwells,
And with full tide remembrance dwells;
When o'er the heart are wildly flung,
Thoughts, feelings, passions, which have wrung,
Each in their turn the tortur'd breast;
The straggle o'er and now at rest,
The mind reviews with bootless pain,
Those faults it now deplores in vain."

"Oh! Lethe, flowed thy current still, how gladly would
my lip,
To drown the memory of the past, thy blessed waters
sip;
But ah! no longer flows her streams, and memory hath
the away,
And thoughts of all the past arise, and cloud the sunniest
day."

How few of the actions of our lives, when reviewed at the age of fifty, can we contemplate without a feeling of regret or reproach being called forth by the recollection. Truly applicable, indeed, to all men, are these words contained in our Prayer-book:—"We have left undone the things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." Sad is the truth, and bitter to the soul of man the reflection, that sin has in a smaller or greater degree, been an ingredient in all the past events of his life, the main-spring, perhaps, of some. Thoughts, feelings, and occurrences, which at the time we persuaded ourselves emanated from a pure, kind, or amiable motive, when viewed through the vista of years long past away, stand forth in their true colours, divested of the gloss which passion or folly shed over them; every hidden thought and action we have been guilty of, becomes revealed to the keen eye of conscience, and stands forth in fearful array against us, as we find life closing and eternity opening to our view.

Such were the reflections of Henry Hamilton, on calling to mind some of the different events of his past life. The only child of wealthy and aristocratic parents, he had inherited high birth and a splendid fortune. The latter, soon after he became of age, he impaired by gambling and dissipation, until at the age of thirty, of his magnificent estates only a small portion remained uncumbered.

It was at this time he first became acquainted with Emily Langham. Young, lovely, and ingenuous, she was soon captivated by the attentions of a man so considerably her elder, and so fascinating in manner and person as Hamilton.

His superiority in age, rendered him an infinitely more dangerous companion for a girl like Emily, than a youth of her own years would have been; for though so young, her mind had been richly cultivated, and her imagination being naturally a warm one, it was soon caught by his

animated descriptions and glowing conversation. His mental capacities were of a highly intellectual order; he had read deeply, and travelled over the greatest part of the Continent.

Well versed in woman's mind, he was not long ere he perceived the advantage he had gained over Emily's other admirers. Attracted by her beauty, and flattered by the evident impression he had already made in her young and susceptible mind, he redoubled his attentions, and the love which he by way of pastime professed to feel for her, was repaid with the deepest and purest affection. Frank, ardent, conscious only of good in her own breast, and unsuspecting of evil in others—possessed of a heart overflowing with the best and tenderest feelings of woman's nature, before an intercourse with the cold world has chilled its warmth and blighted its loveliest blossoms, she was at no pains to conceal the affection she felt for him, when once he had declared his attachment to her.

From the retirement in which she had lived, the simplicity of her nature, and the deep root love had taken in her heart, Hamilton had calculated on an easy victim, and was but little prepared for the purity of principle and strength of mind displayed by Emily on an intimate acquaintance with her, and finding that, however devoted she might be in heart and soul to him, and however her happiness was in his power,

"Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme,"

he suddenly quitted the neighbourhood where the Langham's resided, writing a cold letter to Emily, regretting that the smallness of his fortune would for ever preclude the possibility of his making her his wife, but assuring her she should ever hold the first place in his affections. His affections—the affections of a man who could basely and wantonly trifle with the best and holiest feelings of woman's heart.

Emily was prostrated by the shock; she lingered long on a bed of sickness, but youth and a good constitution triumphed for a time, and she was restored to health of body, and the full consciousness of the misery of having bestowed her love on an unworthy object, one who despised and rejected the gift.

The greatest anguish a woman can experience, is to find herself deceived by the being on whom her whole hopes of happiness were placed—the worshipped one who first taught her she had a heart to bestow, and when that heart has been bestowed in all truthfulness and sincerity, to feel herself scorned and deserted by him whom she would have cherished and followed in sorrow, sickness, or disgrace.

"Alas! the love of woman it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing,
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost life has no more to bring."

After the lapse of many months Emily was persuaded to give her hand to one of her former admirers, but the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

continual struggle between her sense of duty to her husband, and her love for the faithless Hamilton (which she could not overcome), soon brought her to the grave, a youthful victim to unrequited love.

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be lov'd? Ah, why
With cypress hast thou wreath'd thy bow'rs,
And made thy best interpreter—a sigh."

CHAPTER II.

Hamilton, soon after he left the neighbourhood of the Langhams, proceeded to Switzerland, and took up his abode at the metropolis (Berne). In one of his rambles round the city, he was particularly struck with the beauty of a small cottage on the banks of the Aar. Making some enquiries on his return to the hotel respecting the inhabitants, he found they consisted of a very old man, who had been pastor of one of the neighbouring villages, his daughter, Julia Werpert, who was called "The Beauty of Berne," and two domestics. The high encomiums he heard on Julia's beauty, made him determined to call at the cottage on the following day, under pretence of seeking for lodgings, and so get an introduction to the belle of Berne.

He did so, and on asking for the pastor, was shown into a small room, furnished with the greatest simplicity, in which sat a young girl, of apparently sixteen years of age, engaged in drawing. On perceiving a stranger she coloured deeply, and was about to leave the room, but Hamilton coming forward, detained her to explain the reason of his intrusion, and said that ill-health was the principal cause of his wishing to reside for a few months in the country.

Julia informed him that her father was out visiting some of his old parishioners, but would be home on the morrow. After protracting his visit as much as he possibly could, Hamilton left deeply struck with Julia.

She was, indeed, very lovely; her mother was an Italian, and from her she had inherited the large dark eyes, and rich brown complexion of the sunny south. Her features were small and well formed, whilst the beautiful smile that always lingered round her dimpled mouth, and the vivacity of her manner endeared her to all her acquaintances, young and old.

Julia was a coquette by nature; she had lovers in abundance. She flirted and laughed with all, but the one she liked best, and to whom she was sacredly betrothed, was Ernest Durnant, a young painter now in Italy studying his profession.

The following day Hamilton called at the cottage, and the curé having acceded to his request, he took up his abode there altogether. Julia and himself became inseparable; they read, walked, and sang together, and she soon became aware that the Englishman, her father's boarder, held a higher place in her esteem than her own betrothed husband, Ernest Durnant.

She had accepted Ernest, because her friends approved of him for her. He was the most handsome

and agreeable of all her lovers, and she therefore fancied she was in love with him. She now felt that passion for the first time, and found that there was a wide difference in her feelings towards them both.

Hamilton preserved the same plan as he previously followed in regard to Emily Langham, but Julia was not gifted with her strength of mind or virtuous principles; she had never known a mother's care, and her father, through mistaken fondness, allowed her to select her own companions, and spend her time in any way she thought proper.

Most of it was spent in rambling about the country with Hamilton, and in idle reading. The books placed in her hands by him, were of a very improper description for a young girl of Julia's nature, being the works of Rousseau, and others of an equally immoral kind.

After he had resided for some months at the cottage, Julia consented to elope with him. Ernest, her engaged lover, was expected at Berne in the course of a few weeks, and she felt that she could not meet him in the same way as she had been wont to do. Hamilton promised to make her his wife immediately on their arrival in Italy, whither they were going; and one night, when the pastor was out seeing his old friends, they both fled together.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely day in July, the sun was shining brightly, light clouds were floating in the blue vault of Heaven; birds were warbling from every green tree and shrub their hymns to the God of Nature, and the whole universe seemed to rejoice beneath the smile of its Creator. Hundreds of splendid equipages were rolling through the principal streets and crowded thoroughfares of London, containing lovely women, whose brilliant glances and sunny looks spoke alone of joy and happiness. Mirth and pleasure seemed to reign around, and sin, sorrow, and pain, were as things unknown in the world. In a small low chamber, in the suburbs of the city, far away from the busy scene just described, sat a young artist, earnestly engaged in painting. He had been before his easel ever since the first dawn of morning. The sun was now high in the heavens, but so totally absorbed was he in his occupation, that he never once allowed his eyes to wander from off the canvas, and scarcely changed his position, except to brush back from time to time the rich masses of dark brown hair, that fell in clustering curls over his noble forehead, and shaded a face of singular and touching beauty.

At length his task was concluded. It was a copy of Guido's celebrated painting of St. Peter in prison, and a bright smile of triumph shot across the pale countenance of the painter, on observing how peculiarly happy he had been in catching the exact expression of the eye, which was the distinguishing and excelling point in the work of that master.

The brush dropped from between his wearied fingers, and pushing back the easel from before him, he threw himself exhausted on a low stool before the window: the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

light streaming in through the narrow casement full upon his pale and well formed features, gave him the appearance of a piece of sculpture. The chamber low and scantily furnished, as it was with regard to essentials, was richly decorated with works of art. The walls were hung round with exquisite copies from Domenichino, Giotto, the Gracis, and other ancient masters; some of them scarcely inferior in execution and colouring to the originals themselves. On a low couch, opposite to the one on which the artist lay, was a sleeping Venus, which would not have disgraced the chisel of Canova; whilst in a recess near the door, stood a splendid design after Flaxman. Yet in spite of these and many other gems of art with which the room was crowded, there were evident marks of care and poverty in its occupant.

His care-worn brow and pallid looks told a tale of sorrow and disappointment, and convinced the beholder that however young in years he might be, he was not unacquainted with the hardships and trouble of a cold and blighting world.

Ernest Durrant, for it was he, had during the last two years drank deep of the cup of affliction. He had returned to Berne immediately after the tidings reached him of Julia's disappearance from her home; and after spending some time in fruitless researches and inquiries after her, feeling convinced from all he had been able to learn that the Englishman (their late boarder) had been the companion of her flight, he left his native place for London, in the vain hope of being able to discover her.

For some time after his arrival he frequented all the places of public amusement, and fashionable resorts of the gay and wealthy, but without success: until at last feeling utterly dispirited, and his means being almost exhausted, he gave up the search in weariness of heart, and taking the small chamber we now find him residing in, he pursued his occupation as an artist. But his being a stranger, and unpatronized as he was, barely procured for him the means of subsistence. He had been several times on the point of returning to Berne in despair, but an indescribable feeling that he should one day meet with Julia prevented him.

As the shades of evening were closing around, Ernest quitted his chamber. He had this night determined on going once more to the opera. Many months had elapsed since he had last visited it, and the object which attracted him there now was not so much the hope of discovering his betrothed wife (for that hope had almost deserted him), as to hear the celebrated cantatrice, Mademoiselle Montmorencie.

During his happier days Ernest had been an enthusiastic lover of music, and the knowledge that Julia shared this taste induced him to visit the opera so often on his first arrival, feeling convinced that if she was in England, he should probably meet with her there.

Mademoiselle Montmorencie had only appeared in the musical world within the last few months. She came out one night at the opera in an inferior part, a stranger—unheeded and unnoticed: but her magnificent voice once heard, she was immediately raised to the rank of first can-

tarice of the day. Fame, with its thousand tongues, spoke in raptures of her splendid vocal powers; the public prints teemed with encomiums on the brilliant beauty, irreproachable conduct, and fascinating manner of the fair prima donna. Half the men in London were at her feet. Many among the rich and noble of the land would have gladly shared their rank and fortune with the unknown and beautiful songstress, but she invariably rejected every offer, and steadfastly resisted every effort made to induce her to mix more in the world, or appear in public oftener than her engagement at the opera obliged her to do. Her former life was enveloped in mystery.

She was young, beautiful, and gifted, but where she had acquired her extraordinary skill in music, and wonderful command of voice, previously resided, or what she was, or had been, none were able to discover.

Men she treated with studied coldness and contempt, whilst the society of her own sex she shrank from and avoided. Ernest had heard of her singular talents and beauty, and had that day read in the morning papers an announcement that Mademoiselle Montmorencie would sing a Swiss air in the costume of the Canton of Berne. The air he recollected to have been a great favourite with Julia, and he felt a desire to listen to it once more.

CHAPTER IV.

The first act of the opera was over when Ernest entered the house. Enthusiastic calls for the prima donna resounded from all sides: she appeared, led forward by the manager, when Ernest looking towards the stage for the first time since he had entered the house, immediately recognised in the glittering and beautiful being before him, his long lost, faithless, but still loved Julia.

The involuntary exclamation which escaped him attracted her attention—their eyes met—and she sunk back lifeless into the arms of her companion.

When Julia was restored to consciousness she was in her own house, and the first object on which her opening eyes rested was her former lover, bending over her with the tenderest solicitude. He had rushed to her side when she fainted, and representing himself to the manager as her brother took her to her own carriage (which was always in waiting to convey her from the opera) and desired the coachman to drive home.

CHAPTER V.

On their departure from Berne, Hamilton had taken Julia to Florence. He behaved towards her with the most devoted affection: her slightest wishes were attended to, and every trifling want anticipated. He placed her under the care of eminent masters, she received the best instruction Italy could afford in music, painting, and singing, and here it was she attained that wonderful proficiency which in after days became of such value to her. After spending some time in Florence, Hamilton proposed that they should proceed to Vienna.

Thither they went. His love was still unchanged, but the subject of marriage he never touched upon; and Julia—the artless, confiding victim of his libertinism—happy

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

in his love, and trusting implicitly in his promises, firmly believed he would sooner or later make her his wife. After they had been abroad two years, Hamilton mentioned his intention of returning to England, and then for the first time the fatal truth flashed across Julia's brain, and the sad reality and guilt of her position appeared in its true colours.

To return to the path of duty seemed quite impossible (for the wish was wanting), her friends would not receive her—desert Hamilton she could not. She had linked her fate with his, and come what might she would still follow him. He had grossly deceived her—he had rendered her an object of scorn and contumely to the virtuous and well principled—but still he treated her with kindness and affection, and though she felt her unfortunate situation deeply and bitterly, she still worshipped him who had been the means of reducing her to it.

Immediately on their landing in England, he took her to his country seat in Hampshire. Here his manner soon underwent a marked and decided change. He was for weeks absent in the metropolis, and brought with him on his return a set of wild libertine companions, who treated poor Julia with the greatest freedom, and insulted her feelings by the most disgraceful proposals. She complained to Hamilton, who laughed at her tale, and told her that his love would be withdrawn if she, by her prudish airs, and affected delicacy, rendered his home unpleasant to his friends.

During one of his visits to town, the rumour reached her that he was on the eve of marriage with a rich and beautiful heiress. On his return he boldly threw off the mask, told her it was requisite for him to marry a woman with wealth, in order that he might redeem his estates, and that he wished her to accept of the protection of one of his friends, who was prepared to make handsome settlements on her.

Julia listened in silence—the power of utterance seemed denied her; but the iron entered her soul—her intention was taken. She quitted the room quietly, and Hamilton imagined from the calmness with which she had heard him, that she would accede to his request. That very night she left his house, taking with her only a small sum of money, and a few changes of linen.

All the splendid jewels and magnificent clothes he had lavished on her she left behind, and proceeding to London, offered herself at once to the manager of the opera to sustain some of the inferior parts. She was accepted, and as we have seen, her rise was a rapid one.

Her first conversation with Ernest was a painful one to both parties; but when he proceeded to inform her that her father was ready to forgive and receive her to his heart again, and that her former offences should be forgotten, she consented to give up the stage, and return with Ernest to Berne.

The Curé was immediately written to—that beautiful portion of scripture, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons," influenced his conduct, and one short month saw the old man in England to conduct his erring but re-

pentant child to her native home among the Swiss mountains.

Ernest accompanied them, and after the lapse of many months renewed his proposals. She firmly and unhesitatingly declined them, in a manner that gave him no room to hope that time would work any change in her sentiments. She acknowledged that Hamilton's conduct had entirely eradicated any portion of the love she once felt for him, and that she regarded him with feelings of the sincerest and purest affection, and alleged as her reason for refusing him, that she esteemed him too highly to bestow on him a heart whose brightest blossoms were withered, or a hand contaminated by guilt.

Ernest left Berne for Rome, where he rose high in his profession as an artist, and Julia continued to reside under her father's roof, and endeavoured by a life of penitence and strict virtue to make her peace with heaven, and obtain remission for past sin.

Many may think that I have treated Julia's crime too leniently. Let those who are of this opinion remember, that she was more sinned against than sinning: also call to recollection Byron's severe lines on the cold and heartless of our sex:—

"And every love a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."

HELEN.

THE MURDERER AND HIS BRIDE.

There in his damp dark dungeon cell, unheeding all around,

His clasped hands pressed upon his heart—his eye fixed on the ground,

The murderer kneels: but not to ask forgiveness from on high;

From him who never turns away from the lowly humble one,

Of him who sues for mercy—ah, no—not to him he kneels,

No ray of hope or pardon, his bursting heart now feels. And now his hands are wildly passed through his thick and raven hair,

And there he kneels in agony, the image of despair. A lovely, gentle, weeping girl, was standing at his side.

Who only three short months before had been his happy bride;

And now, despite his wretchedness, tho' all other friends were flown,

She would not leave him in his grief: no—she was still his own.

She is standing by him now—her fair arm round him cast,

While down her pale and careworn cheek the bitter tears flow fast;

And her young heart is raised above in silent anxious prayer,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

For him who prays not for himself, but kneels in mute despair.

Little he knows the agony, that fills his wife's sad heart,
As she thinks that on the morrow's dawn, they must for ever part.

Her hopes so early blighted, her dreams of life all dead,
What has she now left, but to mourn those happy visions fled.

She feels she will not linger long, she knows she's fading fast,

Like that young and tender blossom, nip't by the withering winter's blast.

* * * * *

'Tis midnight: through the grated bars the little stars shine bright,

And through the "floecy white clouds sails," the silvery Queen of Night.

She stooped to part the clustering hair, from off his fevered brow,

"Ellen, dear Ellen," fare-thee-well, she hears him murmur low.

Lower she bends to catch his voice, but his last words are said,

And Ellen clasped a lifeless form, that erring soul had fled.

* * * * *

The morning came, all there was still, for sleeping side by side,

Upon the dungeon floor they lay—The murderer and his bride.

EMILY.

THE POLISH CAPTIVE.

A TRANSLATION.

Oh! warble again
Sweet skylark that strain,
It raises my thoughts with delight;
And once let me share
Thy dance in the air,
Through the clouds take an aërial flight.

Oh! wherefore rejoice,
Already thy voice,
Is hushed as thy spurs kiss the earth;
Here silent and sad,
In misery clad,
A captive—I envy thy mirth.

Then, repeat that sweet strain,
Pretty songster again,
It reminds me of moments gone by;
In grief all alone,
For freedom I groan,
For glorious liberty—die.

K.

LITERATURE.

The Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, D. D., Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles the First. By B. S., Barrister at Law.

Any one who has read the works of that most poetical, as well as most powerful of English writers—Jeremy Taylor—must hail with delight this tasteful selection of his "beauties." Here we have the quaint and the exquisite, the moral and the right thinking old divine in that garb, which if he had lived in modern times, his own good taste would have induced him to assume; for here we find removed all that rubbish of ancient lore, and useless pedantry, which rendered so many of his beauties obscure; and that impeded the person of refined taste from approaching them. It is only those who have read the original, can appreciate the labours of our friend B. S., who modestly conceals the merits that are known to so many in the literary world, beneath his initials. This edition of Taylor's works is the performance of a man, who being a writer himself, is perfectly competent to appreciate the beauties and defects of another. The result of his toil is a book of unequalled beauty in the English language. We have no prose book to be compared with it. Never did we feel less hesitation in recommending to our fair readers a book so worthy of their perusal, as that from which we take the following extracts.

CHARACTER OF THE COUNTESS OF CARBARY.

"If we consider her person, she was in the flower of age, of a temperate, plain, and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom; her prayers often, her reading much; she was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honourable actions, and as great a despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality. So free in all acts of favour, that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needful or an obliged person, should ever return to her again. She was an excellent friend, and hugely dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons; to all that conversed with her, and could understand her great worth; she was of an honourable, a nice, and a tender reputation; and of the pleasures of this world, which were laid before her in heaps, she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not caring to glut herself with vanity, or take her portion of good things here below.

"If we look on her as a wife, she was chaste and loving, fruitful and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and complaisant, rich and fair; and wanted nothing to the making her a principal and precedent to the best of wives in the world, but a long life and a full age.

"If we remember her as a mother, she was kind and severe, careful and prudent; very tender and loving; a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies; and one that would value them more by the strict rules

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of honour and proper worth, than by their relation to herself.

"Her servants found her prudent and fit to govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just exactor of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence.

"She was in her house a comfort to her dearest lord—a guide to her children—a rule to her servants—an example to all.

"But as she related to God in the offices of religion, she was even and constant, silent and devout, prudent and material; she loved what she now enjoys, and she feared what she never felt, and God did for her what she never did expect; her fears went beyond all her evils, and yet the good which she hath received, was, and is, and ever shall be, beyond all her hopes.

"She lived as we all should live, and she died as I fain would die. I pray God I may feel those miseries on my death-bed that she felt, and that I may feel the same effect of my repentance which she feels of the many degrees of her innocence. Such was her death that she did not die too soon; and her life was so useful and excellent, that she could not have lived too long.

"And as now in the grave it shall not be imagined concerning her how long she lived but how well, so to us who live after her, to suffer a longer calamity, it may be some ease to our sorrows, and some guide to our lives, and some security to our conditions, to consider that God hath brought the piety of a young lady to the early rewards of a never-ceasing and never-dying eternity of glory."

STRANGE FANCY OF A GERMAN GENTLEMAN.

"I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire by giving way, that after a few day's burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of *his death into life*. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his windriff and back-bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured amongst his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?"

TO THE COUNTESS NAKWASKY.

Two English friends united claim,
The kind remembrance of a name;
Herr Whitney and his gentle Frau,
Weave a chaplet for thy brow;
A wreath of love—a friendship's knot
Of roses and forget-me-not.

THE TWO DUELS.

"Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire."
DENHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear friend," so wrote the young and gallant Charles Melville to his old schoolfellow, Edward Ver-millier, "I shall be in Paris on the 25th instant, and have at length one grasp of your honest hand. Adolphus does not accompany me. He remains at Baden Baden to take charge of my affianced bride, Eugenia Dorval. My brother, in my absence, watches over, guards, and protects my happiness. It required, I can assure you, a strong effort on my part to leave her—nothing but a most important affair could have induced me to determine on a journey which must separate me, even though it be but for a few days, from my beloved Eugenia.

"You remember well the story of myself and my brother—how we were both left orphans at the age of eight years, and brought up by an aunt who really acted towards us as if she were our mother, for she never ceased to lavish upon us the most affectionate care, and the most unceasing solicitude. That affection has never diminished, and when forced by necessity to take up her abode in Paris, and that we ran our wild career through the world, she has yet watched over us, and sustained us by her counsels, or encouraged us by her praises. To repay then so much love with indifference or forgetfulness, would have been most base; and therefore it is that I determined, however great was the sacrifice, not to enter into the married state without asking of my second mother her consent, that I know she will be most happy to give me.

"But, as yet, you know nought of the lady I have chosen. Let me describe her to you in a few words. Eugenia Dorval is a perfect woman in beauty, and in heart and affections, pure as an angel. It is not love that I feel for her, it is idolatry. And shall I let you see into the inmost folds of my heart? Shall I tell you what I think of my approaching marriage? I tremble to enter into an alliance that I sigh for; for my reason—my observation—tells me that I am not the only adorer. My brother also loves her—my brother, too, idolizes her: and yet with a perfect abnegation of self—with a complete denial of his own wishes, that might almost be termed sublime, he affects in her presence tranquillity and indifference. Even as I write these lines my hand trembles with agitation—my eyes are covered as with a mist. And alas! how could it be otherwise? Why should he not feel the same ardour and the same affection for the same object that I myself experience? Twin brothers—have we not had from our birth always the same sentiments, the same feelings, and the same thoughts? The very resemblance that there is in our features, has it not also penetrated into the minutest fibres of our hearts? Ah! such an idea terrifies me. I have surprised Adolphus weeping—I have seen him turn pale as he listened to our words. Tell—oh! tell me, that I deceive myself. Prove to me that I

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

am the victim of a terrible delusion. Inspire me with the strength of not looking deeper into this mystery—for I feel that devotion and sacrifice are not for me, and that I would not yield Eugenia even to death."

It was not without the liveliest emotion, that Edward Vermillier perused this letter; for he was sincerely attached to the two brothers; and in thinking on the astonishing harmony—the perfect resemblance—the miraculous union that nature seemed to have established between them, he was but too well disposed to believe in the reality of the misfortune, which his friend had intimated thus distinctly to him.

The letter reached Paris but three days before the writer himself arrived. Charles Melville was a remarkably handsome young man, twenty-four years of age. His forehead denoted the possession of brilliant faculties, and in his full dark melancholy eye might be seen depicted a soul at once passionate and thoughtful.

The two friends met with joy, and at once entered into a full and confidential conversation with each other—a conversation in which there was not one secret thought withheld. Edward Vermillier had but few things to tell to his friend. His life had been free from those storms which come but to destroy the affections, and frequently to break the hearts of their victims.

It was not so with Charles Melville. All his thoughts, his wishes, and his hopes were centred in the heart of a single maiden—that was the heart of Eugenia Derval.

Endowed with a perfect education, with a lovely face and figure, of a character at once simple and affectionate, Eugenia was, in one word, an accomplished woman. Her father had acquired an immense fortune, and taken up his abode in Baden-Baden. Far from interfering with "the course of true love," M. Derval had encouraged the growing affection between his daughter and Charles Melville. Everything contributed to make the proposed union a happy one. In age, rank, and feeling, both parties were on a perfect equality.

Eugenia, it might be said, had the opportunity of choosing between the two brothers, and she gave the preference to Charles Melville, not because at first it was possible to make a distinction between them, but because Charles was the more animated of the two, and had first presumed to speak to her of love—to press her hand—and to make her mistress of her own destiny.

Adolphus, the more timid of the two, had contented himself with admiring Eugenia in silence, and loving her in secret, his disposition being to take the part of "Sorrow," in that domestic drama of which his brother should appear as the representative of "Happiness."

Charles, as it may be perceived, had penetrated the mystery of his heroic sufferings. On the point of being united with Eugenia, he was terrified at the thought of the blow he was about to aim at the heart of Adolphus. He told his grief to Edward, and the latter at length succeeded in convincing him, that despite of their amazing sympathy with each other in everything else, it was not to be presumed that they must both fall in love with the same lady.

Our wishes often are the interpreters which our heart employs to mislead our reason. Such, too, was the case with Charles Melville. The words of his friend at once dispelled all his cares, and it was agreed by the two young gentlemen, that they should finish their evening by a visit to the opera.

But, alas! on what a fragile thread depends the life of man! Charles Melville left his seat between the acts, and when he returned, he found his place occupied. He politely remarked to the stranger, that he had made a mistake in taking it, for on going out he left his glove on the seat, where it was still to be found.

The man to whom these observations was addressed, was of a most ferocious and forbidding aspect. He had thick grey moustachios—his frock coat closely buttoned up to the neck—the red ribbon at the button-hole—and the high, haughty look and manner, at once declared him to be an old officer, who had served under the Emperor. This person, in hearing himself addressed by Charles, scarcely deigned to turn round his head. He slightly raised his eye-brows, and then cast upon the young gentlemen a haughty and disdainful look.

"The place is mine, sir," said Charles, in a voice slightly tremulous with anger. "Will you give it up quietly, or shall I have to take it by force?"

"The place is *yours*, you say; very well; that is the reason I am determined to keep it as *mine*."

"Then you compel me to remove you from it," replied Charles, placing his hand on the stranger's collar.

At the moment he did so, he was instantly struck in the face; and thus an insult was offered to him, that in every country of the world, and despite of the strongest laws, requires a reparation, too frequently stained with blood.

A place of meeting was instantly fixed upon. Not one word of rage or of passion passed between the parties, only at the end of the performance the unknown, in passing Charles, looked at him fixedly, and in order that he might see what effect his words would produce upon him said—

"To-morrow, sir—I am General Dupont."

That name was known to Charles, as it was known to all the world; for it had acquired in France, but in Paris especially, a horrible celebrity. Every one knew that, thanks to his murderous talent, aided as it had hitherto been by chance, that every unfortunate man that had fronted the General as an antagonist in a duel, had been removed as a corpse!

No matter what may be a man's courage—nor how strong may be his nerves, nor how fixed his determination, still the moments that precede a duel are moments of awful suspense; for then all the bonds that bind us to the world seem to be drawn with greater closeness towards it. Charles passed the entire night in thinking and in writing. And more than one bitter remembrance came to shake his nerves, and to wring his heart. When daylight, however, at length appeared, the time of trial was over. The man was complete master of himself, and free from every weakness.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Conceiving that the insult which Charles Melville had received was too gross for any middle course of reconciliation to be adjusted, Edward Vermillier took upon himself the office of a second, without thinking of being a peace maker. He knew, too, that his friend Charles was a man of dauntless bravery, and a most accomplished shot. He then, with the second of the General, arranged that the meeting should take place in the wood of Vincennes, near to the village of Saint Monde—that the two combatants should stand at twenty paces distance, and that chance should decide which should first fire.

Charles, on getting into his carriage, gave to his friend a letter, telling him that in case he should be killed, he was to give it to his brother Adolphus.

"You will tell him that the last words that faltered on my lips when expiring, were his name, and that of—Eugenia."

Edward clasped the hand of his friend in silence. It was felt by Charles as an inviolable promise, and he only added, with a melancholy smile,

"Thanks! thanks!"

Charles at once proceeded to the ground. The General was there before him, and perceiving him, he advanced towards him, and coldly saluted him, and then began smoking as apparently unconcerned as if he were an entire stranger to the frightful scene that was about to be enacted.

A five franc piece was thrown in the air, and chance favoured Charles Melville. Certain as he was of his aim, he at once saw that his adversary was lost; but on finding himself master of the existence of a man who had offered him a most unprovoked outrage, his resentment was completely extinguished. He was horrified at the thought of causing death in that body which God had animated with life. He asked himself how he could think of bringing to the altar of religion the pure Eugenie, and there offering her a hand red with the blood of a fellow creature.

The thoughts of his love triumphed over the memory of the outrage he endured. He extended his arm, and exclaimed,

"Now, General, for—the half of your hat."

The ball whistled, and carried off the object at which he had aimed.

General Dupont had not made a single movement that could indicate fear, surprise, or gratitude. His brow was frowning, his look menacing, and a smile of irony curled on his lip.

"You are very skilful, sir," he said coldly. "And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left."

The shot was fired, and Charles fell—the shot had passed through his heart.

"It is a vile, cold-blooded assassination!" exclaimed Edward Vermillier, pale with rage and indignation.

"Make no foolish noise, young man," said the General, in an icy tone of voice. "Every one uses his right of firing as he pleases. Farewell, gentlemen."

In pronouncing these words, the General got into his cabriolet, and drove off.

Edward Vermillier rendered the last duties to the re-

mains of his friend. The unfortunate young man was interred in the cemetery of St. Maude; and when that sad mission had been fulfilled, he immediately repaired to Baden-Baden, in order that he might most punctually fulfil the promise that he had made to him who no longer existed.

Adolphus Melville, on receiving this news, remained like one stricken with a thunderbolt. His grief was silent and sombre, like that which despairs and cannot seek any consolation in a future hope. He brought Edward Vermillier into a shooting gallery. He fired two shots with a pistol, and each shot was directly in the centre of the mark.

"Edward," said he, "do you think I could hit a man if I aimed at him?"

CHAPTER II.

Six months after the occurrences just detailed, a great crowd, attracted by the promise of a splendid performance, was attracted to the opera-house, and amongst them was one well known to every one—General Dupont. Not far from him might be observed a young man whose face was of marble paleness, and whose eye of fire seemed to be fixed with an intent gaze upon every movement of the General.

It was not without astonishment that some persons remarked, that the instant the General left his seat between the acts, this young man dashed from his own, and took possession of that which the old officer had but vacated for a moment.

"This place is mine, sir," said the General, in a haughty tone of voice on his return.

Not the slightest answer was given to him.

"Quit this place instantly—do you hear?" continued General Dupont, excited to a furious passion.

The young man turned round his head. There was an ironical smile on his face, and without speaking he looked at the General fixedly for a few moments. The latter involuntarily shuddered. That face—the extraordinary resemblance between the two brothers, called back to his memory a scene that he had almost forgotten.

"The place is *yours*, you say," slowly uttered the unknown; "very well—that is the reason I am determined to keep it as *mine*."

A blow was exchanged, and at the same instant a female shriek was heard in a box, where a young lady was seen sitting alone and trembling.

"To-morrow, sir."

"To-morrow," repeated the General, in a similar tone.

"We shall fight, if you have no objection, at Vincennes, near the village of St. Maude, and that gentleman there will be my second."

In saying these words, the unknown pointed to Edward Vermillier, who was in an adjoining seat, and who remained a calm, but not an indifferent spectator of this scene. The General looked at the latter with the greatest surprise.

"Well—well!" he exclaimed, seized with a strange

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

emotion—"either he or some one else—it is a matter of no consequence who it may be."

It is unnecessary to say that the young man was Adolphus Melville.

He took Edward's arm, and repaired with him to apartments in the rue Lepelletier, which were occupied by Eugenia and her father. Since the death of Charles, the sight of Baden had become intolerable to Eugenia. Grief was slowly but certainly undermining her health, and M. Derval insisted that she should come to Paris, in the hope that the thousand distractions of the city might dissipate a sorrow that seriously threatened her life.

White as a statue, Eugenia trembled as she heard the approaching footsteps of Adolphus, and in the midst of her tears, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Heavens! What have you done?"

"My duty."

"Alas! alas! am I condemned to lose all?"

"Think on *Aime*," replied Adolphus.

Eugenia let her head fall between her hands, and in a voice scarcely intelligible murmured,

"Ah! I can no longer think but of—you."

"Oh! hush! hush!" cried the young man, as he turned pale. "So you wish to make me a coward—a wretch? I am a fool—I weep—I tremble—see—you have made me afraid."

Eugenia Derval in an instant obtained full command of herself. She seized hold of his hand—looked at him for a long time, and then said,

"I do not at all love you."

"Thanks! thanks! my sister," cried Adolphus in a despairing tone of voice, as he left the house in company with his friend."

Edward Vermillier had consented to become the second of Adolphus, as he had been so to Charles Melville; for his entire soul was possessed with the thoughts of vengeance, and he was determined if his friend fell in the coming conflict, to offer himself to the general as the last victim.

The place where the quarrels had taken place—the ground selected for the combat—the astonishing resemblance between the man whom he had as an adversary, with him whom he had slain—all those circumstances which seemed to be brought about by chance, produced a most extraordinary impression upon the mind of General Dupont. He did not bring to the ground his wonted careless courage—nor had he that confidence in himself which on all other occasions he had experienced; and although chance gave him the first shot, he felt that his skill had left him with his *sang froid*.

He aimed at his adversary with an eager and convulsive hand, and the ball whizzed by the hair of Adolphus Melville.

Adolphus preserved an attitude of stoical indifference while fronting the weapon of his formidable adversary. He turned to his enemy, and extended his arm, while with a cruel slowness he aimed at him, and said in a voice that penetrated his frame,

"And now for you, sir—the fifth button on the left."

VOL. XXII.—No. 252.

The trigger was pulled, and again the prophecy was realised. General Dupont was slain with a pistol bullet on the scene of his former homicidal exploits.

The ravenous wild beast was deprived of the power of destroying life.

When Adolphus Melville and Edward Vermillier again appeared in the house of M. Derval, they found Eugenia bathed in tears, more pale than usual, and on her knees. Adolphus advanced towards her.

"Eugenia," said he, "my brother is avenged. I can now read for you a letter, which he wrote to me the day of his death, and the contents of which I have hitherto concealed from you."

"Read," murmured the young girl, as her hand pressed closely on her heart.

The letter of Charles Melville contained but these few lines:—

"My friend, my brother, my Adolphus. I fight to-day, and I shall fall in the *rencontre*. I have a presentiment of it, and shall I vow this to you?—that though I am on the point of espousing Eugenia, that maiden of my choice—that angel of my dreams, yet I dread not death; and I dare almost to desire it, for the union which would render me the most happy of men would also condemn me to an everlasting grief. I have penetrated your thoughts. I have learned your sacrifice—I have admired your devotion. Espouse her—I demand it as a kindness—I prescribe it as a duty."

Not one word was exchanged between these two young persons after the reading of this letter. Eugenia Derval stretched her hand to Adolphus, who pressed it to his lips, and the wish of the dead was soon carried into effect. United before men, as they had been almost unknown to themselves, in the secrecy of their hearts, they withdrew to the village of Saint Maude, near to the tomb of Charles; and not a day now passes over their heads, that they do not bring thither a prayer, a flower, and a tear.

B. GALLÉ.

STANZAS.

She stood on the beach for her heart beat high,
As she watch'd for his gondolier;
And he whom she sought for was to her nigh,
As her own heart's blood so dear.

The waves beat high o'er the troubled main,
As each bark bore across the sea;
She turn'd her eyes and look'd again,
And with joy she cried—" 'tis he."

In a moment he pressed her to his heart,
Their embrace was long and dear;
He vowed they never again should part,
And led her to his gondolier.

He bore his prize swiftly across the wave,
Her aged father sought her in vain;
She was destined to be the wife of the brave,
And his daughter he ne'er saw again.

F

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS MISER.

Two students of the University of Varsovia were passing through the street that is called the suburbs of Cracow, facing the column of King Sigismund, the top of which towers above all the buildings of the capital of Poland, and the pedestal of which is surrounded by petty hawkers, who sell fruits and cakes to the passengers. Our two students stopped to look at a man whose figure and dress attracted universal attention. He appeared to be about fifty or sixty years old, a black coat worn almost to rags covered a body which appeared to have been thinned by toil and hard work, a large hat shaded a wrinkled and lofty brow, and his pace, which was almost a run, plainly denoted that his time was not his own.

This man, whose vivacity afforded a singular contrast to his bodily weakness, walked towards the column; there he stopped and purchased a small morsel of bread, for which he paid a halfpenny. After taking a few mouthfuls he carefully put the rest in his pocket, and pursued his road, turning towards the palace of General Zaionezek, the Lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know who that man is?" demanded one of the students of his companion.

"Indeed I do not. But, judging from his miserable appearance, and sorrowful countenance, I should say he was an undertaker."

"Then you are wrong, for that is Stanislaus Staszic."

"Staszic!" repeated the student, looking at the man, who was just about entering the palace of General Zaionezek. He continued, "Is it possible that that man who was running along the street, and stopped to buy a morsel of bread, is rich and powerful?"

"Yes, it is Stanislaus Staszic," replied the other. "Would you believe that under those wretched habiliments lays concealed one of our most influential ministers, and illustrious students of Europe?"

In truth the man who had attracted their attention by the singularity of his costume, and the hurried steps by which he walked the streets, was no other than Staszic himself, the minister of state, president of the Academy of Sciences, knight of several orders, and author of a great many works, as remarkable for their towering genius, as for the patriotic sentiments which they breathed.

The man whose exterior so forcibly contrasted with his position in society, who was as powerful as his appearance was degrading, who possessed as much riches as his apparent poverty, owed all his fortune to his own works and talent. Born of poor parents, he quitted Poland to seek in strange schools that renown which he could not acquire in his own.

He spent some years in the universities of Leipsic and Göttingen, continued his studies at the College in France, under Brisson and Anbunton, possessed himself of the friendship of Buffon, visited the Alps and the Apennines, and returned to his own country to display for the benefit of Poland, the fruits of his long study, and painful researches.

Attentive, industrious, and esteemed for his good conduct, he was employed by one of the rich Polish lords to finish the education of his only son. The Government then wished to profit by his talents, and Staszic by degrees was elevated to the highest dignities, and first posts. Economy made him rich. Five hundred deer ornamented his grounds, and a large portion of the Bank was occupied by his immense fortune.

A man of the people who has raised himself above the crowd, no matter what may have been the services he has rendered to the state, is the mark at which the arrows of envy are levelled. The mediocres revenge themselves by calumny. Then is it to be wondered at that Staszic, now arrived at the summit of power, was surrounded by numberless enemies?

His fortune they attributed to intrigue, his elevation to favouritism, his good works to vanity; but what gave an air of truth to these ill-natured rumours, was his inconceivable avarice.

He gave large donations towards the propagation of science, and for the benefit of the country, but how could the people believe him possessed of such generosity, when they beheld his worn clothes, the poor nourishment which he took, and his beggarly lodgings.

Thus, when he traversed the streets of Varsovia, all eyes were upon him.

A group had formed round the students, amongst whom was a nobleman and a priest. All had been looking after Staszic.

"Now, who would think," cried the nobleman with white mustachios, and whose costume recalled the fashion of the time of King Sigismund, "who would think that that was a minister of state? Why, in the time of the old republic, when a palatin passed through the capital, mounted soldiers preceded and followed his carriage, the military dispersed the crowd, that his passage might be unobstructed. What respect can any one feel for a miser, who is afraid to buy a carriage, and passes along the streets greedily devouring a small morsel of bread like a beggar without money or home?"

"He is a disgrace to mankind," continued the priest. "His heart is as hard as the coffers that contain his gold. The poor might die at his door, and he would refuse them a single crumb."

"He has worn that same coat ten years," said another. "He sits on the ground for fear of spoiling his chair," continued they, and then every one broke out abusing and mocking him."

A young man present listened to all this in silence, and although he said nothing, he was suffering visibly from the malevolent remarks which were showering around him. At length not able to bear it any longer, turning towards the priest, he said,

"You ought to speak with more respect of a man who is distinguished by his generosity; what matter is it to us how he dresses, what he eats, so that we know he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"What has he done?" demanded the priest.

"The Academy of Sciences wanted the place where they

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

might have a library. Who was it offered them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic?"

"Yes, yes, it was Staszic, for he is as greedy of praises as of gold. There his vanity conquered his avarice, he knew well that the journalists would praise him as if he was a demi-god."

The young man wished to answer, but they would not listen to him. Sadly he turned away, after hearing his benefactor so wrongfully accused.

That night he repaired to the theatre; the play was "The Miser Zolkowski." Crowds filled the theatre and saloon. Our young student penetrated the mob till he got a good place; in vain he looked for the man whom he admired, but he saw him not. He had expected to have seen Staszic there.

The curtain rose; a thunder of applause greeted the actor, who imitated the dress and walk of Staszic. The young man was pained, but how was his grief augmented when the people, by one accord, commenced hissing. This outraged man was Staszic. The crowd had recognized the miser in the actor. He appeared calm and passive, notwithstanding the convulsive movements of the crowds, he remained indifferent to the end of the play.

The following morning the student went to see Staszic, and there he encountered his sister, who was weeping and cursing her inhuman brother. This astonished him, and inspired him with an unalterable resolution that it was Staszic who had placed him at college—it was he who offered him the means of continuing his studies. The young man determined to repulse these gifts; he did not wish to receive favours of a man who was not touched by the tears of a sister.

The learned minister, on perceiving his favourite pupil, did not stir from his studies, but while writing he said to him:—

"Is it you, Adolphus, what do you wish for? If you want books, take them from my library. If you want any instruments, buy them, and let them be put down to my account. Is the money that I allow you sufficient to satisfy all your wants? if not, I will augment it. Speak, as if to a friend—a father."

"On the contrary, I came here to thank you for your gifts, and to renounce them for ever."

"Have you then become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And the college?"

"I abandon it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, raising his head, and giving a penetrating glance at the young man. You, who are the cleverest of our pupils, the hope of our engineers. By my honour, that is not possible."

In vain the young student wished to conceal the truth, but at last, being forced, he acknowledged the noble motive which influenced him to take this proceeding.

"You wish to do me a service," said he, "at the expense of your own family."

Staszic could not conceal his emotion, and tears fell from his eyes. After a few moments silence, he pressed the hand of his pupil, and said with emotion:—

"My young friend, you ought never to judge men and their actions before their death. There is no virtue which may not be sullied with vice, no calumny that time will not dissipate. My conduct is, to you, an enigma, and I will not give you the key, for it is the secret of my life."

Seeing that the young man remained immovable, he added:—

"Count up the money that I have advanced you, keep it as a boon; and when you become rich, you will pay it to any young man who may want it. As to me, wait for my death before you judge of my life."

* * * * *

During fifty years Stanislaus Staszic allowed calumny to darken every act of his life; he knew that a day would come when all Poland would do him justice, and when his name would be placed at the head of men distinguished by their generosity and devotedness to their country.

The 30th of January, 1826, thirty thousand inhabitants, with tears in their eyes, were gathered around his death-bed.

His will explained his conduct—it gave the key to his avarice.

"Yes," said he, "I imposed the hardest privations on myself, and it was solely by this means that I gathered this fortune—the fortune which I have destined for my country."

The immense grounds that he possessed, he divided amongst five hundred peasants. He ordered to be built a school for children, and with the approbation of the Emperor Alexander, several improvements were made in the College which he himself had founded. He also left six hundred millions of florins for the endowing and building of an hospital, and a considerable sum to be divided amongst the studious youth of Poland.

As to his sister, he left her a house to live in rent-free, and a sum of money, as much of which was to be given to her yearly as would enable her to live comfortably, for this woman knew not the value of money, and she would throw it away without thinking that it was her brother's bounty that provided it for her.

For a long time Stanislaus Staszic was the victim of unjust calumny. Since his death five hundred families surrounded by happiness and liberty, each day raise their grateful voices in humble prayers for the eternal welfare of the illustrious miser.

PAULINA.

FELICITY.

It is felicity supreme,
To rove through woods when mortals dream;
To listen when the thrushes sing,
And watch the wild deer as they spring.
Oh! sit my love on yonder mound,
And mock the warblers that surround;
Or imitate the young fawn's grace,
That I thy fairy steps may chase.

K.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. LUMLEY has proved by his programme of the present season, that the tact and ability that has carried him so well through previous seasons, and amidst difficulties that would have ruined most other managers, has not been allowed to lie dormant during the recess. On every side we were told of difficulties—that no performers were to be had—that the Continent had scarcely any one worth bringing to this country who were not engaged, and yet we find by the programme now issued, that the company has never been surpassed in point of brilliancy and force, and that the new engagements not only promise in themselves to be of high excellence, but to embrace the production of novelty in the way of operas, of a more than usually attractive character. We can speak in terms of unqualified praise of the engagements for the opera. First we have GRISI, as usual, always the queen of the lyric drama. Then we have Madame CASTELLAN, who, whether in this country or the Continent, has always maintained a reputation as a *vocaliste* of the highest rank, and whose beauty of voice, and purity of style, must be well remembered by the *habitués* of concerts during the past season. Then we have BRAMBILLA as *contralto*, and a most charming *artiste* she is, her success a season or two since having been very decided. Madlle. RITA BORIO, from the Grand Opera at Madrid, is already very favourably known to us by reputation. Her voice is a *soprano* of high quality, being well trained and flexible, and in addition, she is a very pretty woman, of some five-and-twenty years, and is likely to make a most favourable impression in this country. ROSSI CACCIA has long been spoken of as being a most desirable engagement, and as ranking next to GRISI; her charming florid style, and the beautiful quality of her voice, a *soprano* of exquisite quality, has rendered her so much a favourite on the Continent, that her engagement has hitherto been a matter of great difficulty, and we feel certain the subscribers will be much delighted with her, and that she will prove a most profitable card for the management. MORIANI is engaged, and commences the season with the favourite FORNASARI, whilst MARIO, LABLACHE, BOTELLI, CORELLI, and F. LABLACHE, are also in full force, and a new engagement for a limited period has been made with BARROILLET, the celebrated singer from the Academie Royale, who has so suddenly sprung into the highest reputation. He is likely to make a great sensation, as he possesses one of the most extraordinary and beautiful voices that has ever been heard. COSTA, as usual, conducts, and a variety of new operas have been put into rehearsal; and most conspicuous amongst the composers we find the name of VERDI, whose music has become the most popular of the day in Italy; his compositions are full of sparkling melodies, and in his style he reminds us much of BELLINI, with a great deal of the grace and expression of MERCADANTE. In the ballet department Mr. LUMLEY has catered in a most liberal spirit, for we are to have a more brilliant assemblage of talent in this, than has yet been

assembled together. CARLOTTA GRISI, CERITO, and TAGLIONI, are to appear in the same ballet, and TAGLIONI bids her farewell to the stage, on which occasion a ballet will be produced for her of a very peculiar character, in which the principal scene from each of those ballets in which she has obtained the greatest success, will be brought forward, and we shall then lose for ever the most perfect *danseuse* the world has ever seen. In addition to these eminent *artistes* we are to have the graceful LUCILLE GRAHN, Madlle. LOUISE WEISS, FERDINAND, DEMELISSE, CASSON, MONCELET; and the men are also well selected, Sr. LEON is the chief dancer, with PERROT who is also ballet master, GOSSELIN, DE MATTIA, BERTRAND, and TOUSSAINT; whilst the celebrated *Danseuses Viennoises*, thirty-six in number, have also been engaged. The great sensation these children have excited in Paris is most extraordinary; the beauty and grace of their characteristic dances, and the *ensemble* of their *tableaux* and groupings, are said to be the most wonderful things of the day; and during their performance at the Grand Opera, in Paris, they completely threw the regular ballet performances into the shade, bearing away all the applause from the regular *artistes*; even the greatest favourites of the Parisian public being unable to make any head against them during their stay at the Academie Royale, so great was their triumph there; and we can venture to predict to the full as equal a success to them in this country. We have heard an almost incredible sum named as the terms of their engagement, but we think that, liberal as it is, they will fully repay Mr. LUMLEY for his spirit. The subscription for the present season is unusually strong—fuller, indeed, than it has ever yet been, the number of nights being the same as previous seasons—viz., 47 nights. The season commences with VERDI's opera of *Ernani*, (with new scenery by Mr. MARSHALL), thus cast: *Ernani*, Signor MORIANI; *Ruy Gomez*, Signor FORNASARI; *Carlo Quinto*, Signor BOTELLI; and *Elviro*, Madame RITA BORIO. After which will be produced a new ballet, by PERROT, entitled *La Fille de la Dryade*, the music by PUGNI, the scenery by Marshall, in which will appear Madlle. LUCILLE GRAHN, LOUISE WEISS, FERDINAND, DEMELISSE, CASSON, MONCELET, &c.; M. TOUSSAINT, GOSSELIN, DI MATTIA, BERTRAND, PERROT, and the *Danseuses Viennoises*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL seems likely to make this the most successful season he has yet had; and certainly to the subscribers it is the most attractive, for the novelties are of an exceedingly interesting description, and the *artistes* have all the freshness of novelty and high rank in their profession to recommend them. The patronage bestowed by her Majesty in honouring the performances with her presence, has had an excellent effect, the theatre being more than ever the resort of the fashionable world, who seem to enjoy in the spirit of the performances, and the luxury of the handsomely furnished boxes, the sort of entertainment so well suited to the aristocracy. The engagement of FREDERICK LEMAITRE has been a grand *coup* for the director. In France there

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

are now few actors of prominence in the more serious branches of the drama, and if we take away **FREDERICK LEMAITRE**, we may say none. Though his style is peculiar, it is the melodramatic of deep, intensely deep, interest, tinged at times with the humorous, the strong contrast forcing out the points the more vividly and intensely from the sudden and unexpected working. **FREDERICK LEMAITRE** is unquestionably a great actor in the style he has chosen; he stands alone, and amid the host of imitators who have envied his success, and chosen him as their model, none have ever approached him nearer than as the shadow dimly reflects its object. Most happily in Paris has he been termed the Talma of the Boulevards. Possessing many points of resemblance to that tragedian, he has done for melodrama what Talma did for tragedy: he struck out for himself a line as original as it has been extraordinary. His public is his own; the *Galérien* has been ennobled, and *Robert Macaire* has become the type of a character as perfect as *MOLIERE* has painted to us in his *Tartuffe*. In every sense **LEMAITRE** is a perfect artist, whether in the deep and serious impersonation of the highly wrought character of the melodrama, or in the widely different school of comedy, in each he is truly excellent, for they bear the stamp of true genius about them. In the part in which he commenced his engagement, that of *George Maurice*, in the *Dame de St. Tropez*, he is seen to much advantage; the drama, which is very peculiarly constructed, has run upwards of a hundred nights in Paris, the groundwork being formed upon some parts of the life of *Madame Laffarge*; but in this instance she is made an innocent and suffering woman, the victim of hate on the part of the husband's relatives; and it is only when too late the dying man discovers by the reflection in the looking glass the hand that has poisoned him, that he stones to his wife for his unjust suspicions and injuries. Nothing could be more striking than **LEMAITRE**'s acting, especially in the last scenes; it was perfectly true to nature: the picture of life ebbing fast from one who lingers but to work out the purpose and moral of the drama, was most beautifully delineated, and must long linger in the remembrance of those who have witnessed it, as one of the most extraordinary performances the stage has ever produced, and the applause that rewarded his exertions was more loud and general than has been bestowed upon any artist. **Mr. MITCHELL** has yet engaged. But in all the parts that **LEMAITRE** plays he is equally great: whether in the *Auberge des Adrets*, the wild and reckless *Don César de Bazan*, or the host of others of his varied repertoire. *Madlle. CLARISSE* is an actress of much ability; her style of acting is natural, and marked with much good sense and discrimination; and she possesses a ladylike demeanour that few actresses have. She was altogether extremely well received, and will be a most valuable accession to the company. In the *Auberge des Adrets* we shall have an opportunity of seeing him in his most celebrated character of *Robert Macaire*. In *Trente ans de la Vie d'un Joueur*, he is likely to be more striking than even in his performance of *Maurice* or *Don César*, as the interest is most thrilling.

NEW MUSIC.

In the absence of any novelty in the way of operas, the musical publishers are putting forth every variety of the Polka, the new Cellarius Waltzes, and Mazurkas, whilst an occasional pretty ballad peeps forth to remind us of the sweet and plaintive style of our own English melodies. Amongst the pieces most worthy of notice, are—

The Cellarius Waltz. By Charles Coote. Chappell.—This is marked in character, and admirably suited for dancing to, being arranged with that facility for fingering that Coote is so very successful in. It is in the key of D, and a very pretty movement adapted to the purpose of the Cellarius Waltz.

The Bayadere Galop. By Strauss.—This is chiefly in F, and is the favourite movement in Auber's ballets of the *Dieu* and the *Bayadere*, arranged in the form of a galop.

Les Russes. By Charles Coote.—These are a lively and pleasing set of Mazurkas; the greatest favourite will be the Vienna, No. 3, in A sharp, which is very nicely worked up.

Burgmuller's Mazurkas.—These arranged so as to serve the double purpose of Quadrilles and Waltzes, being all written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. They are devoid of difficulty, but present otherwise no very marked character.

The Premiere Mazurka, by the same composer, in C, is more marked in character, and is altogether a lively and effective Rondo.

Jullien's Chimes Quadrilles.—Beyond saying that like all Jullien's Quadrilles, they are well marked for dancing to, we can find little to admire in these quadrilles. The selection of melodies is not happy, and they present nothing very striking in character.

A new ballad, by John Parry, senior, "*In a Sweet Fertile Valley*," is a very pleasing ballad, in B flat, adapted for soprano and mezzo-soprano voices. The air flows sweetly and gracefully, and it is altogether effective.

"*Hark Mother, Hark*," is a ballad by F. N. Crouch, in C. The compass is rather low, being adapted for contralto voices; it is however effective. The change of the *cantabile* into A flat is very well managed and striking.

"*I Think of Thee*." By W. Gutteridge.—This is one of those charming English ballads that every one feels a pleasure in hearing, being replete with taste and feeling. It is in A flat, and adapted for almost any voice.

DESTINY.

Yes, fate!—I understand thee well:
Happiness in this world will not dwell;
It blooms in dreams of fiction and in thought,
But never yet by mortal hand was caught.
We suffer much of misery and pain,
And for every grief—comes grief again.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE; OR, THE BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND; WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF HOWTH.

Amongst the nobility of the sister kingdom, there are some the superiors in rank, a few the superiors in wealth, but none so deservedly popular, nor so justly beloved, as the Earl of Howth. He is one of those excellent men, who, deriving their wealth from the toil of the Irish, diffuse their treasures with a generous hand, and promote by their presence, and encourage by their example, all the manly and popular sports of the poor. Lord Howth lives in the midst of a happy tenantry—he watches over their welfare—and whilst we are often shocked in this country with tales of crime, and deeds of terror, perpetrated in Ireland, we are always certain, that none of these transactions occur upon the lands which belong to the Earl of Howth.

It will be seen from the following account of Lord Howth's ancestors, that theirs is a "truly Irish" family.

The original surname of this very ancient family was Tristram, and it is said to have been exchanged for the present one of St. Lawrence, under the following circumstances:—A member of the house of Tristram, having the command of an army against the invaders of his native soil, attacked and totally routed them on St. Lawrence's day, near Clontarffe, and assumed, in consequence of a vow made previously to the battle, the name of the saint, which his descendants have ever since borne. The sword, with which this warrior fought and vanquished, still hangs in the hall of Howth, where the family has resided since its first arrival in Ireland, a period of six centuries at least.

SIR AMORICUS TRISTRAM, the brother-in-law and companion in arms of Sir John Courcy, having in the year 1177, succeeded in landing at Howth, defeated the Irish in a pitched battle at the bridge of Ivora, and obtained the lands and barony (by tenure) of Howth, as a reward for his distinguished valour during the conflict. After this successful commencement, Sir Amoricus, with his brother-in-law Sir John Courcy, reduced the whole province of Ulster; but in 1189, when Sir John was removed from the government of Ireland by King Richard the First, Sir Amoricus, who was then in Connaught, being attacked by O'Connor, the king of that province, and overwhelmed by numbers, himself and his whole party, consisting of thirty knights and two hundred infantry, perished to a man. By the sister of Sir John Courcy, Earl of Ulster, Sir Amoricus left three sons; the two younger of whom were slain on Good Friday, 1203, in assisting their uncle Courcy against Lacie's men, in the churchyard of Downpatrick; and the eldest,

SIR NICHOLAS FITZ AMOREY, second baron, was obliged to content himself with the lands of Howth, and

relinquished, to religious houses, the conquests of his father, in Ulster. From this Sir Nicholas, the barony descended, uninterruptedly, to

SIR ROBERT ST. LAWRENCE, the fifteenth baron, who was appointed, on the 23d of February, 1467, chancellor of the green wax of the exchequer; and constituted, on the 10th July, 1483, Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. His lordship married Joan, second daughter of Edward Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. The second son, Thomas, was appointed in 1532, Attorney-general of Ireland, and, in 1535, second justice of the court of king's-bench. Sir Robert was succeeded by his elder son,

SIR NICHOLAS ST. LAWRENCE, the sixteenth baron. This nobleman, for his fidelity to King Henry the Seventh in the affair of Lambert Simnel, was presented by that monarch with 300 pieces of gold, and confirmed by charter, dated 4th March, 1489, in the lands of Howth, &c. He subsequently attended the Lord-deputy Kildare, at the famous battle of Knocktough, in Connaught, fought against the Irish, 19th August, 1504, where his lordship headed the bill men on foot. Sir Nicholas was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 10th June, 1509, and dying in 1526, was succeeded by his eldest son by his first wife, Genet, only daughter of Sir Christopher Plunkett, third lord of Killeen,

SIR CHRISTOPHER ST. LAWRENCE, the seventeenth baron, who was succeeded by his eldest son,

EDWARD, eighteenth baron. This nobleman dying without male issue, in 1549, was succeeded by his brother,

SIR RICHARD ST. LAWRENCE, nineteenth baron; at whose decease, without issue, in 1558, the barony devolved upon his brother,

CHRISTOPHER, twentieth baron, generally called the "blind lord;" who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Plunket, of Beaulieu, by his wife Anne, daughter of Robert Barnewall, Esq., of Dromenagh, and was succeeded at his decease, in 1589, by his eldest son,

SIR NICHOLAS ST. LAWRENCE, twenty-first baron. This nobleman married first, Margaret, fifth daughter of Sir Christopher Barnewall, of Turvey; and, secondly, Mary, daughter of Sir Nicholas White, of Leixlip, master of the rolls. His lordship died 14th of May, 1606, and was succeeded by his eldest son (by his first marriage),

SIR CHRISTOPHER ST. LAWRENCE, twenty-second baron. This nobleman, who was a colonel of infantry, commanded the rear of the vanguard at the battle of Carlingford, 13th November, 1600, under the Lord-deputy Mountjoy, against Tyrone. His lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of — Wentworth, Esq., of Pickering, in the county of York, and died in 1619. From this period the barony passed, uninterruptedly through father and son, to

THOMAS, the twenty-seventh baron, who succeeded, in 1748, and was created, on the 3d September, 1767, Viscount St. Lawrence, and Earl of Howth. His lordship, in consideration of his own and his ancestors' services, obtained, June the 7th, 1776, a pension of £500 a-year.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR MARCH, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

BOHEMIAN FANCY DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Skirt of a bright crimson satin, ornamented round the bottom with two broad *bias* of black velvet, each *bias* ornamented with three stripes of gold lace, the upper piece of velvet being somewhat lower than the lower one; low corsage of the same material as the skirt, having a small gold stomacher let in in the front, the shoulder straps being made wide enough at the lower part to represent a short sleeve; over this corsage is worn a lower cut bodice of black velvet edged with gold, opening down the front to a little above the waist, which is pointed, and from the point of which descends a narrow strip of pale blue satin fancifully trimmed at the bottom with black velvet and gold lace, and edged with a broad fringe of gold and white silk; a bouquet of pink and white roses concealing the point of the waist; under chemisette and loose sleeves of fine India muslin. Black velvet hat with a pointed crown, decorated in the front with a rosette of crimson satin, which attaches two crimson feathers; two long ends of black velvet stream from the back.

TURKISH DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Trowsers and slippers of pale amber satin; the former being made full, and fastened round the ankle: under loose dress of fine book muslin embroidered in gay colours; an open tunic is worn over of pale pink satin; this skirt is made considerably shorter than the muslin one, and over this again a sort of deep rounded jacket, fitting in to the waist at the back, and ornamented down the fronts with a narrow stripe of gold, upon which are placed small round gold buttons; this round jacket is composed of purple velvet; short sleeves are attached also bound round with a gold lace; under these short sleeves are very wide loose sleeves of plain white gauze or muslin. The hair is arranged in long loose plaits, and surmounted with an oriental turban of yellow cachmeire striped with crimson, and decorated on the left side with a short white *esprit* feather. We must not omit mentioning that a girdle of crimson satin surrounds the lower part of the hips, attached in front with a clasp of rubies set in gold.

FANCY DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of the time of Elizabeth, composed of an under-dress of white satin shot with pink, and trimmed with a narrow pale straw-coloured satin ribbon, surrounding the bottom part twice, and ascending up the centre of the skirt, where it is entirely concealed by a *cordelière* composed of precious stones, which is attached to the point of the stomacher; the upper dress is of green velvet lined with white satin and made *à train*, opening up the entire front; the low corsage is cut square over the bosom and descends on each side, where it is decorated with a narrow gold lace and buttons; the stomacher is composed of lilac satin laced across with a small gold cord;

half-long hanging sleeves of velvet likewise lined with white satin, and shewing an under-dress of white satin puffed and slashed with crimson velvet. The head-dress is arranged with a golden net work, forming a kind of broad plait, and placed rather behind the ears; on the summit of the head is a flat kind of crimson velvet round cap, from which depends a long flowing veil of white gauze.

PLATE THE THIRD.

HOME COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—*Robe redingote* of a pretty chocolate-coloured rich watered silk; the *jupe* is made very long and full; plain high Amazonian corsage, forming a slight point in the front of the waist, and fastened with two silk tassels of the same colour, the corsage faced with velvet lappels of the same shade as the dress, and fastened half way up the front of the body; plain tight sleeves, opening up as far as the elbow, and let in with velvet, forming a lozenge pattern; plain rounded cuffs, also of velvet; *chemisette* of fine cambric, trimmed with a plaited stand up frill round the throat, supported with a cravat of purple velvet, tied in a pretty knot in the front, a row of fine cambric-work decorating the front part. Cap of India muslin, trimmed with two rows of white lace, the top row headed with a wreath of pale lilac satin ribbon, the left side being decorated with a *naud* of the same; strings to match.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant dress is composed of a rich white satin, the skirt trimmed on each side of the fronts with a facing of the same, cut in a kind of wave on each side, and edged with a narrow binding of white *areophane*. This facing is put on flat, and ornamented at regular intervals with a fancy trimming of pale yellow and pink flowers, the size of the flowers diminishing as they ascend; low pointed corsage, made perfectly plain, as well as the short sleeves, the whole top part of the corsage being entirely concealed with a rich *berthe* of white lace, attached in the centre with a bouquet of pink roses. Ball head-dress, composed of a magnificent lapnet of white lace, fastened on the top of the head with a *guirlande à la reine* of pink and white roses, forming a kind of coronet, the front hair being worn in light ringlets.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale pink satin, trimmed round the bottom with three flounces of pink *areophane*, each flounce having a pink satin ribbon hemmed round the lower edge, and forming a small heading at the top, divided from the flounce with a pink satin piping. Over this skirt is worn a short tunic of pink satin, rounded in the fronts, and encircled with a double row of flounces *pareil* to those on the lower skirt, but gradually narrow-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ing towards the waist, which is formed in a perfect point, plain and very low over the front of the bust, the drapery of the body consisting of a kind of square *berthe*, trimmed with two frillings similar to those on the skirt, attached in the centre of the front with a splendid bouquet of pink roses. Coiffure of green and gold coloured *tissue*, forming a double roll over the front of the head, and decorated on the extreme end of the left side with a beautiful shaded camilla, made in velvet.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A double *jupe*, the under dress made perfectly plain, and composed of rich white satin, the upper short skirt made of the same kind of material, trimmed all round with narrow fullings of white *crêpe lisse*, each fulling divided with a *petit* piping of dark blue satin; pointed stomacher, low body, the edge of the *berthe* which decorates the top of the corsage, and the lower part of the short sleeves trimmed to match the edge of the tunic; a row of stand up lace encircles the top of the corsage shading the neck. The hair is arranged with a *Bacchante* wreath passing over the top of the head, and finishing on each side of the lower part of the front bands of hair, the back hair formed in a serpentine twist.

DINNER COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—This elegant dress is composed of a rich French lavender satin, trimmed up the front *en tablier*, with crimson velvet, forming a succession of loops on each side of the centre bands, the outer part of the loops being decorated on each side with broad facings of magnificent white lace, gradually diminishing in width towards the upper part of the dress; a very low corsage; waist forming a perfect point; short *chemisette* sleeves, which are entirely concealed by the deep lace *berthe* which decorates the top of the body, and which is confined in the centre of the front by a number of narrow crimson velvet loops, depending from an elegant broach; coiffure composed of crimson velvet, the front part having a lining of white lace, and formed *à la Marie Stuart*, the left side of this toque decorated with two white marabout feathers, the lower one being rather long and curled at the ends, the back of the crown finished with a *nœud*, and two long ends of crimson velvet.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Under skirt of pale amber satin, trimmed with fullings of amber tulle, forming two rows, the lower one being divided into three fullings, and the upper one into two; over this is placed a second short skirt, also of amber tulle, finished round the lower part with a broad hem, which just touches the top fulling of the under skirt; low pointed body, the top of the bust trimmed with broad folds of tulle, and edged round the neck with a narrow blonde; short full sleeves, caught up in the

centre, and fastened with small sprigs of dark crimson carnations, a bouquet of the same kind of flowers surrounding a white rose, placed upon the centre of the front of the corsage. The front hair arranged in plain bands, surmounted with a half wreath, composed of pretty light fancy flowers, the green leaves being made of velvet; hair plaited.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—High dress of pale lavender striped silk; the body quite plain; the waist is very long, and droops in the front; this body fastens before, and is indented all round with small scollops, the body laying over the skirt in the form of a small jacket; the sleeve is tight, and open on the top of the arm nearly to the elbow; the edges are indented, and the scollops fastened together to correspond with the front of the body; a small *epaulette*, open in the centre, is placed on the top of the sleeve. The skirt is a double *jupe*, the one having an exceedingly deep flounce, the second *jupe* falling nearly to the head of it, giving to the skirt the appearance of two deep flounces only. Capote of drawn pink satin; it is lined with black lace, which is turned over the edge; the crown is covered with black lace, and there is a deep curtain of the same; small bows of satin intermixed with lace are placed low at the left side.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of *organdie* embroidered in green and gold; the corsage is low; the waist and point very long; full folds of *organdie* are placed across the front, commencing at the seam on the shoulder, and increasing in width as they approach the centre, where they form a point; a narrow edging stands up round the neck of the dress; a tight and very short sleeve is finished by a similar edging, over which falls a very full sleeve, reaching at the back nearly to the elbow, but in the front is sufficiently short to show the under-sleeve, and is looped up by a narrow band. The skirt is without fulness in the front or upon the hips, but there are a few gathers at the back. Turban of green and white satin, worked with gold thread; the front of the turban together with the ends are of white satin; the crown, which is of a square form, is of the green which is vandyked round, each vandyke being finished by a small gold ball.

BALL COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of *crêpe* or *tulle*: the corsage low, the waist long, and being pointed at the back as well as the front; the sleeve is short, and a little full; a deep cape falling nearly to the waist; it is open in the front and on the shoulders; it is surrounded by a broad hem, through which is drawn a satin ribbon; a white flower surrounded by foliage is placed on each shoulder; the skirt is very long, and has at the bottom a very full reverse plaiting of double *crêpe* or *tulle*; over this is a second skirt formed of separate breadths of the material, each having a broad

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

hem round it, in which is a satin ribbon; these breadths are fastened together at a little distance from the bottom by bunches of white flowers, the foliage of which is of satin; at about an equal distance is placed a smaller bunch of flowers, the whole forming a novel, and at the same time an elegant *Costume du Bal*.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of green satin; the body high on the shoulders, and open in the front, fastened across by narrow pointed bands of green velvet a shade darker than the dress; a small cape or collar trimmed with velvet is placed on the dress, taking in the front the form of a stomacher; the sleeves are tight, having small *jockeys* edged with velvet, and open in the centre; a trimming of velvet is placed on the top of the arm composed of three bands of velvet, the points being upwards; a deep double ruffle of lace finishes the sleeve at the wrist, one ruffle falling over the hand, the other laying back on the arm; the skirt is long and extremely full; the trimming is two pieces *en biais*, narrow at the waist, and increasing in width towards the bottom; they are edged with two rows of velvet, and between them are narrow pointed bands, placed in threes at equal distances. Bonnet of violet coloured velvet, trimmed with satin, forming a band along the bottom of the crown from the curtain on the left side; it is fastened just past the centre by a simple knot, the end being trimmed and falling to the ear on the right side, while low on the left is a bunch of flowers and foliage.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of white lace worn over a *jupe* of white satin; the corsage is low, the waist long and *à pointe*; the sleeve is short and plain, and is entirely covered by the deep fall of lace which surrounds the neck; the skirt is long and extremely full, and has two very deep volants of rich lace, one falling over the other. Turban of white *crêpe* or *tulle*; the twist which is placed across the head being ornamented with gold, the long ends having a deep gold fringe, and are embroidered with a large gold flower.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A *pelisse* of shaded silk; the body plain and high; it has a small cape or pelerine of black velvet, the corners slanted and coming a little below the waist; it is fastened by bows of velvet, each having a small gold buckle in the centre; the sleeve is tight, having small *jockeys* of black velvet, and a deep cuff at the wrist; the skirt is long and very full: it is faced with black velvet, being the same width at the waist as the ends of the pelerine, and greatly increasing in width towards the bottom; it is, like the pelerine, fastened by bows of velvet and gold buckles, those towards the bottom being larger in size. Bonnet of orange-coloured velvet; the brim is large and open; it is ornamented by black lace, and has a beautiful velvet flower, the foliage being satin, placed on the left side; small *nœuds* of blue ribbon ornament the interior.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1845.

The fashionable world is now all vivacity, and revelling in balls, concerts, and above all, the opera; the luxury of the toilet being carried to its utmost height. We cannot, indeed, expect quite so much novelty as at the commencement of the season, but if the details are less varied, they are, perhaps, more magnificent. Our plates, as our fair readers may see, contain some elegant novelties, added to which, we beg to lay before our fair subscribers, the fruits of our researches concerning

CAPS.—The change most perceptible in this style of head-dress, is their being made very short at the ears, the lace with which they are decorated being put on nearly plain all round, the manner of placing the ribbons is varied, elegant, and original, rendering them always *la mode*. For instance, they are formed in *rosettes*, *coques*, or *pompons*, producing those pretty little caps denominated *Fermière*, *Pompadour*, *Alsacien*, *Marquise*, *Charlotte Corday*, &c. We must not omit mentioning, also, a very pretty style of cap made in *tulle*, and trimmed with two rows of English *application* lace put on slightly, fulled and rounded at the ears, headed with a large plait of pink satin ribbon, forming a kind of wreath, and having a *nœud* of the same *posée* on the side of the cap.

EMBROIDERIES are now in great request both for evening and out-door costume, as well as those charming little novelties, such as mittens, &c. We have seen several very pretty ones, embroidered in a small round braid, of the same colour as the mittens, intermixed with a light fine gold thread, the colours most worn being black, dark green, and blue.

BALL HEAD DRESSES are composed simply of the hair, arranged *à l'Anglaise*, a single rose being placed on each side, and attached with *nœuds* of ribbon, the ends of which are finished with diamonds, forming a kind of pendant to the ears. Another very pretty style of arranging the hair, is the introducing of a kind of black *toque*, which surrounds the back hair as well as the front, in a kind of twist or *rouleau* made of velvet, the centre part being very narrow, and enlarging on each side; a splendid marabout, tipped with gold, adds much to its rich appearance. We may here remark, that long ringlets are now universal, drooping as low as the bust; sometimes only one is seen, forming part of the Vendean; this style allows of tufts of flowers being worn, which is composed of bouquets of three daisies, roses, camillas of three shades or colours, or simply leaves, prettily grouped in clusters. Crowns of ivy are also much in request, as well as those of heath, the flowers of which are of the beetle colours, which sparkle like precious stones; the Norma wreath, and the wreath Marie Stuart, which inclines upon the centre of the forehead, is raised slightly over the temples, and is rounded in descending so as to encircle the masses of front hair. The *Aimées* wreath is also a new style, combining all that is delicate, graceful, and poetic. It is composed of a *guirlande* of very light leaves, of a *dorée* or golden colour, in the midst of which

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

appears to play a myriad of small round flowers of every colour, which are not larger than pearls, and sprinkled over with dew drops, which gives them the effect of diamonds; this elegant wreath has but lately appeared, and is much sought after. We may also add, that feathers are in great demand, their light appearance having so good an effect when intermixed with the hair, which is generally worn rather high. A *coiffure* worn by one of our *grande dames* is also worthy of notice, the front hair being arranged in two long ringlets, and the back part in a bunch or knot of plaits, and ornamented with a wreath of red *courlis*, intermixed with diamonds. This wreath has two *touffes*, which are placed on each side behind the front curls, and are attached across the top of the head with a small cord, a row of diamonds passing across the forehead.

BALL DRESSES.—We cannot do better than quote some of the most striking and novel of those that have recently appeared. A robe of white *moire*, over which is worn a *tunique* of *crêpe lisse*, opening in the front, and descending a little below the knee, embroidered all round, as well as the two sides of the front, with sweet peas, *brodé* in red silk, edged with gold; plain *corsage* made low, and decorated with a *berthe*, rounded in the front, and embroidered to match the *tunique*. A robe of pink satin, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with two rows of plaited ribbon, put on the one from the other, at about the distance of ten *centimètres*; tunic of verdant green *crêpe*, raised on each side above the knee, with a large bouquet of variegated daisies; plain low body, ornamented all round the top of the bust with a narrow plaiting of green satin ribbon, attached in the centre with a cluster of daisies; the short sleeves ornamented to match, with two rows of plaited ribbon. We have also remarked several very elegant and youthful style of *toilettes*, composed of *crêpe*, à *double jupe*, the second skirt open up each side, and trimmed all round with plaits of pink and white satin ribbon; at the lower end of the openings of the upper robe, pretty *nœuds* of ribbon are placed, to which are attached long floating ends. There is also another very charming style of trimming these dresses, composed of ribbons, which surrounds the waist, and descend as far as the lower edge of the first skirt, where it is terminated with a *nœud* of the same, the ends of which wave over the under dress. Lace is considered the most *récherché* kind of material for ball dresses. Two very elegant costumes have just been shown us, of white and black lace, the former being worn over pale pink satin, the black over *bleu princesse*, the front of these dresses, forming by their embroidery *un tablier*, closed with three rows of lace, which, continuing all round, form *volants*, the lace on the *corsage* being put on so as to form the *berthe*.

TRIMMINGS OF BALL DRESSES are now of a very rich description, being principally composed of those open-worked fringes in gold and silver. We have also seen trimmings for the front of these dresses called *montants*, or *échelles*, the *berthe* which decorates the body being formed to match. Then, again, there are those fringes

which are called *mousseuses*, all white, which are used for the decorating of *doublures*, and those white *barège* dresses à *triple jupes* which are considered now so elegant. We must observe, also, another very favourite style of trimming, called *quilles*, formed of *passémenterie*, the ground work is of *ponceau* and blue, intermixed with which are threads of gold or silver, forming a kind of rose. They have a very rich effect.

CENTURES tied in a *nœud*, with long ends floating, are often worn with those *double robes* of gaze *lisse*, trimmed with fullings of the same, through which is passed a ribbon, caught at regular intervals with a rose.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—Those of silk are mostly made after the following fashion. For instance, a dress of green *moire*, trimmed *en tablier*, with two broad folds of velvet on the cross, the *corsage* plain and high upon the shoulders, opening *en cœur*, and faced with velvet, which joins those on the skirt; plain sleeves, rounded over the hand, and edged with velvet, *jockeys à dents*, bordered with velvet; *guimpe* of muslin, divided with embroidered inlet; under sleeves of muslin, and *manchettes* of lace. This style of dress is always made high, à *corsage caraco*, that is to say, having round the waist *des basques rondes*, which encircles the hips. We may also observe, that the *spencers basquine* are very generally worn. *Les brandebourgs* are much in favour for the ornamenting of velvet, *moire*, and satin *pelisses*; those terminated with tassels are the prettiest. We have also remarked a pretty kind of dress composed of *Pekin quadrille* silk, the *corsage* tight, and the front *dentelé*, each point being fastened with the one opposite; *Amadis* sleeves, laced up the front, and at the lower part; the skirt trimmed with two broad *volants festonné*, the upper flounce resembling a short *jupe*.

BONNETS have not varied much since last month, either as to size or material. We observe that feathers are only used for afternoon costume. Those which we have principally remarked are in satin or *velours épinglé*, pink, white, *mauve*, and sky blue. We have observed a very pretty one composed of white *velours épinglé*, ornamented with a long twisted feather, the interior decorated with roses. The only alteration remarkable, is the suppression of the *bavolet*, replaced by a broad piece, which forms a continuation to the front of the brim, and which piece is raised high at the back, so as to show some of the lower part of the head. We may cite those made in a deep blue velvet, and which are simply decorated with a *nœud* of the same description of velvet, the drooping feather which falls over the side is of the same hue. In place of the feather, we see sometimes a bunch of oak leaves and acorns, which have a very novel effect. Those bonnets intended for *négligé* costume, are mostly of a close form; those worn for afternoon or evening *toilette*, are slightly opened, so as to allow of more ornaments in the interior.

LES SORTIES DE BAL are invariably lined or trimmed with fur, and are in form, somewhat resembling those ancient Northern garments, which are so remarkable for their originality. Some are made in *cachemire*, and the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

capuchon, which is always detached, is formed and quilted, so as to represent a kind of *petit chapeau*, and is trimmed with a broad lace, which forms a veil.

SURDOISERS.—This name is given to those beautiful cloaks decorated with rich furs, the sleeves of which are ornamented with broad facings, which fall back so as to form a kind of muff.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.—There is no perceptible change in the colours intended for out-door costume, black still being in the majority. For evening toilette, on the contrary, the colours are most mixed and varied; pink, blue, jonquil, the morning and evening primrose, violet, and light shades of green, being the most predominant hues.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The severity of the weather may now be considered as partial. Although it is yet too early to expect much change in out-door dress, *en revanche*, nothing can equal the splendour and novelty of evening costume, which is more expensive than ever, owing to the introduction of every description of jewels, gold, and silver. But before we enter upon this fruitful theme, let us see what is most remarkable in

CAPOTES.—Those of satin are mostly decorated with *biais* or folds of the same, relieved with a *chou* of black lace on the side of the crown, from which depends the end of a scarf of the same light texture; the colours alone vary for this style of bonnet, being of lighter hues than those worn last month; those intended for *negligé* or morning wear being simply trimmed with lace; sometimes the folds are composed of shaded ribbons, having a very pretty effect. Several very spring-like ones have lately appeared made of pale pink satin, covered with a veil of black lace attached on each side of the *calotte*. Those composed of fine straw or Leghorn, lined and trimmed with white, pale green, or lilac, are also making their appearance; when decorated with feathers, ostrich tips are preferred, slightly curled, and arranged in a kind of half wreath, the lower one nearly touching the shoulder, like one in the centre top figure of our third plate of fashions; the interior decorated with half wreaths of shaded hedge roses.

COIFFURES in the style of *Marie Stuart*, *Isabeau*, and Grecian, are now all the rage. We have also remarked *des mancinis* in a very pretty kind of open work, and formed in rather wide plaits on each side of coloured silk, intermixed with gold, and which is attached upon the front of the head with a small twist, and descending on each side of the ears, edging the *bandeaux*, or it may be allowed to confine the hair, which is worn *à l'Anglaise*; bunches of small tassels of every colour are attached to the end of the gold and silk twist. We must here remark that the most *recherchées coiffures de bal* this year, are either historical or national ones, such as Italian, Spanish,

romaine, &c., all of which are put on rather forward on the head; the Algerine turban is likewise much worn, both as a *toilette de bal* and evening dress; the *tissu* of which they are composed are generally mixed with lively colours and gold. We have also remarked the turban *Kabyle* as being very charming; it is composed of *gaze cachemire*, figured in large stripes of blue and silver, the ends finished with quite a new style of fringe. *Les Coiffures Marquises* are still worn made of lappets of blonde and flowers; they are also extremely elegant when composed of *dentelle d'or*, attached with bouquets of *verdure*, and are put on very backward upon the head, causing the lappets to droop over the dress. Turbans are also in great request; they are remarkable for their light and graceful appearance; they are principally distinguished by the vivacity of their colours; some are composed of gold and silver *lamée* gauze; others have the crowns made of velvet trimmed with an Arabian scarf.

BALL DRESS MATERIALS.—We have seen several very beautiful dresses of light tissues, relieved with embroideries of coloured silk and gold, remarkable for their fresh and novel appearance—such as *organdies* and *gazes linon*; jet is also introduced, having a very brilliant effect, for instance a robe of *linon, réme*, or striped with small Easter daisies embroidered in shaded blue silk, the heart of which is formed of white pearls or bugles; those which are embroidered in arabesque patterns of a golden yellow, relieved with a light kind of silver design, and forming a tunic, are remarkable for their oriental and *recherché* appearance.

PARDESSUS are still much worn, particularly the *pardessus Mantelet*, which is made of Pekin of silk lined and wadded of a spacious form, which is closed all the way up, having a very wide *falbalas*; this conceals the sleeves, and is entirely lost in its folds; a double cape forms a kind of shawl in the front. Then we have those worn in satin *à la reine*, with a pelerine made of velvet forming a point in the front. We must not also omit mentioning that the *Kuzawejck* is in great request, perfectly replacing the *camail* or pelerine; this *petit dolman à manches*, which is made in velvet, and lined with silk, is wadded, quilted, and trimmed with lace, fur, or *passenterie*, and can either be worn open, or closed over the chest.

ROBES DE VISITES are mostly decorated with black lace, an open-worked fancy twist, or chenille, seamed with jet; they are of infinite variety. We have remarked several very distinguished looking ones, the corsages of which are made high and *à revers*; others are closed all the way up, whilst some are allowed to remain half open, the two fronts being united with several rows of lace, or by a fancy trimming made expressly for the purpose; the sleeves, which are straight, are also made sufficiently short to allow of a small under-sleeve. Another very favourite style of dress, are those made in brown damask; the skirt plain; the corsage of which is formed high upon the shoulders, and open about two-thirds up the front of the body, the facings of velvet being cut after the fashion of a man's waistcoat. Elbow sleeves, made perfectly plain; *gympe* of embroidered India muslin. Another in *moire* of a dark

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

colour ; the corsage *busqué*, and cut at the lower part, so as to form two points which surround the hips ; *Amadis* sleeves, with facings à *Louis Quatorze* ; a stripe of velvet descends from the summit of the corsage to the lower part of the skirt, the same kind of trimming encircling the *jockeys* and edges the facings ; fancy buttons ornamenting the bands of velvet. Several very elegant ones have attracted our notice, composed of grey cachemire, descending to a little above the hem of the dress, and ornamented all round with a fancy trimming ; plain corsage, very high, and forming a point decorated upon the front with a double row of fancy trimmings joining that on the skirt ; the cape, or pelerine, is sufficiently deep to fall a little lower than the waist at the back, and being round and open in the front ; upon the top of each shoulder it is also made open, and laced across with a fancy braid ; this pelerine is likewise encircled with a fancy trimming ; long sleeves à *la religieuse*, having facings ornamented with *passementerie*. When the dresses are composed of satin, volants of broad black lace are mostly preferred ; the bodies plain, and *ceinture* to match ; plain sleeves, with the puritan cuffs, and *fichu à petit col brié*.

EVENING DRESSES are principally composed of heavy materials, such as damasks, satins, light coloured velvets, and *velours épinglé* ; such as a robe of this latter material of a beautiful pink tint opening up the front, and showing the under-dress of white satin, the two sides of the upper skirt being joined with pink satin ribbon disposed in the shape of a lozenge, and attached on each side by three *nœuds* of satin ribbon ; the corsage plain and pointed, the draperies of which are composed of pink *crêpe*, ornamented the whole way up the centre with *agraffes* made in cameos ; short sleeves ornamented with folds of *crêpe*. At a late concert we observed that robes made of pink and white satin were most in majority ; those of white satin being trimmed and decorated with three roses, yellow, black, and pink, which serves to raise three beautiful draperies, put on rather slanting, of superb white lace placed upon the front of the dress ; then, again, we have remarked a most elegant style of dress composed of blue velvet, ornamented on each side, reaching from under the arm to the lower edge of the *jupe* with a trimming composed of *crevés* of white satin divided with *coques* of velvet ; the corsage is made perfectly plain, low, and pointed ; plain sleeves, very short, with *petit crévés* of satin forming a kind of bracelet ; *berthe* composed of two rows of *point d'Alençon* lace. Dresses of satin, damask, *brocart*, and, in fact, all heavy materials, are mostly trimmed with lace, often put on *en échelle* up the fronts of the skirt, or in two ascending rows on each side, separated with a ribbon plait, or a row of *nœuds* forming a *pompon*, that is a kind of rosette ; the corsage of these dresses are always made pointed, and descend very low upon the centre of the bust in the form of a heart, and allowing of the richly embroidered muslin *chemisette* to be made visible. We have seen several very pretty ones made expressly for evening costume, composed of *organdie* finely plaited and put on a rich inlet, which is preferred to the muslin embroidery.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The following anecdote is taken from a contemporary, but we will not pretend to vouch for its correctness. The Princess Royal is in her 5th year ; an affectionate child, but inheriting strongly that willfulness of disposition so marked in her great grandfather, George the Third. When she could do little more than lisp unformed syllables, she used to be taught to say—"Huzza, for the Queen !" But the little lady, instead of shouting "Queen," would always substitute "Mamma !" and the more she was told to say "Queen," the more stoutly she adhered to "Mamma." Not long ago, at Windsor, it is reported that the apothecary of the Royal Household visited the nursery. The Princess was playing with a piece of paper, which, upon his entering, she caught up and held tightly in her hand. She accosted him by saying—"How d'ye do, Brown ?" Her instructress, Lady Littleton, told her to say Mr. Brown ; but the child would say nothing but Brown. Mr. Brown, as we are informed, inquired what her Royal Highness was playing with, but she refused to answer—and answer she could not be made to do, or even to show the piece of paper ; Lady Littleton's influence failed to make her do so ; and in the last resort for such fits of willfulness, her Majesty was sent for. A despatch to the Queen on such occasions is the climax of disgrace, and never fails to set matters right. Upon the Queen's arrival, her Majesty was informed of the refusal to say Mr. Brown, and to show the plaything. The Princess Royal was put in the corner, where she stood in dudgeon for some time : at last, wanting to come out, the little self-willed girl, crunched up the paper, and said—"Ball—ball !—Brown !"

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Dreamer*" must not be surprised at the typographical errors which have crept into his contributions, when he recollects the *egregiously* bad writing in which they are clothed. Printers have neither time nor inclination to ponder over hieroglyphics.

"A. B." We could not think of paying so bad a compliment to the understandings of our readers in general, as to comply with your request. Of this we assure you, that all that is required is a little time, a great deal of patience, and a moderate share of brains.

"*To Hannah*" received, and shall certainly appear in our next number.

"R. T." Declined.

"P. R." Accepted, with thanks.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "World of Fashion" for that purpose.

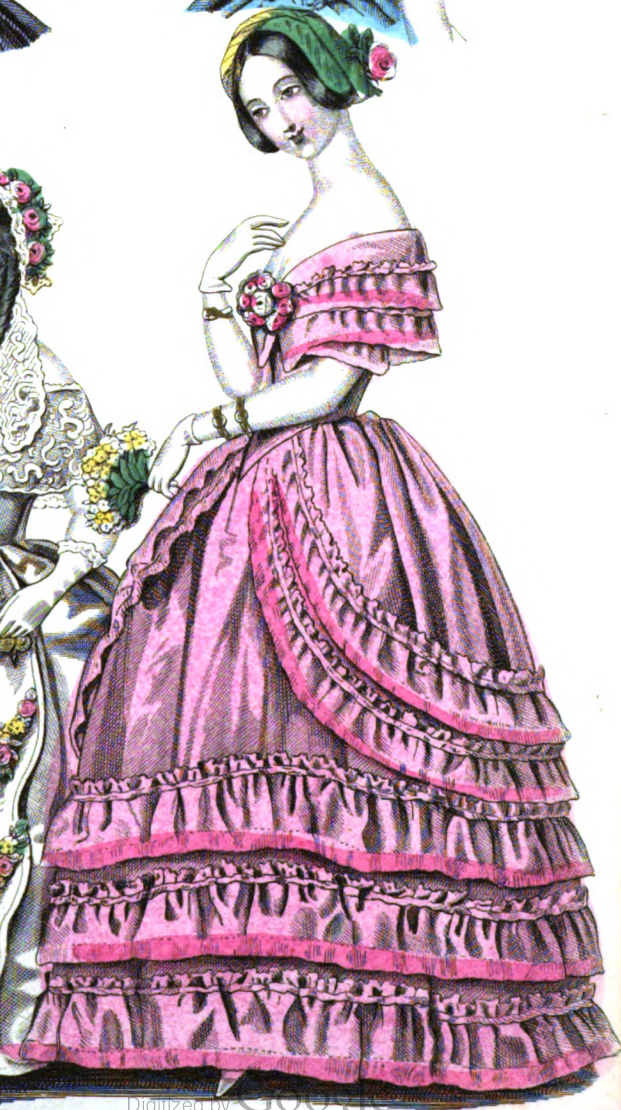
LONDON :

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.



Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James's.











THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1845.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER; OR, LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

"This fate he could have 'scaped, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose,
Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown."

DENHAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPOSAL.

A few months previous to the first invasion of the Bourbons, and at the time that France was surrounded on all sides, and about to fall under the united efforts of Europe, the town of Aix was the theatre of a tragic adventure, which, under other circumstances, would have occupied altogether public curiosity, but which then passed away, without exciting a population already affected by more grave and important interests.

In one of the streets in the neighbourhood of the court, and not far from the celebrated Thermal fountain, from which flowed the foaming waters of Sextius, lived a Monsieur Renaut, a widower, and already of an advanced age. He had a daughter of nineteen, whose beauty and accomplishments had already attracted the observation of the neighbourhood in which she resided. Opposite to the house occupied by this young lady and her father, resided a young advocate, whose pre-eminent talents placed him, notwithstanding his youth, in the very first rank at the bar of Aix.

Monsieur des Essarts saw Miss Julia Renaut, and notwithstanding his grave occupations, became desperately enamoured, and he determined upon acquainting the father of the young lady with his sentiments. He was rich, and extremely handsome, two qualities which ought to forward his suit, one with the father, the other with the daughter.

Monsieur des Essarts, not having any introduction, relied upon his eloquence for success. And who better than himself could plead his own cause? Who could describe in more glowing language the fervency of his admiration? who better pourtray the depth of his attach-

ment? he therefore proposed to visit Monsieur Renaut, and ask his permission to address his daughter.

Monsieur Renaut was a simple, open, honest, but timid man; he listened with attention and respect to the young advocate, and when he had concluded, he replied,

"Both my daughter and myself feel honoured by your visit, but—but——"

"But what?" demanded the advocate, alone waiting for an objection to be made to reply to it.

"But I have disposed of my daughter's hand, otherwise I should feel happy——"

"My dear sir," interrupted the advocate, "permit me to hope, in despite of your words. You know my fortune and my position, but you do not know the ardour of my affection for your daughter. Doom me not to despair, or at least tell me who is my rival—who is that happy man that you prefer to me? Do me the favour of letting me know for whom I am refused?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the father, "my daughter has been engaged for the last ten years, she was scarcely nine years old when she was betrothed?"

"But to whom?"

"To my dearest friend, Monsieur Mauclair."

"Monsieur Mauclair!" exclaimed the advocate. "Is it that old man, whose reputation is not the very best, and who is older than yourself by many years?"

"Stop, sir," said Monsieur Renaut; "Mauclair is my friend, I owe him all that I possess, and my word is pledged to him."

"Then you will sacrifice your daughter," said Des Essarts, with a gesture of disgust.

"Sir," said the father, "think you that if I gave you my daughter, the sacrifice on her part would be less?"

"How, I do not understand you?"

"My daughter loves you not."

"I know too little of her," replied the advocate, "to flatter myself that I am loved by her; but, if I had your permission to address her I would dare to hope——"

"That you would succeed with her," interrupted the old man; "no, sir, give up that hope."

"Why, do you mean to tell me," said the advocate,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"that your young and beautiful daughter loves Monsieur Maucclair?"

"No, sir, she does not love him, but there is a young man that you doubtless know, his family is good, but he has no means, and I like him not; his name is St. Ange."

"I know St. Ange," replied the advocate.

"Well, that is the man she loves, notwithstanding my advice and prohibition. If, then, you think that marrying my daughter against the wish of her heart is sacrificing her, you can no longer have any pretensions to her hand. If I studied her wish, I should give her to St. Ange, you are altogether out of the question; thus, between both, I regret that I cannot have the honour of further cultivating your acquaintance."

The advocate left Monsieur Renaut much less irritated by his refusal, than grieved to learn that Julia had placed her affection upon so unworthy an object.

"Well, then," thought he, "all hope is over, for she loves another, and who is that other? a mere boy, little St. Ange, who, although not yet a man, is already depraved, and full of vice; a gambler and a libertine, surrounded by debt, and looked upon with suspicion."

The advocate might have added that his favoured rival had certainly a remarkably handsome face, and exquisite figure, with the most seducing manners.

Full of sorrow and disappointment, he entered his house, put on his robes, and entered mechanically into the Chamber of Correctional Appeals, and took his place on the bench of advocates.

"What is your name?" demanded the President of the accused, who was standing in the dock.

"Gaetano Di Torro," answered the prisoner, in bad French.

"Your age?"

"Forty years."

"Your country?"

"Genoa the Superb."

"Who have you to defend you?"

"I have got no counsel."

"Then I shall procure you one. What situation do you hold?"

"Sailor in the brig Pantaloon."

Gaetano was low, and stout in figure; his hair was black and curly, his look wild and revengeful, his fiery black eye was cast around upon his judges with scorn and anger, and seemed to defy the justice they were about inflicting on him.

The President requested Monsieur des Essarts to defend the prisoner, to which he readily consented, anxious to escape his own thoughts, but as a condition required that he would be allowed half an hour's conversation with the accused. His request was readily granted, and he retired with Gaetano to an adjoining apartment. He found the accused in a most exasperated state of mind, grinding his teeth, and striking his brow with his clenched hand, exclaimed—

"The ruffians, the rogues, the blackguards—they will condemn me."

"My friend," replied Des Essarts, "the men who are about trying you are honest and high minded magistrates; but let me know what thus agitates you, if you are innocent you have nothing to fear."

Some days before there was stolen from an inhabitant of the town a gold watch in one of the boxes of the theatre. Having instantaneously missed his property, the man raised an alarm, and Gaetano was arrested on suspicion.

"And oh!" cried the Genoese, after he had recounted the history of the stolen watch, "although I am a great sinner, and have done many things for which I reproach myself, yet I swear by the Madonna that I am perfectly innocent of the crime they now charge me with."

"But were you not seated beside the person from whom the watch was stolen?" demanded the advocate.

"Yes," replied the sailor.

"And do you know the thief?"

Gaetano acknowledged that he did, but at the same time disavowed being an accomplice in the act.

"Well then," said the advocate, "enlighten justice—name the guilty one, and it will be easy indeed for me to demonstrate your innocence."

The Genoese started back in horror.

"What," said he, "dishonour myself, and throw an unfortunate man into the hands of justice—never. You do not know Gaetano. I know how to play with the poignard, but to turn informer—never—never."

The young advocate could not but admire this singular sense of horror in a man who would not probably feel any compunction at committing a greater crime, and feeling assured of his complete innocence in the affair of the stolen watch, he encouraged him, and begged of him to tranquillise his mind, promising to use all his efforts to have him honourably acquitted.

"No—no!" replied the sailor vehemently, "they will condemn me."

The advocate appeared before the tribunal accompanied by his client, and knowing the state of desperation to which the soul of Gaetano would surrender itself if he were found guilty, and feeling perfectly convinced himself of his innocence, he pleaded his cause with such irresistible warmth, that, in the absence of further proof, he easily obtained the acquittal of the accused.

When Gaetano heard himself declared innocent, when he saw himself free, and at perfect liberty to depart, his features completely changed, and were instantly remarkable for their savage beauty, and stretching forth his hand towards the judges, he exclaimed—

"Yes, you are honest people—brave judges, that the holy spirit enlightens—and heaven will always protect you, your children, and your grand-children."

Then turning towards Des Essarts, he embraced him warmly, and said,

"We shall meet again, my noble advocate, we shall meet again."

CHAPTER II.

THE WEDDING.

Monsieur Renaut was actively engaged in making pre-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

parations for the marriage of his daughter with Monsieur Mauclair, and on his part young St. Ange did his utmost to induce Julia to elope with him; but the vigilance of old Mauclair was not easily lulled, as he never for a moment lost sight of his betrothed.

The young victim did all she could to turn her father from his determined sacrifice, and was warmly backed by all her relatives.

"We admit," said they to Monsieur Renaut, "that Mauclair is rich, but how he has acquired his wealth? no one can positively say, but all the world suspects, and boldly asserts that it was amassed by fraud, violence, and even murder. They speak of a former wife, ill-treated by him, and dead long before Julia's birth; and they darkly hint that poison was had recourse to. By what strange freak an old man as Mauclair is, who cannot walk a single step without the assistance of a servant, can think of marrying a young girl, of whose disgust and aversion towards him he is perfectly sensible; and what unnatural complaisance induces you, the father of that young and innocent girl, to give your consent to so unhallowed an union, quite perplexes us."

Such arguments as the foregoing, failed in altering the father's determination. Mauclair's sway over him appeared absolute. The bride's dresses were prepared, and the banns published.

This state of affairs would have rendered an elopement romantic, and St. Ange did his utmost to forward it. Not from motives of pure affection, for he was a libertine in his heart—a *roué* without conscience—a Don Juan of low degree, who flattered himself with the notion that he was irresistible, and had a right to put the highest value on his personal appearance. He wished, in fact, to become the Lovelace, or the Fronsoe of the village of Aix; and made up his mind to run away with Julia, and then lay a price upon himself before he married her.

Poor Julia was far from suspecting the true character of him to whom she had yielded her fondest affections. Love completely blinded her, and she believed him what she wished him to be, a hero in all that was noble.

The young advocate saw and knew what was going on, and grieved to see the misery of poor Julia's position. No matter which way she turned—the hated old Mauclair on the one hand, and the disgusting libertinism of young St. Ange on the other.

"How truly deplorable," thought he, "that one so young, and so beautiful, should have so misplaced her affection. If I had been fortunate enough to awaken an interest in her bosom, how happy could I have made her—how fondly would I have called her my wife, confided to her my most secret thoughts, and shared with her my wealth, and the distinction which already encircles my name."

He felt that he must at once renounce these illusions, as her fate appeared inevitable. She would be either sacrificed—or lost. The young advocate watched with vigilance the proceedings, and at length saw the young, pale, and weeping girl conducted by her father and Mauclair, and accompanied by a few friends to the church, where the

odious marriage was performed. After which the youthful maiden was conveyed half insensible to the carriage, followed by Mauclair, amidst the groans of those collected outside.

CHAPTER III.

THE VISITER.

The same day that the marriage of the hapless Julia took place, our young lawyer was sitting sad and gloomy in his study, when the door opened, and Gaetano entered, extremely well dressed, and a large bag containing money in his hand.

"Good morning," he joyously said, "do you recollect I promised that we should meet again?"

"Is it you, Gaetano? Are you again in trouble?"

"Not to-day," replied the Genoese. "I have yet to try if my good angel will abandon me."

"Then what can I do for you?" said Des Essarts, evidently annoyed at this unlooked for intrusion on his privacy.

"Sir," replied Gaetano, "do you forget that we have an account to settle?"

Saying these words, he laid the bag of money on the table, and taking a chair, quietly seated himself beside the advocate.

"You do not owe me anything," said the lawyer, pushing the money away from him. "I did but my duty in pleading for you, and have been already paid for it, so take back your money, I pray you."

"Wait a moment," said Gaetano. "It is not my intention to give you all the money that is in that bag—only a part of it. Fix yourself the sum that I am indebted to you, and take it. Your words were gold to me, and I know not how to value them."

Seeing that Des Essarts was annoyed, he continued—

"When any body insults, or does an injury to Gaetano, they may calculate that their days are numbered. And, also, when Gaetano is rendered a service, he never forgets it, and would repay it with his life. And now, my generous advocate, if you are in want of money, you are welcome to the whole contents of the bag."

Seeing it was in vain to induce Des Essarts to receive any recompense for his services, and having too much tact to press the matter further, he instantly changed the subject, and with a finesse truly Italian, he said—

"You appear dejected and unhappy. Ah! I see even honest men are not at all times free from care in this world. You are this day miserable and gloomy, whilst there is an old rogue in this town full of joy, and surrounded with riches, who is just married. You doubtless know his bride, the beautiful girl who lives opposite your house."

"Do you know Mauclair?" demanded the advocate.

"Know him," replied Gaetano, with evident embarrassment. "No; but I have seen that young girl, with her beautiful face, her exquisite figure, her brilliant black eyes, and her snowy white teeth. Oh! what a pity."

Yes, it is indeed a pity," said Des Essarts, with a sigh.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Ah!" said Gaetano, casting upon the advocate one of those piercing looks which appeared to penetrate to the bottom of the soul.

Des Essarts saw at once that his passion was known to the Italian, and however repugnant he felt at such a confidant, he could not refrain from inveighing against the father, who immolated his daughter at the shrine of riches, or sacrificed her to a more mysterious, and, perhaps, less honourable cause.

The Italian listened with interest, and strongly recommended the young lawyer to forget Mademoiselle Renault—to arouse from the gloom that was at present overmastering him—to look around him, and select from the many one worthy of his affection, and the high position he held.

"Gaetano, you are right; and I shall take your counsel. And now, my good friend, take your money; your advice to me is equivalent to my pleading for you, and we are quits."

"Oh! no, no," replied Gaetano, reluctantly taking the money. "Listen—in five or six days I shall again rejoin my vessel, and as soon as possible will send you a necklace of coral for the wife you are about to select. You can place it with the diamonds and pearls of your wedding present, and it will be a remembrance of the gratitude of a poor sailor."

The young lawyer, quite charmed with the lively sentiments of gratitude so deeply felt for so trifling a service, warmly clasped the hand of his client, and they separated mutually pleased with each other.

Des Essarts left that day for his house in the country, which was within a few leagues of town, and resolved to follow Gaetano's advice, and marry as soon as possible, in order to chase his unhappy attachment from his mind. He was young and handsome, and he held a brilliant position; and he would, therefore, find little difficulty in obtaining a suitable match. After a week's reflection he returned to town with a lighter heart and more joyous mind than he had enjoyed for some time.

His servant met him with an affrighted look, and told him that for the last few hours Monsieur Renault had been twenty times asking for him.

"What did he want with me?" demanded the advocate.

"He did not say."

"What is the matter?"

"Why," replied the domestic, "Mademoiselle Renault, the new Madame Maucclair has assassinated her husband."

"Julia, Julia," cried the advocate.

"Yes, sir. She is in prison."

Des Essarts waited for no more, but flew from his house across the street to that occupied by Monsieur Renault.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO IS THE MURDERER?

And now, reader, behold the young advocate entering that once joyous and happy house. But what a fearful change had come upon it. All was now sad and gloomy. The aspect of the very furniture was altered, and a sort

of fatality appeared encrusted on the walls. He found the old man immersed in grief.

"It is all my fault," he cried, on perceiving Des Essarts entering the room. "It is all my own fault. Oh! why did I not accept your reasonable proposal. Heaven offered me the means of happily settling my child, and I refused it—but I am punished."

"What I have heard then, is too true?"

The wretched father remained a few minutes without replying, then in a low voice said,

"I have not seen my daughter."

"She is accused," replied Des Essart, "and if I am to judge by your anxiety to see me, you wish that I would defend her."

"Oh! yes, sir."

"She shall not want my best endeavours, but I am yet ignorant of all the details of the event. I am utterly unacquainted with all the facts except one, and that is that Monsieur Maucclair has been murdered. Pray give me the necessary instructions."

Monsieur Renault could alone tell what all the town knew—that morning an old and valued servant of Maucclair's, who alone had access to his apartment, entered at his accustomed hour, and opened the door with the key with which he had locked it the night before. All was as he left it, so that no one could have been admitted by that entrance.

The servant, upon withdrawing the curtains, found his master extended upon the bed, stabbed to the heart with a poignard, and apparently dead for several previous hours. The poignard belonged to Maucclair, and it was known that he never retired for the night without placing it under his pillow, together with a bag of money, which was now nowhere to be found. His apartment led into another, which was used as the dressing room of his wife. The servant passed into the adjoining room, the door of which was half open, and there found Julia resting on a couch, her hand under her head, and her face bathed in tears. The servant exclaimed,

"It is you who have killed my master."

He then raised an alarm of the murder, and accused Madame Maucclair. The place was examined, and it was ascertained that the only entrance that could be gained was through the dressing room of Madame. Every one knew of her repugnance to the marriage, and her love for St. Ange, who was considered as the accomplice of her crime. He was strictly sought for at his residence, where it was stated that he had left town a few days previous to the marriage, and was staying with one of his friends in the country.

"And do you believe her guilty?" demanded the advocate of her father.

"Guilty!" said her father. "Never, sir—never. It is utterly impossible that my gentle girl could commit such a crime."

"That is also my opinion," said the advocate. "A young girl who has scarcely left the paternal mansion to become an assassin—to seek a poignard in the nuptial bed—and plunge it into the heart of an old man, whom she

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

certainly disliked, but who was still her husband. She would not have had the strength—it is impossible."

"That God may bless and reward you for those sweet words," said the father.

The advocate quitted the father, for the purpose of visiting the accused in prison. He found her seated on a box, with her head leaning on her hand. He respectfully bowed to her, and taking her hands between his own, he said—

"Madame, I have loved you. It is but three short weeks since I asked your hand in marriage from your father, and was refused. It is most likely that even if I had his approbation, your's would still be wanting, as your affections were placed elsewhere. You are accused of a most dreadful crime, of which I believe you to be innocent. Will you accept of my services to defend you?"

"You but do me justice. I swear to you it was not me—I have not assassinated him."

Des Essarts then represented to her the perilous position in which she was placed; telling her that she must put him in possession of all the facts, in order to make out her defence. She assured him she knew nothing of the transaction, nor was she aware of the murder, till she herself was accused.

As to St. Ange, she had not seen him for some time before her marriage, nor had he written to her. It is true she had loved him, but she determined to give up her own will to gratify her parent, and from that moment she had determined to have no communication with her lover.

The proceedings against the young widow progressed in the ordinary course, and the time arrived when she was to appear as a criminal in a court of justice, and public opinion ran high against her. We will not detail the course of reasoning by which the young advocate sought to convince his hearers of the complete innocence of Madame Manclair. He spoke warmly, and at great length: touching with peculiar pathos upon her early and pious education, her simple and modest demeanour, her amiable and accomplished mind, her strong filial affection, which induced her to contract an odious marriage rather than displease the father she loved, her firm resolve to break off all communication with the man she was attached to, in order to do her duty as a wife with more fidelity. What were, he asked, the facts of the case. Mr. Manclair was found murdered in his bed, and it was directly concluded that his young and virtuous wife had killed him. A weak and tender female should have some accomplice in so desperate an act. It required both strength and vigour to give the fatal blow. Was it likely a pure girl, who had never been reproached even with a fault, could in a moment overstep the immense barrier that separates innocence the most perfect, from crime the most odious. Why could not the servant, who was the first to accuse his mistress, have committed the murder himself? Traces of blood would be found upon the assassin, and he dared them to the proof to discover the least stain upon his hapless client. He concluded by calling upon the jury to respect themselves and their country, by acquitting one so young and helpless of so foul a crime.

After lengthened speeches on both sides, the terrible moment arrived when the jury retired to consider their verdict. Breathless, and in tears, the young widow awaited their return. At length a stir was heard, and the foreman cried with a loud voice,

"We find the accused guilty of murder."

"She is not guilty," said the voice of a man from the body of the court, who was making his way towards the bench where the counsel sat. "I shall never allow an innocent woman to be condemned."

The individual now presented himself—it was Gaetano. He turned towards Des Essarts, and said—

"You have pleaded well, and your arguments were able."

The eyes of the court were raised, and fixed upon the intruder. Silence succeeded to confusion. Gaetano grasped the advocate's hand, and whispered in his ear—

"Do you think that Gaetano would let her you love suffer innocently—never."

"If you know aught of the matter in which we are concerned," said the president to the Genoese, "state it. You appear to think that the widow is not guilty. Can you tell us then who has committed the crime?"

"I have done it," replied Gaetano. "And here are the proofs."

At these words, he threw upon the table a key, and the sheath of the poignard.

"Speak, speak," said the president, with impatience.

"This Manclair," replied Gaetano, "was a mean and sordid dog—a wretch without honour or feeling, who, for a trifling consideration, would swear away the life of his own father."

"Recollect that you are speaking of the dead," said the president. "And one whom you yourself have murdered; therefore, express yourself with more decency."

Gaetano appeared to disregard the interruption, and continued without changing his tone.

"When Manclair needed the service of others, he spared not his gold to obtain them. It is now fifteen years since he first met me at Marseilles, and for a small consideration enlisted me in his behalf. It is useless to detail what occurred there. The evening before his marriage he again sought and found me. He gave me a bag containing five hundred francs, and made me promise to go and see him at the expiration of a week. I was punctual to my time. 'Gaetano,' said he, 'I have married a young girl, who does not love me; but I care not for that, as I have decided the part I shall take. She loves another—a fellow without principle. Between the two, they are capable of poisoning me.'"

"Oh! heaven," screamed the young widow.

"These were his words," quietly added Gaetano. "He then said, 'I wish to get rid of this fellow, and you must strike the blow. Do you know St. Ange?'"

"I replied that I did. Manclair then told me where St. Ange lived, then he drew me towards his bed, and passing his hand under the bolster, drew forth a poignard, at the same time he showed me a purse filled with gold, the weight of which he made me feel. He then placed it under the bolster."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

" 'This evening,' said he, 'St. Ange will be at the theatre. Follow him, and at the moment he is about entering his own house strike him. The matter is easy—you will escape unhurt, as the streets will be deserted. You will then bring me back the poignard, and you shall have the purse.'

" Maucclair saw by my manner my repugnance. I was no longer as young as when I first used to do his bidding. But I had left myself in his power, and he reminded me that one word from him, and I was lost. I accepted his commission.

" 'Here are two keys,' said he, 'one of the street door, and the other of this room in which we now are. At midnight you will strike the blow—two hours after, when all in the house are wrapped in sleep, you will here find me. You have the means of getting in without being seen by any one.'

" I took the two keys, and left him. That evening I went to the theatre, but did not see my victim. Towards eleven o'clock I had the temerity to knock at his door, and inquire for him. I then learned that he was in the country. I wished then to inform Maucclair of the circumstance, and following his instructions, I waited for two hours after midnight. My keys opened the doors without noise—every body slept—even Maucclair himself had been surprised by sleep, for his lamp still burned upon the table. I seated myself beside his bed, and gave myself up to thought.

" Look, I thought, at that old rogue, who is a thousand times more wicked than myself, yet as long as I shall put my foot in France that man is master of my liberty, and even of my life; and his malignity might follow me even to my own country. If he commands, I dare not disobey. This very night I was to have slain a young man whom I know not—and all for a little gold. This yoke is too heavy to bear. If this man were dead, I should be free."

" Scarcely had this thought come into my head, till I felt my hand grasp the poignard, and I flew like a tiger on Maucclair. There was a terrible necessity for his death. I struck so instantaneously to the heart, that he had not time for groan or struggle. I laid down the poignard, drew forth the purse, and left the house as mysteriously as I had entered. On returning through the streets, I lost one of the keys; you have now got the other, as well as the sheath of the poignard, which remained in my belt. I was about quitting Aix, and returning to Marseilles, to embark on board my brig, when I heard that the young wife of Maucclair was arrested. I waited till the trial was over, that I might hear of her acquittal, as it never for a moment occurred to me that you would find her guilty. Why do you not learn to distinguish between innocence and guilt. If I were in your place I should be more skilful."

The young advocate, with a heart throbbing with joy, again undertook to defend Gaetano—at least he tried to extenuate his crime, by picturing the maddening ascendancy Maucclair held over him, the infamy of the old criminal, wreaking his vengeance at the price of his gold, and exacting atrocities from a bold and generous spirit, who nobly came forward to accuse himself, rather than let an

innocent woman suffer. Des Essarts failed not to profit by all the favourable circumstances of the case, but all his eloquence was vain, as after a patient investigation, the complete innocence of Madame Maucclair was announced, and the luckless Gaetano found guilty, and condemned.

A few days after this double verdict Paris was taken, and the tri-coloured flag lowered. The whole province was in a commotion, and a less skilful person than Gaetano would not have found much difficulty in making his escape, which the Genoese easily effected, and before leaving the country for ever, paid a last visit to his defender, who received him with warmth and joy.

" I see two different characters in you," he said; "one that I should shrink from knowing, and the other that I rejoice to be acquainted with a noble and generous man, who voluntarily gives up his own life to save that of an innocent woman, after all my eloquence had failed to justify her. It is in that character I embrace thee."

" Do not speak of that," said Gaetano. " I have come again to thank you for your powerful eloquence, and to tell you that you shall have the necklace of coral I promised."

Madame Maucclair passed the period of her widowhood in strict retirement. She had already seen the folly of her attachment to St. Ange, and at the expiration of a year she espoused her eloquent advocate, who exacted as a favour of her the day of their marriage, that she would wear the coral necklace sent to him by Gaetano.

" Although it comes from an assassin, my dear Julia, yet it will always remind you of Gaetano, who did for you what I was unable to accomplish. He saved both your reputation, and life—and, therefore, I honour him."

The fate of Gaetano is unknown, as Des Essarts never afterwards heard of him.

BELINDA.

A BALLAD.

By Warburton Burch.

Now I love thee more than ever,
Spite of each opposing ill;
Tho' fate perchance our hearts may sever,
Mine must love thee fondly still.

In the world no dearer treasure
Than a faithful heart can be;
Mine could know no other pleasure,
Once deprived of thee.

Love, like a ray from heaven shedding
Round my path celestial light;
Thro' each sense new joy spreading,
Wraps my soul in halo bright.

Now I love thee more than ever,
Spite of each opposing ill;
Tho' fate perchance our hearts may sever,
Mine must love thee fondly still.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE THREE BROTHERS; AN IRISH LEGEND.

"Glaube mir, Berthold, unsere Begriffe vom Möglichen andern sich, wenn wir mit dem Wirklichen vertraut werden."
DIE HEILIGE VERME.

There lived once, in the county of Wicklow, and I suppose it is scarcely more than six or seven hundred years ago, a very decent, well-behaved, respectable farmer, that never owed more at a time to his landlord, than three gales of rent; and this farmer's name was Owen Gilligan, and in the course of time he had two wives and three sons, and the wives died before him, and he died after them, and just as he was going to die, he called his three sons to his bed-side, and thus spoke to them.

"Well, boys, here I am going at long last to leave you for ever and amen, and now mind what I'm saying to you, because to-morrow or next day, may be it's at my berrin, you'll all be, instead of listening to your poor old father. As to you to Tim Gilligan, and you Tom Gilligan, it's sorry I am to tell you, that I have nothing in the world to leave, barrin it be my blessing, and may be, if you take care of that, it may be as good as a breakfast or a dinner to you on the long road of life. All I got with your mother was the priest's blessing, and it did me no harm; but as to a bed, or a cow, or even a crock of butter, your poor mother hadn't any such thing the day she was married. She came to me poor, and she died poor, and now, I hope, she's in glory before me. However, there is something better than an ould wicked sinner's blessing for my youngest son Jack, that sits there in the corner crying his eyes out, and roasting the praties for your supper. It's his mother that brought me the fine fortune I can tell you—a whole stocking full of gold guineas, and there they are hid in the thatch over my head, and there they have been, from the day she came into the house, until the day she walked feet foremost out of it; for I had too much spirit ever to think of making money out of a lone woman's little savings. For, says I to myself, wouldn't it be a mangy thing for a man, who had his four bones to work, to be living as if he was a lord, or a born gentleman, on what he never earned himself; but that his wife made him a present of. No, says I to myself, if Norry has a babby, he shall have every taster of it, and so be must, and now mind my words, Tim Gilligan and Tom Gilligan—that gold was given to Norry's great grandfather's grandmother, by the King of the Fairies, and if any body lays a hand on it, barrin it be the rightful owner, it will only bring him hard-fortune here, an unlucky death, and Lord knows what'll become of his unlucky soul hereafter. So mark my words—let neither of you touch a guinea of it. Don't as much say you ever saw it; but keep it safe and sound for your brother Jack, until he's going to be married, and then give it to him, and you will have my blessing, and his mother's blessing on you, and if you don't, why then bad luck to the two of you, for a pair of ill-conditioned, ill-looking, thieving rapscallions as you are —."

And just as Owen Gilligan said these words, he took it into his head to die—was decently waked for two nights as every Christian ought to be, and was buried beside his two wives, where I dare to say, he is still, lying in the churchyard at Enniskerry.

Well, the funeral was hardly over, when Tim Gilligan and Tom Gilligan, caught a hold of poor little Jack Gilligan, and without as much as saying, "Will you please to go," they kicked him clean out of his father's house, laid hold of his mother's stocking, poured out the contents on the floor, divided the gold into two halves, and each took his charge of the plunder, and put it into his pocket.

"Now for sport," says Tim, "by Gorra, it's I that won't be twenty-four hours out of Dublin, and may be, I won't have Thomas street in an uproar and the Poddle in a commotion."

"And so you intend to spend all that money," says his brother Tom.

"Would I rob Jack of it, if I didn't you nagur," said Tim, "I'll make it fly. Sure then, is not a guinea of it, but wants to get a little fresh air, after being smoked in the thatch there for so many years."

"And what will you be after doing with yourself, when you've spent your money," said Tom.

"Why, then," said Tim, "as I'm a bit of a sailor, and have gone already as far out to sea as the Kish Light and the Isle of Man, may be I'll go to see England, and Africa, and other foreign parts."

"You're an omathawn," said Tom.

"You're a liar," said Tim; "but what will you do with your gold?"

"I'll go and work in the Wicklow gold mines, and never stop, until I have twice as much money as I have this moment."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, then, I'll buy a thousand acres of land, and I'll have a thousand cows, and a thousand sheep, and I'll die the richest man in the county."

"And then—you'll be damned," said Tim.

"The devil may care," said Tim, "I'll have the money in the meantime, any how."

"Oh!—you're a purty boy," observed Tim.

"And you're a nice lad," answered Tom, as he took up his parcel of gold.

And without saying good morning, the two villains of brothers parted from one another.

Now all this was very well; but when the news of what had happened was brought to the King of the Fairies, who was at the same time stopping in a moat in the county of Kildare, he was as cross as two sticks, and ready to beat himself out of pure vexation.

"Never mind," says he, to the little Leprechawn, that told him the news; "Many years won't pass over the vagabones two ugly heads, before I make them sup sorrow. A decent man's two sons never came to an uglier end than that which will happen to these very two chaps. I'll have an eye on them, and if I don't make them jump for this, I'm fitter to be a scarecrow nor a King of the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Fairies. In the meanwhile, mind poor Jack Gilligan is never to be left without his breakfast, dinner, or supper."

Well, now, when Jack Gilligan was kicked clean out of his own father's house, and wasn't given as much of his mother's property as the stocking itself, in which she used to keep her gold, he was little better than a gossoon, not more than fifteen years of age, and had nothing with him but a knife, with which he used to cut his potatoes, and a small spade for digging them that his father had bought for him, at the fair of Arklow. He had neither kith, kin, nor relations, except his two brothers, and from them he knew he would be sure to get more kicks than halfpence. He was ready to die with the grief, only that he was so hungry, until at last he came to a bog, and saw something growing in it, that he thought looked like a potatoe plant. He clapped his spade into the ground—and only just turned up a sod, when what should he see but two plates under it, with laughing potatoes, ready boiled upon the other, and the other as full of fat bacon and brocoli as it could hold.

"That I may never sin," says Jack, "but that's the finest plant I ever seen. Wasn't I mighty lucky entirely to find it out."

Hardly had he spoken the words out of his mouth, when a great big yellow frog, with a cocked hat and a pair of spectacles on it, and with a yellow coat, and yellow knee-breeches and yellow silk stockings, jumped out of the bog-hole, and sits itself right down opposite to Jack.

"Good morrow, Jack Gilligan," said the frog.

"God morrow kindly, sir," said Jack, who had learned the best of good manners from his father.

"Do you like your dinner?" said the frog.

"Wouldn't I be a baste if I didn't," answered Jack, stuffing a wisp of brocoli into his mouth.

"Would a drink of buttermilk lie in your way," asked the frog.

"Would a duck swim?" answered Jack.

"Well, then, Jack," said the frog, "here's my cocked hat for you; put it into your pocket, and whenever you wish for a drink of fresh buttermilk, clap this cocked hat into the dirtiest bog-hole you meet, and you will have as fine a drink of milk as ever helped to make a crock of butter, and now Jack, mind, what I'm saying to you. Whenever you feel hungry, just clap your spade to the first plant you see, and you will have just as good a meal as you have to day, and so it will be ever until you get back all the gold that your blackguard brothers got from you—and when you have that, you can marry like any other decent man—but mind, you never forget to say your prayers, nor wish long life, and a happy reign to my master, the King of the Fairies."

"Long life and glory to him, and my blessings be on your own yellow mug," said Jack, as he saw the frog make one dive into the bog-hole, and disappear from his eyes.

Jack went on thus feeding like a prince on bacon, potatoes, and brocoli, and having the finest buttermilk out of the frog's cocked hat, until at last he grew up to be an uncommon handsome, nice tidy boy, as ever yet was

seen in the county of Wicklow, or even in Tipperary itself, and of course, there was not a pretty girl that looked at him, that didn't wish he was her husband. But Jack minded what was said to him. He wouldn't as much as look at one of them, except one Sally Magennis, that he promised to marry as soon as he got his mother's stocking full of gold back again; but as Sally Magennis never saw his mother, her stocking, nor the gold in it, it was a blue look out for her; however, as Jack said it, she believed him, and kept up her heart for the wedding day, though two or three Lents were passing over her head without Jack taking any advantage of them, which she thought, small blame to her, was a murdering pity entirely. And so it was.

At long last, who should be seen coming back to the county of Wicklow, but Tim Gilligan, and he was as poor as a church-mouse. He never thought of asking about Jack, because he was sure he must either have died of hunger many a long year before, or have been eaten up by a Bog of Allen bear, which were then as common in Ireland, as our dogs are in every village now. He never thought then of asking after Jack; but he was mighty particular in finding out where it was that Tom Gilligan had hid himself, and at last, he found him working away like a galley-slave in a dark, dirty, gold mine in the county of Wicklow.

The instant Tom Gilligan saw his brother Tim, he knew that he hadn't a farthing to bless himself with, and he, therefore, determined not to speak to him. Tim, however, knew that Tom always carried all his gold about him, and he had been so long out of Ireland, that he had lost all nature for his own born brother, and was resolved, if it cost him his life, to get some of his riches out of him.

"Tom," says he, "will you lend us a loan of a guinea."

"Is it to go rioting, and drinking, and blackguarding about Dublin with my hard earnings," answered Tom.

"No," says Tim, "but if you don't give me the money quietly, I'll knock the devil out of you."

"Do, if you dare, you ugly rascal," answered Tom, taking up a pickaxe, and making a blow of it at Tim. But Tim knew how to fight a great deal better than Tom, and so before the latter could look about him, he was astonished to find himself a corpse, for Tom had stuck his knife to the very heart in him, and instead of weeping or groaning after him, he set to, turning his pocket inside out, and in a jiffy he got hold of Tom's bag of gold, and the widow Gilligan's stocking, and three times as much money as it could hold.

"And now for real sport entirely," said Tim, jumping for joy, when he saw this heap of gold.

"By your lave," said a Bog of Allen Bear jumping up on him, and giving him a squeeze, that he thought would knock the puff out of him.

"Let me go, you blackguard, or by the bokey—." But before he could finish the curse, the bear had squeezed the soul out of him, and cut off with itself to the woods.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"What's all this murder for at all at all," said Jack, running up when he heard the noise of the scrimmage.

"It's all to get back for you your gold, which the King of the Fairies promised you," answered the yellow frog. "There it's for you, and more to the back of it, and there too, are your vagabone brothers. You have money enough now, and can bury them decently, and after that, marry Sally Magennis as soon as you like; but mind, whenever you wish for bacon, potatoes, and buttermilk for the rest of your life, you'll—have to pay for them."

W. B. M.

TO MY SISTER SUSAN;

ON BEING ASKED BY HER TO WRITE SOME VERSES.

Susan, I cannot write, 'tis vain,
My truant thoughts will rove;
I cannot write thee in the strain,
I know that thou dost love.

If I were on the mountain's brow,
That looks upon my home,
Could I behold the valley now,
My boyhood loved to roam;

I'd strike a chord thou would'st admire,
Of happy days to come,
A strain to thy whole heart's desire,
Could I behold that home.

The well remember'd scenes that taught,
My fancy first to soar;
With many a fond remembrance fraught,
Would steal my spirit o'er.

But here all—all is desolate
To me, I am alone
Midst countless thousands isolate,
Unknowing and unknown.

It chills my soul and saddens me,
To think no friend is near;
To know I'm far from home and thee,
My own, my sister dear.

W. J. C.

CHARADE.

My first is destroyed when the daylight appears,
My second's alone to be purchased by years;
My third is a trifle, if weighed by itself,
And my fourth is the mainspring that actuates self;
Then join these together, and my *tout* you will find,
Is what's sure to please you—the best of its kind.

B. M.

MY FIRST LOVE;

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A FRIEND.

A Tale; by Juvenis.

It was in the winter of 18—, that I became acquainted with Mary Castleton. I was at a select party at the house of one of my father's old friends, and by chance was seated beside one of the prettiest girls in the universe—at least she was so in my opinion. Those individuals who admire the dark eyes and raven tresses, which are the characteristics of a southern clime, would not have been captivated by the beauty of Mary, but to me there was a greater charm in her mild blue eye, and if there were no powerful feelings depicted *there*, there was the most ineffable tenderness and love.

I was very young at this time, and particularly susceptible of the charms of a beautiful woman, so I did not neglect this opportunity of fishing for a heart, and if I might judge from the heightened colour of Mary, my words were not without effect. The acquaintance thus commenced by chance, quickly ripened into something more, and I soon became the accepted suitor of my fair *inamorata*.

Mr. Castleton resided in Devonshire, and as my affection was of a very impetuous nature, I made frequent journeys into that country, to visit the fair girl who engrossed so great a portion of my thoughts.

It was on a beautiful morning in the commencement of summer, that I mounted my horse to ride to L— House, the name of Mr. Castleton's mansion, which was distant about thirty miles from the house where I was then staying; the sun was shining gloriously—the feathered creation were on the wing, or singing sweetly on some shady bough, thus paying their tribute to the God of creation, and everything seemed happy. I, too, felt happy, and my feelings were in accordance with the morning, for I had good reason for joy; I was hastening to the arms of one who would anxiously await my arrival, and who would not participate in the happiness so beautifully pictured around her, until she was shielded by the presence of her lover.

Having arrived at the straggling village in which Mr. Castleton's house was situated, I stopped at the door of the little inn (which from my frequent visits I now regarded as an old acquaintance), and after disencumbering myself of the dust of the journey, hastened to the garden adjoining Mr. Castleton's abode. Having arrived at the low wall which bounded the garden, I easily jumped over this slight obstruction to my wishes, and was in a moment close to the arbour where the interviews between Mary and myself took place.

Our meetings had always been secret hitherto, so I was somewhat surprised to hear my mistress in conversation with a person, who, as I soon discovered, belonged to the male sex. This circumstance was sufficient to excite my anger, and though I well knew,

"That trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ,"

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

I thought that the words which reached my ear, were sufficient to justify my regarding this event as something more than a trifle.

"Dear George, do leave me now, for Arthur will be coming," exclaimed Mary, the affectionate epithet which she used towards her companion, driving me to the verge of madness.

"You are always thinking of this Arthur Clayton, you might spare a moment to think of my interests."

"Now, George, you are unjust; have I not sufficiently proved to you how tenderly I love you, then why this accusation now?"

It is in vain to attempt a description of my feelings when I heard this damning confession from the lips of her in whom all my hopes were centered. My first resolve was to rush into her presence, and accuse her of her perfidy and ingratitude; but no, my heart refused to be humbled thus, and my lip curled with scorn at the idea of exposing to her unfeeling gaze the agony which she had inflicted. There was only one course remaining and that I chose; I fled like a demon from the hated spot, and with feelings of unutterable anguish, returned to my humble resting place.

Resting place, did I say? Alas! there was no rest for me, for the state of my mind defied repose, and after a night of unmitigated torment, I arose with the first flush of morn, and having ordered my horse, I left the spot which I now detested, and I imagined at that time that I was leaving it for ever. I now earnestly desired solitude, and wished to escape for a time from any communion with the world, so having taken leave of the friend with whom I was staying, I returned to my own home in —shire.

Those kind eyes, which are so quick in perceiving the sorrows of those they love, soon detected my affliction, and by them my secret was easily won. They, however, with the delicacy, so peculiarly the characteristic of refined minds, did not increase the wound by their officious sympathies, or make my misery the theme of their conversation. I thus for a long time brooded over my misfortune; for proportioned to my former love was the acuteness and intensity of my grief; I had loved Mary with all the warmth of a heart which was yet unchilled, and I was shocked at the cruelty and deceit of her heartless conduct. My father, however, persuaded me to seek a refuge from my sorrow in the bustle of the world, and strive to find amid the fair sex a successor to my faithless mistress, and although I considered my case hopeless, I took his advice, and set off for the metropolis, when I was again launched into the sea of fashionable life.

Many weeks had not elapsed before I was again involved in the meshes of Master Cupid, and strange as it may appear, I did not make an effort to liberate myself, or to avoid the quicksand where I had been so nearly wrecked.

The object of my fresh passion was a young lady named Somerville, with whose friends I had become lately acquainted. Though I loved my new mistress so strongly, she was in everything the reverse of Mary. The latter

was modest, diffident, and retiring—while Emily Somerville was an accomplished woman of fashion, proud, haughty, and conscious of her own merits; but though Emily forced her attractions upon my notice, and excelled in the graces of a flattering exterior, my heart clung in secret to Mary, and would have been easily reduced under her domination, if she had been present to re-assert her sway.

My jealous temper was often severely tried by the conduct of Emily, for she had a host of admirers, and was liberal of her favours on all. Rumour said she was too liberal, but I heartily disbelieved the report, for rumour is at best a lying jade, and the envious and foolish alone place credence in her. I had not, however, much reason to complain of her conduct towards me, for she was apparently really attached to me, and generally disposed to please me.

My mistress was a constant attendant at fashionable resorts, and as I am a lover of the ballet, I was her constant partner. Many will think that these favours from a fashionable woman should have satisfied any reasonable mortal—they would, I know, have been sufficient for any mere worshipper, but I was seeking an unsophisticated heart, and I was, of course, searching in a place where I was not likely to find it. I wished to find one who could love me for my own sake, and this I felt assured Emily would never be capable of. I, however, continued one of her avowed admirers, though I often expostulated with her on her conduct, which would provoke a reply similar to the following:—

"Pooh! you wish to brand me with the name of a coquette, because you are jealous; but I must leave you, as I am engaged at Lady C—s, and as you look too grave for anything but a funeral, I will accept Captain R—n's escort, and leave you to your philosophic cogitations."

Thus increasing my spleen by her taunts, she would immediately hasten to put her threat into execution, by accepting the attendance of Captain R—n, whom of all men I most detested.

This amour was destined to be as disastrous and unsuccessful as the former one, and nearly induced me to abjure the society of the fair sex for ever. I was busily employed one evening in improving my personal attractions, previous to an assignation with Emily, when I was disturbed by the *entrée* of a friend, whom I heartily cursed for his intrusion. After a short silence he said, with a half-concealed sneer,

"You are, I presume, Clayton, preparing for a visit to some fair lady's bower, but I hope that lady is not Miss Somerville?"

"Why should you hope that I am not about to pay Miss Somerville a visit, and what need is there of this officious interference with my concerns?" I replied with some asperity.

"That speech is just suited to an irritable, hot-headed youth like yourself; as to meddling with your concerns, it is because I am your sincere friend, and would willingly save you the indiscretion and folly which you might be guilty of, if you heard this exposure in public."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"And what, sir, is the event which you consider of such importance to me?"

"That Miss—but you must promise to bear those evil tidings calmly—that Miss Somerville has eloped with Captain R——n."

"The d—l she has," I exclaimed, with unsophisticated astonishment; and then, as the shock of this fresh misfortune overpowered my feelings, I rushed out of the room with the appearance of a madman, leaving the bearer of the news in a state of bewilderment and surprise.

* * * * *

The high opinions I have formed of feminine excellence, were considerably weakened by the ill-success of my amours, and a kind of vow, to never approach the presence of a woman again, escaped my lips. This, however, like similar protestations, was destined to be immediately broken, for in a few months I contracted a near acquaintance with a lady, who I at that time understood, was a young widow, whom a series of misfortunes had reduced from a much higher grade to comparative poverty. When I heard that a lady was unfortunate, this was sufficient to enlist all my sympathies in her behalf, but when she was pretty and young, I felt that kind of pity, which is a very near relation to love, and which said pity generally contrives to introduce her kinsman in her train. This feeling led to my introduction to Mrs. Morton, who was in every thing calculated to console me for the loss of Emily.

Mrs. Morton was not beautiful, and her face would not have borne criticism, but there was an air of joyous animation in her features, and a smile of seraphic sweetness, which illumined her countenance, when in the presence of those she loved, that pleased me far more than the Stoical indifference, and cold monotony of strictly regular, but unimpassioned faces.

This fresh object of my affection was somewhat of an enthusiast, and passionately devoted to poetry and music, so our conversation generally flowed into a strain, more elevated and intellectual than that which often takes place between the lover and his mistress. Our interviews were usually enjoyed at the magic hour, when the glare of day fades before the sober twilight. Oh! who can describe the soothing influence of an evening hour, when spent with the idol of our love; in every situation there is a beauty in the close of a summer day, which none can wholly resist, but to a lover it presents peculiar charms, especially when the fair being is present, who lends a charm to the scene, and who increases to a tenfold degree, the beauty and harmony of nature, for then this hour is attended by a feeling, somewhat sacred in its nature, like that of the peasant, when the stillness of the evening is broken by the vesper bell, which bids him cease from his labour to say his Ave Maria.

Mrs. Morton's taste for music had led her to cultivate this sweet science, and as she was a skilful performer upon the harp, I was delighted by many a favourite air, while I repaid her by reading Shakspeare, of whom we were both great admirers; this mode of passing our time was

very injudicious, as it strengthened a passion, which on her side was very culpable, though I must say in my own justification, that I was entirely unacquainted with the facts, which were made known to me in the following manner.

I had returned from my usual *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Morton at rather an early hour, and was reclining on a sofa, my mind busied with thoughts of past happiness and anticipations of future felicity, when a gentleman was announced, whose name and person were equally unknown to me. After the preliminary courtesies, my visitor with a grave brow, and stern tone, thus commenced the conversation.

"I am sorry, sir, to be concerned in an affair of this disagreeable nature, but as the friend of Mrs. Morton's husband—"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, repeating the words, "Mrs. Morton's husband, is Emma married?"

"She is, sir; but from the manner of your receiving the intelligence, I conclude you were unacquainted with the fact, so I hope this matter will be settled with little difficulty, as you could most certainly have no intention of injuring a man, of whose very existence you were entirely ignorant."

"By my honour as a gentleman, I declare, that I did not know Mrs. Morton had a husband alive. Your information has shown me the duplicity of this deceitful woman, and the culpability of my own conduct."

"Sir, judge not yourself so harshly,—for though you may have acted indiscreetly, you cannot be said to be guilty of a crime; that will rest upon the head of the faithless woman, who has so basely repaid the affection of her husband."

Having reiterated his promise to explain the circumstances to Mr. Morton, my visitor retired, the hostile character in which he had come, being suddenly changed into that of a pacificator. My own feelings were so violent, that I was thrown into a fever, which endangered my reason, and it was solely owing to the kind care and attention of my nurses, that I finally recovered.

Mr. Morton, who was a man of the nicest honour, was sufficiently convinced of my innocence, and became from that period one of my firmest friends. This connection became stronger and more intimate, when the fair but frail Emma left her home under the protection of a French officer; for we had both loved her, and to me alone he could speak without reserve, of the agony and suffering of his lacerated heart, and from my hand alone would he receive the balm of sympathy and consolation.

* * * * *

When I became convalescent, I left the busy hum of the city for the quiet solitude of rural scenes. Summer was approaching, and I found myself where my heart was really most at home, with a volume of Shakspeare before me, I reclined on a favourite bank upon the brink of a bubbling stream, which never failed to awaken a thousand reminiscences of earlier years; thus I spent my time, during the sultry part of the day, and in the cooler hours of evening, I rambled with an old spaniel over one of

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the most picturesque scenes of England, gazing with admiration on the lovely works of nature, while my mind, impressed with solemn awe, turned in lively gratitude to the great Creator of the universe; even now my heart overflows with the fulness of its emotions at the remembrance of that time of happiness.

But autumn came, and I could not bear to see my friends withering (for I had a friend in every tree, and each leaf seemed to rustle its amicable welcome on my approach), so I again betook myself to London, where I was again destined to become the slave of Cupid, though only one being in the world could then have induced me to break my vow.

One morning I was dispelling my *ennui* in the best manner I could, when I received a note of invitation to a ball, from the gentleman at whose house I became acquainted with Miss Castleton, the postscript adding that I must on no account absent myself, as the events of the evening might have the most important effect on my interests. This billet awakened my curiosity, if not my fears, so the invitation was accepted.

When I arrived at Mr. S—'s house, there was, I must confess, a slight *tremor cordis*, and my memory led me back to five years antecedent, but it was a momentary weakness. My surprise, however, was excited, when Mr. S— led me into a small room, and said,

"Arthur, you some time ago confided to me the cause of your disagreement with Miss Castleton."

"If that, sir, is to be the subject of this interview, I must beg leave to terminate it."

"Rash boy, allow me to explain my motives of requesting this interview as you term it."

My impatience was speedily converted into gratitude and joy, when Mr. S— said, that being determined to discover the whole truth, he had found that an absence of five years had been caused by a mistake of my own stupid head. That Mary's companion was her brother, whose voice I had heard in the harbour, who, wishing her to use her interest in his favour with a lady then at her father's house, he had requested her to seize that opportunity of doing so, but that she, as it was the hour appointed for her interview with me, had refused compliance.

"Can Mary forgive me after my gross injustice?" I exclaimed, as soon as Mr. S— had concluded.

"She is willing to extend her forgiveness to you this moment. Come, I will introduce you."

I felt like a young courtier approaching for the first time his sovereign, as I followed Mr. S— into the ball room; but I was soon assured that Mary had dismissed all her resentment, if she ever cherished any, for when my kind host led me to her, she spoke as sweetly as she had ever done, and her eye retained its bright glance, and in a few minutes we were again the tender lovers, whirling through the mazy dance.

When my fair partner exhibited signs of fatigue, I led her to a window, and we both gazed on the still street below, and from thence I turned to look on the fair features of Mary, whose eyes were filled with tears. When I asked the cause, she murmured—

"Oh! Arthur, the joy, the unlooked for bliss of this moment, is too much for my feeble powers. I fear that to be ever as I am now, is too much to ask of fortune."

"Mary, you shall never have reason to complain of me again, and this shall be the seal of my promise," I exclaimed, as I imprinted a kiss upon her snowy brow, and swore to keep inviolate the vow I had thus made.

When I returned to my favourite haunts in the country, Mary was my companion, having exchanged her maiden name for one which she had long in secret wished to bear. Now every beloved spot was rendered dearer by the presence of her, whom I could at last call *my own*. And at this period, though years have passed by since our union, and though I in vain look for the fragile girl in the matronly person of Mary, who is now inclined to *enbonpoint*, I have kept sacred my promise to treat with kindness the wife of my bosom; for though her figure is altered, her kind voice is yet unbroken, and the lustre of her eye is undimmed by affliction, for she can have no sorrow while her husband loves her as tenderly as he did in the days of his youth.

TO MRS. R—.

By a Young German Lady.

As soft and gentle you appeared to me,

So have I drawn your picture in my heart;
Your gracious smile, ah! once more let me see,
Before the hour strikes, and you depart.

Though we often spoke in different tongues,
Your voice will leave an echo on this spot;
And what I said to you in friendship's songs,
Will you remember, and forget me not?

LOUISA SONNEWALD, WILDBAD.

ENIGMA.

In silence my first is composed and resigned,
But open your lips and then you will find,
I can dance up and down as fast as you mind;
My second is felt in an easterly wind;
My third and my whole can jump, run, and walk,
But sings not, and flies not, or yet can it talk;
If you catch it 'twill bite you and give you a cuff,
But it is not inclined to be savage or rough;
It is lovely when dressed in a very dark stuff,
And looks well in a boa, a cape, or a muff.

Answer—CHINCHILLY.

K.

CHARADE.

My first is the first of the spring,
My second's the last of the winter,
And my *tout* is what you now see before you.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ULRIC;
OR,
THE ENAMOURED MUSICIAN.

The ball had just finished in one of the brilliant hotels of the faubourg Saint Honoré. A young man, who was the last person that quitted the saloon, left the hotel slow and sorrowful; he was evidently suffering deeply from grief, and it might be easily perceived that the *fête* had left behind, impressions which were anything but agreeable. He walked towards the Champs Elysées, and in passing before the beautiful gardens which ornamented the sides of this promenade, he stopped to contemplate with sorrow, the green tint with which spring had commenced to decorate the young trees.

The return of spring is generally looked upon with pleasure, all yield to its sweet and benign influence, with a smile on the lips and the heart. It is the season to enjoy life, when invalids revive, and the old become young again; it is the time that woman is loveliest, and poets best inspired. In the midst of this happiness, how explain so strange an exception, as an expression of despair, produced by the gay aspect of the newly-bursting leaves?

Nothing is more easily explained. The young man was sad on leaving the ball, and sadder still in witnessing that season's arrival, which must terminate winter's *fêtes*. Is it that there is no happiness for him but in the ball-room? Much more, it is by these *fêtes* that he makes his living; for he earns his bread by playing the violin at balls; he had no other resource, no other fortune in the world but this.

This revelation, has perhaps stripped our hero of a great deal of the romance of poetry. How! you will say, exhibit so much sadness and sorrow for the sake of a little money? A young man, and an artist, ought to be prepared to combat these difficulties; but—

"I shall then see her no more," cried the young man, raising his large blue eyes to heaven, which were wet with tears.

The romance of poetry now returns, for it may be plainly perceived, that it is the sadness of the heart which alone produces such profound sorrow in the breast of young men, especially artists, who are more than any others indifferent to the freaks of fortune. Vainly might search be made in the kingdom of melody for a prouder spirit, or a more sensitive heart than had our young musician, Ulric.

Born in Germany, he was an orphan, and brought up by the tender care of an old professor of music, who taught him the rudiments of the art, and all he knew concerning it, which was but little. This professor was a good man, gifted with more virtue than talent; he had found this poor abandoned child, and shared with him the scanty fruits of his labour. Pupils were always scarce, and sometimes entirely failed; his master, therefore, joined a troop of travelling singers, who went from town to town performing the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the German theatre.

Ulric accompanied them in their travels, and assisted them as much as he could with his violin, in taking a part in the orchestra. Years past in this manner, and Ulric had attained the age of eighteen when he lost his benefactor, who died at Strasburg, after a representation of *Freychutz*.

The young man was strong enough to fly with his own wings, and about this time having received his discharge from the travelling actors, taking courage, he profited by it to go to Paris, where he hoped to find occupation. His patience was, however, put to the test, but at length he was fortunate enough to establish himself in the good graces of a *maestro*, celebrated for his talent for conducting a quadrille, or a country dance, a waltz, or galop. He was to the young German a second protector, less devoted and less affectionate than the first, but whose position enabled him to procure a more comfortable existence. During two winters Ulric earned enough to economise for the summer. He wished for no more, his ambition soared not higher, and he was happy, after having in vain tried to subsist amidst the fatigues of a carnival, to find himself in a situation where he might rest in agreeable idleness during the summer months, above want, and enjoying innocent amusements. But the third winter brought with it the trouble that dispelled the charm of a life so calm and so happy.

The season of balls was about commencing. Ulric had quitted his repose; the chief of the orchestra collected his musicians for a grand *fête*. Between two country dances, as the eyes of our young musician wandered through the assembly, he met the glance of a young lady, who was remarkably beautiful, and he felt in his heart an emotion hitherto unknown. From this moment his eyes never left this charming object, who exercised over him a power resembling fascination. Without a struggle, he gave himself up to the charm which her beauty threw over him; he followed her every step, and admired her grace. Already he had more than once lost the time, and he soon altogether lost his head. Pale and trembling he felt his strength abandoning him; he rose to leave the saloon. After advancing a few paces, he fell fainting on the steps of the orchestra.

The noise of his fall resounded through the room. The music stopped, and the dancers pressed round the young man, who had been wounded by the fall. They placed him on a chair, and to stop the blood which flowed from his forehead, they had to cut off some locks of his beautiful hair. The ladies now remarked that the face of Ulric was extremely handsome, and some of the more compassionate offered their scent-bottles to aid in restoring his senses, others their embroidered handkerchiefs to bandage his wound.

After returning to his senses, Ulric was transported to his house, in the carriage of the mistress of the mansion, who sent the next day to inquire how he was. This lady was named the Baroness de Serilly; she was young, pretty, and a widow. The young lady, who had produced so lively an emotion in the heart of Ulric, was a cousin of the late Baron de Serilly, and her name was

H

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Henriette. The wound on his forehead was quickly healed ; but the one on his heart was of that species that never heals.

Ulric had no other thought, no other feeling ; he lived, he breathed but in his love. It chanced that at the next ball he attended, he found Madame de Serille and her lovely cousin. The Baroness condescended to speak to him, Henriette shook hands with him, and poor Ulric had no strength to answer.

The cousins mixed much with the world ; Madame de Serille had a ball every fortnight at her own house, and the young musician, recommended by the Baroness, had frequent occasion of seeing Henriette. He had now attained more mastery over the passion which devoured his soul, and Henriette blushed more than ever on perceiving the tender and burning glance of Ulric, of which she was the constant object. What did he hope ? Nothing, of course. This was a question he had never dared ask himself. All others but the amorous musician would have cursed their fate, which proved so insurmountable a barrier between him and the baroness's cousin ; but Ulric, how could he curse the means which gave him access to the world where Henriette lived ? On the contrary, he thanked Providence, and he blessed the memory of his old protector, who had taught him the violin, but who had not taught him very well.

This delicious dream had lasted until the day of which we spoke at the commencement of our récit. Ulric had seen the baroness and Henriette at this ball, but after the last galop, the chief of the orchestra said,

"This is probably the last fête of this season : Spring has arrived, and the fashionables will now depart for the country. So now our labours are finished ; we shall not meet here again till the month of November."

These words fell like lead on the heart of Ulric. No more balls. The courses he breathed on the spring were deep and fervent. Must he then wait till the following winter ? It was impossible. He, who was miserable if he did not see her every week. His profession now appeared disgusting to him, for it separated him from Henriette for half the year. He now understood all the misery of poverty.

What am I who dare love her ? he asked himself. Love is a master that makes celebrated pupils ; in an instant Ulric felt a noble ambition to become distinguished, so that he might nearer approach the object of his love ; unhappily he soon became aware of the insufficiency of his means. The memory of his poor teacher began to suffer, and, in the agony of his despair, the ungrateful pupil smashed his violin.

This act of destruction was hardly completed than the young musician began to repent of it. The truth was, that he was not rich enough to buy another. The winter that had just passed was not so profitable as the preceding one ; but, absorbed by his passion, Ulric had not thought, as was his wont, of economising for the time of rest ; he had spent all his money in useless dress, and frequenting places of amusement in hopes of meeting Henriette there. How was he to make out a livelihood during the long

months that those who are happy call the most beautiful season of the year ?

Nought but gloom hung over Ulric's future ; misery now began to draw a blacker cloud over his dark thoughts. He remained several days alone in his room, his mind crowded with despairing thoughts. One of his comrades, who came to see him, wishing to distract him from his thoughts, asked him to come out, and take a walk.

"Do you not see," said he to him, "how pure the heavens are, the air is bracing, and the leaves are now thick ; spring is shining in all its brilliancy."

Ulric answered but by a deep sigh. The two friends wandered towards a wood, a carriage quickly passed them. A lady leaned forward, and waved her hand to Ulric. It was the baroness ; by her side sat her cousin, and before Henriette a young man, who was busily engaged conversing with her. The conversation seemed to please her—Henriette did not perceive Ulric.

Until then jealousy had but slightly tormented the soul of our young musician ; this last blow had doubly multiplied the measure of his sufferings.

"Her intended husband, without a doubt !" said he, biting his lips, whilst a cold perspiration covered his forehead.

From this moment, the idea of suicide took firm possession of his heart.

When he arrived home, he gave himself up to his gloomy meditations. But on mechanically turning towards the wall, he saw hanging in the place his destroyed violin used to rest—a new one. He rose, thinking he was the victim of some perfidious hallucination, and his astonishment was great on perceiving it was one of the most magnificent that was made. On a paper attached to the bow he read these words—"For M. Ulric."

They told him this violin was brought by a livery servant, who had not mentioned from whom it came, and would not take anything for his trouble.

"'Tis strange !" thought he, "who then can be interested in me !"

He strolled the following day towards the wood, but no carriage passed him. At length he took courage, and a few days after repaired to the hotel of the baroness. There he was informed that Madame de Serille and her cousin were gone to the country.

"Would it not be better to sell this violin, which I got by unknown means, than to starve of hunger," said he. "It is my last resource."

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. It was from a lawyer, inviting Ulric to repair immediately to his house on an affair of importance.

Another mystery ; but one which would be easily cleared up. He went, and the lawyer, after closely questioning him on the country he had left so long, on his family, whom he had never known, and about the old musician who had brought him up.

"Yes," replied Ulric, "he left me all he possessed, which was but ten crowns, a violin, and some music books."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"The inheritance is better than you imagine, sir. The old man had a cousin, who died shortly before him. In his will he left him a thousand crowns. You are his heir, therefore this money is your right. Here it is."

Ulric, in his turn, now questioned the lawyer, who replied that he knew no more. That money had been left with him to deliver to the heir of the old professor.

Here was food for reflection. Ulric had thoughts that the thousand crowns came from the same source as did the violin; but the lawyer was immovable.

"Wait," said he, "I shall, perhaps, some day be able to solve the enigma."

The inheritance was sufficient to last him till the return of winter, but the grief of separation, added to the torments of jealousy, would, if longer continued, conduct him rapidly to the grave.

"Is this also from the lawyer?" asked he, on breaking the seal of a letter which had been remitted to him three weeks after this event—three weeks which had passed slowly and miserably.

"But no!" replied he, on reading the note.

"M. Mersannes begs M. Ulric to repair to his chateau de Saint Pons, near Montmorency, and to bring his violin with him, to assist at a ball which will take place to night."

"A ball! I shall perhaps see her."

This was but a slender hope, yet Ulric clung to it with pertinacity. It was about four o'clock when he arrived at Saint Pons. The party had assembled on the terrace of the chateau; the first person whom Ulric recognized was Madame de Serilly.

"Allow me to present my protégé," said the baroness, taking the young musician's hand.

A slight flush was visible on the face of the charming Henriette as she encountered the keen burning gaze of the impassioned Ulric.

"I would wish to speak to you," said the baroness, addressing the musician.

"I am obedient to your orders, madam," replied he, making a violent effort to disguise his agitation.

"Then come into this valley, for fear of interruption."

They walked on till without reach of being overheard, she then continued,

"It was I who wrote for you to come here to M. de Mersannes, an old friend of my family."

"Madam, you flatter me."

"Perhaps so; have you not remarked the interest I have always taken in you since the night you met with that accident? happily, since your wound was the means by which I became acquainted with you; for I hope it was not only a great happiness for me, but for you also. Would you be agreeable to a change of fortune, Ulric? What would you say if you found here one whose affection is yours, whose heart you possess?"

"And who is this person?"

"It is myself."

"Good Heavens! what do I hear!—ah! I understand all, now. The violin—this fortune—all—all! wretch that I am; and 'tis you!"

"Yes, Ulric, it is I. But why this uneasiness? I have perhaps said too much; but be prudent. The mystery will not be cleared for a few hours. I shall await, but with what impatience! Be ready; I shall tell you when the time comes. Some one approaches—go."

The baroness immediately quitted the arm of Ulric, and wondering, he bent his returning steps towards the chateau.

Dinner hour had now arrived, and the guests repaired to the saloon. After the repast, when all the company had retired to the drawing-room, Madame de Serilly rushed in with an open letter in her hand, and running towards Ulric she threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "My brother!"

An explanation was readily given. The father of Madame de Serilly, on his death-bed, had told his daughter of a son whom he had lost, and traces of whom he was never able to discover. His name was Ulric. After many vain researches, the name of the musician, pronounced by his comrades when he fainted, struck so forcibly on the baroness, that she immediately set about making inquiries, which ultimately proved successful, and the letter she had just received, furnished incontestable proofs of his identity.

"And now, will you not love me as a sister?" said the baroness.

"And as a cousin," replied Ulric, taking the hand of the blushing Henriette.

A slight pressure of the hand was the only answer.

PAULINA.

LATE IMPORTATION IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.—No sooner did the Ojibbeway Indians decamp, than they are succeeded by other human rarities, such as the Emperor Nicholas, (Old Nick) Louis Philippe, and Tom Thumb. But now we have to announce the arrival of a Black Julien! from the land of rum and sugar, who threatens to put the Paine's, the Julliens, and our own celebrated "Polka" Jullien *hors de combat*. We have his music now before us in the shape of a set of Quadrilles, which it appears has been composed altogether from negro or African airs, with a grand dash of the "French Creole" therein. We have also a polka à la "sha sha." Now we cannot tell whether this word is "Mongolian," "Ashante," or "Coromanti," but we have heard that the figure is most graceful. There is, we think, a sly cut at some other Jullien in the design, which is represented on the title page of this novel production, for the gentleman is observed to be standing upon the works of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, while he is endeavouring to place in the Temple of Fame a volume of his own Polka. The idea here is certainly good, and points a moral too. The music before us may be sung or danced, or both may be enjoyed at the same time. As far as melody is concerned, these airs unquestionably go far to redeem the negro character from the charge of wanting taste or capacity for this science. No. 3, particularly, is a most chaste and beautiful melody. We hope that this black musician will find every justice and liberality dealt out to him.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The prospects of the present season seem to promise that it will be one of the most brilliant we have ever had; the subscription is unusually strong, nearly every box and stall being let for the whole season. Almost every person of note in the fashionable world is to be met with during the evening in the boxes, more so, indeed, than at any previous season, for it seems now to form part of the establishment of every person of any pretension to rank or fashion, to enjoy the luxury of an opera box. Mr. LUMLEY put forth more strength in the opening than has hitherto been the custom, the *Ernani* of VERDI being produced on the occasion; and as we are to have more operas from the pen of this talented composer, we are induced to enter a little into his merits as a writer. His name is already familiarly known in this country by his published operas; and judging from his present composition, he is likely to attain much additional popularity here. His music is quite in the modern Italian school, embracing the florid and beautiful character of DONIZETTI's melodies, with the force, grace, and spirit of MERCADANTE; his style has at the same time much that is striking and original, he frequently dashes off a beautiful melody, and works it out with a spirit and freedom that evinces strong marks of genius; and in some of his plaintive melodies he is particularly felicitous. The subjects are worked up admirably with the situations of the drama, one or the greatest proofs of the ability of a composer. In his accompaniments and incidental music there is a great deal of freedom and spirit, the phrasing of many of the melodies is light and elegant; and, taken altogether, his music is as much likely to be popular as that of any modern composer, whose operas have been produced in this country. The *morceaux* that attract most attention are the *cavatina*, *Oh tu che alma adora*: the *allegro* of which is exceedingly light and elegant, flowing smoothly and with well marked character. The aria *Infelice e tuo crevi*, is also a graceful and plaintive *andante*, and the duet *La tuo Fido*, is striking and original; there is also a spirited movement charmingly worked out, *Letizia ne lodi*, one of the most brilliant *morceaux* of the opera. The *andante* trio, *Oro quant' Oro* is also effective; the harmonies being clever and original; the *cavatina*, *Oh de verd anni Mie!*, is a plaintive air, written with feeling, and reminding us of some of DONIZETTI's exquisite *morceaux* in the *Lucia di Lamermoor*. The aria *I miei Lamenti*, contains some of those bits of *cantabile* that tell with such effect on the Italian stage. The *andante cavatina*, *Ernani Involami*, is replete with grace and expression, and leads into a well marked *allegro, tutto sprezzo*, which is likely to be one of the favourites of the opera. The *scena ed aria*, *Lo Verremo*, is written with freedom and spirit; the few preliminary bars of the *andante* being exceedingly elegant. We may also particularize an effective march and solo, *Ad Augusta*. Madame RITA BORIO, the *debutante* in the opera, is about six or seven and twenty years of age, with a commanding figure, somewhat above the average height, with

agreeable and handsome features; her voice is a *soprano* of rather high quality, with the facility of occasionally touching notes rather lower than the general range of *soprano* voices. She sings with taste and feeling; her style being good; and she excels most where power is not required, as her voice is a very agreeable one, and managed very skilfully.

The new ballet of *Boline ou la Dryade*, was very successful. The subject is taken from a collection of German legends. It is very prettily treated, and LUCILLE GRAHN's light and graceful style of dancing, is admirably suited to it, and truly charming was she in her *Mazurka d'Estase*, in which she most perfectly and gracefully delineates the fascination of the *Gnome*; but throughout both her pantomime and dancing was excellent, it seemed to embody the conception of the author, and to carry the poetry of the tale into the scenic display, and render the illusion perfect. There are also several other charming dances introduced—viz., a waltz, *Selestienne*, by the *Coryphees*, a very fanciful and elegant *pas de Fiancée*, by GRAHN and TOUSSAINT, a *pas de cinq*, by WEISS, FERDINAND, DEMELISSE, CASSAN, and MONCELET, and a grand *pas de Dryades*, by GRAHN and the *Coryphees*. The several *debutantes* are excellent additions to the company, having been selected with judgment. Mademoiselle WEISS is slightly made, rather above the average height, with expressive features, and there is both spirit and novelty in her dancing. Mdlle. FERDINAND has improved since last year, whilst DEMELISSE and CASSAN are young, and full of buoyancy and grace, whilst MONCELET, who is even younger, will be no less a favourite for her agile dancing than her beauty. The new scenery is by Mr. MARSHALL, and both in the opera and the ballet exhibit talents of the highest order; in the ballet there are some truly beautiful effects. The scene in which the trees where the spirits dwell, become converted into human forms in all directions, has rarely been surpassed on any stage for novel and splendid effects; and that, also, where the Gnomes destroy, by fire, the forest and Edine Oak, and the spirits of the Dryades wing their way to the realms above, is admirably managed. Indeed, nothing could be more successful than the *ballet*, which is very beautifully produced; nor must we omit a passing notice of PUGNI's music, which is lively and spirited.

The great sensation that DAVIN's *Ode to the Desert* has created in Paris, has naturally attracted much attention to it in the country; nothing could exceed the *furor* it created in the Parisian musical circles: its many startling beauties, and the masterly manner with which the composer has grappled with his subject, being quite out of the ordinary run of musical composition, and presents such novelty of phrasing, and original and grand effects in the scoring, as fully to justify the praise that has already been bestowed upon it; it is certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of composition, and will create no less sensation in this country than it has previously done in Paris. It commences with a slow and majestic movement of the stringed instruments, sustained and prolonged by a pedal for about thirty bars, depicting admirably the vague grandeur and

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

monotony of the desert, and the heavy rolling of the sand. The introductory strophes, entitled the *entrée au desert*, are spoken to this accompaniment; then follows the *Glorification d'Allah* in recitative—afterwards the tramp of the caravan is heard—first vaguely in the distance, but the music increases in sound as it approaches. The firm, steady march of the caravan and the charming chorus, "Allons, marchons," is interrupted by the howling of the fatal simoom—the tempest rages in the desert. The music at this moment, descriptive in the highest degree, brings the scene before the spectator—but the storm allayed by degrees, the former calm returns, the caravan recommences its march, and the beautiful chorus, "Allons marchons," is resumed. The second part has a more dreary and melancholy character. The "Hymne à la nuit," and the "Reverie du Soir," are *morceaux* of exquisite beauty; the poet and musician, animated by the same feeling, described most truthfully the calm, the languor, and sweetness of a night in the east. These two pensive melodies are finely contrasted by the wild gaiety of a *Fantasia Arabe* and the *Dance des Almées*; the latter especially is full of fantastic grace. The third part commences with the famous "Lever du Soleil," which would alone suffice to raise the reputation of any composer. It begins by a slight *tremolo* of the violin; soon the wind instruments join in the most exquisite harmony; as the sun rises the sound increases, and a tremendous explosion of the whole orchestra announces the arrival of the glorious luminary at its zenith. Words cannot convey without appearing unnatural or exaggerated, the effect produced by the last *morceau*. The *Chant du Muezzin* which follows, is full of character, and finishes by a chromatic passage of the wildest eccentricity. The caravan then resumes its march, the sound soon dies away in the distance, and the desert again breathes her hymn to Allah.

MADAME CASTELLAN, who supplies the place of PERSIANI, is a great acquisition to the company. Her singing and acting as *Lucia*, in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has been spoken of in terms of high praise at St. Petersburg and Mexico, where she has played it with great success. MADAME CASTELLAN's voice is one of much purity and beauty, with ample volume for expression, and being admirably cultivated, it is far more under control than voices of a similar quality usually are. She is a singer who is much wanted at this theatre, having power to be heard in the concerted pieces, and with vocal strength to carry through an opera where much exertion is required. PERSIANI, with all her beauty, and finished execution and taste, had scarcely powers for so large a theatre, so that the range of operas in which she played, was naturally very limited. With a singer like MADAME CASTELLAN, we shall have more novelty, as many operas that have not hitherto been played, will be brought forward, and be so cast as to render them perfect in every respect. We are also to have a new Spanish *danseuse*, LA NINA, who is quite the Taglioni of the Spanish school of dancing, and if one half that we hear of her abilities be true, she will create quite a sensation here.

FRENCH PLAYS.—If success depends upon merit, most richly does Mr. MITCHELL deserve it, for nothing can be more spirited than his management has been during the present season, and it is gratifying to find that it is so well appreciated by the subscribers. We can imagine nothing more aristocratic in appearance than this elegant little theatre on a subscription night. Her Majesty and Prince Albert gracing their box with their presence, the Duchess of Cambridge generally in the box on the left hand of her Majesty, whilst next to her on the left hand, is Lord Chesterfield, with a host of fashionable friends; on the opposite side of the house to the Queen, we have the boxes of the French ambassador, the charming and graceful Baroness Brunow, the wife of the Russian ambassador; the Turkish ambassador, the Austrian ambassador, the Lady Fox, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Cardigan, whilst the centre of the house boasts of names no less well known in the fashionable circles, than those we have already mentioned, and presenting an array of rank, fashion, and beauty, that no theatre could rival. We were much struck with the elegant and costly arrangements made for her Majesty's convenience. The interior of the box is most beautifully fitted up with every luxury that can tend to the comfort of the illustrious visitors, and a private withdrawing room, and passages that lead through the entire of the house, apart from the public entrances, have been fitted up in a style of splendour, combined with good taste, that would seem almost impossible to any one who knew the limited size of the house, and had not seen the arrangements we speak of. So much attention seems to have been duly appreciated by her Majesty, as she is now a frequent visitor here, and speaking French so admirably as she does, every point in the dialogue is appreciated by her; she enters into the spirit of the performance with hearty enjoyment.

To enumerate the successes of FREDERICK LEMAITRE, would be to enter into a detailed criticism of each performance, since every piece in which he has appeared, has been most decidedly successful. The admirably drawn character of his *Maurice*, in the *Dame de St. Tropez*, teeming with powerfully sustained effects in the last two acts, contrasts well with the spirited and dashing delineation of his *Don Cesar de Bazan*, whilst his *Robert Macaire* was as perfect a bit of acting as we have ever witnessed, the broken-down *roué* striving to keep up amidst his rags, the appearance of a man of fashion, chaunting forth his favourite reminiscences of the opera, and disconcerting the flow of melody by the *malapropos* grating screw of his snuff-box, are bits of acting so original and genuine, as to claim the warmest praise we can bestow. The *Trente ans de la vie d'un Joueur*, is, perhaps, less a favourite of ours, than the other pieces in which he has played, not that it abounds less in artistic excellence, but that the subject is not an agreeable one, and it presents points that are rather too strongly worked up.

MADAME ALBERT was to have commenced the season after Easter, but the recent death of her husband has prevented her fulfilling her engagement at present, so that

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Mr. MITCHELL's plans are somewhat disarranged. He has been to Paris to endeavour to get PLESSY to alter the time of her appearance, and to delight us with her charming acting earlier in the season, when the elegant lively comedies of the *Ecole des Viellards*, and the *Folies Amoureuses*, by their chaste and brilliant dialogue, and the finished excellence of her acting, may render this theatre more than ever attractive. PLESSY is deservedly a great favourite in this country; she is the most lady-like actress on the stage, dressing always to perfection, and the truly beautiful delivery of her dialogue, renders it delightful to listen to her, were it only for the sake of hearing French spoken in its highest purity. All the pieces in which she plays are the most classic productions of the French stage, being from the *repertoire* of the *Theatre Français*, where only pieces of the highest merit are ever brought out. The great interest that Madlle. PLESSY has excited with the aristocracy in this country, will render the following short account of her interesting to our subscribers. Madlle. JEANNE SYLVANIA PLESSY, is a native of Metz, where her father, from some reverse of fortune, followed the *nomade* life of an actor. At a very early period Madlle. PLESSY was placed under the instruction of Michelot and Samson, who nominated her in 1829, at the age of ten years, as one of the pupils of the *Conservatoire*. Five years afterwards, viz., on the 10th of March, 1834, she made her first appearance at the *Theatre Français*, where her pretty and youthful figure, combined with the softness of her expression, and the great talents she evinced, soon won the good opinion of the audience, who received her with unbounded enthusiasm. She was not contented with her success at the moment, but when most actresses cease their exertions, she seemed about to commence, for her course of study and practice for the stage, after her *débüt*, was most severe, and she has gradually worked her way up to the highest position on the French stage. To enumerate the pieces in which she has been most successful, would be almost to state all the productions of the French stage, since no author will bring out a play or comedy, without stipulating that PLESSY shall play the chief part. We need scarcely say, that she is no less a favourite in London than in Paris, and that she will attract some of the fullest and most fashionable houses of the season.

CHARADE.

The world's round, and so am I,
With clouds of gold I'm like the sky;
Where'er I come men gaze at me,
And wonder at my variety.
I shine, I dazzle, I delight,
And sparkle in the darkest night;
Upon the earth I'm deemed a gem,
And prized I am as a diadem;
I bear one impress, yet you'll see,
I semblance bear to eternity.

B. M.

THE FAIRY RING.

TRANSLATION.

In former times there lived a man,
Of Spain he was the king;
He had a lovely daughter Ann,
To whom he gave a ring.
"This little guard, my child," said he,
"A fairy mother gave to me;
Without instruction it imparts
A knowledge of all useful arts."

The Princess soon began to try,
And found it very true;
First she made an apple pie,
And then, she made a shoe.
She made a periwig and cap,
A pudding, tarts, and baby's pap;
Stockings, dresses, gloves, and hats,
Berlin slippers, rugs, and mats.
Such wondrous work was never seen
From any daughter of a Queen.

At last she made the king a robe,
Of linen very fine;
And then she made a pilgrimage
To wash it in the Rhine.
She washed it with her snow white hand
In water very blue,
And there was not in all the land,
So fine a sight to view.

At length she made a sudden stop,
And loud began to weep,
For ah! she let the gold ring drop,
Into the water deep.
The maiden wept, the maiden sighed,
As if her little heart,
Would burst the bondage of her side,
And make a sudden start.

Three knights arrived, and some say four,
(It might be less, it might be more),
To whom she promised this;—
Whoever will my ring restore,
Shall claim from me a kiss.
One more daring than the rest,
Plunged into the flood;
He swam and dived, and did his best,
To stir about the mud.
At last ten fathoms deep he spied,
The ring upon the ground,
But as it was a stormy tide,
The poor young knight was drowned.
The Princess nothing did but weep,
She wept away her breath;
First she wept herself to sleep,
And then she wept to death.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR APRIL, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of white *areophane* worn over a pale morning primrose-coloured satin dress; the skirt made open up the fronts, allowing of an entire breadth being let in, trimmed at the lower part with three rows formed of the same number of fullings, headed with a cut *râche* of the same, each row being gradually enlarged at the lower part; the sides of the upper skirt is trimmed to match lengthways, the only difference being, that these fullings are slightly waved, and attached at distances with three *nœuds* of pale primrose satin ribbon, having rather long ends attached; this trimming is also gradually diminished towards the point of the waist; the top of the low corsage is decorated with *bouffants* of *crêpe*, finished in the centre of the bust with a splendid brooch; very short sleeves formed entirely of fullings, and ornamented at the side of the fronts with a *nœud* to correspond with those on the skirt. The hair is prettily arranged with white *marabouts*, gold wheat-ears, and green vine leaves, placed very much on one side of the head.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich pale green satin; the skirt being made very full, and decorated with a succession of rows of green bullion fringe, each put on in a kind of half circle, headed with a large gold cord, and attached at each end with tassels to match; this trimming is continued on the front of the low body, being placed straight across *à la militaire*; short loose sleeve, edged round with a green and gold flat trimming, and cut open all the way up the front of the arm, shewing an under-sleeve of white satin, edged round with a narrow lace; the top of the corsage is cut very low, so as to allow of an under-chemisette of fine muslin, edged with rather a broader lace becoming visible. The hair, which is arranged perfectly plain in the front, is twisted at the back, and intermixed with a roll of broad striped velvet ribbon, green, crimson, and gold; the two ends which droop on the left side being edged with a narrow gold lace.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This elegant style of dress is composed of pink *areophane à double jupe*; the under one being trimmed round the bottom with a beautiful broad band of pink and silver, the ground being of satin; the upper skirt is made sufficiently short to touch the top edge of the pink and silver trimming, and is caught up on each side with a fancy silver trimming, resembling a broad open gympe or chain, which is attached at the top to the waist; plain low pointed corsage, similarly decorated up the centre; the short plain sleeves being entirely concealed by the somewhat deep round cape edged to match the lower fancy trimming on

the under *jupe*, which cape is fastened in the centre of the front with a large silver brooch, a narrow white lace encircling the top of the corsage; the coiffure is formed of plaits of hair, and a kind of half wreath formed entirely of green *crêpe* leaves arranged in a full cluster on each side.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich blue satin; the skirt ornamented with two broad volants of white point lace put on perfectly straight and flat, and at a sufficient distance to allow of a heading of folds of satin. three on the top of the lower flounce, and two on the top of the second one; these folds are placed a little apart so that the trimming reaches to a little below the waist; plain pointed low corsage, surrounded at the top with a light row of white lace, the sleeves being entirely concealed by a round cape forming a *berthe*, and trimmed with two rows of rather broad white lace of a similar description to the flounces; these rows are put on at equal distances, so as to form a heading to each row of lace, the front of the *berthe* being finished with a *nœud* of pale blue satin ribbon. Coiffure composed of white lace intermixed with green foliage and bunches of grapes; this head is put on rather forward, and passes straight across the head, being attached on each side.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress composed of white gauze *à double jupe*; the under skirt being simply finished round the bottom with a broad hem; the second skirt is made open all the way up the front, and also surrounded with a broad hem, added to which a broad double fold of the same light material descends on each side of the front, and is headed with a French piping of white satin; a broad pink satin ribbon is attached on each side under the point of the waist, reaching half way down the fronts, and finished with a large bow and ends of the same; the upper skirt is made rather shorter than the under one; low pointed corsage; the short sleeves and top of the body formed entirely of folds of gauze; a handsome camella of a deep cherry colour being placed in the centre of the corsage. Coiffure *Algerine* composed entirely of crimson loops and velvet, and deep gold tassels drooping low on the left side.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of white tulle worn over white satin *à double jupe*; the under skirt finished with a broad hem; and the upper skirt, which is considerably shorter, is cut half way up on the right side, and decorated with a *nœud* of pale lavender gauze ribbon, a similar one being placed on the opposite side, serving at the same time to loop up

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the skirt, and forming it into a kind of graceful drapery, the top of the low pointed corsage being encircled with folds of the same, forming *bouffants*; the short sleeves trimmed round with narrow plaited frillings of gauze, headed on the top of the arm-hole with bows of lavender ribbon; the tops of the long gloves decorated with fullings of white tulle. Coiffure composed of a plain straight band of lavender satin passing across the top of the head, with gold wheat ears intermixed with *marabouts* and green vine leaves streaked with gold.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale lilac *poult de soie*, made in the *redingote* form, and trimmed with a narrow *rûche* of the same, forming a border to the plain cross-way pieces down the front of the dress, as well as round the jacket body surrounding the top, and descending down the centre of the corsage, which is open sufficiently to show the under chemisette of embroidered muslin. This corsage is made high upon the shoulders and back, the sleeves plain, with cuffs turning back, and also edged with a narrow *rûche*; ruffles of broad white lace. Drawn capote of pale straw-coloured satin, rather close and small in the brim, the crown prettily trimmed with goffered *areophane* of the same colour, and satin ribbon, having small loops on each side of the interior.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress composed of an under dress of white muslin, made three parts high, and plaited down the centre of the body; full sleeves, confined at the wrists with narrow bands, edged with lace, as well as round the neck of the dress; trowsers of the same material. Upper dress of shot silk or cachmeire, violet and green, open all the way up the front, and turned back on each side, forming a kind of *revers*, trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet of the same colour; the corsage is also made open, and laced across with a ribbon velvet, which also encircles the square open cape, and round the cuffs of the loose straight sleeve. Cap of embroidered muslin, sitting close to the face, and trimmed with puffings of crimson ribbon.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This splendid costume is composed of pale blue satin, the skirt very full, and trimmed with an immense broad *volant* of rich white lace, which is brought up in a point on the left side of the front, and finished with two *nœuds* and long ends of blue satin ribbon, this flounce has a heading of the same; plain corsage, made low and pointed, and trimmed as well as the short chemisette sleeve, with a splendid pointed lace *berthe* and facing of the same round the edge of the sleeve, the front of the *berthe* decorated with gold ornaments. Algerine turban of white and silver cachmeire, the ends edged with silver fringe.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Under dress of white satin, edged round the bottom with a broad *bias* of pink satin; full *crêpé* chemisette and sleeves; short upper dress of pink satin, open up each side, so as to show the under skirt, edged on both sides with a narrow fancy trimming of pink tulle, and attached across with straps, with bows of pink satin ribbon. The corsage is made very low and pointed, opening the whole way up the front, and encircled with a narrow fancy trimming, as well as the short epaulet sleeve, and ornamented with *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon, both on the body and sleeves. The hair is simply arranged in bands, having a pink band crossing over the forehead, and decorated upon the left side of the head with a bunch of beautiful shaded pink and white roses, arranged in two rows.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of pale lavender cachmeire, the body is high, and à l'Amazon, it is fastened in the front by four large silk buttons; the waist is long, and is finished by a small jacket, which is left open in the front, and is narrower at the sides, increasing again towards the back, where it is formed into two double plaits; it is simply corded at the edge; the sleeves are tight and perfectly plain, having merely a narrow lace ruffle at the wrist; the skirt is immensely long and full, and is without trimming of any kind. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, ornamented with a single ostrich feather, drooping over the left side of the bonnet, the interior of the brim has small bows of striped velvet ribbon, the strings being of the same, the *nœud* and ends at the back are of white satin ribbon.

PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Pelisse of green satin, the body quite high and fitting tight, the waist and point being very long; the sleeves are plain, and tight, finished at the wrist by a deep ruffle of lace; the skirt is long and extremely full; two rows of a flat rich silk trimming, of a darker shade than the dress, is placed on the skirt *en tablière*, decreasing in width towards the waist, two corresponding rows of trimming are placed upon the body of the pelisse, between which are bows of a thick silk cord, which are larger as they reach the bottom of the pelisse. Capote of pink satin, low at the ears; a profusion of roses, with a rich satin foliage, ornaments the left side of the crown, the interior has only a few very small flowers, without a cap.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of rich silk, the corsage low, the waist and point long; the sleeves are very short and quite tight; a double cape, which falls over, and entirely covers the sleeve, surrounds the neck of the dress; the edges of this cape are vandyked, and pinked or stamped;

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the skirt is very long and full, it has flounces *en biais*, which reach nearly to the waist, the edges being stamped, and increasing in width towards the bottom. Cap of rich blonde, having a rather large round crown; the border is plain across the top of the head; the lappets are broad, but not very long; it is ornamented by a bunch of roses, placed on the left side, and falling low at the ear; the foliage is very rich, being composed of velvet and satin.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of very thick lutestring, with a broad stripe of brilliant colours *à l'orientale*; the corsage is low; the waist and point very long; very full folds of the same material are placed across the bust; a short tight sleeve of plain lutestring is finished by a narrow *rûche*, over which fall a full sleeve of Chantilly blonde looped up in the centre with a small rosette of lace; the pattern of which is worked in gold thread; the skirt is long and extremely full; it is left open at each side nearly to the waist, and a breadth of plain silk is let in, on which is placed flowers, each headed by a puffing, the whole composed of lace worked with gold thread. Turban of white cashmere of the finest texture, ornamented with gold cord, and having a deep fringe of gold at the ends, which droop on the shoulders. This costume is decidedly *distinguée* from the richness of the materials, and the extreme simplicity of its form.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of plain white muslin; the corsage half high; the waist long, and drooping in the front; three broad folds are brought from the seam on the shoulder to the centre of the waist; the neck is finished by a narrow lace; the sleeves are composed of rows of lace, the last row set on full, and falling as a ruffle over the hand; the skirt is immensely full, very long, and perfectly plain; *ceinture* and long ends of shaded amber ribbon. Cap of lace; the border being quite plain round the face with a little fullness at the rounding of the ears, and is simply trimmed with ribbon the same as the *ceinture*.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of shaded silk; the corsage is half high, the waist and point long, the sleeves plain and tight, with a broad cuff *en biais*, turned back, and headed by a narrow *rûche*; a small cape, *à la berthe*, surrounds the bust, edged and headed by a *rûche*; the skirt is long and extremely full; at each side of the front breadth is a *rûche* of the same material, and three rows are placed round the bottom at equal distances, as far as the front breadth. A small cap of cambric, with a beautifully worked border turned back in the front, and falling rather low at the ears; three rows of work, a little full,

are placed at the back of the cap, each headed by a narrow piping of green satin; a twisted ribbon crosses the top of the head, terminated at each ear by a *nœud*; at the back of the cap, under the last border, is a small bow, with long ends.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1845.

The cold, although very severe for this time of year, does not seem to interfere with, or retard those novelties which at this season of the year are generally in preparation. Winter costumes are gradually fading away, and giving place to the fresh and lively appearance of a spring toilette, still there is not a sufficient change visible to render them very remarkable, the principal variety being seen in the trimmings of dresses, particularly in evening costumes, which are well worthy the attention and notice of our fair readers.

CAPS, for half-dress, are principally composed of *tulle*, or *crêpe lisse*, those in *tulle* being trimmed with a long piece of lace, forming lappets on each side, where it is raised with a bunch of very *petit* roses, either pink, or yellow and white. We have also remarked that those made in *crêpe lisse* are trimmed over the front with three folds of the same material, which are finished on each side with a *dentelle de soie*, joined to the folds, and hidden by a *nœud* or trimming of pink satin ribbon, and a small cluster of flowers. Some caps we have remarked, decorated solely with pretty light-looking green leaves; others in blonde are very pretty, when ornamented with tufts of the elder flower and china roses. Coloured *tulles* are again coming into favour, such as green, pink, and blue, and trimmed with a pretty description of flower. Then, again, those made in black lace are very fashionable, made very short and round at the ears, and decorated on each side with three red or cerise coloured roses, without any kind of foliage attached.

BONNETS.—It is as yet too early to announce anything positive as to the form of bonnets for the ensuing spring season. We have, however, every reason to believe that the brims will not increase in size. Those for the present month are mostly to be seen composed of *poult de soie*, or *moire*, the former trimmed with *bouillonnés* of *tulle*, the same colour as the silk, and those in lilac or white *moire*, with feathered tips of the ostrich or marabout, and magnificent white English point lace. *Paille de riz* hats will have the *devoilet relevé* in the same fashion as those velvet bonnets which have lately been so much *la mode*; indeed, this style we have no doubt will become universal, as it gives a youthful and *dégagé* air to the wearer. Several very elegant spring bonnets have lately appeared of pale green *poult de soie*, decorated with lace, put on in a slanting form; also those in lilac, covered with *tulle*, and trimmed with Turkish roses. Yellow will be a favourite colour for spring bonnets, the brim

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

rather close, and ornamented with a ribbon of the same colour.

TRIMMINGS FOR FULL DRESS.—The most fashionable way of trimming almost every description of dress, particularly the skirts, is à *pyramide*, that is, trimmed round with a considerable number of rows of ornaments, placed at certain distances, the whole of different widths, the lower circle being considerably wider than the top one, which is very narrow, and almost close to the *ceinture*. The style and texture of these *pyramides* vary according to the lightness or solidity of the material upon which they are placed. For instance, there are bands of velvet, the novel kind of *dentelles-zéphirs*, velvet laces made in white, others of the fringe style, having an open kind of heading, *dentelles du puy*, and others equally charming for this style of trimming. Above all, we would remark that those having the richest effect, are composed of the real *mi-recourt* thread lace, made on purpose, or for full dress, rich blonde. Nothing can equal the distinguished and rich appearance of this style of trimming, the divisions betwixt each circle showing the elegant material of the dress.

STRAW BONNETS will become very fashionable this spring, particularly those open-worked ones, the favourite trimming being a cerise-coloured ribbon, and a branch of the *sorbier des oiseaux*. *La capote de rue*, trimmed with fullings and cerise ribbon, are also much worn, the fullings being of the same colour as the capote. Those which are composed of plain straw are generally decorated with *marron* embroideries, and rows of autumn leaves.

SCARFS.—We prophecy that this graceful addition to a lady's toilette, will be as fashionable this season as they have been for many seasons preceding. They will partake of the Mauresque, Albanian, and Turkish forms. China *crêpe* scarfs are greatly in request, beautifully embroidered, and having both sides alike, the patterns being of a large form.

FULL-DRESS ROBES.—Those of a light texture, such as tulle or gauze, are made extremely wide in the skirts; they are still made a *double jupe*, and trimmed with rich silver lace; on each side of the *jupe* ascending, are two wreaths of anemionias of different colours, which catches up the skirt on each side (forming a kind of drape) attached to the *ceinture*. The *berthe* is also composed of silver lace, with an *échelle* of small anemionias *graduées* up the front of the body. We have also remarked several costumes made in satin, trimmed somewhat in the same style. For instance, a dress of pompadour satin *rayé*, white and blue, having small bouquets of embroidered roses scattered over the white stripes; the skirt slightly raised on each side with wreaths of small pink daisies, white and blue alternate, reaching up to the *ceinture*. Under dress of white silk, trimmed with a rich lace. Those in green and white are also very rich looking, decorated with pink roses or rosettes. As a striking contrast to these dresses, we see those composed of rich silks or velvet, the skirts of which have hardly a single

plait round the top of the dress, but are extremely wide round the lower part. We have observed several very elegant ones made in pink moire, and trimmed with a Venetian silver lace; also one in white satin, trimmed with fullings of gauze lisse, having the effect of flakes of snow over the surface. An Algerine scarf worn with this delicate costume, adds much to the effect of it. We may here observe, that the more juvenile style of *ball-dresses*, are a mixture of the Grecian and tunic style of costume. The *ceintures* are round, and double skirts; the corsage formed of folds, and fastened with antique gems.

YOUNG LADIES' DRESSES are well worthy the attention of some of our *modistes*, being so varied and extremely pretty in their appearance. We may cite as most worthy of attention, a dress of green cachmeire, made open up the front, and edged with a narrow *revers*, bordered with a row of black velvet; low body, open the whole way up, and laced across with black velvet; small square pelerine, the edge just shading the waist. This pelerine is allowed to remain sufficiently open to show the lacing up the centre of the corsage, and is edged all round with a black velvet; straight sleeves, *demi-larges*, having facings edged with velvet. Under dress of Scotch cambric, the corsage made half-high, plaited in the front, and edged with a Valenciennes lace. Another very pretty and elegant costume is composed of a dress of pink cachmeire, and mantelet or cape of a pretty plaid, wadded and lined with white silk; this cape is rounded at the back, slightly gathered upon the shoulders, or rather over the tops of the arms, and descends over the front in two square ends, the capuchon forming a point at the back.

HOME DRESSES.—Those most generally adopted, are made of heavy materials, such as satin, silk, or velvet. Two very elegant costumes have lately appeared, the first made in a beautiful French grey satin, ornamented round the skirt with three broad fringes, headed with an open net work fancy trimming of the same width as the fringe. Corsage plain and pointed, formed very high upon the shoulders, and opening half way up the front: the pelerine cut small and pointed in the front, so as to show the opening up the front of the body, and trimmed with a fringe, which continues down the front as far as the waist. Plain sleeves and cambric chemisette, embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes. The second costume was composed of a rich shot silk, the skirt trimmed with two indented broad flounces, each edged with a cut *râche* of the same; low *corsage à pointe*, the small pelerine forming a *berthe*, *dentellé* or pinked to match the flounces, and bordered with *râches*; sleeves *demi-longues*, having facings and epaulets, pinked and edged with *riches*; *guimpe* of fine embroidered muslin, and *rabat* or frill of lace.

PRIGNOIRS.—We have already seen several very elegant ones, encircled with a running pattern or trimming, forming a kind of *feston*, and ornamented with lace. Those have a great degree of favour which are surrounded

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

with broad hems, embroidered over the top, forming a heading, the interior of the hem lined with a pretty light coloured silk or satin ribbon.

CAPUCHES-LAITIERES.—A very charming novelty has lately appeared, taking the place entirely of those *sorties de bal*, which have been so long in fashion. This kind of *capuche* forms an entire and complete habiliment, and can be worn with any kind of evening or morning dress, in town or country at the present season. They are generally lined with plush, but when the weather becomes milder, we have no doubt but that they will have simply a lining of *gros de Naples*. The *capuche* is fixed on to a small collar, forming a *fichu*, and falls over the back, shoulders, and chest; a soft *balement*, or bone, is passed through the hem encircling the face, without interfering with the coiffure, the lower part of the *capuche* being pulled where it is joined to the collar. The *Mazourkes* is a fashion very generally adopted for the present season, being a kind of mantle, and made in black or *glacé* silks, and trimmed either with *dentelle de velours*, or black lace. Spanish laces, those of *Caen* or *Puy*, are also much in request.

FLOWERS.—Several very light kind of wreaths have lately appeared for decorating those new style of straws which are now so fashionable. Then we have the simple Easter daisies, roses *mignonnes*, variegated heaths, or sprigs of the *plentin*, lilacs of different shades and colours, the honeysuckle, and the pink and white acacias, with others which are too numerous for us to mention.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the ensuing month are grey shot with black *fanne* (a pale red), different shades of green, both light and dark, *mauve* and mixed colours of different hues, white being mostly worn for evening dress.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BALLS and soirées are still all the rage, the out-door novelties not being of sufficient consequence to attract particular notice, both the form of dresses and millinery being much the same as those of last month, although furs are perceptibly on the decline. *Long-champs* is, however, approaching, and will bring in its train all the novelties and changes so earnestly looked forward to by our first *modistes*, who have not been idle in preparing everything that can contribute to add grace and beauty to the fair wearers.

CAPOTES.—Satin is already replacing velvet for this style of bonnet, although we have no doubt but that *poult de soie*, and dark shaded *crêpes* will be most fashionable this spring. For a morning, we have remarked a very pretty light style of capote, composed of white *guipure*, and decorated with small blue flowers; those made of *gros*

de Naples are generally drawn, and decorated with a branch of Persian lilac; capotes made of *paille* are remarkable for the elegance and novelty of their trimming, which is mostly formed of ribbons and flowers. We have remarked a new kind of *nœud* which has lately appeared, somewhat resembling a Spanish bow, and which is made of different shades of verdant green, resembling an elegant *panache* or cluster of leaves; those of velvet are mostly of a *grenat* colour trimmed with black lace, gracefully intermixed with *nœuds*; several in *velours épinglé* are also remarkable for their distinguished appearance, the next fashionable colours being *mauve*, *bleu*, *Joinville* white, and pale pink.

COIFFURES.—We may cite as the most novel style, the *coiffure de page*, like those worn in the middle ages, as well as those small light looking turbans, composed of plain white tulle, and decorated with chaplets made of steel beads, or an Algerine fringe and twist of a gold open work heading. We must here remark that the *coiffure de page* is a kind of *toquet* placed rather backward on the head, and may sometimes be edged with a heading of jet or steel, two tips of feathers falling over the left side. At a grand ball given by one of the ambassadors, we remarked that white turbans were most in favour *en Algérie*, or cachmeire enriched with gold ornaments; those *petits bords* were also much in favour, reminding us so forcibly of the ancient style of head-dress, and decorated with two white feathers tastefully arranged; the younger ladies wearing simply their hair intermixed with *triple* rows of leaves *mêlées*, with roses, and long drooping grass, having a very novel and fresh appearance.

VISITING AND PROMENADE DRESSES.—There is little or no change visible in the material for these style of dresses, *poult de soie* and Italian silks retaining all their favour; they are universally trimmed à *pyramide*, either with rows of velvet, or fringes of black *dentelle de velours*; if with fringe, it has generally an open heading of net work; the corsages of those intended for *visites du matin*, are mostly of a close form, gathered slightly upon each shoulder, and *très basques*; plain sleeves; the under sleeves being now on the wane. Indeed, ladies most remarkable for their good taste have already discontinued wearing them; those dresses composed of damask silk are also much in vogue; the body being made high and very stiff, and trimmed with à *revers*, which descends down the front in a very deep point, and falls gracefully over the top of the sleeves; plain sleeves, faced with a kind of cuff, turning half way back; round epaulets; the *jupe* having straight pockets edged all round with a fancy trimming, terminated with tassels à *longues franges*; under the dress is worn a chemisette à *petit col de guipure*. Another very fashionable style of dress are those made in the Amazonian form; the body high and *basqué*, buttoned up close to the throat; they are mostly made of those *pekin sultans*, which are figured in broad, deep, horizontal stripes; the sleeves perfectly plain, and terminated with lace ruffles; also, we may cite as a very becoming style, those made of Parma violet silk, trimmed upon the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

front of the skirt with a double *revers*, bordered on each side with a narrow cut *rûche* of the same material; plain corsage, formed high upon the shoulders, and opening half way down the centre of the front; the two sides of the front ends of the *basques* or jacket rounded, and also edged with a *rûche*; *guimpe* of embroidered muslin.

EVENING DRESSES.—Those decorated à *pyramides*, are certainly most fashionable, particularly when made in white *poult de soie*; the corsage formed very low; the *jupes* ornamented with three *roulés*, each *roulé* formed of seven, nine, and eleven *bouillons* of Brussels tulle; body trimmed to match à *bouillons progressifs*; when made in pale light colours, they have a very novel and distinguished appearance, and are universally worn by some of our highest ladies at the Court reunions. Dresses made of velvet are generally perfectly plain in the skirt; the corsage low, and ornamented with a pretty drapery, attached in the centre with a very rich description of brooch; the sleeves formed very small, and also decorated with a trimming *agraffe*, with a *nœud* of ribbon; a narrow black lace being fullled all round. For a young person, nothing can be prettier than those dresses made in *berège à bandeslattes satinées*; corsage *tres basqué*, and rather low, a broad piece forming a kind of cape encircles the top of the body, opening in the front, and trimmed round with a *rûche* of ribbon, which also serves to decorate the small short sleeves; the skirts of these dresses are generally made plain and simple. *Les robes Moitza*, which are embroidered in different colours, and intermixed with point lace, are also extremely oriental and charming. We have remarked several embroidered *en tablier*; the corsage decorated with a *berthe* and sleeves *demi-longues*, entirely covered with the same style of embroidery as forms the *tablier* on the skirt.

PELERINES.—*Cannezouts*, *guimpes*, &c., are now universally adopted. We may cite as those most in favour, the *Zarah* pelerine, remarkable for the richness and taste of its embroideries; also those named *Desilly*, which serves to render charming any costume, over which it may be worn, *La guimpe Johannita*, and a hundred others too numerous to mention.

MORNING WALKING DRESSES are now made in the *robe redingote* form, and composed of fine cachemire decorated with *brandebourgs* of velvet upon the high body, and round the jacket skirt which surrounds the waist; then, again, we have those made in the same material as the above, having a high stiff corsage with a row of enamelled buttons up the front, and *Amadis* sleeves; the fronts of the body being made so as to turn back if necessary, and allow of a cambric chemisette being seen. It will not be out of place to remark that shaded materials and the *caméléon* silks will be much in fashion this spring, as well as those elegant silks which are shaded gradually from the lowest edge of the robe up to the *ceinture*; for *negligé quadrilles*, silks will be most in request; small patterns in the *Pompadour* style; the sleeves are made rather less than have lately been worn, but sufficiently open at the sides to show the under white sleeves of cambric, muslin, &c.

THE OTHER DAY.

Upon the meadows spread below
Full softly fall the flakes of snow,
Yet choke they up the way
That lately wound along the scene
'Mid fields of gold and swords of green,
Ay, but the other day.

All things are here but for a while,
The frown must vanish, fade the smile.

E'en beauty must decay.
And who upon that wrinkled face
The lily and the rose can trace
We saw the other day?

The mother sadly bends her head
Upon the breast that lately fed
A child with glances gay;
See how her eyes now vainly seek,
The softly dimpled rosy cheek
She kissed the other day!

But wander through all scenes of life,
Through scenes of peace and scenes of strife,
Consult the whole array!
Seek amidst every rank of men,
For one who would not fly again
Back to the other day.

Lovers regret their early sighs,
Regret the maiden's downcast eyes,
When first she said them nay;
All quaff too soon, all would regain
The feelings they esteem'd a pain,
And quench'd the other day.

Children alone look forward still,
They pant to climb life's rugged hill—
Oh! in the valley stay;
Stay in the balmy land awhile,
Where heaven, and earth, and all things smile,
Now as the other day!

CORRESPONDENCE.

"*The Mathematician*," received and accepted; we shall be glad to hear again from that quarter.

"*R. Y.*," inadmissible.

"*Eliza*," under consideration.

"*Alfred*," must remember that the "*WORLD OF FASHION*" is destined for the perusal of ladies, therefore, upon reflection, he cannot be surprised that his verses are declined.

"*To Flora*," received, but unperused.

"*Stanzas to —*," certainly in our next.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

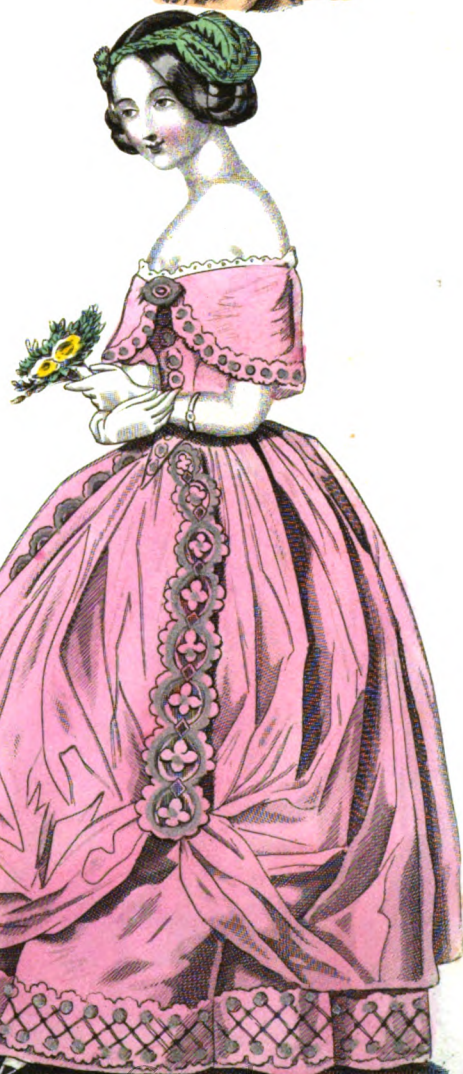
LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.



*Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. James
To which is added a list of the names of the Ladies of the Court of St. James*













THE WORLD FOR FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, MAY 1, 1845.

THE RIVAL LOVERS; OR, THE ARAB'S REVENGE.

Better be with the dead,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

SHAKESPEARE.

One evening amongst the tribe of Beni-smiel, situate on the borders of the Isser, three Arabs and a young girl were assembled under the same tent, raised a little from the rest of the tribe upon the slope of a gently rising hill, at the foot of which ran a clear and sparkling rivulet. One of the party had fallen into the vale of years, but the vivacity of his black eyes, and the manly firmness of his look convinced the beholder that he was one of those privileged mortals whom God has not visited with the inconveniences of old age. They called him Ibrahim-Ben-Zaragont, and he was the father of the young Baia.

Ibrahim was respected by all the surrounding tribes for the courage he had always shown in their combats, and the wisdom he displayed in their councils. In 1830, he rushed forth in the defence of his invaded country; but being vanquished, he retired to the mountains, until the day when the French, wishing to enlarge the extent of their conquests, invaded the province of the Oran. Seriously wounded in the *rencontre*, he entered his tent. Then, when the power of Abd-el Kader increased, he ordered his two sons to join his ranks, and, fighting against the Christians, revenge their people's wrongs. Ibrahim never again saw his sons.

Of the two young Arabs assembled together in the tent of the old man, the first was the richest inhabitant of Gafara, a neighbouring tribe; his name was Kaddour. The second, Hassan, was a relative of Ibrahim; he possessed numerous flocks, and had already signalized himself in several combats against the French.

These two young Arabs were aspirants for the hand of the beautiful Baia. Their proud and decided bearing announced the manly character of their tribe, and contrasted singularly with the soft and feminine loveliness of Baia,

who, seated upon the skin of a lion, carelessly suffered to escape through her lips, the blue smoke of her *narguile*. Baia appeared embarrassed, for this daughter of the tribe was not ignorant of the sentiments entertained by the two Arabs in her regard, and sympathised with the sufferings of the rivals, thus brought together by accident; their scrutinizing and unquiet glances sought to discover a favourable look or smile directed to one more than the other.

Night approached rapidly, for in Africa one enjoys but a few moments of twilight, which is so agreeable with us, after the setting of the sun. The sun disappeared behind the mountains, and Atlas, like aameleon, changed five or six times his colour, and allowed nought to be seen a few moments after, but his immense and black colossal. The darkness arose in an instant, and the earth was enveloped in shade.

Crouched in a circle around a fire in the interior of the tent, the Arabs spoke not, leaving to Baia the more active duty of fanning the fire with large palm leaves, upon which rested a large vessel filled with water. The old Arab contemplated the three actors in this scene, and sought in vain to read in the heart of his daughter the secret which she dared not discover, yet one that she hoped he would guess. He was not ignorant of the custom of his tribe, which excluded Kaddour, as not belonging to the same people; but he had seen infractions of these laws, and the old man was willing to gratify his daughter at all hazards.

Baia upon this evening looked more seducing than ever. Nothing was wanting to the perfect display of her beauty. A neck-lace composed of small silver coin and rich coral, encircled her throat; large rings of gold ornamented her feet and hands; a long robe of snowy whiteness opened on the chest, and was confined at the waist by a silken girdle, which descended in rich tassels nearly to the ground; a light turban embroidered in gold rested upon her head, allowing her black tresses to fall thickly over her shoulders. As if she had foreseen the visitors she was about receiving, Baia had forgotten nothing that could in the least embellish her beauty. Her eyebrows and her nails had been coloured, and the little tattooed star which she wore in the middle of her forehead had been newly tinted by the juice of the "*echman*."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

To put an end to the painful embarrassment of his guests, Brahim took the vessel into which he had previously thrown some coffee ground to an inconceivable fineness, and filling the cups, offered them to the Arabs, together with tobacco to renew their pipes with.

"My daughter," said Brahim, in a moment afterwards, "sing us the air that you used formerly to sing for me when wounded by a ball from the infidels, I was unable to raise myself from my couch."

Baia obeyed, and taking her Darbouka of crystal, she preluded upon it for some moments, by striking with unequal throes upon the resounding skin, and thus commenced the song of her tribe.

"May God be along with you, sons of the Arabs; defenders of Islamism, thee I salute.

"To create the rapid coursers which carries you, God called the wind of the desert, and said concentrate yourself! He was obeyed.

"He took then a handful of this new element, and breathed upon it. It is thus that your fleet horses were created.

"To create your hearts inaccessible to fear, he took a piece of steel, and said to it—'Be thou the heart of an Arab!' He was obeyed.

"Thus he flies in pursuit of the enemies of God. At the sound of his step, the infidel trembles. At the sound of his voice he is struck as with a thunderbolt."

Hassan at these words waved his hand, as if to impose silence. Notwithstanding his apparent calm, his face inspired fear. His extended arm, his fixed and watchful eye, his anxious and scrutinising look—all his senses appeared to be on the stretch to discover what could be the cause of the strange noise that he thought he heard.

Kaddour and the old man held their breath, and Baia trembling, sought refuge behind her aged parent.

In order to hear with greater clearness, Hassan loosed the turban which was closely confined around his head by a cord formed of the skin of a goat, and applied his ear in order to draw in the distant noises that an Arab alone can comprehend. Kaddour and Brahim equally interrogated each movement in the desert.

At this moment the horses attached to the entrance of the tent sent forth feeble neighings. By the vacillating light of the lamp, a glimmering of which fell upon the animals without, you could perceive them with necks extended, and devouring ears, their tails erect, and their eyes fixed in the distant obscurity to discover that which made their bodies tremble. To the neighing of the horses was speedily added the wild and plaintive cry of the goat, with the shrill bleating of the sheep, who rushed towards the tent so secure themselves from the impending danger.

At these signs, the three Arabs knew the alarming truth, and that this night was to be a night of destruction and death. The formidable lion of Mount Karkar, who contrived to entrench himself amidst the inaccessible rocks where he could not be molested, even by the Arab himself—This terror of the surrounding tribes had chosen this night for his fearful devastations.

At the certain approach of danger, Hassan and Kaddour

recovered all their firmness. It was not thus with the old man; he thought of his trembling child, who clung to him for protection, and whose hand shuddered in his like the leaf disturbed by the rude blast. One part alone remained for him to perform, and he accordingly confided her to the courage of his two guests.

Hassan took down the unerring gun of Brahim, examined the lock, renewed the powder rendered damp by the dews of the night. Kaddour seized his pistols, incrustated with silver, and caught up his yataghan, the point of which he fastened in the earth, that it might be ready for him to grasp at a moment's notice. The old man himself recalled his forces, and with the only hand he could use, he seized his sabre, manufactured formerly on the walls of Damascus.

"My children," he cried, with an air of inspiration, "Glory be to God! he is the best judge. He has given me now the means of knowing his will. You both love Baia. He who brings me the skin of the lion of Karkar shall obtain my daughter. It is God now who shall decide between you."

"Stop, my father, stop," said Baia, "promise nothing, it is"—

"My child," interrupted the old man, "do not regret it. I have said it. Console yourself, for God is the best judge."

Baia raised her eyes to heaven, and doubtless addressed a fervent prayer to the throne of mercy. Then she glanced at Hassan, as if to rouse him to become the victor. Kaddour trembled, and his hand instantaneously grasped the handle of his pistol.

At a sign from her father Baia retired to the inner and most distant part of the tent.

An Arabian tent consists of two apartments. The first is allotted to the men. The second, which is separated from the first by a partition of planks or thick matting, is apportioned to the gentle sex.

Scarcely had the young girl disappeared, ere approaching sounds became more distinct. The flocks ran bleating, with that peculiar instinct which reveals to them the approach of a ferocious beast. In the midst of this confusion they remarked the noise of heavy steps, accompanied with a wild growl.

Hassan raised his gun. Kaddour directed towards the entrance of the tent the barrels of his two pistols. Brahim a little behind, prepared himself to defend the entrance to Baia's tent.

All at once a fearful noise, followed by a crackling sound, was heard. A cry of terror escaped from the three Arabs, and the tent was smashed upon their heads, and overthrew them. The lion, deceived by the darkness, and the black colour of the stuff that covered the tent, expected to meet with resistance upon the spot upon which he had bounded, but his paws had broken the cords which sustained the planks upon which the covering formed of goat's skin rested.

The lion, affrighted for an instant upon feeling the substance give way under him, stopped; but his sense of smell, and his natural instinct, at once revealed to him that

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

he had his victims within his grasp; and in his joy he made the air resound with a terrific bellow. Retracing his steps, he sought with his powerful claws to tear away the obstacles that separated him from the buried Arabs. He seized with his teeth the thick skin that covered them, the solidity of which was their only defence.

Hassan preserved his coolness and his courage; he succeeded in regaining his yataghan, and glided towards the place where the lion was continuing his desperate efforts. Through the dilapidated tent he directed his uncertain blows against his terrible enemy, and from the resistance which his arm met with, as well as the furious bellow which followed, he felt assured that he had struck his object, which only infuriated the animal more, and made him redouble his efforts to vanquish his prey; and the increased crackling of the covering, announced that all defence would speedily become useless.

As if fate had determined to unite every species of anguish upon the doomed heads of the tent, a second calamity occurred to add to their inexpressible terrors. The fire upon which rested the vessel destined to make the favourite drink of the Arabs, fell to the earth, and communicated with the planks which formed the partition, and from the wood the flames passed to the covering. Stifled by the smoke, and the insupportable odour of the burning skin, Hassan, with a blow of his yataghan, opened a passage through the covering; and now it was a combat face to face which he would have to dare with his terrible enemy.

But already the lion, equally stifled by the infected odour of the burning goat skin, and frightened by the fire, withdrew himself a few steps backward. Carelessly crouching himself upon the earth, he appeared to watch patiently, lest his victims should escape him. Hassan rushed towards the spot where Baia was imprisoned, tore away the tent, and carrying the fainting girl, placed her in the air, as near as he could, without danger, to the blazing fire, which ought now to protect her. Brahim was saved in the same way.

A third person still remained exposed to the fury of the merciless flames. Hassan felt at the moment a violent combat in his own breast. He could now disembarass himself of a rival, but the arm of that rival would be necessary for the defence of his beloved Baia. Thus love conquered his hatred, and Kaddour is rescued from impending destruction.

Still was the lion watchful. By the bursts of light from the burning fragments, the Arabs could perceive him crouched, and licking his wounded paw. How was he to be combated with? for the Arabs had left their fire-arms beneath the fragments of their asylum, and four distant explosions had told them that they had discharged themselves. Already the fire was diminishing. Would it last sufficiently long to deter their terrible enemy until assistance could reach them, or must they defend themselves with the single yataghan, now their only weapon.

A number of confused voices were heard at this moment, bringing hope and joy to the doomed Arabians, which informed them that aid was approaching.

Aroused by the roaring of the lion, and the deafening explosion of fire-arms, and attracted by the glare of the conflagration, the Arabs ran to the spot, giving utterance to their wild battle cry. The lion fiercely turned his head to the approaching sounds, arose, and collecting all his strength, he raised a terrific roar, by which the echoes of the Atlas were aroused. Then shaking his crested mane, he bounded towards his assailants. A cry of terror, followed by feeble groans, accompanied his footsteps, and all was over—the lion of Mount Karkar had again added to the number of his victims.

The tribe gathered around the three Arabs, and Baia was restored to consciousness. By their exertions the fire was extinguished by the flakes of sand, and a new tent was constructed for Brahim and his daughter. The dispersed flocks were gathered together, as well as everything else that the fury of the flames had spared.

In the midst of the confusion, Baia approached Hassan.

"This night," said she, "I shall expect you to meet me under the three palm trees of Isser."

The Arab grasped the hand of the young girl, saying, "I shall be there."

Tranquillity was soon restored amongst the tribe. Each betook himself to his respective tent. The old man entered his along with his daughter, and Kaddour again took the road to Gaefera, in order to prepare himself for the morrow's combat.

Hassan immediately repaired to the three palm trees of Isser.

Within but a few paces of Beni-smiel, this place was protected by umbrageous olive trees, the branches of which were bent forward by the weight of wild vines with which they were crowded. Enormous aloes, with the fig trees of Barbary completely hid this spot from observation, whilst millions of laurels and roses mixed themselves with the herbage of the river, now nearly dry. On either side arose the mountains of Atlas. This was the place selected for the meeting.

Hassan waited some time, and Baia came not. He followed with uneasiness the movement of the stars, which announced to him that the morning's dawn would soon appear. Oppressed by the emotions of the night, as well as by fatigue, sleep, in despite of himself, began to steal over his faculties; but the Arab was aroused from his torpor by the neighing of the chakal, together with the gambols of that animal across the shrubs. He was in this lethargic state, which is neither sleeping nor waking, when the ideas break confusedly upon us, and evaporate without making any impression on the memory. Hassan's thoughts reverted to the lovely daughter of the solitude—then he fancied himself alone in a deadly encounter with the lion, and his heart experienced all the emotions of a veritable combat.

At this moment a hand was tremblingly laid upon the shoulder of Hassan. He started, and raising his eyes, saw Baia standing before him. By the light of the stars, which, during summer, sparkle so magnificently in an African sky, giving a chastened beauty to all around, he saw the young girl clothed in white, holding in her hand a

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

yataghan, and looking like one of those apparitions upon whom the superstitious Arabs look with so much confidence.

"You sleep, Hassan," she said, "and appear happy. I am not so, for deadly presentiments present themselves to my mind, and I cannot sleep. See how I tremble."

"Say but one word, dearest, and I shall conquer. Do you love me?"

Baia cast upon the Arab a look of reproach.

"Does not my presence here speak a language sufficiently intelligible. This night, but I fear it is too late even now, I shall discover all to my father. I shall tell him that it is you whom I love. You know the rest. God has spoken by the mouth of my father, and to you I confide my fate. Take this weapon. I have carried it away from the ruins of our tent. Whilst my brother lived, this was his favourite weapon. It was formerly carried by Sidi-Chan, the celebrated Marabout chief. With it you will conquer. And now, Hassan," said she, with a more solemn voice, "remember well these words. The grief of belonging to another, would be nothing in comparison to the despair of hearing that you were vanquished. Go now, and may God in all his strength be your guide."

At these words, Baia disappeared as a shadow amongst the thick plantations of rose and laurel trees. Hassan confounded, regained his tent, in order to repose himself for the fatigues of the coming day.

The dawn of morning found Hassan saddling his white horse, with its long mane and tail, which, according to the custom, was coloured with "henna."

Without incumbering himself uselessly with the long fusil of the Arab, he suspended from his saddle a steel hatchet, and placing in his belt a pair of pistols, together with the yataghan given him by Baia, he sallied forth. He took the road to Mount Karkar, passing near the tent of Ibrahim, from whence he hoped to discern the track of the lion.

Baia and her father were at the entrance contemplating the disasters of the preceding night. Hassan advanced towards them, and alighting from his horse, respectfully kissed the hand of the old man; then turning to Baia, saw a tear standing in the girl's eye. The Father also perceived it, and, in a broken voice, said—

"Go, my son. I bless thee as such."

Hassan remounted. Travelling slowly, he followed the bleeding track of the lion's claws, certain that trace would conduct him to the resting place of his enemy. After a long course, he found himself between two elevated mountains, covered with brushwood, and completely inaccessible to all but the Arab's charger.

The noble animal appeared to enjoy himself amidst the difficulties and impediments that surrounded him.

From the more distinct traces here visible of the lion, it was evident that the animal had commenced to slacken his course. Hassan knew that he was approaching the Karkar, the bare and grisly summit of which arose like a giant in the midst of the surrounding mountains.

The Arab, after several hours of fatiguing journey, descended into a valley which lay at the foot of the mighty

Karkar. This valley, as you see many others in Algeria, was filled with enormous rocks, torn from the sides of the mountains by the hand of time, or the winter's rains. Other rocks hanging from above, appeared to be suspended in the air, and to require but a feeble effort to fall into the valley beneath, as the others had done.

A little rivulet, occasionally marred by the obstacles which it encountered in its route, now glided gracefully in its pebbly bed, then suddenly becoming free, formed a cascade against the rocks that opposed its passage. In this spot the scenery was magnificent—gigantic trees overshadowed the river with their graceful branches, and invited to repose the wearied Arab.

Hassan dismounted from his horse, which he found would be useless to him in ascending the lofty mountain before him, and taking a little water in the palm of his hand, he moistened the nostrils of his steed, and withdrew the bit from his mouth, before he allowed him to drink plentifully at the river. The noble animal seeing the preparations for a halt, raised his fore-leg, as if to present it to his master, (which is the way the Arabs fasten their horses).

Hassan smiled sorrowfully, and addressing the faithful companion of all his dangers, said:—

"My best and truest friend, I shall not confine you, for I am ignorant if I shall live to release you. If you again see me, you will rejoice, for I shall suspend at thy flank the remains of the lion of Karkar. If you should not see me again, retrace the road back to our tribe. The daughter of Ibrahim and my father will then understand what my fate has been."

Hassan then withdrew his axe of steel from his belt, and commenced his ascent from rock to rock, along the side of the Karkar. With naked feet, fearful of arousing the enemy against whom he was about contending, he advanced noiselessly, gliding like the chakal across the cactus which covered the mountain, then listening, but no movement disturbed the absolute silence of the place; he could hear nought save the wild throbbings of his own heart.

After more than an hour spent in this painful ascent, Hassan perceived a vault formed by rocks tumbled one upon the other, and near the opening the lion was majestically reposing. At the approach of the Arab he raised his head, and looked with proud defiance upon surrounding objects. Doubtless either instinct, or some slight noise, had denoted the presence of a living being. Hassan, protected by the large leaves of the cactus, remained motionless, holding in his breath, and refraining from even winking his eye, fearful lest his enemy might hear the movement of his eyelid.

The lion again laid down, with his head resting between his two fore paws.

Tranquillity was again restored to the heart of the Arab, which had been dispersed at the sight of the lion's movement. With that cold intrepidity which fanaticism gives, he walked calmly to this terrible attack, trusting to the goodness of God for deliverance and success. Accustomed as he was to the chase of wild beasts, he well

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

knew that in a combat alone and unaided, tact and presence of mind were preferable to fire arms, which often but increased the danger, when they failed to do more than wound the fearful adversary. Thus it was upon his axe that Hassan confided his life.

He waited to assure himself that the lion slept.

In about half an hour a heavy snoring announced to Hassan that his enemy was in a profound sleep. Now was the moment to act with firmness and energy, as every instant was precious, not knowing the minute Kaddour might arrive, and dispute with him the victory, for which the hand of Baia was to be the conqueror's reward. Hassan arose, and notwithstanding his daring courage, a cold perspiration sat upon his brow. In order to restore his self-possession, he turned away his head to avoid the sight of his powerful adversary, and perceived the Arab of the tribe of Gaefera ascending the mountain. In a few minutes he would be beside him. Hassan hesitated no longer, but raised in his powerful hand his axe of steel, whilst with the other he seized one of his pistols. Walking with extreme precaution from stone to stone, he advanced. The lion still slept.

He arrived at the spot, and already the axe had been brandished twice, and twice had it been lowered. Each stroke had, if not cut, at least wounded the fore feet of the lion, and more prompt than lightning the Arab had bounded backwards, abandoning the wounded animal to its fury. A horrible roaring replied to this attack. The lion rolled in its agonized rage, and spurted forth the splinters of the stones which it had broken by its teeth in its agony. He endeavoured to arise, but it was a useless effort, and only augmented his sufferings. Mounted upon a rock which looked into the cave, Hassan discharged his two pistols, the balls of which wounded the side of the lion.

The animal, irritated by this increase of pain, collected all its fury, and leaning its broken claws against the rock where his enemy had entrenched himself, with a desperate struggle he raised himself upon the platform, from which he held with his teeth. The Arab again raised his axe. At this moment the noise of fire-arms was heard, and the lion fell backwards.

Kaddour had hastened his ascent, warned by the roaring of the lion. Having arrived near the place of combat, he had seized the moment when the animal had thrust forward its head, to strike it with a well-directed ball.

Kaddour approached Hassan.

"Son of an Arabian," said he, "I have the misfortune of owing to thee my life, which but for thee would have been sacrificed in the fire that consumed the tent of Brahim. Now the debt is repaid, for I have come in time to save thee. Thanks to God, this skin is the badge of my victory."

Hassan trembled with rage.

"You have saved my life? no. You have come like the vulture, to feed upon the prey which the huntsman has killed; but at the huntsman's appearance the vulture flies."

"This spoil is mine, I tell you," said Kaddour, "and woe to him that touches it."

"Son of Gaefera," replied Hassan, calmly, "'tis not for us to decide this point. We have amongst our tribe wise men who shall judge between us. You shall bring the sheik of Gaefera, and I that of Beni-smiel, and Brahim shall settle the question if the others disagree."

"Then be it so," replied Kaddour.

The two Arabs drew out the little poignard they carried in their belt, and raised in an instant the bleeding trophy.

It was arranged that each should carry in his turn the skin of the lion, and that when they arrived within the precincts of Beni-smiel, they should carry it suspended between them. They regained the place where they had left their horses, and traversed the road that led to the tribe.

The Arabs approached. At sight of them a fearful tremor overpowered Baia. Her heart was convulsed between fear and hope, her eyes lost their vision, and her lips refused utterance. Surrounded by the tribe who were drawn together by the intelligence of Hassan's perilous enterprise, singing aloud songs of war and victory, was she seated when the lion's bleeding skin was placed at her feet. They then faithfully narrated to the old man all that had occurred.

The next day the sheiks of Gaefera and Beni-smiel were gathered together in council under the tent of Brahim. The skin of the lion was placed in the midst. Hassan and Kaddour were alone admitted to the conference. Hassan began the recital, and faithfully narrated what had occurred. The three judges conferred with each other, and gave their opinions, commencing with the eldest and sagest.

All decided that the victory belonged to Hassan; that the lion had been reduced to that state previous to the arrival of Kaddour, that any assistance he could offer to Hassan's determined attack would be vain and useless.

Kaddour rushed from the tent in a frenzy of rage; whilst Hassan hastened to lay his trophy at the feet of Baia.

The immediate marriage having been agreed to by Brahim, Hassan conducted Baia before the sheik of Beni-smiel, who successively addressed them in the following form:—

"Baia, daughter of Brahim Ben Zaragout, before the witnesses here present, do you consent to take Hassan for your husband?"

He then pronounced their union in these words:—

"The marriage is accomplished; may God bless you both."

The next day the relations of the bridal pair came to offer them presents proportionate to their fortune.

Amongst those who assisted at this ceremony was an Arab of the tribe of Gaefera. He made a sign to Hassan that he wished to speak with him apart, which was at once understood, and the bridegroom advanced to the Arab.

"Son of Beni-smiel," said the unknown, "here is

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the nuptial present that Kaddour has desired me to present thee."

The Arab extended to Hassan a piece of copper coin.

"This gift will explain to you his vengeful and eternal hatred. The fire is lighted at the foot of the mountain—my master awaits you there."

Hassan took the coin that was offered, and sending a similar piece to Kaddour, said:—

"Tell your master it shall be as he desires."

The Arab moved on, and Hassan followed.

They soon arrived at the foot of the mountain, where Kaddour, impatient for his arrival, had already prepared the fire.

Three stones, one placed against the other, formed the place for the fire.

Without pronouncing a word, Kaddour stooped to a bundle of dried leaves and herbs, and taking a large quantity in each hand, threw them upon the burning flame, then casting a wild look at Hassan, demanded,

"Where is the coin that I sent you?"

Hassan restored it to the Arab.

"You shall feel my vengeance yet," continued Kaddour, placing in the fire the two pieces of coin mutually exchanged; "for one of us must die. I could have slain you on the Karkar. I might have concealed myself on your road, and then have avenged my wrongs. Yet, notwithstanding the pleasure it would give me to shed your heart's dearest blood, I was generous, but it shall be for the last time. I now declare war with you unto death!"

Already the two pieces of coin were red as the burning charcoal in which they were placed. Kaddour took one, and placed it, burning as it was, on the palm of his enemy's hand. Hassan took the second, and disposed of it alike on the hand of Kaddour.

The two Arabs seated, remained silently watching the smoke arising from their burning flesh. Not a movement of their body—not the slightest contortion of their faces, evinced the indescribable agony of their sufferings.

When the coin had cooled, they slid it from their hands, and spread some grains of powder upon their bleeding wounds; then arising, they both pronounced these words:—

"As long as this mark remains, I shall be your deadly foe."

Henceforward the fury of the two enemies was boundless. Wives, children, father, mother, all were enveloped in this fierce enmity; every opportunity was watched for carrying into effect this brutal hatred, and no distance of time could lull either into peaceful security.

The two Arabs, aware of each others animosity, left no precaution neglected for protecting their families against it. They never went out unarmed, and Hassan in his absence invariably left a negro slave to watch over his beloved Baia's safety.

Six months glided away thus. In a few months more, the young wife would become a mother.

One evening, on returning to his tent, Hassan perceived

some Arabic characters traced upon the sand; he read,

"I have waited until you were about becoming a father!"

A deadly presentiment came over his mind; he rushed forward, his wife was in violent agony. The awful truth at once flashed upon him. Upon making enquiries, he was informed that a strange Arab had presented himself, offering the dates of the desert for sale. Baia had purchased them—Baia had eaten them. The fact was too apparent; the poison had already circulated through her blood.

At this intelligence the voice of Hassan resounded in a savage yell. He tore his hair in hands-full, and falling at the knees of Baia, he shrieked, and wept, and pressed her closer and closer to his bounding heart.

On hearing Hassan's cries, Ibrahim hastened his tottering footsteps to learn the cause, when the fearful mystery was unfolded to him. The milk of the goat was quickly brought, of which the young wife drank long and deeply, but death had too firmly grasped its victim, and the enemy had so skillfully selected his poison, as to leave no hope of remedy. Baia, after two hours of excessive torture, surrendered her soul to him who had created it.

Hassan withdrew himself from the old man, but his wild and piercing shrieks gave ample testimony of the intensity of his sufferings.

The next day the former characters were effaced, and in their place was written these words,

"Have I not aimed the blow well?"

The body of Baia was carefully washed by the women of the tribe, and according to their usual custom, they dressed her in her wedding garments, then enveloping her in a coffin of palm-leaves, those she loved in life, carried the young expecting mother to the place of interment.

A crowd of relatives and friends followed, rending the air with their deep and heartfelt shrieks.

When they had arrived at the appointed place, they deposited the body on the edge of the grave, four Arabs turning towards the four quarters of the world, cried in a loud voice,

"Sons of Beni-smiel, alas! alas! learn that the young and blooming Baia, daughter of Ibrahim-Ben-Zaragont is dead."

The Arabs replied to this announcement with piercing shrieks and wild cries.

They then lowered the body of the young wife into the earth, first placing upon the remains flat stones, and then filling up the chasm with the dust of the solitude. Large stones were then placed standing around the tomb, to indicate the spot where Baia reposed.

The crowd then took the road to the tent of Hassan.

The repast of death awaited the relatives of the deceased. It consisted of cheese made of the goat's milk, and a species of bread saturated with oil and butter. They each separated, after having drank the coffee from the same cup.

These painful duties accomplished, Hassan repaired to

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the tent of Ibrahim, in order to announce to him his determination of quitting the tribe, and devoting his remaining days to avenge his wrongs upon his enemy. He then left, directing his steps to the side of the mountain where he had accidentally heard that Kaddour was in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of hunting the gazelle and the partridge.

Nearly a month thus passed away; enveloped in his cloak Hassan passed his nights under a tree. During the day he concealed himself in a position from whence his view extended over the entire valley.

There, immovable as the rock on which he leant, he awaited the approach of his enemy with that patience which an Arab alone can exercise, in the cherished prospect of revenge.

One morning Hassan saw a cavalier enter the valley; his eye, or rather the instinct of his deadly hate, at once recognized Kaddour.

The road which Kaddour selected was well chosen, for it opened upon both sides. In a single spot a few thick bushes arose, capable of concealing an enemy.

The heart of Hassan trembled with joy—a smile spread itself upon his lips, it was the first that had visited them since the death of his beloved bride. He pressed his gun between his hands—renewed the powder, and hastily directed his steps towards the hedgy spot near to which Kaddour would pass, resting his gun upon a branch, in order to ensure his aim.

In this position he waited, with a pleasure mixed with inquietude, for he feared Kaddour might change his route, and thus rob him of his vengeance. But the sight of his enemy quickly reassured him, he saw him advancing, but walking with precaution. On perceiving the thick brushwood which concealed Hassan, Kaddour stopped and looked, as if interrogating each branch and each leaf, but nothing was visible to arouse the least suspicion of danger, and he continued his route.

The arm of Hassan is already directed to the breast of the unsuspecting Arab. He discharges his fire-arms and Kaddour falls from his horse with his arm broken and shattered at the shoulder joint, the gun falling at the same time from his powerless hand. With his broken arm Kaddour raises himself, but before he could cock his pistol, Hassan bounded towards him, threw him backwards, and unfastening the belt which he wore around his body, tied with it his hapless enemy.

Hassan, intoxicated with that savage joy which vengeance gives, already enjoyed the tortures to which he was about subjecting his hated rival. With his foot placed upon the breast of his enemy, he recalled to his remembrance the words which he had read traced upon the sand the day after the death of Baia.

"And I also," cried he, "have I not aimed the blow well. The ball which I directed towards your shoulder, I could have sent to your heart, but that would have deprived me of the bliss of witnessing your tortures. It was you who killed my young and beautiful bride—it was you who murdered my innocent babe—it is you who have condemned me to a life of unutterable misery, of ceaseless

grief, and of every evil that humanity can endure. But God be praised! he has delivered you into my hands in the way I should most wish. Baia—Brahim—my innocent child! you shall all be avenged."

The Arab of the tribe of Gaefera replied not, but commenced reciting his prayers.

Hassan, his head leaning upon his hand, seated himself opposite to Kaddour. He reflected what description of death he would inflict upon his enemy. With his eye fixed upon him, he appeared to have a conversation with himself, for his lips moved—sometimes he would shake his head in token of disapprobation of the proposed project—sometimes a smile of satisfaction would spread itself upon his parched and burning lips.

At length he arose, and drawing from his purse a piece of money, he showed it to Kaddour, saying,

"Do you know this piece?"

The Arab replied not.

"Well, then," continued he, "this is the same piece which has imprinted upon my flesh the trace of your hatred. See how the mould adapts itself to the wound. You said at the same time that one of us should die. I now tell you that you shall be the victim. What did I do to deserve your hatred? What was the crime my hapless Baia committed, or my unoffending child?" Here Hassan's voice faltered, and his eyes became moist. But resuming his rage, he continued—"But now I shall wreak my vengeance upon you."

Hassan gathered several branches, and then drawing together three stones, he placed in the aperture a quantity of dried moss, and striking a light with the end of his yataghan, he soon communicated to the moss a burning flame, into which he cast the piece of money.

"Villain!" exclaimed Kaddour, "kill me, then, quickly."

"Kill you quickly," said Hassan; "Oh! no—no. My Baia—my child—have you not killed them? Ah, that I could prolong your tortures to the extent of my sufferings."

Hassan, brandishing his yataghan which had been formerly given to him by Baia, seized the legs of his enemy, and with two blows separated from them the feet of the Arab.

"It is thus," cried he, "that we punish the thief in our tribe, and you are worthy of this infamous chastisement."

The features of Kaddour now became contracted by pain, yet not a word escaped his lips.

Hassan then took the piece of money reddened by the fire, and grasping in his powerful hand the head of the Arab, he placed the burning coin on one of his eyes. Notwithstanding all his courage, Kaddour could no longer refrain from giving vent to a piercing cry. He endeavoured to shake off the fire that was consuming his eyelid, but already the metal had incorporated itself with his flesh, and the blood spurted forth. He rolled his body in agony, and uttered fearful shrieks, but Hassan followed all his movements, still holding the head of his powerless enemy.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Hassan! Hassan! mercy! death!" piteously ejaculated Kaddour.

"Not yet," cried Hassan. "You that have destroyed two lives—you that have condemned two others to hopeless misery—you ask for a speedy death? No—no, you shall remain thus, and I will stay here to watch over you. If I have not rendered you completely blind, it is that you may be enabled to see me rejoice in your tortures. I shall remain here even to your last sigh, and after that I shall abandon you to the chakals, for the body of a man such as thou art, ought to be their prey."

Hassan at these words quietly seated himself near to Kaddour, and watched his victim until the last sigh of the Arab of Gaefera, told him that nothing now remained to his vengeance. Then raising the dead body in his arms, he hurled it from him into the valley beneath.

He then took the road to his tribe.

"Father," said he, on entering the tent, "Kaddour no longer lives, and I must instantly quit this tribe in order to secure myself from their vengeance."

"I shall follow you my son."

"No—no, father, you cannot follow where I shall go. Remain near to the tomb of our fathers—near to the resting-place of my worshipped Baia."

"Shall I ever again see you my son?"

"God alone knows," replied Hassan.

Hassan mounted his horse, and directed his course towards the north. He gained Oran, and joined the French in battle.

Hassan delights in recounting the above history, and shows upon his hand the ineffaceable mark of his enemy's hatred, and is never seen to smile but when he is narrating the *denouement* of his vengeance.

BELINDA.

TO ELIZA B——.

Musing o'er bygone days, a happy thought
Beamed in upon my mournful reverie;
And o'erjoyed meditation with it brought
From the profoundest depths of memory,
Remembrance of my dream, my promise, and of thee.

Forgive me, dearest, though my promise spoken
In harsher times, has not yet been redeemed:
If not redeemed, it has not yet been broken.

Some judge too hastily; still I had deemed
You would not think I had that promise slighted,
However circumstances weighed me down;
But hold my word of honour when once plighted,
As sacred as I would regard your own.

Yet, it is true, I might have kept it better,
Had I not known you ready to forgive;
I never keep a promise to the letter;
That's candid, and you know I ne'er deceive.

Oh! 'twould be bliss to feel that you believe me,
When slanderous tongues run riot o'er my name;

104

To know that you will say he ne'er deceived me,
When those who love not seek to blight my fame;
And though relentless fate awhile has parted,
And fortune sent us each a separate way;
And laid the lash on me, for I have smarted,
Yet we may meet upon some brighter day,
When she will smile on both. Do you remember
You gave me a dream token once in jest,
Wishing me visions fair, and peaceful slumber,
Filled with your image, I had sunk to rest.

I dream't ('twas but a dream) that we were straying
By the lake shore in my own native land;
Whilst on the water the moonbeams were playing,
And shone like gems the pebbles on the strand.
The gentle ripple on the beach was breaking
With a soft, soothing, melancholy sound;
And the night air was sweetest music waking,
Sighing through groves and flowers; all around
Was stillness and repose; it was the hour
Nature designed for lovers, and for love;
When hearts like ours meet, for it has power
To fill the soul with something from above.

A softer, holier, more delightful feeling,
Than aught that's earthly, it steals o'er the heart
Shutting out evil passions, and revealing
Only each purer and each better part.
Methought the scene, though always lovely, never
Had look'd so bright before; 'twas passing fair;
Oh! that such vision had remained for ever,
With you for ever to have wandered there.
At such a time and hour my heart o'erflowing,
And that fair scene breathing o'er all my soul,
Whilst the young moon, with purest beams was throwing
A soft luxurious light upon the whole.

I told my love, alas! that 'twas ideal,
And your lips softly sigh'd an answer sweet,
I'd give a world, if mine, and that scene real,
To hear those lips again, those words repeat.
Here vanished from my sight the dear delusion,
As some one on my happy slumber broke;
You may be sure I did not bless the intrusion
That chased away my vision. I awoke
To wish it might again; but sleep refuses
To bring me back that dream. I try in vain,
It sends me visions of what e're it chooses,
Though I would give my all to dream that o'er again.

W. J. C.

REBUS.

My first's an emblem of the spring,
My last implies possession;
My *last's* a learned, witty thing,
And honour its profession.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE ALPS.

In one of those green valleys of the Alps, which the eye delights to rest upon, where the earth unveils its loveliness to the golden and delicate light of heaven, where the foot falls upon a carpet of verdure—whose border woodlands, pasturage, and vineyards, look richer and more inviting than those of other climes—where the wild growth of brushwood billows up the sides of the mountains, the awful glaciers, their cloven peaks lost in the circumambient ether, which shut in the landscape on either hand, and circle it as with a gigantic crown of sapphire—in this delightful scene the young and blooming Emma fed her flock. Six little goats, white as the driven snow, were all her care; nor did the observer, as he watched their gambols, discover upon them either riband or ring, by which their wild impulses could be checked.

They were, in fact, suffered to wander where they pleased, as happy and free as the luxuriant impulse of the nature around them. Their mistress meanwhile, having laid down the crook, was busying herself in gathering strawberries, which clustered over, and some yards down the sides of a natural dais, or rising ground, that formed the limit of her pastures.

With this delicious fruit she proposed to reward her good mother, when she brought her the simple noon-day meal. Her basket was now full, and with that contentment, which an act of kindness done or intended is ever reflected upon the countenance, she turned to rejoin her herd. But, woe of woes!—she could count but five goats—one of her six pretty ones was missing.

She lost not a moment in depositing her strawberries by the side of her crook, and began seeking for the strayed animal along the winding and tangled footpaths of the vale, and by the margin of the brook which rippled o'er a pebbly channel behind the flower-studded bank where she had been sitting.

"The careless little thing must have run away into the wood," said Emma to herself; and to the wood, therefore, she bent her way.

Wrought by her ill-success to a great pitch of anxiety, the maiden wound hastily through the maze of trees, marking the commencement of her forest pilgrimage, and one moment she called out its name, "Darling!" "Darling!" at another she stooped down, and with her ear level with the wild flowers and prickly turf, she listened in the hope that the bleating of the goat might indicate to her the place where it was.

She had been engaged for about half-an hour in this search, and had penetrated nearly into the bosom of the darksome glades of pine, when just as she was surmounting a woody mass of trees, and forest flower, worked by the ever-varying hand of nature into a circle, there suddenly appeared before her a stately pilgrim, whose friendly glance at once disarmed the maiden's fears.

"Can'st thou show me, pretty shepherdess," said the wayfarer, "within a spear's length of these arid and desolate wilds a fountain of living water. I have wandered in uncertainty since, by the lengthening shadows of yonder

beeches, the sun hath travelled two hours of his course to the west; and now I faint with thirst."

"Reverend father," answered Emma, "there is no fountain in these parts; but follow me to my flock, and with goat's milk shalt thou slake thy thirst."

The pilgrim accepted the offer, and walked behind her with a lingering step, the girl forgetting that she had lost a goat, and thinking only of the pleasure of administering to the holy traveller's wants. He said little, but his eye blessed his gentle guide, and as often as it fastened on her, it became filled with tears.

They now reached the flowery grass-plot whereon the little herd was grazing, when lo! the goat that had strayed had found its way back again, and Emma was now happy. With willing heart she filled the wooden beaker, and handed it to her guest. She then produced from her wallet a piece of rye bread, coarse, but wholesome, and with a slight courtesy she presented it, together with the basket of strawberries.

"I can easily," she thought, "gather some more for my dear mother."

"And what may thy name be, gentle maiden?" asked the pilgrim, as he regaled himself with the delicious fruit. "Thou art not of this land."

"Emma is my name," said the girl. "But how know you, Sir Pilgrim, that I am a stranger in this lovely vale?"

"Thy servant knoweth even more than this," replied he, with a glance beaming the most heartfelt delight. "Only show me thy hand, fair Emma, and be assured I will tell thee truth."

Emma smiled incredulously; but, out of curiosity, she gave him her hand. The stranger contemplated it for some minutes in silence, and then said in a solemn voice,

"A castle was thy cradle. Thy sire—alas! alas!—a dark cloud hovers o'er his crest, and thy mourning mother—she that hath few compeers on this earth—she is named *Bertha*."

Emma turned pale, and half involuntarily withdrew her hand. She trembled, and looked with fear and apprehension at the pilgrim, who, with unmoved countenance, exclaimed in accents mild and bland,

"Be not afraid, good daughter; lead me, rather, to that mother, for I bring her news of a Suabian knight, whom, in the old days, the Emperor delighted to honour, because at the tourney at Worms"—

"Oh! name not to mortal ears, for the love of heaven!" interrupted Emma, "the ill-starred victor in that passage-of-arms!"

And then, inconsistently enough, giving way to the dictates of that feeling which has been said to be the characteristic of her sex, she continued—

"Whence comes your knowledge, holy wanderer? May not an Alpine shepherdess inquire? Certain they are words of wondrous truth and meaning that have fallen from your lips; and yet you may know more. Aye, I see plainly you do know ALL. Tell me, then, good father, I beseech you, what became of this Suabian knight. Is he yet alive? Where is he?"

"Thou shalt hear his destiny from first to last," re-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

turned her companion, with more emotion than he had yet betrayed; "first, only guide me into the presence of your mother."

"Ah!" cried the girl, springing up from the bank with a shriek of joy, "she is coming hither, I see her even now threading the narrow defile which lies at the entrance of the valley;" Emma pointed as she spoke in the direction of her cottage home.

The pilgrim beheld the advancing female, and suddenly a remarkable change came over him. His form (which was considerably above the middle height) appeared to dilate into a stature well-nigh gigantic; and by the fixedness with which he stood, and the unconscious expression of his lack-lustre eyes, it almost seemed that his disembodied spirit had flown to greet the lady of his thoughts.

Meanwhile Bertha stepped firmly over the ledges of moss, and carpeting of forest violets and tangled briar, to the crest of that little hill which her daughter had chosen for the boundary of her mountain-fold. She bore in her right hand her daughter's humble meal. The bloom of her early loveliness still lingered in her noble and benevolent face; but it was easy to see that sorrow had somewhat dulled the native splendour of her eye, and traced many wavy lines on her clear expressive forehead.

As she approached, the pilgrim also moved forward, with a glance that spoke volumes, but with a step so faltering and unnerved, as to illustrate the exquisite comparison of the Scriptures, so perfect in feeling, and so humanely true, which recordeth that "the spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Bertha had approached to within a few yards of where the pilgrim stood, when the latter sprung suddenly towards her with outstretched arms, and falling upon her neck he passionately exclaimed,

"Bertha, my own Bertha! do these arms, then, hold thee once more?"

"Arnulph! my long lost Arnulph!" faintly murmured Bertha, but here she paused; her calm and yielding spirit was overpowered by this flood of undreamt of happiness, and for a moment she lay swooning and unconscious on her husband's breast.

Emma, who showered kisses upon her parents at one moment, and tears the next, assisted to recal the scattered senses of the gentle Bertha. Mighty is nature, when, uninterpolated by the appliances of art, she is left to her own resources; but mightier still is the voice of Love, breathing from young lips in tones that never tire the ear, the simple, earnest words of a child's affection.

Under the influence of such a sublime restorative as this, Bertha soon opened her eyes, and then, full of joy and happiness, she was able, leaning on her husband and her daughter's arms, to walk to her mountain home. On the way Arnulph related how he had been pursued unrelentingly by the friends of that unfortunate knight whom he had left dead in the lists on the day of the tournament at Worms; that he had wandered through foreign kingdoms, and at length, in a Venetian ship, had reached the distant shores of Lusitania. Of that fatal encounter, he

observed that it always gratified him to reflect what a brave death his noble challenger had found. First splintering a lance in full and fair "attaint" of his burnished shield, and then receiving his trusty spear a little below the heart, which protruded almost a cloth-yard's length on the other side, dripping with the life-blood of this flower of chivalry. "My next fortune," proceeded Arnulph (dropping the mannerism in which, while supporting the character of a pilgrim he had thought it proper to clothe his speech), "was to distinguish myself greatly in the war against the Infidels. My arms were everywhere victorious. I was graced with the peculiar favour of the Christian monarch, and rose to the supreme command of all his armies. Thrice was I crowned with garlands on the field of battle, and once I accepted from the small white hands of the Princess-Royal, a chaplet of diamonds, lustrous as her own beautiful eyes, with a prayer of liquid melody, 'for the weal of the brave warrior, who, coming from some unknown land, had fought so devotedly and so successfully in her father's cause,' and when, after repeated defeats, the Moors were at last extirpated from those dominions, I felt that no power on earth could withhold me from my wife and darling child. On the confines of Germany I assumed the garb of a pilgrim, and carried my palm-branch as one newly returned from the Holy Land. Shielded by this disguise I ventured to present myself at the castle-gate of my old friend Bertram, to whose generous interference you will remember, sweet ones, you owe your present security. After a ready admittance, and a most friendly welcome, I learned from him where you had found an asylum. Winibald, surnamed 'the Sleepless,' his born servitor and most faithful adherent, who acted as your escort to this enchanted corner of the world was dead, else it had not been so difficult for me to trace you out. There is, however, above us all, a supreme Governor, whose essential mercy doth never tire of bringing the greater ultimate good out of all the afflictive dispensations of life, in His own time, and according to the counsels of His excellent wisdom; and His unseen and protecting hand it was, that led me when I least expected it, into the presence of my darling child. Although I left her a merry little blue-eyed girl some six or seven years old, I recognized in her at the first glance, her mother's richly moulded features." Here he threw his arms round Bertha and Emma, and an impetuous burst of rapture anticipated the sequel to his story.

Three heavenly days were spent by our happy friends in their Alpine cot, and then they bade farewell for ever to their humble abode, and shaped their course over Mount St. Gothard to Italy. At Genoa they took ship; prosperous breezes filled their sails, and after a voyage of rather more than two months, they landed at Lisbon. Arnulph presented his wife and daughter to the king and queen. Emanuel the Great did his utmost to retain them at his court, but they preferred the peaceful country life at a small castle, which bloomed a perfect Paradise upon the sweet banks of the Tagus, where they soon forgot their own misfortunes, but never once those who needed their charities.

W. H. F.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

TO HANNAH;
The Purest, the Best, and the Noblest of her Sex.

BY BENJAMIN BURLINGTON WALE.

"An Angel, yet a woman, too."—WORDSWORTH.

Forget thee? Never! Years may pass away,
And memories sad, sweet, precious, *all* decay!
Friends, friendships, hopes, in quick succession pass,
And leave no shadow upon memory's glass:
But every look of thine is mirrored there
In lines indelible, distinct, and fair!
Distance may part us, scenes may change, time fly,
And steal the lustre from thy cheek and eye;
And other hands thine own may fondly press,
And other eyes beam their deep tenderness;
And other hearts as wildly thrill as mine
Did once, to hail that happy voice of thine.
And other joys may claim thy love, thy smile,
And tenderer ties thy hours of care beguile;
And cruel tongues may whisper in thine ear,
Harsh words of one whom once thy heart held dear;
Till thou may'st e'en be taught to think of me
As one all error, vice, impiety!
And the swift moments as they pass away,
Quench in thy heart all memory of that day—
That bitter day—of untold anguish, when
We parted, ne'er on earth to meet again.
Till from the lover of thy youth estranged,
Thy love extinguished, every feeling changed;
All those who hate me shall rejoice to see
Their malice shared—their hatred joined by thee.
The puny throng of slanderers, who stand
With hearts all venom, but with voices bland,
And to thy tears breathe condolence, as though
Their hearts knew aught of sympathy with woe.
With all the treachery of Iscariot's heart,
Without the skill to act the traitor's part.
Fools! know they not the veil is all too thin
To hide the hideous Golgotha within?
These are the drivellers, who fain would turn
Thy love to hatred, and thy grief to scorn;
For well they know though gloomy was my lot,
It had been gloomier had'st thou loved me not.
These long to see thy nobleness debased,
And every virtue from thy heart erased;
Retailing slander with a saintly smile,
They talk of christian charity the while.
Their serpent tongues with envious falsehood fraught,
Mixed with details of "What the Lord has wrought!"

* * * * *

Well, should thy love decay, I could not blame,
Nor breathe with harshful bitterness thy name;
For well my heart remembers moments gone,
When bowed with anguish and assailed with scorn;
When those for whom I had suffer'd loss and shame,
Were first to raise the finger of disdain;

Thou stood'st alone, unflinching by my side,
And gazed in calmness on the raging tide;
And when the billows strove to whelm me o'er,
Thou bad'st the angry storm at distance roar.
My guiding star amidst the rocks of life,
Speaking of peace when all around was strife:
The dove whose presence cheered my lonely ark,
When all without was fearful, wild, and dark!
The olive, which of future gladness spoke,
When from its living tomb my soul awoke.
The gentle soother of my love-lorn heart,
Anxious in every grief to bear a part.
Firm as the mountain pine to meet the blast,
Gentle as childhood when the tempest's past.
An oak midst storms, but when their wrath was laid,
Retiring as the violet in the shade.
Pure as the lily, fragile as the rose,
And lovely as a summer evening's close;
When to the things of earth awhile 'tis given,
To glitter in the borrowed tints of heaven.
All this thou wert, and such will ever be,
Whene'er my sadden'd spirit turns to thee;
Each lineament engrav'd on memory's page,
And still surviving to my latest age.
To fancy's eye unchanging and unchang'd,
The same as when in love's first hours we rang'd,
Hand, link'd in hand, the beauteous hills and fields,
And quaff'd the bliss that pure affection yields.
When Age hath curv'd its wrinkles on thy brow,
To me 'twill always be as smooth as now.
For Memory is all I have of thee,
In Fancy only canst thou live for me.
Should sorrow change thee I shall not be by,
To mark the fading lustre of thine eye;
I shall not see thy beauty's dull decay,
As one by one Time steals thy charms away.
When he hath sprinkl'd midst thy raven hair
His locks of grey, I shall not see them there;
And when the lightness of thy step has fled,
I shall not hear its slow and fitful tread.
Should thy sweet voice grow tremulous and weak,
I shall not know—I shall not hear thee speak;
And when thy tottering step has feeble grown,
Another hand, not mine, must clasp thine own,
And lead thee gently o'er the rugged way,
And guide thee where thy footsteps cannot stray;
And when thy little day of life has run,
And death's dark shadows cloud thy setting sun,
Another hand, not mine, must close thine eyes,
Another heart must echo back thy sighs,
Another ear must catch thy parting breath,
And tears, not mine, bedew thy couch of death.

But when the troubled dream of life has fled,
And this frail body slumbers with the dead,
I shall behold thee, meet thee, love thee then,
Where spirits meet, but not to part again!
No more a wanderer from thy side to roam,
But ever near thee in thy chrystal home.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE BUSTLE.*

"It was a fine summer's day—a day upon which 'Russia' ducks were in their glory, and every other kind looked miserable for want of water—though, indeed, the same remark might be applied to some of the former also—a bright, glowing, sunny, dusty day in the middle of July. I was strolling quietly, as is my wont, along the banks of a canal not many miles distant from the good city of Dublin. A huge green umbrella (cost two-and-eightpence-halfpenny, under the piazza of the General Post Office—the vendor demanded two-and-ninence, but I never submit to extortion!) was held horizontally above my head to protect my new hat from the beams of a meridian sun (new hats cost money, and money is money, now-a-days). I was dressed in my 'customary suit of sober black,' relieved by a spotless pair of white kid gloves (I had been at a wedding the day before—gloves are to be had gratis at weddings. My square-toed shoes shone resplendant in the brilliant jet of Warren's unrivalled polish. My linen was of the whitest. A beautiful bandana disported its many coloured glories as it hung dependent from my dexter hand. A minute atom of court plaister at the corner of my nether lip gave to my mouth an expression of winning pleasantry. A rose was in my button hole; its hue was on my cheek; its sweetness in the smiles that beamed on every feature. In short, in every respect my appearance was *comme il faut*, and more than one young creature as they passed me were heard to remark that I was 'any woman's fancy.' Modesty prevents me from saying more, but, were it not for that, I might add that, perhaps, in the entire brotherhood of old bachelors, my equal could not have been found that morning!

"I strolled along, oblivious of all sublunary matters; free from the cankering cares and covetous desires that prey upon the minds of other men, wrapt up in the seductive beauties of my own heaven-born thoughts; and only wishing now and then that I had a pipe of tobacco; when suddenly my contemplations were disturbed by the appearance before me of one of my beautiful imaginings, embodied in the form of a sylph. Only the back was towards me, but that was sufficient—more than sufficient; it was something which would take a word of, at the very least, two dozen syllables to express! I never beheld any thing like it—it was grand, surpassing, glorious, transcendent, the climax, the *ultima thule* of everything that was lovely! At the distance of a few yards, where my eyes first fell upon it, it was perfection! I sprang forward, I bounded, I rushed, I flung myself, I plunged, I galloped, I flew, I careered along like lightning, until I came close to it—I broke my toe over a stone, but if it had been my head I would not have felt it. I was going to sing, to shout, to shriek, to yell, with ecstacy, but I controlled

myself—I would have given worlds that some little boy had been near me, whose hair I might have pulled out by the roots, to keep me quiet!

At last I came within a yard of it—of it, the sylph, the aglaja, the seraph, the houri, the angel! "Oh! for a poet's pen to paint the dream that filled my soul!" while I gazed on the wavy outlines of its form! I was enraptured, spell-bound, entranced, frantic with admiration! I thought my brain would burst; another minute, or a minute and a quarter at the utmost, of such feelings as then swelled my heart, would have killed a hippopotamus! It moved along before me—that dazling vision; gliding in the very poetry of motion. I followed it; it attracted me as powerfully as ever loadstone did a needle; it might have led me, resistless, round the world. For half an hour I felt myself in heaven—the delusion might have lasted longer but that I happened to meet an attorney with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted—the inference is obvious; attorneys may be found thick as black-berries in the opposite direction, but they never go *there*.

It, the sprite, the fay, the trinity of the graces, still pursued its way straight forward; from bridge to bridge it glided on, never turning its head even for a second—never in the slightest deviating from its rectilinear course, except once, when a small pool, which had got there Heaven knows how, lay before it, obstructing its passage along the pathway. The vision paused; changed its parasol (for it carried one) from its right hand to its left, and, with the former lifting up its garments somewhat farther than was absolutely necessary, stepped lightly across the impediment. It was then that my ecstacy reached its height. I beheld an ancle, and a leg, compared with which Fanny Ellsler's are like an elephant's; they were encased in a black silk stocking, terminating in a faultless shoe, which concealed and yet displayed the beauties of a tiny foot, that Titania might have envied; I revelled in wild delight—it was a sight which would have reconciled Adam to the loss of paradise!

On we went again—the angel first, the mortal following. I surveyed its beauties—its posterior beauties—for those were all I had as yet beheld, from the crown of its pale blue silk bonnet, to the hem of its flowing black satin gown, with increasing wonder at every step. The stately neck, the beautifully turned shoulders, the waist that might be spanned by a fairy's fingers, the hips—aye! now I'm coming to it—the *hips*—oh—h! the *HIPS*! They seemed to spring out from below the taper waist, as though the latter had been "curtailed of its fair proportions," to add to the glorious magnificence of their luxuriant fullness. Gracefully, in easy flowing lines of unequalled symmetry, they graduated from each side of the seraph's form, until, proceeding *à posteriori*, they converged to a centre of the amplest, the grandest, the most sublime rotundity. It, the rotundity, looked so soft, so inviting to repose, so India-rubber, cushion-like, that it required every effort of my philosophy to resist the impulse which I felt to jump up behind, and sit upon it.

At length it appeared as if conscious of my horrible

* We extract the foregoing from a novel just published, entitled "*The Freaks of Cupid*," which abounds in wit, humour, power, and pathos. The author bids fair to be one of the most popular writers of the day.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

idea to change its position slightly, and retire a little to one side—it was no illusion, my eye was intently fixed upon it. Argus never kept a stricter watch on the golden fleece—it could not have moved a hair's breadth one way or other without my seeing it; and, herald of coming evil! I distinctly beheld it *wriggle*! The poetry of the seraph's motion was fast subsiding into prose—the glide became a zig-zag and uneven trot—the neck lost its proud and stately swell—the shoulders their rounded beauty—the waist became thicker—one hip had suddenly grown flat as a smoothing iron—the other seemed as if a feather-bed had been concealed beneath the gown that covered it. Never was dream dispelled so rapidly as mine—never had vision a more “baseless fabric,” though it did leave a wreck behind.”

I thought I should have died on the spot—I *was* dying as fast as I possibly could; the blood had ceased to flow in my veins, my pulse was still, my heart no longer beat, my eyes were growing dim, my lips parched, my brain obfuscated; two minutes more would have put me into a condition to claim the services of that “jolly old waterman” who plies not at “Blackfriars-bridge,” but across the Styx, when I was suddenly recalled to life by a half smothered scream from my *soi-disant* angel. Instantaneously my functions were restored; the voice sounded uncommonly like a woman's, and I was about to essay my powers in an effort to “cut my stick” with the utmost rapidity, when happily I recollected to have heard that sometimes “seraphims cry aloud.” The thought was almost sufficient to wrap me a second time in a delightful reverie, and I think my illusion might have returned to make me happy, but that I chanced to fix my first glance upon—where the rotundity had been. It was entirely gone! neither at one side nor the other was it any longer to be seen—all was now as flat as a prairie or a pancake.

“I expected every moment to behold the vision melting away into thin air—to see the light blue bonnet float upwards to rejoin his kindred *nebulae*—to witness the transfiguration of the black satin gown into a gloomy and portentous cloud—to watch the para-sol become a para-chute, and commence its ascent in a manner that would have afforded infinite gratification to Mr. Green, or any of his brother aeronauts; in short to gaze upon naught but vacancy where I had so lately been dazzled with a glimpse of heaven; when my eye, in one of its wanderings in search of the missing ‘rotundity,’ happened to extend its glance so low as the ground, upon which the sprite had stopped a moment before; and there lay—something which had no right to be there.

“I stepped forward, arrived within a yard of it, stood staring at it in surprise, in wonder, in amazement. I thought it was one of the pillows belonging to the feather bed, but it had strings attached to it; it looked something like a freemason's apron ready to burst with drops; but, albeit one of ‘the craft,’ it puzzled me completely. There it lay, mute and motionless before me, ‘a marvel and a mystery.’ I could make neither head nor tail of it, though, had I been a lady, I might have made the latter; it was a riddle which I could not read. However, I knew

it had no right to be lying there, and so, with a high-souled determination to discover any secret it might contain, I stooped and picked it up. By heavens! it was—a *BUSTLE*! The enigma was solved in an instant—my dream was over—the sylph, the aglaia, the seraph, the houri, the angel of my recent infatuation, was nothing more than a mortal woman—and the ‘glorious rotundity’ which I had almost fallen down and worshipped, turned out to be—horror of horrors! a ‘head's antipodes’ under false pretences!”

HYPOCRISY.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FREEMASON.

With rapturous delight I gazed on the charms
Of the beauteous babe in its mother's arms;
And heark'd to the voice of its lisping love,
In accents mild as the gentle dove,
As it tenderly claimed some promised flower,
Which budded and bloomed in that silent hour;
And I asked myself can it ever be—
Will one so pure know *hypocrisy*?

I looked on the brow of the young and fair.
And I marked the peace that was resting there;
And the sportive jest, and the winning smile,
And the light which shone in the eye awhile;
And the bounding step in its buoyant grace,
And all the charms of that angel face;
And again I thought, can it ever be—
Was she, too, formed for *hypocrisy*?

Then I turned and gazed on the form so mild,
Of *Religion's* calm and holy child;
And I saw the stillness that reigned within
A bosom unruffled by care or sin;
And the hallowed words, as in awful dread
He spoke of salvation, the dying and dead;
I wildly exclaimed, oh! tell me not yet,
He, too, wears the mask of the *hypocrite*.

Then wond'ring I knelt by the bed of death,
And watched the last sigh of the parting breath;
And beheld the grief of the mourning one,
The long loved, the last, and the only son;
Sternly and proudly he bent o'er the bier,
His cheek was unwet by a single tear;
No! I dare not believe—it cannot be,
Such sorrow ne'er dwelt with *hypocrisy*.

But, alas! it was so; e'en he who stood,
By the cold remains of the kind and good,
Apparently wrapp'd in absorbing woe,
And deaf to all comfort from aught below;
Even he, yes he, in that lovely place,
Ah! he wore the treach'rous mask on his face;
Then say, oh! say, can there ever be,
Such a fearful sin as *hypocrisy*.

MARY ANNE COLYER.

K

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT;
OR, THE COQUETTE VANQUISHED.

CHAPTER I.

The coquetry of the beautiful Baroness de Koeller was proverbial in every drawing-room in Paris. She boasted of the precious rights of a widow, and declared a sentimental war against all her friends and enemies; she remained indifferent amidst the tender passions which she herself had provoked; cold in the middle of the dangers which sometimes threatened her, and inexorable to the despair of her credulous victims. Mme. de Koeller abused the rights which were hers, on account of her youth, wit, and beauty.

The noble husband whom she had the happiness to lose in his twentieth year, had left her an immense fortune, the remembrance of a violent temper and inflexible will. Perhaps she remembered the disagreeable qualities of her husband, and the servitude of her marriage; and in her turn she exercised against every one the caprices of her independence; it also pleased the pretty widow to revenge to the extent of her power the misfortunes of married women.

M. de Koeller was enthroned on the cushions of her boudoir; a movement of her sceptre, which was a fan, awed the most rebellious of her amorous subjects; laws she dictated by her looks, her recompense was a smile; she conquered with an epigram; and silence with her, signified an order of exile.

With less resolution and audacity, the baroness would have sunk under the petitions, reproaches, and menaces with which she was each day assailed.

Amongst her lovers was one, a young Italian, who was obliged to fly to France at that time when the liberty of the young Italian nobility was in danger. Count Leonard Orti had not now the same things to occupy him which he had in Italy. Now it was impossible for him to make the lake of Milan resound with the noble cry of independence—now impossible to harangue the people to stand up in defence of that liberty which was already extinct, or of the country which was just conquered—in fact, it was impossible for him, in Paris, to conspire against the usurpation of the Austrian monarchy.

The imprudent Leonard began to make love—he resolved to attack the heart of this pretty woman—he did not scruple at throwing himself at the feet and on the mercy of a coquette—he tried to grapple by the aid of his passion, against the frivolous capriciousness of Mme. de Koeller—he, the poor lover, who had but heart, dared to fight this charming and terrible adversary, who had but wit; the most wonderful miracle love ever performed, would be to conquer coquetry.

A harsh voice would often say to Leonard—"take care; love is always the dupe of wit."

A frivolous voice would say to Mme. de Koeller—"how delightful it is to love no one, and witness the unhappiness of those who love us."

Leonard's heart would sometimes sadly whisper—"hide well your jealousy from the disdainful looks of

this coquette; of all the evils which appertain to love, jealousy is that which wins less pity from a woman's heart."

Smiling wit would then oft repeat to Mme. de Koeller—"since Leonard threatens to cease loving you, let him go; absence will only complete your conquest—it will augment his passion."

Wit was right: the heart tried to cure itself by travelling; but, alas! it quickly returned. Poor Leonard's love resembled folly, and he was lost.

CHAPTER II.

One morning on awaking, Leonard found a note on the table addressed to him; he knew the writing well, it was from Mme. de Koeller.

Tremblingly he opened it, and read the following cruel words:—

"Your love begins to make me uneasy Leonard, and your despair frightens me. Obligated to pity you *per complaisance*, yet I will not fly without your knowing it. Try not to follow me; I have found out the means by which I may be saved the pain of witnessing your foolish passion. A cousin of M. de Koeller resides in Italy, where he has the command of an Austrian garrison. In a few days I shall be at Milan, on the borders of the lake of Como, far from you Leonard, and living with the persecutors by whom you are proscribed. When it pleases you to become calm, we shall, I hope, see each other again in Paris, but not till you are transformed from an Italian lover, to a gallant Parisian gentleman. In Milan I shall have the happiness of knowing that we are separated by the Alps, the sea, and above all, the laws of the Austrian monarchy by whom you are condemned. Adieu!

"DELPHINE."

Mme. de Koeller was prompted by her wit and coquetry to write the letter which you have just read; Leonard found in his heart and love the following answer:—

"Your sudden departure has made me suffer the most poignant anguish. This morning I knocked at the door of your hotel; I begged of your *valet de chambre* for permission to write to you in your own boudoir—on your own little table, with your paper, Madame, with your own pen. I thought I was at home, Delphine, and I had the audacity to go over the whole of your apartments. I gazed on your beautiful portrait, and it received my embraces without returning them. I tried to discover in the corners of the room, and on all the furniture, a piece of ribbon, a pin, or anything which would seem to indicate the presence of one who gives life to all she touches. But alas! Delphine, my search proved fruitless; your apartment which is always rich and beautiful, wanted but your adorable self to make it perfect. Since you are in Milan, on the borders of the lake, and in the magnificent residence of General Goritz, we shall soon see each other. I hope, not in France, but in Italy. I will go—I will change my name, and brave every danger to be near you, though at the same time I should be obliged to submit to

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Austrian tyranny. If I am betrayed, and should I fall, I will die at your feet and in my native country, with my eyes raised to that sun, which will, sooner or later, shine on Italian liberty. My last breath will be blessing thee, Delphine, and my own beloved Italy. Adieu!

"LEONARD."

Judge of the terror and embarrassment of the fair baroness, when she read the letter, which announced so strange and desperate a resolution! She tried to behold in this singular project but the effects of his furious love, which she vainly endeavoured to persuade herself would pass quickly away!

One day a servant of the general's announced to Madame de Koeller that a French traveller wished to see her.

"His name?" demanded the baroness.

"He refused to tell me, Madame."

"And in our turn, we decline seeing him," exclaimed M. de Goritz.

"Why, General?" replied Madame de Koeller. "It is, perhaps, one of my friends from France. Conduct this anonymous visitor here."

"Just as you please," said the General.

In a few moments a young man entered the saloon. It was Leonard!

A word, a gesture, and a cry escaped from Madame de Koeller, but the fates had pity on her trouble and fright, so that the wit of the coquette was that day, for the first time, useful to her; and rising, she ran to Leonard, and throwing herself into his arms, she exclaimed, with every apparent mark of surprise and pleasure—

"Welcome, welcome, my dearest cousin! So you have arrived from Paris. Have you any letters for your cousin? We will return together—and in eight days, if that will please you? Oh! how delighted I am to see you!"

Approaching M. de Goritz, she continued—

"General, allow me to introduce my cousin, M. the Count de Courcy, a gentleman whom I am sure you will love and esteem! May I beg a favour of you, General, on the part of our amiable visitor. Permit me to offer him till the day of our departure for France, the place of an intimate friend—which is an asylum under your hospitable mansion!"

The old Austrian General pressed the hand of Leonard, and, thanks to the baroness, the head of the condemned lover might yet be saved!

CHAPTER III.

It was four o'clock, and Delphine was occupied in preparing for her departure, which had been fixed for the morrow, when the General entered her apartment; throwing himself upon a chair, he appeared greatly agitated. After murmuring some unintelligible words he fixedly gazed on the clock.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame de Koeller; "what is the matter?"

"I am watching the clock."

"What for?"

"I am waiting till the time comes when I can speak to you."

"Speak now, General."

"Very well. Now listen, Delphine, and try to have courage. Your cousin, Madame—is he not your lover?"

"My lover!—the lover of Madame de Koeller!"

"Another word. The person whom you call the Count de Courcy, is really Leonard Ortis!"

"Leonard?"

"Yes! He is not French, Madame; he is an Italian, condemned to death by the order of the Emperor, my master."

"Condemned to death!"

"Leonard has adored you a long time in France, and he had the ridiculous stupidity to come and torment you in Italy; but you need not have any fear that he will annoy you further. You will see him no more."

"I will not see Leonard again."

"I had secret intelligence of his presence in my house; I interrogated him myself, and the knowledge of my duty has made me un pitying. A superior order has forced me to arrest one who is proscribed. Perhaps he is already dead."

The report of fire-arms was heard on the borders of the lake, and Madame de Koeller fell insensible in the arms of the man whom she now considered as the assassin of Leonard Ortis.

Unaccountable miracle! on coming to herself, on opening her eyes to that light which was now odious to her, kneeling beside her was Leonard—poor Leonard; and, with a voice of tenderness, he said to her—

"Yes! weep still; for your wit and beauty have succeeded in killing a noble heart. But I have forgiven you, Delphine."

"Now, my children!" exclaimed the Austrian General, "by to-morrow, if possible, you must be far from Milan. You must thank me in France."

Madame de Koeller threw herself at the feet of the General. M. de Goritz raised the beautiful and now repentant coquette; and pressing her to his heart, said—

"On questioning Leonard he told me all. Believe me, Delphine, he has suffered much from your cruel coquetry. But time flies, so I must now bid you adieu!"

On their return to Paris, Madame de Koeller learned from Leonard that on M. de Goritz hearing his story, they had privately concerted the scheme.

A few days afterwards, Count Leonard Ortis led the beautiful Delphine to the altar, where their hands were joined. M. de Goritz gave away the bride. P. M.

THE DREAM.

Last even I fell asleep, and in my dream
I thought myself an engine, without steam;
Thy sparkling eyes soon struck a mortal light,
Which caused a fire quickly to ignite.
I simmered soft and steadily at first,
But soon I bubbled fast, at last I burst;
Thy whistle echoed shrill, and when I woke,
It vanished from my senses—in the smoke.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

HOME AND HOPE.

By James Everitt, Esq.

" Oh, well it is youth may not see,
'Mid the fair visions round it flung,
The shadowings of its destiny :
Or whose the brow that would not bear
The wrinkl'd stamp of joy's decay ?
And the bright cheek of gladness—where
Whose bloom would fade not soon away ?"

ACTON.

What a sweet sounding word is Home ! especially when the associations connected with it remind us of all that is pure and peaceful—of happiness and contentment. How soon the troubles of life are calmed, when shut from the world we can gain a few hours sweet repose in the company of those we love. Who has not felt young again, when the scene of his early days presented itself to his mind's eye ? Then it is that we can fancifully picture the companions of our school-boy hours—the merry, joyous faces, which have past away from our gaze for ever ! The loud laugh sounds upon our ear as merrily as if it was but a moment old. All at once the cares and vexations of the world seemed to have past away from us, and with them the melancholy which they had engendered.

But amidst all these bright forms, there is one whose girlish gaiety has given place to the dignity of womanhood. But these are but the wanderings of a passing thought. What of him, whose grey hairs taught us to look up to age with respect and honour ? Whose kindness chased away many a tear from our youthful eye. What of our parents, who watched over us when the wind whistled, and the night was cold ? Whose voice (sweet as it was) called us away from our childish mirth to refreshing slumbers, and sunny dreams ? Alas ! never must that voice be heard on earth again ! It is sounding far more harmoniously above, where the spirit wanders in a happier and a holier world.

Seemingly insignificant objects present themselves to our notice ; the tree that found us, when weary with our childish play, and around whose root we seated ourselves in the calm bright summer's evening, now presents itself to us as an old lost friend ! How delightfully the music of the old church bells falls upon our ear ! How many dark and sunny memories does that music awaken ! The joyous bridal host—the solemn funeral train. The remembrance of our home never dies. As manhood succeeds youth, old associations are broken up, and old friends torn from our side ; and in the place of sincerity and love, we have the deceitful blandness, and the polished hypocrisy of the fashionable world. We mingle with the crowd, and we travel on amid a host of strange and uneven remembrances, the fruits of which are alternately bitter and sweet. Hope spans our heaven, leading us onward in the pursuit of pleasures, which only mock us and die. But, in spite of this, we hope on ; weary and faint it may be,

but hoping still, till hope and life expire together. Other friendships are formed, other hands are grasped, other acquaintances welcomed, but amidst them all there are none that can fill the place of the loved and the lost ones, which thronged our childhood's home !

MORNING ;

A SCENE IN WALES.

The glorious morn is breaking,
On yon mountain far away ;
The sun with light is streaking,
Cader Idris* summit grey.
The sea in distance blending,
With the blue sky's morning light,
Its sparkling smile is sending,
After the clouds of night.

And see, the fisher hastens,
With his children—joyous throng,
His little boat unfastens,
Singing some wild Welsh song.
The bark is launched and graceful,
It glides the beauteous sea ;
May its return be peaceful,
As the slumbers of the free.

See on the shore who's gazing,
With an anxious, tearful eye,
Her hands to Heaven she's raising,
And we know she heaves a sigh.
'Tis the fisher's wife, who's parting
With those she holds so dear,
She leaves them now they're starting,
At night she'll meet them here.

But back unto our mountain,
With its gold and crimson crest ;
The sunshine lights each fountain,
The eagle leaves his rest.
To the highest rock he's flying,
Of the Giant's cloudy chair ;
His mighty wings he's plying
In the glorious mountain air.

The last grey cloud is fading
Before the light of day ;
The gentle breeze is aiding
On its lofty way.
Now all is brightly beaming,
Nature is on her throne,
With joy and beauty teeming,
Each praises *One* alone !

ELEANOR W.

* Giant's Chair.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The opera has been running its career in the full tide of prosperity, revelling in all the talent that the musical or terpsichorean world can produce. GRISI, the *Diva* of song, has come back to us with all the freshness and spirit of former seasons, and whether in the charming *Norma*, the light and piquant *Norina* of the *Don Pasquale*, in the *Assyrian Queen* of the *Semiramide*, or in the vivacious and spirited *Rosina* of the *Barbière di Siviglia*, she is alike faultless and excellent. MARIO, also, seems in as fine voice as ever, his manly style, and singularly correct intonation, being truly delightful. MORIANI not only pleased but surprised us, by the effect he produced in *Pollio*, in *Norma*, he made this part stand out as one of much excellence, the energy and spirit he infused into it, rendering it of so much prominence, that we were not aware it could be made to tell with such effect; and when we add to these the great LABLACHE, in better voice and spirits than ever, BRAMBILLA, the excellent *contralto*, and CASTELLAN and ROSETTI as *seconda donna*, we have such a company for the working of any opera that may be given, that the director is in a perfect *embarras de richesses*, his only difficulty being not how to fill up the parts, but rather how to employ all his materials. This is the great secret of good management, and no manager ever understood it better than Mr. LUMLEY. He is thus independent of his company, and has always resources to fall back upon, the only difficulty he has to contend with, being the immense expenses he has to meet, and which this season must far surpass any previous ones. We have been delighted with the *Enfants Viennoises*, the sensation they have created being immense, and never have we heard more enthusiastic applause than attends their performances; it is so novel, graceful, and interesting, that to describe the effect of their dances is no easy matter; they are peculiar to the dancers themselves, and no ballet dancing approaches at all near it. They execute the most complicated figures with a precision and finished execution that is truly surprising: the impetuosity and sudden changes of the figures, seems for the moment to perplex the spectator, but not so the children, they seem capable of a mathematical precision, so exactly does each child find its position in the figure or group, that it is impossible to say there is the deviation of the hundredth part of an inch in the circle, figure, or *tableau* that is formed. If they advanced by pairs or tens, or all at once, it is only one step; the whole seems but one body, and one spirit pervading them. Every movement is as a whole—as perfect as it is possible for anything to be. These dances are of various kinds; being a series of highly effective groupings and complicated dances, most exquisitely performed. The national Hungarian and Styrian dance, have a great deal of quaintness and peculiarity of step about them; and although exceedingly interesting, are novel in the steps and figures, being different to anything that has ever been danced here before. The *pas des fleurs* is remarkably interesting, from

the picturesque grouping that is formed with the addition of the wreaths of flowers, and the novel and extraordinary character of the *tableaux* themselves. We can really imagine nothing more charming than these dancers; their little feet, as it were, twinkling in some peculiar steps, and then suddenly disentangling themselves from the most intricate positions, the little dancers appear running, as it were, in seeming confusion across the stage; and then, as if by magic, forming some exquisite group or *tableau*; the great beauty of the performance being the extraordinary rapidity and precision with which it is executed: and it is quite beyond our comprehension how they could have been trained to arrive at such perfection, for certainly no ballet dancing by adults will for a moment bear comparison with it. They have also appeared in a new *ballet divertissement*, called *Kaya*, in which they dance a charming *pas de Moissonneurs*, and produce by the means of some corn sheaves, and their brilliant and picturesque costumes, some truly beautiful *tableaux*. This *ballet divertissement* of *Kaya*, is a pretty little ballet, and is the production of Madlle. LUCILLE GRAHN, whose dancing in it is deserving of every praise. The story is that of a Norwegian maiden, a coquette in every sense of the word, and whose sole delight seems to be (having no love herself) in teasing her honest lover KUND (PERROT). He, however, falls in with a wayworn child, whom he assists and revives, and in return the child, who proves no less a redoubtable hero than Cupid, perplexes the coquetting *Kaya*, and teaches her that she has a heart, and that after all, she sincerely loves the worthy KUND. The tact, spirit, and ability displayed by little FANNY PÄRCHER, who plays the part of *Cupid*, is really extraordinary; she scarcely seems to rise more than a few inches from the ground, and yet her acting and pantomime are excellent, and she bore away a large share of the applause bestowed upon the ballet. LUCILLE GRAHN danced with infinite grace and spirit; a new Norwegian dance that she introduced, is a very pretty and original dance. It is different to anything we have seen for a long time, but its quaintness and piquancy render it a most captivating affair. There are several other dances in the ballet deserving of much praise, and the music, which is selected entirely from Norwegian airs, have a strongly marked national character about them. The melodies are generally simple and wild, and are worked up with excellent effect for the purposes of ballet music.

LA NENA, who is so celebrated in Spain as the *danseuse* of the national dances, has also made her appearance here. She is rather *petite*, with a graceful figure, and a pretty Andalusian cast of countenance, her dancing possesses all the *abandon* and *enjouement* so peculiar to its school; action and attitude being the chief points, rather than finished execution in the steps. She has great suppleness of body, and the peculiar action of advancing the chest, possessed by the Spanish dancers, bounding and springing with great activity. LA NENA enjoys a very high reputation in Spain as a *danseuse*, but the school is so widely different from the French school, that it requires to be more

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

familiarised with the style of dancing to properly appreciate it. LA NENA has, however, many excellent points in her dancing, not the least of which is that it is purely national, giving the true character of the Spanish style of dancing.

FRENCH PLAYS.—PLESSY has been, of course, the great attraction here, having brought with her a new and charming *repertoire* of pieces, not the least attractive of which was the *Marie ou les trois Epoques*, a piece in which she has not hitherto appeared in Paris, though she played it with great success a few years since in this country. It is certainly a most finished and artistic performance; the workings of a woman's heart through the most difficult epochs of her life, afford her full scope for some admirable acting, and in which she is certainly seen to the greatest advantage; but in all her pieces she has been highly successful, and Mr. MITCHELL proved himself a skilful *entrepreneur* in renewing her engagement, for she is just adapted to the taste of the subscribers; her grace and elegance, combined with the charming way she makes her points tell: so easy and natural, and yet so effective, rendering her unquestionably the first actress of the day, and the model from which many of our own actresses might study with advantage; as they would see how much is to be done by quiet natural acting. PLESSY, indeed, never misses a point; there is no appearance of effort, yet every sentence tells. This is the true secret of an actress's powers. Nature, not art, has been studied, and the feelings of a spectator are more quickly excited by one touch of nature, than the most laboured acting. RAVEL made a decided hit in the first piece in which he appeared, *L'Etourneau*; and he at once became a great favourite. RAVEL is an actor of rare merit; his acting is peculiar; smart, bustling, active, full of a rich fund of humour, and by his petulance and suddenness of manner, he causes immoderate laughter. His chief line of characters is the *bourgeois* class of the day: the commercial traveller, the *vrai badaud*, and other cockneyfied specimens of *la jeune France*; and these are as correct as it is possible for them to be drawn. RAVEL, like BOUFFE, and ARNAL, the latter of whom he resembles more than any other actor, draws his characters from nature; they are, perhaps, a little highly coloured, but still they are natural in the conception; and though a stage situation may work them up, we have little difficulty in identifying them as perfect specimens of the class represented. Paris abounds in characters of the type that RAVEL delineates; they seem to live in a world of their own, for each class is so distinct, that there is not the attempt at amalgamation that we find in this country, and they consequently afford excellent scope for an actor of ability like RAVEL to represent. Indeed, we have seen few actors that we like so much as RAVEL; the rich joyous fund of humour that characterises his acting, acts upon an audience, and imparts to them his joyous spirit; we have never been more agreeably entertained and amused than we have been by RAVEL. His *repertoire* is at the same time a very good one, and having so recently sprung into popularity in Paris, they are most of them new to this country, and

will, from the humour and variety of incidents, be certain to be transferred to the English stage.

REGNIER, who is shortly expected, will be a great addition to this company. He is an actor of a high class, playing with PLESSY in the *repertoire* of the *Theatre Français*; and he takes the line of characters played with so much success in Paris by MONROSE and SAMSON; but there is a freshness and spirit about his acting peculiarly his own. His style is the perfection of gentlemanly ease and gaiety, with all the refinement that belongs to the *Comedie Française*, and we shall be much deceived if REGNIER does not make a great hit when he appears.

Mr. MITCHELL has no end of attraction in store for the remainder of the season, as MADLIE DOCHER has also been engaged. She is a lively, agreeable actress, and sings very charmingly; then ACHARD, with his *chansonnelles*, and lively pieces; and ARNAL, with his highly wrought acting, and most amusing *repertoire*, winds up the season most brilliantly; so that the present is likely to be by far the best season Mr. MITCHELL has yet given; and we much hope that the increased expenses he has incurred by producing a succession of novelties, will meet with a corresponding return, a wish we know generally responded to by the subscribers.

Monsieur PHILIPPE, the celebrated *artiste* of Paris, is also engaged here, to give a series of his *soirées mystérieuses*. His feats are said to be more than extraordinary, and to eclipse those of DOBLER, whose feats of magic were so much admired here; he is expected to create a considerable sensation. We have no doubt that he will prove highly attractive.

FEMALE CHARMS.—The Ladies of England are justly celebrated beyond the charms of all other countries, for the beauty and transparency of their complexion. It is this characteristic of their charms chiefly that has distanced all competition throughout the world; nor have the famed Georgians and Circassians even approached in their appearance that look of health and delicacy in the skin which so pre-eminently distinguishes our fair countrywomen.

"Still the fairest of roses is subject to blight,"

and the sun, during the summer months, in a climate so variable as ours, is but too apt to produce those greatest enemies to beauty, *tan* and *freckles*, in the ARMS, FACE, and NECK. To effect a prevention and cure for this unpleasant deterioration to female charms, the greatest chemical researches have been made, but without effect, until the invention of the most celebrated ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.

Rowland's Kalydor is of the most delightful perfume; and, while it softens and renders additional whiteness to the skin, its felicitous effects are more immediately evinced, by its expelling all pimples, *tan*, and undue redness from the face, arms, or neck.—See Advertisement.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR MAY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Dress composed of pale green striped Pekin silk, trimmed up the fronts on each side with a narrow green silk fringe, put on in a kind of zig-zag, gradually narrowing upwards; this trimming is also continued up the fronts of the high corsage, widening towards the upper part of the waist, being sufficiently long to be left open at the lower part, each end forming a small point, the tight sleeve is formed on the cross, and is made sufficiently short to show an under tight sleeve of muslin, finished round the wrists with a lace inlet, edged round with a frilling of the same, the upper part of the sleeve decorated with a round epaulet, edged round with a double row of fringe, headed with a French piping. Bonnet of pale pink satin, edged round with narrow folds of pink *crêpe lisse*; the crown is trimmed with a full twist of satin, passing over the front, and drooping over the left side in two square ends, bordered with pink fringe, the upper one just touching the top of the lower one.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress made in the redingote form, of a deep blue cachemire, the front let in with a breadth of amber cachemire, ornamented with straps of fancy gimp work, of a dark shade of brown; high blue Amazonian body, opening down the front, and showing an under chemisette of fine cambric, with a small round lace collar, tied with a dark violet coloured satin ribbon, the fronts of the corsage lined with amber cachemire, and turning back so as to form lappels, and a small turn-over collar; tight sleeves, rounded at the lower part, and opening up to the elbow, showing a series of white muslin puffs, a puffing of the same surrounding the wrists. Cap of white tulle, trimmed with a double row of broad white open-worked lace, placed flat over the top part of the head, the top one headed with a twist of amber gauze ribbon, *nœuds* of the same being placed on each side, and one at the back.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of shot lavender and plum-coloured silk, made very full in the skirt, and decorated up the centre with a fold of the same material, upon which are placed a row of fancy buttons, gradually enlarging towards the lower part. This style of trimming is continued up the centre of the high plain corsage, the waist rounded, and sleeves plain, fitting close to the arm, decorated up the back part of the sleeve with a row of buttons to match those on the body, a row of lace surrounding the wrists. Bonnet of white satin, edged in the interior with a narrow fold of white *crêpe lisse*, and on the exterior with a row of white lace, turned back plain over the front, a round kind of crown, fullled and decorated with two magnificent shaded pink and white roses, surrounded with a cluster of green leaves.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A skirt of a rich striped blue and white silk, made long and very full; spencer made of black velvet, in the Amazonian form, forming a kind of jacket at the back, full and *busqué* in the front, closing quite up to the throat, which is surrounded with a narrow plain cambric collar; the sleeves are made to fit close to the arm, the lower part opening at the back part from the wrist up nearly as far as the elbow, and shewing a full white cambric sleeve edged with a narrow *riche*; gauntlet cuff turning back, and open at the side, edged all round with a row of black buttons like those up the centre of the corsage, the top of the sleeves being decorated with two deep folds of velvet forming a kind of epaulet. Bonnet of white satin; the form rather deep and close, edged round the brim with a fulling of *tulle* put on flat, giving a very light appearance to the bonnet; the crown tastefully decorated with two beautiful white ostrich feathers, the one drooping over the crown, and the other descending on the right side, the two feathers being attached to the bonnet with a *chou* of *tulle*, a *floit* of the same passing round the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant pelisse is composed of a rich spotted shot green and fawn-coloured silk; the skirt made immensely full, and trimmed on each side of the front with facings of the same, the outer edge being slightly waved and bound with fawn-coloured satin; these facings are gradually narrowed as they ascend to the point of the waist; the corsage is made very high and plain, as well as the sleeves. A very becoming style of a double narrow cape is placed half high upon the corsage, sufficiently to shade the back part of the shoulders, and descending down each side of the front, so as to form a point where they meet; these capes are gradually narrowed in the front, and the edges waved to match the facings on the skirt. Bonnet of pale pink satin; the crown trimmed with a stiff roll of satin, forming a kind of support to the white ostrich plume which passes over the crown, drooping over the back part of the left side; another feather of the same description is placed under the tip of the upper one, and falls gracefully on the left side, the end of it being lightly curled; *nœuds* of pink satin ribbon decorating the interior.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale lilac satin; the *jupe* made immensely full, but perfectly plain, and setting in immense plaits over the hips and at the back; *corsage à basque*; made quite high in the back, descending open half-way down the front, and faced with a broad *biais* of white satin or silk forming a kind of collar, at the back, the fronts being laced across with a silk braid or piping, the outer part is attached with small round fancy buttons; under chemisette of inlet and cambric, with a small square plain collar, the edge of the waist bound with satin; the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

upper part of the sleeves are made perfectly plain and close fitting, descending half way down the arm, and opening a little way up the back part of the arm, and bound all round the lower part of the sleeve; under full sleeve of muslin, edged round with a narrow *ruche* of lace. Capote of Italian straw; the form rather open and small, and trimmed with lappets of white lace tastefully arranged and intermixed with beautiful blush roses both on the crown and in the interior.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale primrose shot silk, open on each side of the skirt, and cut out so as to show an under breadth of white silk; these openings are caught at regular intervals with a button, surrounded with a narrow fold of silk, the openings being bordered with a narrow *ruche*, cut at the edge, and of a similar material to the dress. Half-high corsage, fitting close to the figure, and opening the whole way down the front, and showing the under *chemisette* of lace inlet and cambric, the edge of the border trimmed to match the openings on the skirt, tight close fitting sleeves, with pointed cuffs, edged round with a narrow fringe, and turning back over the arm; under sleeve of full muslin, with lace ruffles. Capote of white satin, the crown prettily decorated with white marabouts and *nauds* of white ribbon, the interior trimmed with pale green leaves.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This costume is composed of an under skirt of white satin, over which is worn a dress of white *crêpe*, open down the front of the skirt, and turned back on each side with a double facing on the *biais*, each edged with a kind of fulling of the same, put on quite flat, and sometimes a light fringe is used; tight low corsage, a narrow piece on the cross surrounds the lower part of the waist, forming a kind of jacket, and is encircled as well as the small square *berthe*, cape, and sleeves, with a trimming similar to that on the skirt, the cape being attached together with a large gold cameo brooch; half-long gloves, beaded with a double row of blonde goffering. The coiffure is arranged in two large ringlets in the front, and with puffs of purple velvet ribbon, edged on each side with a white stripe, and intermixed with the back hair.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—Redingote of pale lavender *gros d'Islay*, beautifully embroidered up the fronts of the skirt, and the facings of the corsage and jacket, with a kind of *guipure* trimming, which also encircles the small round open epaulets and cuffs, the back of the dress setting to the figure in the form of a habit, and opening rather low in the front; *chemisette* of embroidered cambric, and lace ruffles. Capote of straw-coloured *crêpe*, the form small, and rather deep at the ears, the exterior ornamented with small puffs of straw-coloured gauze ribbon, ascending up the right side of the capote, and the interior trimmed with a roll of white tulle, and puffs of the same on the right side and on the left, with a *naud* of straw-coloured ribbon.

116

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A robe *redingote* of very rich shaded silk; the body high, and *à l'Amazone*; the waist is long and slightly pointed, and finished by a small jacket, which, as well as the lapels, are simply corded with the same material; the sleeves are plain and tight; they have a deep cuff turned back, and are finished by a lace ruffle; *chemisette* of plaited cambric; a rich lace falling round the neck; the skirt is very long and immensely full, but perfectly plain. Bonnet of blue velvet, the brim open and low at the ears; a large and splendid ostrich feather droops over the left side of the crown; the interior is simply decorated with bows of ribbon.

BRIDAL COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of silver grey satin; the *corsage* half high; the waist and point long; the neck of the corsage is trimmed with a rich blonde, headed by a band of satin, with loops of the same placed at equal distances; the sleeves are tight; a band of the same trimming which is on the corsage is placed round the top of the arm, below which falls a deep blonde; the bottom of the sleeve is trimmed to correspond; *chemisette* of tulle quite high to the throat, and finished by a very narrow blonde edge; the skirt is very long and full, and have three deep blonde flounces, each headed by a trimming like that on the body. Head-dress: a half-wreath of pale roses, and a blonde veil or rather scarf, which is twisted and placed across the head, fastened on each side by a diamond, the long ends falling gracefully over the figure.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of shaded *poult de soie*; the body plain, and quite high; the waist long, and a little pointed; a small cape is attached to the pelisse, over which falls a collar of the same; they are both richly embroidered; the sleeves are plain; they are left open at the back of the arm nearly to the elbow, and trimmed with a narrow lace; under sleeve of full cambric; the skirt is *à deux jupes*, both exceedingly full, the under one very long; they are both very richly embroidered. Capote of white satin rather small; the curtain is deep; the trimming is composed of a piece of satin *en biais* placed along the bottom of the crown, and reaching to the curtain on the right side; a band of satin is passed loosely over it at equal distances, forming, as it were, a kind of clasp; on the left side droops a very long and full feather; the interior is simply ornamented with loops of green satin ribbon; the strings of the capote being of the same.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of shaded Levantine, the colours being two blues; the corsage high and plain, the waist long and drooping, without a point; a cape is attached to the neck of the corsage, falling deep at the back and on the shoulders, from whence it is gradually lessened, the corners being left square; it is trimmed with a rich black lace, not on full; the sleeves are large and straight, they have a

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

deep cuff, which is turned back, and left open at the back of the arm, trimmed with black lace; full under sleeve of cambric. The skirt is with *deux jupes*, the under one being exceedingly long and full, but perfectly plain; the second skirt is short, open in the front, and trimmed with a deep black lace, set on extremely full, and narrowing towards the waist. Bonnet of *paille de riz*, the brim open, a splendid shaded feather droops on the left side; the interior of the brim is ornamented by bows of striped ribbon, the strings are of the same.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of *poult de soie*, the corsage high and open, à l'Amazone, the waist long and slightly pointed; a small kind of cape is attached, the edge being slightly waved and trimmed with a fulling of the same material; the sleeves are tight, and have a bell-shaped epaulette, open at the shoulder, and trimmed to correspond with the cape. The skirt is very long and immensely full, it is trimmed *en tablière*, with pieces *en biais*, narrowing towards the waist, the edges slightly waved, and finished by a fulling or *râche* corresponding with the cape. Capote of drawn silk, the brim open and low at the ears; the curtain is very deep; a large full-blown rose, surrounded by buds and foliage, is placed high on the left side of the crown; the interior is ornamented with bows of ribbon, of the same colour as the bonnet.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Redingote of shaded *poult de soie*, the corsage high and plain, the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are large and straight, they have a deep cuff, turned back towards the elbow; full under sleeve of cambric, confined at the wrist by a worked band, a deep ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is exceedingly long and full, it has a piece *en biais* down the front, which is narrower towards the waist; on this, placed at equal distances, are large rosettes of fancy trimming, three smaller rosettes are on the cuff of each sleeve. Bonnet of satin, the front small, the edge being covered with white lace, as is likewise the crown and curtain; it is trimmed with a profusion of flowers, the interior being perfectly plain.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY 1845.

The summer fashions are commencing to peep forth, like our garden flowers, fresh and lively in their appearance. We have given the most striking in our plates, and we now hasten to lay before our fair readers the result of those observations on the *modes* which we have been studiously employed in making for the last month. We will begin with those novelties in carriage dress, which may be considered worthy the attention of our fair readers, and first in the list are the

REDINGOTES.—They are generally adopted both for promenade and evening dress, those intended for the former being principally made in those coloured striped silks, having wreaths of every colour *brochées* upon the stripes, in white, blue, green, &c.; sometimes we see them

quadrillées; these style of dresses are simply trimmed with fancy buttons, such as mother of pearl, steel, agate, and for full dress, diamonds. A very elegant costume made lately for the Duchess of S——, was composed of pink satin, the sleeves and front of the skirt fastened with a row of diamond buttons set round with pearls; the corsage was made very open in the front, and trimmed with a rich broad lace, a double row of the same kind of lace *manchettes* at the bottom of the sleeves, which were tight and à *crêves*. Those intended for promenade costume, are very elegant when made in *caméléon* silk trimmed with two broad flounces of black lace placed so as to touch each other, covering two-thirds of the dress in height, and separated upon the front of the skirts with a row of large buttons *quillées*, the bodies made very high, and also ornamented with a row of buttons, forming a continuation to those on the skirt; plain sleeves, and deep *manchettes* of black lace surrounding also the opening of the sleeve. Light materials, such as *mousseline* or *barege*, and trimmed with a deep volant of lace, or the same material as the dress, which conceals the bottom hem, and is headed with a fancy trimming or embroidery, ascending the whole way up the front of the skirt; the bodies are gathered or plaited, and worn very high, the sleeves matching the corsage; over these dresses are worn a *pardessus* of striped Pekin silk, white, and *capucines*: the skirt being open in the front, descending as low as the top of the trimming on the dress; the corsage made with a plain back, but forming in the front a net work of narrow ribbon velvet the same colour as the material of which the *pardessus* is composed; *demi-longues* sleeves, open the whole way up, and attached with a net work *pareil* to that on the front of the corsage.

MORNING COSTUMES are principally made in the *peignoir* and *redingote* form; if the former, they are made in *batiste*, and trimmed with three narrow trimmings of the same *festonnées superposées*, and having for a heading a narrow embroidery of round braid at once pretty and simple. This style of embroidery is extremely rich upon those plain muslin pelisses lined with pink silk, encircling the whole of the skirt, and forming a *chevron* upon the corsage, and facings to the sleeves. Several very elegant dresses have also just appeared, composed of muslin, and made high, trimmed with three broad flounces put on in a wave, and which are intended to be worn with spencers à *basques*, or the *casavecks* of lilac silk, lined with white taffetas, and encircled with a small cord; others of the pelisse form are trimmed with embroidered bands sufficiently open here and there to shew a pink or blue ribbon with which it is lined, and which has a very pretty effect. A very elegant description of *redingote*, are those made of *foulard* striped white upon a blue ground; the body made plain and open, and decorated with a narrow facing of the same material; plain skirt and sleeves, the former simply decorated with an *échelle de brandebourgs*, composed of a suitable texture and colours; the same kind of trimming being placed upon the corsage. Many of our *élégantes* have had some most elegant *peignoirs* made, for a kind of morning *negligé* costume made in white *mou-*

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

celaine de laine, and embroidered with pink or blue braid, according to the colour of the lining, an ample pelerine having places cut for the arm to pass through in such a manner that the shape of the waist is not perceived.

MANTELET DU MATIN.—This fanciful article of ladies attire, is now made *petit sesant*, and trimmed in rather a particular manner, with a new style of ribbon which is now much in vogue for the making of *capotes*, &c.; this silk ribbon is *râche à la vielle*, the fringe part being on the exterior, and encircling the cape, which is made high, and fastened close up with a new style of hook forming a button; the pelerine descends as low as the elbow, and is rounded at the back, and rather shallow, descending as low as the waist in the front in a straight line.

MATERIALS.—Italian silks are quite the fashion, being *glacé*, and in two colours. A lighter texture are those *taffetas porphyre*, and light *bareges* in pretty patterns, which will, we predict, be much worn, as well as the *toiles de Chine*, *les batiste*, *les Mousselines de soie*, Indian plaided cambrics (quite a novelty), also *organdies*, printed in the Arabian style, shaded *palmyriennes* in different sized plaids, *balsorinnes*, and *foulards* striped brown and white, are amongst the latest novelties; the Pekin Mogador, and *moire d'Isly* are also much in request, whilst, on the other hand, we have an infinity of gauzes *brochées* with a thousand flowers, flowered plaids, and the *taffetas de Zurich*, the texture of which is beautifully fine and marked. We must not omit mentioning, also, those elegant *toiles de Chine*, and those composed of goat's hair, the *gros de Tanger*, those striped *zanzibar*, &c. For evening costumes, we must not omit mentioning two very elegant materials named the *taffetas blonde*, and the *taffetas guipure*, being mostly in light colours, such as pink, *maïs*, *sauvage*, &c.

SHAWLS.—In our search after novelties, we have been much delighted in examining the immense variety of shawls in every kind of pattern and texture at Messrs. Everington's splendid and elegant establishment, on Ludgate Hill, near St. Paul's. The taste displayed is wonderful and highly gratifying; such an exhibition, we think, it is quite impossible to equal. Our *élégantes* may now compete which shall have the most costly and elegant shawl, adopting the idea of the ladies of Paris, that a lady is never suitably attired, unless her shawl is well chosen. The perfection of taste in a Parisienne, is always seen in the shawl she wears, and unless its design is perfect, and its materials costly, she is decidedly pronounced a lady with a mind uncultivated. Shawls are worn very large, almost enveloping the wearer, which gives the figure a very graceful appearance.

BONNETS.—Those of the newest style are made in gauze, *liase*, or *crêpe* of one colour, but in three shades; this striking novelty is very becoming, particularly when accompanied with bunches of *marabouts*, *des follettes*, or *oiseau de Paradis*, also shaded in three shades; white bonnets are lightly trimmed with a *floss of tulle*; this word is adopted, because now it is not the fashion to full the tulle either upon or under the brim of the bonnet; they are generally trimmed with bunches of lilac; those made

in *gros d'Afrique* are generally elegant; of a beautiful straw-colour, and decorated with an *oiseau de paradis* of the same colour, as well as those made in white *moire*, having round the edge of the brim two fallings of *tulle*, and trimmed with lappets of blonde tied on each side, and decorated with a bouquet of daisies and hedge roses. We have also remarked those made of *gros d'Naples*, and trimmed with *bouillonnées of tulle* and a long weeping feather, and decorated in the interior with *coques* of gauze ribbon.

STRAW BONNETS.—We may here remark that Italian straws, and those which are open worked, are no longer of a close form, but more open, and decorated upon the crown with light branches of leaves or *coques* of shaded ribbon intermixed with *coques of tulle*. Veils and *voilettes* are considered indispensable now that summer is coming on, the only difference being, that for morning they are worn large, and covered with a bold pattern, and small and light for afternoon. We have also observed several very elegant open-worked straws lined with pink or straw-coloured *crêpe*, and decorated with sprigs of jasmine, Indian lilacs, poppies, and very often with fruits, intermixed with leaves, the blossoms of the hazel nut, or a bunch of grapes, mulberries, or currants, their appearance being very much lightened by an intermixture of field flowers. A very new style of bonnet has lately been brought into notice, made of *passementerie guipure*, either in straw-colour or white, and which, it is said, will replace the *pailles de Riz* and Italian open-worked bonnets, being not only solid, but also light in its appearance, which is greatly enhanced by being lined with a lively colour. The newest style of ribbons invented for the present season, are those having a straw-coloured stripe running through the centre. A very new style of bonnet has just appeared in Italian straws, intended expressly for wearing in the country, or at watering places, partaking of the *Pamela* and *Chapeaux de bergère* form, being deep on the brim, with a light low shaped crown, the sides are less deep than the back; the strings are placed underneath, and rather near to the edge of the brim; they are simply decorated with a wreath of Parma violets, a bouquet of hedge roses, having a broad ribbon drooping over the side, or what is quite as pretty, a *nœud* formed of a new style of ribbon, silk and velvet, in very lively colours; in this case, the edge of the front is encircled with a straight ribbon *posé à cheval*.

CHAPEAUX EN PAILLE DE RIZ will, we venture to predict, be as much in favour as usual during the ensuing season, particularly for afternoon or visiting *toilettes*; the most favourite flowers for the decorating of these hats, will be the water-lily, bunches of the pink and white acacia, branches of the maqualia, and others too numerous to mention; others are trimmed with *point d'Alençon* lace, attached with *agraffes* composed of light flowers, whilst the most remarkable for their elegance are those which are decorated with the peash's feathers of the colours of the rainbow; long shaded plumes of different hues, and small bouquets of the marabout feathers, so graceful and light in their appearance, and which form a kind of circle round the hat, whilst others have blonde

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

lappets attached instead of ribbon, having a much more magnificent effect; in the latter case a mixture of pale light flowers has a very pleasing appearance, such as small light blush roses, the harsbell, jessamine, or clematis, the fresh anaxyrus, and rich looking oxycanthes, &c.

MANTELETS DOUAIERIERS.—These elegant kind of mantles are composed of muslin, and lined with pink or any other light fancy colour, and encircled with a deep trimming or trimmings of the same light texture put on in waves *en crêpe cog*; then there is another very elegant style of mantelet made of India muslin, and enriched with raised feathered stripes, and a wreath partly plain and partly open-worked, so as to show the coloured lining, should there be one attached; this style of mantelet reminds us most forcibly of those worn in the middle of the last century; tarlatane is a material much in request; they are lined with a transparent of any light colour, and encircled with trimmings of rich lace.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are several new shades of grey, *tourterelle*, *Nankin de Chine*, lilacs, greens, dark blues, and an infinite variety of different shades of pink, as well as the morning and evening primrose.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Our hopes have at last been realized as far as regards the weather, which is certainly most propitious for this season of the year, ushering in the spring in unwonted splendour, and causing our *élégantes* to appear in all their newest and gayest apparel. Our fair readers will be persuaded of the truth of this assertion, partly by the models given in our plates, and partly by the details we are about to lay before them.

PEIGNOIRS are generally adopted for morning dress, and what can equal the fresh, elegant, and comendous *peignoir châtelaine*, composed of *batiste*, having flowers embroidered all round in different colours, the under petticoats made to match; or those made of fine muslin, sufficiently thin to show an under lining of coloured silk, of a light delicate hue, beautifully embroidered or encircled with a broad open worked lace inlet, and edged with a rich fluted lace, the full body and sleeves trimmed to match. We have also seen buttons used with a very good effect.

NOVELTIES.—The following are the newest fashions respecting *canezous*, &c. The most novel are *Les canezous à petites manches*, intended to wear expressly with Italian silk dresses; *Les fichus vierge*, which are entirely plaited and worn with those fashionable looking pelisses; *Les petites colletteries Medicis*, which are adapted for those high dresses; *Les pelerines russes*, with long ends, which are turned back a little over the hips; and above all, *Les canezous à petites basques*, covered with embroidery, and encircled with beautiful lace, being one of the most charming novelties of the season.

SCARFS are now admissible in every style of costume; in cachemire for morning wear, of the Albanian form,

and the *mauresque* form for those costumes of a richer material. Then we have others made in *grenadine*, *China crêpe*, &c., intended merely to throw over dresses of a lighter texture, as well as several very elegant ones in black and white lace.

HEAD DRESSES are now composed of the lightest materials possible. We have also remarked several very new and elegant wreaths, made entirely of a light description of foliage, which is intended to be intermixed in a graceful manner with lappets of lace or blonde. Then there is the *coiffure Bassompierre*, made of ribbon, which is so remarkable for its youthful and coquettish appearance. The Asiatic *coiffure* is also much approved of, a *double pan*, whilst several of our *élégantes* place simply over the head a lappet of lace, the ends falling on each side behind the *touffes* of flowers, or *naruds* of ribbon of two colours, which are arranged over the bands of hair.

FLOWERS.—After having produced for the winter season leaves and flowers intermixed with gold and diamonds, our florists are now preparing the most delicate and simple flowers for the adorning of spring hats and coiffures. Flowers and fruit, branches bearing its buds, and those in full blossom, are now all the rage for decorating of *pailles de ris* and Italian straws, of gauze and *crêpe* hats. There are beautiful bunches of roses in three colours—*oeillets de Chine*, *anémones*, and Easter daisies, which form charming *touffes* when placed in the centre of a *wand* of white ribbon. Then we have branches of the *hélé-trope*, honey-suckle, and eglantine, the peach tree blossom, and the *rééda*, intermixed with roses *trémiers*, which form elegant *bouquets en chûte*, half wreaths of violets, rose-buds, and forget-me-nots, which are placed simply upon the crown of the *paille*, and attached at each end with a *bride* of ribbon which ties under the chin.

DRESSES.—They are still principally made high in the body, with three flounces, or three rows of fringe, the sleeves ornamented with *jockeys*, formed rather large, and on the lower part of the sleeve with buttons, nearly concealing the under sleeves, which are certainly declining in favour. We have also remarked that the *facings à la Louis XIII.* are much in vogue amongst our *élégantes*, as well as those *petites poches*, which are marked out with a fancy trimming or embroidery. A new kind of material has also appeared for the forming of flounces and trimming of pelisses, it is shaded, and produces a most original effect. *Pelerines* are also much in favour, and of every form; for instance, some form epaulets to the sleeves, others a kind of demi sleeve, others half-long sleeves, whilst some have long ends, descending in the shape of a scarf down the front, or à *pointes retournantes*, whilst others resemble the *corsages à basques*.

MANTELETS have again made their appearance, and are made either in black or *caméléon* silks, and trimmed with *ruches à la vieille*, *un falbalas*, or a *dentelle de velours*, to match the colour of the ground of the silk; others are made in rather dark colours, and ornamented with fullled trimmings, or light fringes forming Venetian points, or silk embroideries in various colours. Black

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

lace is also much in request, and we question whether anything is equal to it. For instance, a mantelet made of black silk, and decorated with a double row of lace, descending very low, rounded at the back, and forming a scarf in the front. These mantelets are made ample in size, and are not at all formal in appearance, suiting either a promenade, visiting, or an elegant *négligée* costume. A few are now in preparation, the cape itself entirely formed of lace, or a material imitating lace, and encircled with a light ribbon, fringed and fulled on.

MORNING CAPS.—We may cite as among the simplest, and at the same time the most becoming, those pretty little caps which are lined with pink or blue silk. They are but slightly trimmed, and in general descend rather low upon the forehead. Those in cambric are also in great favour, embroidered and trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes lace, put on nearly plain, and having *brides* of the same, trimmed with the same kind of lace. *Les dentelles du pays* are very much in favour, and used for the decorating of morning caps and peignoirs, lined with pink silk. *Le bonnet régence* is a very pretty style of cap, made of thread lace, and trimmed with a second *papillon*, formed of a cerise silk ribbon, and then the lace fulled in a fanciful manner on each side. The *bonnet paysanne* is also in great favour, the lappets of which surround the crown, others have merely a small plain crown, the *papillon* formed of a broad long lappet, the ends of which are attached at the back, and having for an ornament slanting bunches of cherry-coloured and black *Chiné* ribbon.

DRESS CAPS.—We have remarked several very elegant ones made of Brussels net, or *gauze-pompon*, festooned and striped with sweet peas, shaded and embroidered in silk. Then, again, we have seen those of a perfectly new form, amongst which we may cite as the lightest looking, those descending rather low at the ears, and composed of a single *biais* of plain tulle, supported upon a light invisible frame of gold or silver twist, and decorated with a very light style of lace or blonde, with *coques* and bunches of *Chiné* gauze ribbons, of a very pale colour. We may here remark, that ribbons are much in fashion for the trimming of caps, the mixture of colours being as dissimilar as possible, such as dark lilac, and green and cerise, or what is still more remarkable, orange, blue, and pink, partaking of the Chinese character.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—We may cite the following as those most generally adopted for the present season:—A robe of green poplin, trimmed upon the front of the skirt with small fancy trimmings, disposed in a lozenge form; corsege plain, very high, and ornamented upon the front with a *passementerie* to match the decorations on the skirt, a small open collar is similarly trimmed, the sleeves made quite plain. Others are made of brown damask, and trimmed upon the front of the skirt with fullings of satin placed *en zig-zag*; corsege plain, very high upon the shoulders, and open the whole way down the front; sleeves *demi-longues*, and rounded upon the front of the arm; *guimpe* and under sleeves of muslin. Then, again, those of a greyish colour, *à reflets* blue, and trimmed

upon the front of the skirt with a double *revers festonné*, plain body, made very high and *à point*, trimmed with fullings, *festonnés* descending over the sleeves, and forming a *canezout* back and front; plain sleeves, and *rabet* of lace.

CAPOTES.—Some very elegant ones have just appeared, made in *crêpe* and *poult de soie*, and ornamented with a graceful *nœud* of ribbon, or a delicate flower. Those in white tulle are also extremely elegant, varied with circles of white satin, and decorated with jacinthes roses, without leaves, and intermixed with a *chou bouillonné* of tulle. Then, again, those composed of bands of lilac *gros de Naples* and rows of lace, put on flat, forming a kind of inlet, the crown formed in the same manner, and allowing of the open part forming an alternate row with the plats of back hair, decorated with an elegant crown, composed of bunches of violets *de Parme* and the wood violets. Those composed of *poult de soie* are generally trimmed with rich lace, the form *demi-ouverte*, and rather small, having a very graceful appearance. Several very pretty ones we have remarked, made of white satin, and ornamented all round the *calotte* with a row of lace, put on rather easy, another row being put on plain round the edge of the brim, a *oiseau de paradis* drooping over the left side.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—A little work has just appeared, written by a Person of Rank, on the subject of Personal Appearance, entitled the "BOOK OF THE TOILET, or, the SECRET OF BEAUTY"—and it stands quite alone, for the excellence of its precepts, the charm of its style, and the absolute knowledge which pervades it. The "getting up," too, is exceedingly elegant, so that a lady may be proud to place it on her Toilet Table. The HAIR, the TEETH, and the COMPLEXION, of course, form the chief topics: but all subsidiary matters are comprised—so that the work may be said to treat of Health and Personal Comfort as well as Beauty. It is written for the instruction of both sexes, and no family circle should be without a copy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"To K."—"The Artist," "The Learned Sergeant," and some poems, have been received, and are accepted. "The Learned Sergeant" shall have a place in our next. "The Frowns of Fortune" received, and under revision. We shall, if possible, insert it in our next.

"Marion," accepted

"Love Rhyming" declined.

"S. K."—Certainly; but not in our next.

"R. T."—Refused.

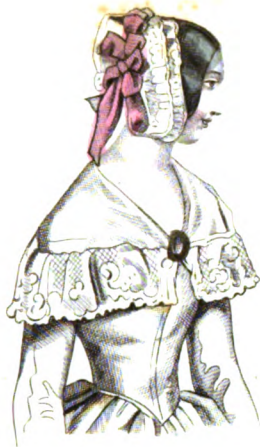
"B. L."—Not suited to our pages.

We have just received from our American correspondent a beautiful little sketch, entitled "The Peri," which shall certainly appear in our next.

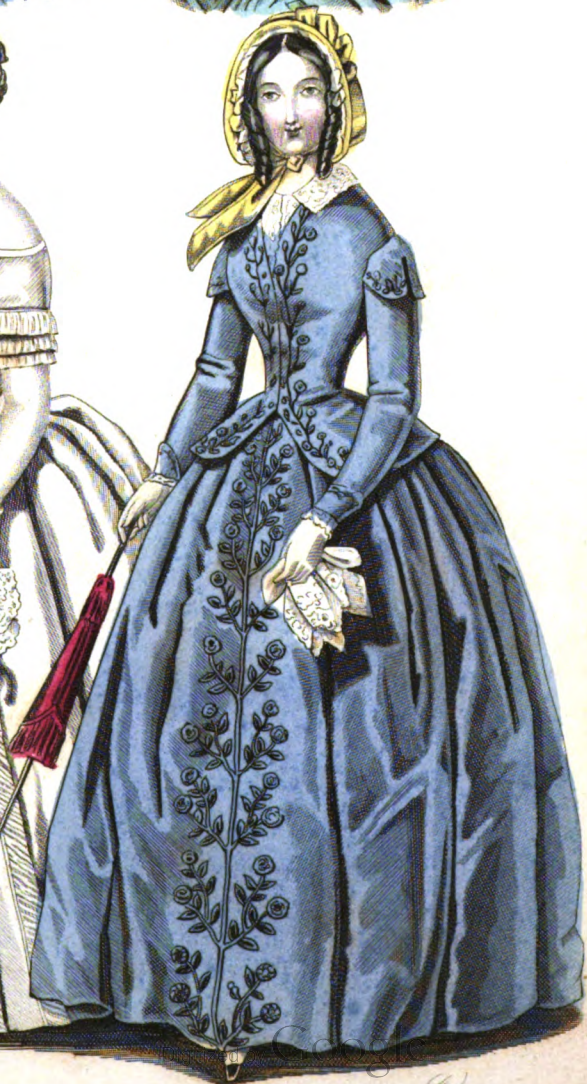
LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.













THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, JUNE 1, 1845.

THE LOVERS.

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Nature formed me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions;
And sunk me even below my weak sex."

ADDISON.

CHAPTER I.

If Spring appears to us clothed in charms, how much more bewitchingly does it present itself on the high mountains of Switzerland, covering, as it does, with a rich mantle of verdure the sides of the hills, the margin of the torrents, and even bespangling the deepest hollow of the vallies.

A few years back, upon an April day, when all was joyousness in the air, and gladness on the earth, when the poetic country of Helvetia, celebrated by Gesler, and sung by the melodious muse of Rossini, suddenly assumed new life and beauty. Already the fir and Linden trees were bursting with buds, and about to branch out their graceful foliage, as a hall of concert for the thousand warbling birds that hopped with glee upon their favourite resting places. Already the Alpine rose, which flourishes even under the snow, when winter is tardy in taking its periodical farewell, gave forth its bursting buds to the balmy breeze of new-born Spring.

Upon this blooming morning all was peace and tranquillity in the happy cottage of Melchtal, situate in one of the most beautiful cantons of Switzerland. The old people had left from an early hour in the morning, to proceed to a neighbouring town, for the purpose of disposing of their weekly supply of butter, milk, meats, and eggs. The only inmates that remained in this pastoral abode were two young persons, one the daughter of the owner of the cottage, named Baptistine, the other Horace Kreyser, a young landscape painter, and a favourite pupil of Cabat.

For two hours had Horace been seated upon the step of the door, amusing himself with twisting some osiers in the form of a large basket in daily use amongst the mountaineers in Switzerland. The young girl now approached him, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks tinged with more than ordinary bloom.

VOL. XXII.—No. 255.

"What were you singing just now, Horace?" she asked in a low voice.

"Nothing, or almost nothing," negligently replied Horace. "It was merely a few stanzas"—

"Doubtless of your own composition?" archly demanded the girl.

The young man seeing that she had guessed truly, red-dened and replied not.

"Why do you seek concealment, as if you had committed a crime?" continued the young questioner. "Surely it is not the first time that a young painter has also been a poet. All the world knows that Michael Angelo has bequeathed to posterity magnificent sonnets, and that Pippo Vecelli, the son of Titian, excelled still more in drawing forth melodious sounds from the strings of his lyre, than in managing his pencils."

Horace still continued silent.

"Well," continued the beautiful girl, disappointed at finding her cousin so uncommunicative, "it is very evident that I have been guilty of an indiscretion in thus questioning you; but I shall speak no more on the subject. This mysterious sonnet may be intended for a destination that I am not to know anything about. But be tranquil, I shall hold my tongue for the future."

These last words, pronounced in a tone of mild reproach, went straight to the heart of the young man. Horace loved Baptistine with the deepest and most fervent adoration of his young and enthusiastic heart. When he saw that his cousin, who was also to be his bride, became alarmed at his obstinate silence, and that unmerited suspicions had arisen in her mind against him, his timidity gave place to his tenderness, and clasping her hand between his with energetic fondness, declared that it was his excess of love for her that kept him silent to her queries, and drawing from his bosom a little blue paper folded in the form of a heart, he handed it to the pouting girl.

"Here are the verses, my beloved," he said; "read them at your leisure."

Baptistine took the billet, and slowly unfolded it, for her heart beat violently; and seating herself, read with attention and extacy lines breathing fervent love for herself alone, and declaring that he despised the world's wealth,

L

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

so that he was assured of her affection, which was alone necessary to his happiness.

When Baptistine had read these ardent lines, tears of delight and unalloyed happiness stood in her beauteous eyes, which prevented utterance. In silence she returned the paper to Horace, but had scarcely done so, when she again asked for them, and read them a second time, and was then struck with the tone of melancholy that ran through them.

At this moment the sound of approaching footsteps warned them of the return of the old people.

"And what name, cousin, do you mean to put at the top of these verses?" demanded the fond girl, blushing like the morning rose, and trembling with happy consciousness.

The young man took the little white hand of his cousin, raised it fondly and fervently to his lips, and whispered in a lover's voice,

"Baptistine."

The lovers turned away, for Baptistine's parents were about entering.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING.

Some time after this scene, upon a beautiful May morning, a young artist, who was no other than our friend Horace, opened the door of the little cottage we have before described. Behind him walked a young girl, whose eyes were red with weeping, and in whom our readers will recognise the sweet and lovely Baptistine.

The lovers walked together to the summit of a high hill, from whence they had a splendid view of the surrounding country, and where the pure breezes of morning played revivingly upon their burning brows. But for the first time in their lives nature's wonders were unobserved, and unthought of.

In a transport of wild grief, the young artist, clasping Baptistine's hand between his, raised it to his lips, and kissed it with ardour, saying—

"Be consoled, my much loved Baptistine, this absence shall not be of long duration. One year's study at Paris, under the tuition of an eminent master will suffice, and then our lives and our loves shall be crowned with happiness. The time will pass more quickly than we think, and I shall return, never again to leave you. Besides, our fortune depends upon this step."

"Our fortune," replied the young girl. "Why does this cold word always interpose between the heart and its happiness?"

"Well, but your parents are becoming old," said Horace, "and will not long be able to toil as they have done. Would you not wish to soften the infirmities of their old age, by being enabled to provide them with all necessary comforts?"

"You are right, Horace; it is I alone that am unjust. Yes, we shall labour with joy for my beloved parents. Go, then, and become master of your art. Go and acquire for yourself a name, but remember poor Bap-

tistine, and return quickly, for your absence will be the grave of my happiness."

Horace clasped her fondly in his embrace, and after a violent effort to restrain her sobs, she detached a portrait of herself, which had been fastened round her neck with black velvet ribbon, and handing it to him said:—

"Keep this for love of me; and when you go to Paris, look at it sometimes, it will speak to you of me—of Baptistine—of your affianced bride."

"This is not necessary," replied Horace, looking at the beauteous semblance, "for is not your image indelibly engraven on my heart?"

A faint smile lighted up the saddened face of Baptistine; they rushed towards each other in a last embrace.

"Adieu, my beloved; may God re-anite us, never again to part."

Horace could trust himself no longer; he rushed down the declivity, and when he was some distance from the spot where he had parted from his earthly treasure, he looked and saw the beauteous girl on her knees, with her hands clasped, and her eyes uplifted to Heaven, as if breathing a fervent prayer for the safe and speedy return of her heart's idol, and in the same spot, too, on which they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THE CROSS OF WOOD.

Each morning as Aurora with her first faint rays caressingly rested upon the chamber of Baptistine, she arose and dressed herself noiselessly, lest she might awaken her watchful mother; and passing the threshold of the door, bounded with the lightness of a fawn towards the spot where she had received the last fond farewell of her beloved Horace.

Having arrived there, she untied her light bonnet of straw, which she laid beside her, then straining her eyes she would fix them upon the road taken by her lover, and by which same path she hoped, ere long, to see him return.

"God be praised!" she would exclaim, "the month of May is approaching, and when he is returning, he will be sure to recognize me standing here, for I shall have flowers to strew his path with, and he will know that Baptistine alone has been so watchful of his return."

For months and months Baptistine knew no other existence than this. To be at this spot upon the first blush of morning, she considered a sacred duty, and one which she never neglected. There she would sit for hours, twining together the flowers she knew he loved most, till her heart got sick with the fever of anticipation. Never had time appeared to her so slow in its progress.

At length patient confidence began to give place to desponding inquietude; the lily replaced the rose upon her soft cheek, and her step became heavier and less elastic, whilst with jealous scrutiny she watched nature's beauties bursting afresh under the genial influence of balmy spring.

"The winter has rolled past," she said to herself,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"with all its dreary gloominess. April has well nigh counted its thirty days; May advances with light and hasty steps; the blackbird and the nightingale cheer us with their sweet notes, as they proudly perch upon their favourite branch, but where is the voice that's music to my heart? Where is Horace, my beloved? The time is arrived when he promised to return. What can prolong his absence when he knows his Baptistine awaits him with fond anxiety? Who has the power of keeping him from me? This Paris I have always heard is full of enchanting snares to catch the guileless. The girls are beautiful and matchless in their attractions. Horace may have encountered one whose beauty far surpasses the simple Baptistine, and she may have riches also. Alas! that I might die 'ere that fearful truth were ascertained!"

The month of May passed away, but not merrily with poor Baptistine, yet Horace came not. June followed, but he for whom she drooped appeared not. July was succeeded by August, but brought not even a line of comfort to cheer the maiden's heart.

It was then, and only then, that despair filled her heart. The agonizing anxiety of preceding months undermined the delicate frame of this devoted girl. She became worn and wasted; her eyes became dull, and her cheeks lost their brilliancy, and Baptistine faded and died as the leaf which the unruly wind severs from the branch that gives it life.

To distinguish the spot in which she found a resting place, her aged and agonised mother placed a wooden cross there with these words:—

Poor Baptistine!
Withdrawn from earthly cares
At seventeen years of age. All you who pass
Drop upon her grave a tear, and
Offer a prayer for her to her eternal
Father. She loved—and died.

* * * * *

Six weeks after this event a stranger hurriedly approached Baptistine's dwelling, exclaiming in joyous tones,

"Baptistine! where is my beloved Baptistine?"

The aged mother recognised Horace, and without saying a word, or shedding a tear, took him by the hand and conducted him to the cemetery, when she turned to him, saying:—

"Do you see that black cross Horace? It is there my child sleeps!"

The horror-stricken youth fell motionless upon the grave of his betrothed, uttering a wild cry of agony, which more than words spoke the sorrow of his soul; and when recollection was restored, he harrowed the mind of his hearers with his despairing grief, calling upon his affianced bride—his fondly beloved Baptistine—his first his only love—to console his widowed heart with one parting word of fondness. But Baptistine spoke not.

BELINDA.

STANZAS TO ———.

I saw thy young form droop beneath the with'ring brand
of care,
And many a grey lock mingle with thy curls of golden
hair;
I saw the fair and rounded cheek grow thin, and pale,
and wan,
The last sad ling'ring traces of the beauty that was gone.
And sometimes when I'd speak to thee, of happy days
gone by,
A pearly tear would glisten, in thy deep thy gentle eye;
A flush would kindle o'er thy cheek—a flush, but not of
joy,
'Twas regret for thy sweet childhood, when bliss knew no
alloy.
And soon I stood beside thy bed, and clasped a clay cold
hand,
'Twas not in our own mountain home, but in a stranger
land;
'Neath the deep blue skies of Italy, thou'rt calmly resting
low,
But thou heedest not their brightness—thou art uncon-
scious now.
The verdure springing round thee, is green as thine own
isle,
Where oft in merry childhood, I've watched thy happy
smile.
My home is lonely now, for thou no more art near,
And everything I see around draws forth the bitter tear;
My harp still keeps its wonted place, but no fingers fair I
see,
Gliding along the deep toned strings, as when 'twas touched
by thee.
Its chords are broken—silent—like the young voice that
oft,
Poured forth its rich wild melody in tones so sweet and
soft;
'Tis past—and never more that voice shall thrill me with
delight:
I n'eer again shall gaze upon that form so fair and
bright.
Farewell, my child—how can I wish to call thee back
again,
To this cold, heartless world of ours, so full of care and
pain;
Farewell—farewell—I know that thou can't ne'er return
to me,
But soon this pilgrimage shall close, and I may go to
thee.

EMILY.

CHARADE.

Take a name that sounds absurd,
And add to it a single word,
You'll have a gift that's fine and rare,
To gem the neck, or braid the hair.

W.
123

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE LEARNED SERGEANT;

OR,

A CHAPTER ON WIDOWS.

Dramatis Personæ.

SERGEANT FLATTER'EM. COL. BLAB.
MR. & MRS. SQUILL. MR. & MRS. PARCHMENT.
MR. & MRS. PINKTAPE. WAITER.

SCENE—Chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

Col. Blab and Sergeant Flatter'em.

Col. Blab.—So you have really made up your mind at last to get married Sergeant. Well, my dear fellow, I sincerely congratulate you.

Sergeant.—Yes—verily—before the next sessions it is my intention to enlist in the matrimonial army; none of your old heavy dragoons for me, I shall belong to the light infantry.

Col. Blab.—Well, my friend, I hope you will not prove a deserter before the ceremony, or absent without leave after. You lawyers are slippery eels—eigh! talking of heavy dragoons, seriously, how do you mean to dispose of your several detachments of petticoat cavalry stationed at the various towns on the Northern Circuit? Report says you have promised and vowed eternal fidelity to ladies of all ages and dimensions, embracing every degree of temperature, from water-boil to water-ice.

Sergeant.—Ha! ha! ha! not quite so bad as that, Colonel. There are two or three I might have trifled with a little, and a few raw recruits were added to them on my last trip, but nothing to be alarmed at.

Col.—Depend upon it, my fine fellow, you would find two or three raw recruits as you call them, rather troublesome to manage in an action.

Sergeant.—Not at all; they are nearly all married women, therefore I am protected.

Col.—But widows are very devils in disguise.

Sergeant.—Fortunately for me they are not widows yet, and never will be if I have the power of keeping their good husbands alive. I plead guilty, that in some of the weakest intervals of my life I have raised hopes on slight foundations, and administered a few doses of flattery where it appeared to be beneficial, but quite on the homeopathic system. For instance, John Parchment's wife believes faithfully when nature relieves her of her poor old man, that she will wear half of my silk gown. Poor fellow! he certainly has a hollow cough, but nothing serious, I trust. Her gratitude for my trifling attentions is evinced in ballrooms of purses with which she pelts me unmercifully. As for Tom Pinktape's truly better-half, why, what could I do? Her devil of a husband is drinking himself to death; she applies to me for advice and consolation, and a man must be a brute to repulse a pretty and interesting woman in distress. I have a desk full of sonnets and perfumed notes from this poor thing, and hair enough to make a wig, which, by the way, had better now be destroyed.

Col.—Does not Mrs. Squill retain some document in

your handwriting, that may prove an annoyance at some future time?

Sergeant.—O! that is merely a circular. They have each a copy. I always take especial care in my correspondence, never to commit myself. I believe Squill to be as good a fellow as ever lived, and it would distress me much to hear of his death for many reasons.

Col.—Squill—Squill—That reminds me I read in the *Times* of a serious accident that has happened to a person of that name; his horse fell with him returning from some races.

Sergeant (animated).—Indeed! you astonish me; it was but last week I received a gay pair of embroidered slippers from his good lady. Poor thing! (*Sighs*) I am quite overpowered with Berlin wool, seven pair of these articles have been presented to me within the last six months, one for every day in the week, and each emblematical of the fair donors. Monday I wear a beautiful full-blown cabbage rose and bud on each instep, ornamented with a wreath of green leaves. Tuesday I sport the head of a fierce fox, with very fiery whiskers and moustaches. On Wednesday a variety of red fox's tails, in every imaginable form. Thursday a blue teakettle, sitting sentimentally upon a bundle of golden sticks. Friday I patronise groups of the Forget-me-not on every toe, and on Saturday I am stormed with a pattern of thunder and lightning, worked in what is called a very cross stitch.

Col.—By Jove you are a very lucky fellow. And what return are you expected to make for all these canvas favours?

Sergeant.—I merely stand godfather to their children, and allow them the privilege of being called after me. This flatters the papa and captivates the mamma.

Col.—Well, that is certainly an economical way of getting rid of an obligation. But how would you manage with a widow?

Sergeant.—My dear fellow, do you imagine that a man who has employed his forensic eloquence for thirty summers in perplexing judges, brow-beating witnesses, and cajoling juries, would be deficient in stamina to pacify a widow? Eigh! or fifty widows, and of the true Scotch breed, long fangs, sharp noses, and wiry voices. I could mislead them in five minutes—(*takes snuff*)—sweet, confiding little dears.

Col. (*sighing*).—Age and experience have taught me that married women and widows can be as mischievous as monkeys.

Sergeant.—So they may, my friend, with you; but I have the power of making them as gentle and docile as donkeys; it only requires a few obscure hints and mysterious innuendoes, with one or two apparently clandestine manoeuvres, you may then twist the majority of them round your finger. Skilful management is all that is necessary, and a little flattery.

Col.—You have never yet had occasion to employ your forensic eloquence in self-defence, Sergeant.

Sergeant.—Perhaps not, to a great extent. But I should like you—you man of steel, to see the temper of

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

my mettle—Cool as a cucumber—Impudent as the devil—Nothing in the forensic line will ever puzzle me—My honourable intentions have been questioned twenty times.

Col.—Indeed! And that is one of the severest trials that can assail any man of irresolute principles.

Sergeant.—Pahaw! Always tell them—Intentions not yet formed and developed—Plans not quite made out—Future prospects undefined. Bless your soul, there are a hundred loopholes through which a wise man may escape. But never be dumb founded, that is a certain sign of approaching wreck on the quicksands of matrimony.

Col.—But are you not afraid that these simple-minded creatures may meet and compare notes?"

Sergeant.—Not at all. I have sufficient tact to scatter the seeds of jealousy among them, giving each half an ounce of the spirit of envy, a few drachms of pepper, and forty drops of the compound extract of cordial-hatred, which keeps them all apart by mutual consent.

Col.—You have pluck enough now to combat the fifty widows, that is certain, but I should much like to see it tested in action.

[Enter a servant with a letter, bordered and sealed with black.]

Sergeant.—Ah! This looks ominous. I fear it is to announce poor Squill's accident—(looks at the signature)—From Nancy Parchment—The devil it is—(reads.)

"DEAREST SERJEANT,

"Your expectations and fond wishes are at last fulfilled—I am a widow—and hasten to throw myself into your arms, conscious of meeting with that reception which our long and faithful engagement entitles me. My poor John breathed his last a fortnight since. He burst a blood vessel in a fit of coughing, and rapidly sunk under it. Poor dear—he spoke of you only a short time before his departure, and bequeathed myself and six little orphans to your faithful care. Ah! he little knew what indissoluble ties of affection already bound us to each other. I am sorry to say his affairs are somewhat involved, but knowing your excellent judgment and superior wisdom, we shall soon be righted, (and altho' I say it that ought not to say it—yet still I do say it—although it is so very soon after the event) the sooner we go through the rights the better.

"I shall come to town the first moment I can spare from my little ones, poor dears. Any one may feel proud to own them. And believe me, dearest Sergeant, your attached, devoted, affectionately betrothed,

"NANCY PARCHMENT."

[*Sergeant Flatter'em* stands aghast, without speaking, and his mouth wide open.]

Col.—Sergeant—my dear fellow—what is the matter?

Sergeant.—Don't ask me. It is that woman. By Jove! I would not meet her for a thousand pounds. She is the greatest vixen in England. But stay—here appears to be a postscript—(reads)—

"I have this moment heard of poor Tom Pinktape's

death from *delirium tremens*. I am quite aware that his wife is a rival of mine, you naughty, naughty man; but our long engagement gains me the precedence. Therefore I forgive you this time."

Was there ever a man so strangely situated. I am perfectly bewildered.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Servant.—A lady in deep mourning, sir, has requested me to give you this card. [Gives the Sergeant a card with a broad black border, and "Mrs. Pinktape" written thereon.]

Sergeant.—Oh! tell her I am not at home. Gone out—gone to the devil—gone—

Servant.—She is now at the door.

[Enter Mrs. PINKTAPE, in weeds. She rushes into the SERGEANT'S ARMS. SERGEANT groans aloud.]

Mrs. Pinktape.—Dearest Sergeant, I am the bearer of my own melancholy intelligence. Poor Pinktape is no more. Those awful fits! It is all over with him. You anticipated his fate, and taught me to feel resigned. I hope I am (weeps). I think I am (weeps louder). I feel better already (Sergeant groans). Oh! dear, dear Sergeant, you are a great comfort to me.

Sergeant (supporting her).—Dear, charming widow.

[A noise heard outside, and Mrs. PARCHMENT rushes into the room greatly agitated.]

Mrs. Parchment.—I expected as much—I knew it—I said so—I saw it all—and a great deal more. Oh! you deceitful, whitefaced woman—I scorn you. This is where you come to hide your grief from the eyes of the world, is it? You hypocritical thing, I was determined to follow you.

Mrs. Pinktape (in hysterics).—Take—oh! take her away. For mercy sake send her off.

Mrs. Parchment.—Send me off, indeed, you audacious woman. No! here I am—and here I shall stay.

Sergeant (groans).—Oh dear!

Mrs. Parchment.—You may groan and sigh, Mr. Sergeant, but it is no use. Here are my credentials. Do you remember writing that (produces a pink note). That is my passport, and I am not to be put out for nothing. As for you, sir, you are a base deceiver—a wicked heart-breaker—an insidious, perfidious, deleterious compounder of female confidence. Now I have given you a piece of my mind I am content.

Sergeant.—Dear ladies—sweet widows—pray compose yourselves.

Mrs. Parchment.—No, I won't be composed. I came here to expound my sentiments, and show you up before my sex as a Bluebeard, a Mustapha, a Turk, a sinner, a—ah! ah! ah!—oh! oh! oh! oh! (Goes off into violent hysterics in the Sergeant's arms, who supports both widows at once.)

[Enter Mrs. SQUILL, in weeds. Starts with astonishment at the scene before her.]

Mrs. Squill.—Dear, dear, what a distressing scene. What can be the matter? Oh! Sergeant—Sergeant, you have deceived me. I am sure you have—I am convinced

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of it—seeing is believing—but I won't be disappointed (weeps). I am determined you shall not break my heart—no, that you shall not (sobs). I will bring an action against you. I will—yes, I will have damages, and you shall be exposed—(sobs louder)—that you shall. Look, sir—do you recollect that (produces a pink paper note). That will tell against you in any court of judicature. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, wearing a wig, to deceive poor simple-minded countrywomen in such an outrageous manner (sobs louder, and seems inclined to fall).

Sergeant.—What! another fainting window! Oh! ye Gods! What will become of me? Here! help! Ho! help! (calls out). Where can I go? What shall I do? Was there ever a lawyer so situated? Colonel! dear Colonel! 'or pity sake take some of these divine creatures off my hands (widows all sobbing and kicking).

Col.—No, my dear friend, I would not deprive you of one for the world. Why don't you try forensic eloquence?

Sergeant.—The devil take you. Why the fact is this, dear, charming widows, I—I—you—I—why (aside) (my forensic eloquence fails me when I most require it.) You see, sweet, lovely creatures, that I—you—I cannot marry you all three (loud sobbing). The superabundance of your affection chokes my utterance (continued sighs) I have not words to express my gratitude for your kindness—(aside)—(had it been one at a time a fellow might have a chance of escaping). Merciful powers! Believe me—I love you—(violent emotion)—you all—from my soul I pity you all. The law will not permit me to take more than one at a time—(widows much excited). I acknowledge my error—I ask for mercy—I implore forgiveness. But save me—for pity sake save me. Compassionate my weakness, and relinquish your claims.

Widows All.—Never.

Sergeant.—Will you give me time to reflect?

Mrs. Parchment.—I shall not.

Mrs. Pinktape.—Nor I.

Mrs. Squill.—Nor I.

Sergeant.—Then what do you require?

Widows All.—Satisfaction.

Sergeant (in despair, wiping his face with a handkerchief).—Will no one come to my assistance?

[Enter MR. PARCHMENT, MR. PINKTAPE, and MR. SQUILLS.]

Parchment.—Yes, my dear fellow, we are come to your rescue. What is the matter? You appear dumb-founded. What has become of our wives?

Sergeant (rushes towards them, and seizes their hands).—Thank God. This is indeed a merciful interposition. Then you are not dead? Say it is all a joke—a wicked malicious joke of those three false widows.

Widows (all laughing).—Nothing more.

Mrs. Parchment.—Hearing from our young friend, Agnes, that she was shortly going to be married to you, we all came here to offer our congratulations to you on the happy event.

126

To lawful love and youthful face,
Our ancient charms submit with grace.
Dear husbands—tho' your wives are out of place,
Think not they will your noble names disgrace;
And frisky Sergeants who would run a race,
Sport only where the law allows a chase.

CURTAIN FALLS.

K.

RESOLUTION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In silence roving through the shady grove,
In vain for happiness I seek;
What makes me tremble to disclose my love?
The fullness of my heart and thoughts to speak?

Artlessly she greets each friendly face,
While I pass by unheeded and unsought;
Yet watching every glance to trace,
If she bestows on me a thought.

The flowers bend beneath her fairy feet,
The birds sing plaintive songs to greet her ear;
They warble love in accents soft and sweet,
And why must I alone indulge in fear?

Daily to the heavens I complain
And nightly watch the moon and stars above me;
Why, then, does my simple tongue refrain
From whispering to her—"how much I love thee."

Beneath yon tree I'll venture to repose,
For here my fairy queen delights to rove;
And in a feigned dream will I disclose
The nature of my true and faithful love.

I will—she comes—I tremble—hush!—
She sees me—I am dumb—alas!
I'll hide myself in yonder bush,
And watch her footsteps as they pass.

K.

THE EYE.

What is that brilliant orb so bright,
Sparkling in an hemisphere of light,
Turning into day the darkest night?
The Eye.

When fond affection warms the soul,
Beyond all power of control,
What will its secret thoughts unroll?
The Eye.

K. L. K.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE PERI;
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

From an American Correspondent.

The first time I saw little Florence Fearing, she presented as lovely a picture as the imagination of painter or poet ever conceived. She was leaning over the vine-covered balustrade of a balcony, resting one hand upon it, holding a pipe, and with the other shading from the sun her large, light gray eyes, in order to gaze after a brilliant bubble which she had just set floating overhead. She was the most delicate, ethereal-looking creature I ever saw. The bubble itself seemed hardly more frail or more beautiful. The inmost leaf of a white Provence rose has sometimes the faint, soft colouring that warmed her delicate cheek; but her lips were red as the wild wood-berry, and her fair hair, of the very palest golden hue, fell round her snowy shoulders like a veil woven of the starlight. So light, so pure, so airily graceful did she look, that I almost trembled lest she should suddenly spread a pair of hitherto invisible wings and vanish from my gaze.

But the bubble burst, and little Florence started, and let fall the pipe; it lay shivered at her feet, and the child flew, in tears, to confide her first grief to her mother.

Ah, Florence! many a radiant hope, in after life, sent from thy heart into the sunny world—beautiful and frail as that soaring "circlet of light"—was destined like that to die!

She grew up lovely, loving, and beloved; but still so tender and so delicate, that all who saw her trembled. At the age of seventeen she was wedded to the man of her choice. Henry Errington was young, handsome, intellectual, and affectionate, although too much a man of the world to be a suitable husband for her. He regarded his wife with fondness and admiration; but she was far too pure, too aerial, too finely organized for his rougher and warmer temperament. He did not understand her. He did not know what to make of the exquisite fragility, the timid sensitiveness, of the creature confided to his keeping; he had wooed and won, and wedded the first being that caught his fancy, and now that the plaything was all his own, he could not tell what to do with it. If he had caught a Peri and caged her, he could hardly have been more at a loss. Every flutter of her spirit's wings frightened him, as that of the Peri's would. He could learn in time, by constant study, how to *feed* and *clothe* his dainty captive sprite; but there were "immortal yearnings" to which he could never minister.

If his manly voice took unconsciously a colder or more careless tone, those great gray eyes would be raised pleadingly, imploringly to his, slowly filling with "unbidden tears." If he breathed a word of praise, a quick, vivid blush would burn and fade in her pure cheek so suddenly that it startled him. If he frowned, the graceful lip would quiver, and the soft eyes close, as if to shut out some terrible and overwhelming spectacle.

At last he wearied of being kept so constantly on the

qui vive. He tried to persuade himself that this lovely, innocent, and affectionate wife, was a very unreasonable person, a petted and spoiled child, whom he ought, for her own sake, to discipline a little. And so, gradually, he became careless, and frequented his club, and grew fond of gay parties, and wilfully blinded himself to the fact, that his Peri was perishing of cold, and starving for want of food, or, in other words, that his wife's heart needed sustenance, and attention, and care, quite as much as her physical frame. If "the winds of Heaven should not visit" the latter "too roughly," neither should the chilling blasts of neglect or unkindness from her other heaven, himself, be suffered to fall upon the former. But men forget that hearts can break, and that Peris were meant to fly.

In the gay world he met one night a brilliant and impassioned creature, to whom he was, at her own request, introduced. Henrietta Harley had been in early life a warm-hearted, generous, and guileless girl; but, disappointed in her dearest hopes, she had become almost reckless of her future fate.

She was now, at twenty-five, a gay, witty, capricious, and captivating woman, who seemed to have but one object in life—excitement for her restless mind—and that she was determined to obtain at any cost.

Henry Errington was just in the mood to be caught by this contrast to his trouble at home, and he was soon a willing victim to the beautiful and gifted coquette.

The slighted wife caught now and then an echo of the rumours which were circulated concerning them; but she resolutely shut her senses, her heart to the fact, and would not doubt. What could doubt have been but death to one so constituted?

One day an anonymous letter was put into her hand, by a person who hinted that it enclosed one from her husband to the lady in question. With a flash in her eye, unwonted there, and a curve of disdain on her beautiful lip, she tore the packet, sealed as it was, into atoms, and flung them from the window where she stood.

But the poor child was destined, in spite of herself, to know all that she dreaded but to dream.

At a birth-day *fête* given at the country-seat of one of their friends, Florence was wandering alone through the grounds, when she suddenly heard the voice of her husband in a shaded walk close by.

"My own beautiful Henrietta!" it passionately began. Florence would not for worlds have heard another syllable. She glided swiftly away by the nearest path, and locking herself into her chamber, gave way to a wild and long-suppressed burst of feeling, so violent that her frail frame shook beneath it, like a flower in an autumn storm.

She never betrayed by word or sign, the cause of the intense suffering which from that hour was visible in every look. It was only by her private journal that the terrible secret was long afterwards revealed. But day after day the faint colour paled in her youthful cheek—day by day the spiritual eyes grew more spiritual, and the slight form wore away. Yet she was still exquisitely fair and grace-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ful, and her husband, proud of the wonderful and unearthly loveliness, which attracted all eyes, and thinking that she needed excitement, urged her into society, for which she was little fitted to exert herself.

Ignorant that she was aware of his heart's transient infidelity, he did not think it necessary or beneficial to tell her that he had broken with the brilliant and dangerous woman who had so lightly lured him from his allegiance; but he was now devoted to his evidently suffering wife. The sight of that patient suffering, by touching his pity, re-awakened his love, and he watched over her as fondly, as tenderly as a mother over her first born babe.

But the shaft had flown and could not be recalled; the heart was breaking silently, yet surely, and the pure spirit within was already pluming its flight through eternity.

One night, reluctantly yielding to his wish, which she never dreamed of disputing, she had consented to take part in some tableaux, which were to be represented at their own house. Florence had all day a presentiment that some awful event was about to happen, and as evening approached, she grew more and more timid and nervous, and would have given worlds to have lain her weary head on her husband's bosom in peace and quiet—to have told him once more how fondly, how dearly she loved him—to thank him for his tender care, and slept or died, she scarce cared which; but she had not strength to reason with him upon her fears, and so she allowed herself to be dressed like a victim, for the sacrifice.

She was to appear in the last tableau as the Peri at the gate of Paradise, and in the one immediately preceding, Henrietta Harley was to personate Cleopatra at her toilet, attired by Charmion and Iris.

A brilliant and fashionable circle, of which I was one, had assembled to witness the tableaux, and all had now been represented but the two last.

The curtain suddenly rising, revealed the gorgeous chamber of the Egyptian queen, and gloriously did the graceful Henrietta personate the character.

Arrayed in a rich undress, she lay luxuriously pillowed on a splendid couch, with her rich black hair unbound, and partly gathered in the hands of a dark but beautiful girl, who was braiding it with jewels, while another knelt by the couch and tied the sandal on a foot of exquisite proportions. Magnificent drapery, flowers and gems were lavished in rich profusion around, and the whole scene was redolent of beauty, grace, and splendour.

"The rare Egyptian" lay in an attitude of charming languor. Her dark eloquent eyes, where love seemed to be dreaming, were half closed. Her full, crimson lips were parted slightly, and her clear brown cheek, "most passionately pale," was pillowed on an arm round and graceful as that of Juno. But her lightly veiled bosom was seen to heave, and, as the first symptom of restlessness, on the part of the performer, had been agreed on as the signal for dropping the curtain, the radiant vision vanished from our view.

Again the curtain rose. The whole stage was in profound darkness, except just in the centre, where a flood

of rosy light from some invisible source illumined a shape that I held my breath to see. Attired in a transparent, flowing robe, with drooping wings, and hands clasped languidly before her, while her fair shining hair fell waving to her waist—the graceful Peri leaned against what seemed to be a cloud, bending her head and listening with her large lustrous eyes upturned as if in wondering rapture, while a strain of low, delicious melody rose softly on the air and died away, and came again and went, till our very souls came and went with it almost! Never to my dying day shall I forget that thrilling moment! You could have heard your heart beat, so profound, so wrapt was the stillness that prevailed. But at last delight and wonder changed to awe, so motionless, so statue-like she seemed! Not a breath—not a sigh. It was too perfect! almost painfully so. We longed to speak and bid her move! No!—still the vision remained, without the slightest perceptible change.

Bathed in that pale, rosy light, soft, radiant, aerial as a dream of heaven, there were was a superhuman loveliness in the picture which might well make us tremble. Suddenly, with a sharp, agonized cry, her husband sprang from his seat and rushed towards her. The terrible truth flashed upon us all. She was dead! Life had left her even as she stood "the observed of all observers!" Her husband took the inanimate form in his arms, staggering beneath its light weight, in the enfeebling anguish of the blow.

The curtain fell, and we saw her no more till we saw her in her shroud. Dear, lovely Florence Errington! Thou wert admitted sooner than thou dreamed "beyond the gate" where thou hadst stood "disconsolate."

FIRST LOVE.

(Translation.)

A girl's first love is like a toilet glass,
Whereon coquettishly she seeks to trace
The thoughts reflected on a polished face;
And gay or sad, the visions swiftly pass.

First love is mortal, pure, and sweet,
Like water that attracts the infant feet;
The child first sees his face, then bathes his lips,
And step by step his little body dips;
At length attracted by some summer flies,
He trusts too far—he screams—he sinks—he dies.

K. L. K.

RIDDLE.

Love what's finest in Peru,
Think what will the heart bewhew,
Leave undone what you ought to do,
And you'll attain, what e'er you'll rue.

B.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE FAMILY TRAGEDY.

"Revenge is virtue."—YOUNG.

LETTER THE FIRST.

To Mr. John Louis Cayot, at the Count de Terrey's, Paris.

"You left us, my son, at the end of the month of January, 1837, for the great city, and it will soon be the month of February, 1840; that is, three long years have passed away since you went to reside in Paris, and I may, therefore, justly suspect that you have alike forgotten your old village in Brittany, your aged father, and the injured honour of our family. Since, then, your memory is so bad, so weak, or so slothful, it is necessary for me to arouse it, and to excite you to exertion.

"Four years ago I had a daughter, Marianne! It is impossible that you can have forgotten her lovely face, her kindly disposition, and her surprising accomplishments. Well do you know, my son, that Marianne was but a simple peasant girl, but still one that had not her equal for miles around. The kindness of Heaven, and the cares of your mother, made her too beautiful and too charming; and that beauty and those attractions, have destroyed her! Mark me well, John.

"Since the year 1815 (that fatal year when foreigners brought us the Bourbons, and that they will now have to take away with them) I have been the principal tenant on the estates of the Count de Terrey. The Count was pleased to become your god-father on the same day that they christened with his name the new bell of our village church; and then there were two splendid baptisms at the same time. Tell me, John, was it to be ascribed to chance alone, that the lordly god-father brought misfortune upon you, and upon that which was named after him? To you he has left sorrowful recollections, while, as to the other, it no longer emits its old religious chimes. The bell was cracked by a thunder storm, and your heart appears to have been blasted by the storms of the world. But I must proceed.

"I now dwell alone upon facts. The details may be irksome to you, but it is necessary to recapitulate them; and remember, mine is no fancy sketch.

"The noble family of your protector were graciously pleased to pay a double compliment to mine, and to bring upon it a double misfortune. Whilst you had the honour of being the godson of the Count, our poor Marianne had the distinguished advantage of being the foster-sister of his eldest son—the Viscount de Terrey.

"As these children grew up, they became the most attached friends; the young nobleman and the peasant girl were as fond of each other as if they were two cousins. It was my pride and joy to see this; and while the god-father promised to advance you in the world, the foster-brother swore to provide for the happiness of my daughter. Our benefactors have kept their promises *finely*. The one has taken care of your education, and you are happy, of course. While, as to the other, he has left Marianne to her *repose*. Thanks to him. She has been

at rest for four years. She stands no longer in need of any thing—she is *happy*. My son, the blot that you find upon that last word, is caused by a *father's* tear.

"I am about to recall to your mind the death of your sister. I wish you not to forget it. I am going to tell you *why* Marianne is dead. I bid you to remember it. Observe well what I say, John.

"During the time that you were at school at Valange, by order of the Count, Marianne used to go to play, to amuse herself, and to be instructed, in the Castle of the Count. The Countess therein proved herself a very kind, but a very imprudent protectress of a young girl. The Countess was old, and like many other old persons who have been always virtuous, it delighted her to see near to her, a combination of youth, beauty, and virtue, because those things reminded her of what she herself had once been. Marianne being every day in the society of a great lady, soon ceased to be a common village girl in manners, in dress, or in language. Each evening that she returned to our home, she brought something new with her—a new lesson acquired—or a new grace possessed—or a new dress presented to her. She soon, then, began to abandon the idea of marriage, that which is generally the first, the most agreeable, and often the only thought of a young girl. When we spoke to her of a suitable match—of a worthy, simple, and honest husband—she curled her pretty lip in disdain, at the idea of a mere peasant presuming to offer her his home, and a share of his labour and his affections. I ought to have corrected, at once, this folly in Marianne; but, alas! you will sooner or late learn, my son, that in a father's love for his children, there is frequently more of pride than of tenderness. Yes, I was proud of the vanity of my daughter, and I believed myself to be a great man, because she took it into her head to speak as a fine lady.

"A long and calamitous sickness which attacked the Countess, confined Marianne to the bedside of her noble protectress. Day and night did she there witness the tender care of Mademoiselle de Terrey, a good little creature, younger, richer, and more brilliant than your sister, but assuredly not more pretty, more graceful, nor more accomplished. These two young girls—these charming nurses received the last sighs of the Countess. The young lady was instantly removed to Paris, and placed either in a convent or a boarding-school; while as to Marianne, she resumed her place as a peasant. She left a castle for a cabin, and grieved I am sure she was at such a sad change. She was no longer a peasant, she was no longer a lady; she became a very miserable, broken-hearted girl.

"I thought it right to forbid your sister ever again going to the Castle, as there was no longer a lady to preside there. The young Viscount highly approved of that interdict; and in place of asking her to go there, he was always calling to see her. Morning, noon, and night, he was to be found under our roof. He had abandoned the manor for the farm-house. Was not that doing us a great honour?

"But the compliment was as brief in its duration, as it

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

was unexpected. It only lasted as long as the fine weather, and at the fall of the leaf, when the birds sung their last song of love, the gentleman warbled his last note of affection, and was seen no more beneath our straw-covered cottage.

"He had promised to love your sister for ever, and he basely addressed her a letter, upbraiding her with her lowly condition, and declaring he never could think of marrying any one but the daughter of a nobleman. It was a gratuitous insult, but it proved his power over her affections, for it broke her heart. One evening your sister had withdrawn herself into the solitude of her little chamber, when of a sudden, stifled cries and agonizing moans were heard to issue from it. We found the villain's letter on the floor, while she was stretched on her bed—calm—mute—motionless—her arms crossed on her breast, while her head was enveloped in a bridal veil—that veil had been given to her by the Countess, as an intended marriage present for her *protégée*; alas! it was destined to serve as an ornament for her coffin.

"Upon seeing us all leaning over her, agitated, panting, distracted with grief, Marianne gently raised herself in the bed; she pointed to the withered bouquets and the faded garlands that had been given to her by the young Count; they were the fitting emblems of his dry heart and worthless affection; she stripped them one by one of their leaves, and scattered them over her bed; she cast then the stalks from her, and looking down at the white quilt and her withered feelings, she mildly said—'thus am I prepared for my funeral.' In a few hours afterwards, Marianne was buried in her bridal veil, and with that mortuary covering that she had herself arranged.

"Oh! my son, my son, you know all this perfectly well. You were yourself present at that trying scene, and remember, John, those who have not assisted at such a spectacle of death in the midst of a loving family, when the one that is most dear is taken from them; those who have not seen, who have not known this, are altogether ignorant of what real grief—of what true sorrow, is. In that agonizing moment, when the last breath flies from the form you have prized, when it appears that it is your own blood that is shed—that it is a part, the dearest part of yourself that is taken from you—that it is your own flesh that is torn—that it is the very core of your heart that is penetrated and mercilessly hacked away—John, my son, my heart—my heart—a father's heart has been thus bleeding, thus suffering, for four years. Is it not, at last, time to chastise the miserable villain that has caused all this?

When, forsooth, our remorseless enemy heard of the death of Marianne, he thought proper to offer to repair to her brother, the irreparable offence he had been guilty of towards the sister. He made us splendid promises. He promised to me, that instead of your growing up a mere humble farmer, he would make you a great man—a rich man—a distinguished man—a *happy man*! The bargain was agreed to on my part. Do you know why, son John? I am going to tell you, because you appear to have forgotten it.

130

"You are at this moment in the house of the Count de Terrey—you are at this moment there with his son. I wished you to be thus, that you might have the full power to avenge yourself. You are now in the full strength of youth—you are now capable to take vengeance on his head. If you dislike doing so—or if you are afraid to act as a man and a brother—say so, and restore to me that right which I am willing to cede to you. In that case I shall bear with my years as manfully as I can, and avenge the insult offered to me and to my child.

"John—John, what have you done these three last years, to prove that you remember your sister? What have you done for her, and for revenge—full revenge?

"PIERRE CAYOT."

LETTER THE SECOND.

To Pierre Cayot, farmer, at the Village of Valange.

"The sad recital contained in your letter was a portion of our family history, which it was unnecessary to remind me of, my dearest father. You wrong your son. I have an excellent memory. I have forgotten nothing. Every day, every hour, every moment, I think of you, and of—Marianne. And now father, I say, in reply to you—mark me well!

"Upon my arrival in Paris, three years ago, I was received in the most kind manner in the house of our two protectors, that you, in your anger, call our cruel enemies. They gave me servants to obey me alone, and masters to instruct me. They lavished favours and instructions of all kinds upon me. I took advantage of this prodigal charity, and I became in a little time all that I could wish to become, by force of study—a perfect scholar—an accomplished gentleman, and I have been admitted in both respects to be far superior to the Count de Terrey himself. That was my first vengeance—but mark me further.

"If, after my departure from the village, my heart and my memory could, through any baseness, be forgetful of the life and of the death of your daughter, I must soon have found the remembrance of Marianne in the young and lovely maiden who had been so dear to her. Upon my seeing again in Paris that noble and lovely girl, that you already know—Mademoiselle Juliette de Terrey, I again was made a spectator of that dreadful scene, that your desolation and despair have depicted. Seeing her, in my agony, I said to myself—of the two enchanting girls who once played and sported together, in the midst of blooming flowers and verdant fields, there is one still happy, and the other is in her grave—the one has known nought but joy, and the other has learned nought but sorrow—the one has been basely deserted by a perfidious lover—but as to the other, who could presume to trifle with her affections, and to break her heart?

"Aye—even in my first interview with Juliette—in the drawing-room of the Palace de Terrey, a horrible thought—one that has never for a moment quitted me, is this—he, who by his unkindness, baseness, and cruelty killed Marianne, has a sister—aye, *he has a sister*.

The villain whose family pride would not allow him to

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

marry Marianne, would, I know, feel himself dishonoured, and his family debased, should his sister consent to unite herself to a common peasant. Father—I have thought of the worst vengeance I could inflict upon him. Juliette is in love with me. She adores me—she knows that to marry me, she breaks her father's heart, and drives her proud brother to despair. She, I can see, hates herself for her meanness of soul, in thinking of me—and yet she will marry me—though it strips her of rank, of fortune, of everything, and consigns her to a worse than beggar's misery. She believes, even, that I shall not be a good husband, and yet she marries me. What is there for her but the early grave of Marianne?—what for her father and her brother, but shame, dishonour, and confusion?

"My duty is fulfilled. You ought, father, to be satisfied—and as to me—I weep! At this moment I can answer you in your own words—the blot that you see upon this letter, is caused by the tears of your miserable son.

"But take courage—I shall wipe away my tears—I shall extinguish my love—and I shall give full scope to my—to your hate. Juliette shall be made to feel all the griefs that Marianne has endured. She shall be killed by insults, brutality, and unkindness, like Marianne—all shall be done to glut your vengeance.

"In a few days the abasement of Mademoiselle de Terey shall be known to the world. It shall be no longer a mystery. If I am challenged by her brother, I shall not fight him. If I am basely attacked—if I am assassinated—I can but die, and submit patiently to my fate. If they should declare themselves willing to recognise her marriage, I shall then forsake Juliette—all shall be done—and yet—my dear father, I cannot help thinking that such a wife for your son could have restored to you all the happiness and joy that you felt in the tenderness of your lost daughter.

JOHN LOUIS.

LETTER THE THIRD.

To the Count de Terey, Fontainebleau.

"I am, my dear father, scarcely able to write to you. So many, and such extraordinary, as well as calamitous events have taken place in your home, since you left us, I beg of you to return to Paris as speedily as possible.

"You will find enclosed letters that I discovered in the writing desk of Juliette. They will prepare you for the knowledge of dreadful secrets. These love letters are written by a low-born miscreant, that we have honoured with our patronage. They are addressed to one who is no longer my sister, and that you ought not any longer to look upon as your daughter. Juliette will be placed by me to-morrow in a lunatic asylum, and without doubt, you will take care that she is never again permitted to escape from it.

"As to her shameless and audacious suitor, or husband, John Louis Cayot, a singular accident, has deprived me of the means of taking due vengeance upon him.

"This morning, whilst I was thinking what species of punishment I should inflict upon him, I met the wretch

in the garden, and he, with a disgusting familiarity, that made the very blood rush to my temples, came up, and said:—

"Julien, do you know what has happened last night?"

"No, I replied, nor do I wish to know."

"What! have you slept all last night?"

"No—I was awake until three o'clock."

"Then, in that case, you must have heard the storm?"

"Well?"

"And also the thunderbolt that fell upon the roof of the house?"

"But we have a lightning conductor."

"Yes, and what is most curious, the lightning has twisted it, as if it were a mere pin. The fire of heaven, in running along the rod, has curled it as if it were a screw. Would you like to see it from the roof of the house?"

"Yes."

"I followed the miserable being to the roof. I ventured with trembling upon the small platform that looks down on a court-yard. John Cayot knelt down on it before me, in order that he might trace the progress of the lightning along the side of the house—and while in that position, a frightful vertigo must have taken possession of his brain—he saw no more—he heard no more—I think he must have lost his senses. I did my utmost to succour and to save him—the awful scene was but momentary. Heaven did not wish that vengeance should be taken by my hands upon him—for he fell from the roof, and his brains covered the pavement of the court yard.

"A dreadful scene then took place—Juliette forgot in the eyes of the world the illustrious name that she bore. I mean to treat John Louis Cayot in a manner suitable to his rank and merits—the coffin of a beggar, and with as little ceremony as if he were a dog.

"JULIEN DE TEREY."

LETTER THE FOURTH.

To the Prefect of Police, Paris.

"Monsieur le Prefect, I am but an honest man, and I therefore feel it my duty to denounce to you a great crime which was committed this day in my presence, in the rue Saint Dominique, Saint German.

"I was this day at work upon a roof that was repairing—23, in the rue Saint Dominique, I saw two young gentlemen venture upon the roof of an adjoining mansion—that is No. 25. One of these knelt down upon a little platform, and appeared to me to be examining the places along the sides of the house, where the lightning had struck the night before. While he was thus leaning with his head down, the other, with three desperate efforts, pushed his unhappy comrade off the platform, and the latter fell into the court yard, where he was, of course, instantly killed.

"I am told that it is given out at the hotel of the Count de Terey, that this dreadful calamity was but the result of a mere accident. Not at all, sir. It was a base murder—a cruel assassination—a horrible and cowardly murder.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

I know well that it is the greatest crime known to the law, for I have before now been in a court of justice.

"A MECHANIC."

LETTER THE FIFTH.

To Pierre Cayot, farmer, at the Village of Valange.

"My poor friend Pierre, I have been banished to a place where I wish to die, and have no desire to live. I can now write to you, my honest friend Cayot, that which is the truth—I loved—I adored your son.

"If persons should presume to tell you that John's death was the result of his own imprudence, do not believe it. If they should endeavour to persuade you that he committed suicide—again, I say, do not believe it. John Louis is assuredly dead—but he was assassinated.

"Adieu, my friend—pray for me. I constantly pray for your two children.

"JULIETTE."

LETTER THE SIXTH.

To the Count de Terrey, Paris.

"I have been now, my lord, three days in Paris. I wished to kneel, and to pray at the tomb of my son—but it seems that my son has no tomb. His body was flung into a ditch—he was interred as a suicide—and you consented to this. May heaven punish you for it!

"I arrived, my lord, in Paris, on the morning of the 28th July, at the very moment that they were beating 'to-arms' in all the streets, and that the people told me they were again about to chase the Bourbons out of the country. I did as the people did, and I armed myself with a musket.

"The inhabitants precipitated themselves pell mell across the street of the faubourg Saint Germain. It was about two o'clock when we were making our way gradually through the rue Saint Dominique, when suddenly one, two, three shots were heard. The Bourbonites were firing at the people. I remarked that the shots came from a window in the house No. 25. I concealed myself behind a large cask, and fixing my eyes upon the spot from which the shots had proceeded, I perceived a young man hiding himself behind the drapery. I am sure that young man recognized me. I took deliberate aim with my musket at that young man. I fired—and suddenly I saw fall headlong through the window a young man shot through the brain. He tumbled heavily to the earth—I saw him stretched dead at my feet—it was *your son*!—it was the Viscount de Terrey, he who had insulted and killed my daughter Marianne—he who had basely assassinated my son, John Louis.

"This is the *denouement* of our common family history. We are now quit with each other.

"PIERRE CAYOT."

"P.S. I am wrong—we are not on perfectly equal terms with each other. I have taken from you a son—but you have deprived me of two children. The balance is to be regulated between us in another world.

"LOUIS LARINE."

VICTORIA VARNEY;

OR,

A LESSON FOR PRUDES,

"Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky."

SPENSER.

CHAPTER I.

The quietness of the very quiet little town of C—, was suddenly interrupted one fine afternoon in autumn, by the arrival of some cavalry regiments on their way to the metropolis. In one of these regiments was the cavalier who had long offered his vows at the shrine of the pretty blue-eyed madcap, Victoria Varney, the only daughter of General Varney, who had long before the opening of our little story, returned from the great metropolis, much to the discontent of his blue-eyed daughter; who was much enamoured of Captain Vavasour, her accepted suitor, and did not mind who knew it. Captain Vavasour had been for twelve months absent with his army in Ireland, and they were now returning, and fortunately for Victoria Varney, they were to pass through her much detested, because *dull*, little town, and better than all, they were to rest there three weeks. The soldiers entered the town with drums beating and colours flying, and altogether it was a joyous spectacle; many of the windows were tenanted with young and pretty faces, and the pathways were lined with the good people of the neighbourhood, to whom a sight of the kind was an event in their lives never to be forgotten.

On the evening of this beautiful autumnal day, after the soldiers were all domiciled in the building which had been converted into a temporary barracks, and something like the original peaceful bliss of the little town of C— was restored, a small knot of interesting single ladies, of all ages, were assembled in one of the drawing-rooms at Firefly Lodge, the residence of General Varney, discussing a very important subject—a subject in which their feelings were most deeply interested. But before we proceed further, let us introduce the parties singly to our readers.

In the first place there was Miss Belinda Bathwyck, a lady of five-and-twenty, "there or thereabouts," a good figure, and with a face that would have been passably pretty, had it not been spoiled by her temper. Next to her was seated a vinegar-looking lady of thirty seven, Miss Bumpstead, a lady in crimson silk and a turban. The third, Miss Clarissa Sparks, a pert little chit of nineteen, who fancied already that she was neglected, and made it her business to abuse every young lady in the town, who was supposed to have a lover. The fourth, Miss Joliphant, whose age gallantry forbids us to mention; she was tall and thin—bony some folks would say—and was attired in book-muslin, with red flounces, and a cap thrown jauntily upon one side, and a maiden's blush rose peeping out from under it. She had a lisp and a poodle, and, moreover, a very provoking knack of pinch-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ing the poodle's ears whenever she was shocked by any allusion to the indecorum of any of the young ladies of the town unconnected with the *coterie*, so that what with the expressions of horror from the ladies, and the yelping of the nipped poodle, a musical effect was produced in the highest degree imposing. Besides these there were Miss Sophia Hopkins and Miss Dorinda Dawes, ladies of all ages, with no remarkable characteristics, famous alone for throwing up their hands and their eyes, when the more clever of the party gave the cue. Well, there were all these prudes, all relatives of General Varney, in secret conclave on the night in question.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck.

"Well, I never!" repeated the lady in the crimson turban.

"Well, I never!" said little Miss Sparks.

"I never!" echoed Miss Joliphant, giving her blush rose a more than ordinary shake, and her poodle a more than ordinary pinch.

"The indelicacy!" cried Miss Bathwyck.

"The impropriety!" said Miss Bempstead.

"The scandal!" said Miss Sparks; and all the ladies sighed in chorus.

"The brazen creature!" exclaimed Miss Joliphant. "And so she stood, unblushingly upon the balcony all the time."

"Yes, all the time," replied Miss Bathwyck; "all the time the soldiers were passing, looking so provokingly happy, her hair streaming in the wind——"

"Her hair!" interrupted Miss Bempstead. "Truly it is *her* hair, for I know that she has paid the hair-dresser for it."

The ladies laughed at this, and Miss Clarissa Sparks declared "upon her word and honour," that she had seen the roses in the lady's countenance, rubbed off one evening in mistake.

"Well, for my part," said Miss Bempstead, "I never thought her beautiful."

"She is pretty," rejoined Miss Joliphant, "that's all."

"Pretty!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck, "say *passable*, my dear Miss J. Her face partakes too much of the apple-dumpling character to be beautiful, and what a figure!"

"O!" shrieked Miss Dawes, "a perfect squab!" and she jerked her own body into a perpendicular position.

"And *how* she dresses!" said Miss Joliphant, giving her jaunty cap, and the maiden blush under it, a significant toss. "What shocking bad taste she displays."

"She is in high spirits now that the soldiers are come," was the next remark of Miss Bathwyck, "for she hopes to find her captain constant. But the senseless chit will wear the willow."

"O, yes; she'll wear the willow!" was ejaculated in chorus.

"*She* marry the captain indeed!" cried Miss Joliphant, who was only prevented from giving her poodle a terrible pinch, by the interposing hand of Miss Hopkins.

VOL. XXII.—No. 255.

who sat watching her companion's movement, with a view to prevent another howl. "The captain is a man of superior discrimination."

"Poor thing," sighed Belinda, "I do pity her, after all. Women ought to sympathize with women. We should feel for the distresses of one another. Alas! she escaped from the nursery too early. Indeed, I pity her."

"Well, and so do I," said Miss Bempstead.

"Yes—yes; the poor child deserves our *pity*," murmured Miss Joliphant, and much to the relief of the poodle her hand was transferred from its ear to its glossy coat. A fit of amiability had come over her.

"Yes—yes; she is to be pitied!" said the ladies all.

"Her fate will be distressing!"

"Sorrow and tears!"

"Desertion!"

"Blighted hopes and a broken heart!" and a general sigh wound up the lamentations.

In the midst of all this sorrow and grief, a fine, clear, musical, bell-like voice was heard without, and the ladies all turned themselves about in their chairs, and endeavoured to make themselves look pleasant and agreeable, for that was a well-known voice which met their ears, the voice of her, the subject of their conversation—Victoria Varney.

She was addressing some of the domestics in the vestibule:—

"Let the mare be sent back to the stable," were her words. "Turn Juno and Neptune into the kennel again, and if Captain Vavasour should come or send, tell him I've changed my mind, and will not ride to-day." And presently her light fawn-like foot was heard upon the stairs, and in another moment she was in the midst of the interesting company, and saluting them all in turns. "Ah, my dear cousin Belinda, how do you do?—Miss Bumpstead, too!—and my dear Miss Joliphant! Well, I declare, I *never* saw you look half so well, nor half so youthful!—Miss Hopkins!—Miss Sparks!" and so she went on, shaking their hands familiarly, like a good-natured, wild romp as she was.

"You are welcome to town, Miss Varney," said Clarissa Sparks, who wished her a hundred miles away.

"Well—come, indeed!" rejoined Victoria. "It was horrid dull work to get through the day's twelve hours, in that old-fashioned house of my aunt's; fit dwelling-place only for the ghosts of my ancestors. Well—come, indeed! Well—come to gaiety and gladness. The soldiers are come, ladies! Do not your little hearts all leap at the idea of the soldiers? *Mine* does. You saw the regiments march in?"

"No;" replied Miss Joliphant, "a regard for female delicacy prevented us."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Victoria. "How demure you all look; one might think you had each of you swallowed an ensign's flag-staff. Now, Miss Bempstead, it's no use for you to deny it; I saw you peeping at them from behind the curtains of your bed-room window."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"I!" shrieked the indignant lady. "It must have been my maid."

"What a set of hypocrites you are!" exclaimed the laughing Victoria. "You know that you'd give the world for one of those dear delightful fellows that came into town yesterday."

The friends were all shocked at this idea, and a muttered exclamation went the round of them.

"Miss Varney!" cried Belinda.

"O, my dear cousin," exclaimed Victoria, "down to the ground I bow before thy superior prudence and delicacy."

"It is a pity, cousin," said Belinda, "that you left the old country house of your aunt, where you were enjoying such excellent health, the air of this close town may not agree with you."

"Indeed," observed Miss Sparks, "it is reported that we have an epidemic here."

"I know it," replied Victoria. "'Tis the scarlet fever. It came into town this morning—will remain in town three weeks; attacks only the female sex—defies the doctor—and when its course is run, it will go out of town with the beat of drum!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Bathwyck, "I mean the atmosphere is unfavourable to health. Have you not found a most material difference in the very taste of the air?"

"Taste of the air!" echoed Victoria, with a smile. You may as well ask me if I feed upon air. My dear, dear cousin, do not you assume such airs before me. You and I were educated together, and we know one another's hearts pretty well. I remember the time when we never troubled ourselves about the air, but roamed about the mountains, enjoying the air, like two merry, wild, innocent, and happy creatures as we were."

"Ah, you have strong nerves, Miss Varney."

"I require no salts for my head, no kalydor for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening to Weippert's harp. And where's the harm?"

"You are perfectly mad, cousin."

"Well, and 'there's a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know.' So dear ladies I kiss your hands. I am going to write a billet to my lover; you may, if you please, follow my example. If it does not please you so to do, why then sit still, like poor ridiculous prudes as you are, and sing the 'Fox and the grapes' in chorus!"

Thus saying, away the merry girl bounded, singing a scrap of the ballad which she had recommended to her interesting friends, and, for some minutes, her clear mellow voice continued to fall upon their ears.

CHAPTER II.

It was about a fortnight after the scene above described, when the amiable Miss Bathwyck received a very neat, pretty rose-tinted billet, to the following interesting effect:—

184

"DEAREST BELINDA,

"Meet me to-night by the little pavilion at the end of General Vernon's garden. I have bribed the gardener, and as the General and his daughter are from home, you need be under no apprehension of an interruption. I shall be there precisely at half-past seven. We can then determine about the elopement.

"Yours, till death, devotedly,

"AUGUSTUS VERNON."

Strange to say, Miss Bempstead, Miss Sparks, Miss Joliphant, Miss Hopkins, and Miss Dawes, all received similar letters, the only difference being in the address, and the signatures. And never were ladies more happy than these were made by the receipt of these little epistles. This may seem strange, considering their previous conduct; but it is not more strange than true. "*Never trust to appearances.*"

It was in the autumn: and by half past seven o'clock in the evening the sun had gone to rest, and there just remained that interesting "twilight," which lovers are so partial to, and poets dwell upon so much.

At the appointed hour, there was a gentle tap-tap at the garden gate, which instantly flew open, and closed directly that Miss Bathwyck had entered.

"Hush!" cried the gardener, and led the way towards the pavilion, when, in low whispers, the gardener said that a visitor was in the house, and that Miss Bathwyck had better go into the pavilion, to prevent her being seen. The lady acquiesced, and the gardener introduced her to the garden, and locked her in.

By this time two or three gentle taps had been made upon the garden gate, and, with all convenient speed, Miss Clarissa Sparks was ushered into the pavilion, and also locked in. When Miss Bathwyck found some one else approaching, and heard the rustling of petticoats, she at once concluded it was Victoria, and fearful of being detected, she crept into a corner, and remained there as still as a mouse. And when the honest gardener introduced Miss Hopkins to the pavilion, Miss Sparks followed Miss Bathwyck's example; Miss B's tremor very naturally increasing. The next comer was Miss Joliphant; the next Miss Bempstead; and the last Miss Dawes; all experiencing the greatest possible trepidation, and all wondering what it would lead to, and when their adorers would come to deliver them.

Presently, a soft low voice was heard. "Hist!" was the exclamation.

There was no reply.

"Vernon!" breathed the same soft low voice.

"Here!" murmured Belinda, almost dead with fear.

"Trefusis!" murmured the voice again.

"Here!" exclaimed Sophia Dawes.

"Montmerency!" said the voice again.

"This way!" lisped Clarissa Sparks.

"Jervis!"

Miss Bempstead, with palpitating heart, responded to this.

"Harroby!"

Here Miss Hopkins whispered a reply.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"*Corporal Joliffe!*"

"Thy faithful Dora!" and then there was an universal cry of "*hiss!*"—the ladies putting their hands out to take their lovers, as they supposed. Suddenly a suppressed "*oh!*" broke simultaneously from the ladies, and there was an universal shiver.

"Oh dear!" shrieked Clarissa Sparks.

"And then arose a cry as shrill,
As shriek of goshawk on the hill."

The ladies found themselves already up to their ancles in water!—and now a splashing sound, as if from a fountain in full play, saluted their ears; and they felt the water still rising around them. Louder and louder were their outcries, for the darkness was increasing as well as the water; and then, in a moment of pause, a well known voice was heard carolling a scrap of the well known song:—

"A hungry fox one day did spy,
Fal lal la la, &c."

And while the ladies stood wondering what this could possibly mean, the same well known voice exclaimed:—

"Lieutenant Vernon presents his compliments to Miss Belinda Bathwyck, and would keep his appointment if he could; but it happens unfortunately that he is otherwise engaged."

Suddenly a shutter was withdrawn, a window thrown open, and there, in a blaze of light, stood the madcap Victoria Varney—the author of all this mischief. The ladies now screamed louder than ever, for they perceived not only that Victoria was gazing upon them, but also that the water came rushing into the pavilion from a large aperture in the wall: and Victoria, compassionating them, exclaimed:—

"That will do, Barker: stop the engine—the ladies' imaginations are sufficiently purified."

And her order was immediately obeyed.

The situation of the ladies is soon explained. Victoria had addressed letters to each of them, in the names of the several officers then residing in the town, and received replies by a trusty messenger. She had carried on a correspondence with them, and had won from each something like a consent to an elopement, and now her revenge was complete.

"I hope, ladies," she observed, "that your indignation at the impropriety of my conduct is now sufficiently cooled to enable you to take a more just view of it; and I hope you will also allow that a fair open countenance, and a candid avowal of the truth, are not less 'decorous' than a hypocritical face, and an affectation of prudery. Barker! you may unlock the pavilion door."

The door was unlocked, when out rushed the discomfited ladies, casting the light of their beautiful countenances upon the gravel walks of General Varney's garden, and never looking up until they had got on the other side of the gate. What they said, or what they did after that, it is unnecessary to state. They saw no more, however, of Victoria Varney, for the next morning she became the bride of Captain Vavasour.

LINES TO AGNES.

Sad, pale young Agnes! what can make
Her spring of life so cold and bleak?
What grief her tongue in silence ties,
And at her heart for ever seeks;
Eats all the roses from her cheeks,
And drinks the soft blue of her eyes.

Two sabbaths gone they called it dead,
And since they took it from her sight,
She hath done naught but sob and sigh,
While not a tear-drop wets her eye;
For she hath wept by day and night,
Till the very spring of tears is dry.

In vain to her all words of hope
Till some at length in sadness said—
If sinful grief may be forgiven,
The heart by such affliction riven,
Before the passing year is fled,
She and her babe will meet in Heaven!

And now she sits beside the grave,
Her tearless eyes to heaven turning;
To heaven—but not, alas! in prayer,
Nor sees she if 'tis dark or fair,
So mute and passionless her mourning,
As even her grief unconscious were.

'Twere joy to see that changeless woe,
Some form of deeper anguish take;
To see once more the tearful rain,
To see her bosom swell again—
Swell as if her heart would break,
So we might know it felt its pain.

But why do thoughtful tears again,
At sight of yonder rose tree start?
From that green grave that springs, and though
It o'er a still dead heart doth grow,
Hath root within some living heart—
Some living heart of love and woe!

Two infant roses 'mid the leaves,
Two bright young buds her glance have caught;
For while her infant breathed the air,
So oft 'twas called the rose-bud fair;
'And would'st thou not, oh God!' she thought,
'My own sweet bud of promise spare.'

Even while the thought was in her heart,
A glistening angel came that way,
(It was a heavenly vision sent
To give the sorrowing heart content),
And gently from the parent spray
The brightest of the building reat.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

We hope also to see him in the favourite pieces of *Babiole* and *Joblet*, and the *L'homme Gris*, two of his best pieces.

PHILIPPE's *Soirées Mystérieuses* here, have been more decidedly successful than we could have predicted, we knew him to be a clever *artiste*—indeed, surpassed by no one; but his success has thrown even DOBLER's performance into the shade, the theatre being crowded on the nights of his performance even to overflowing; his feats are of a very peculiar character, and it is difficult to form any conception as to how they are done. A pencil case is put into a handkerchief, and this, before the audience, is turned into a small flag and staff, representing the union jack; and from this again proceeds hundreds and hundreds of similar flags. Coffee is made instantaneously from, apparently, nothing, and issues steaming hot from a silver vase; according to the ladies, who were many of them partakers of it, it was most excellent in quality. The "Magic Confectioner" also displays large quantities of liqueurs and bon bons to the audience; as M. PHILIPPE is most liberal in giving away his delicacies, many persons indeed, must get the value of their money back in bon bons, bouquets, coffee, and liqueurs. "*L'Arlequin Celebre*," a figure about six inches long, in a small box, is also introduced. His performance consists of some dancing, smoking a cigar, (which he did in the most approved style), and whistling the popular melodies of the day. The last feat, "*Les Bassins de Neptune*," is also one of the most extraordinary feats we have ever witnessed, several globes of gold and silver fish, and the whole produce of the farm yard seem to proceed from the person of the *artiste* without any mode of concealment. M. PHILIPPE is certainly the most expert of all the persons we have yet seen, his experiments being performed with remarkable neatness and finish.

DRURY LANE.—BALFE's new opera of the *Enchantress* will be, perhaps, one of the most permanently successful of any of his operas, as it is full of melodies of a very pleasing character, and such as are adapted to become general favourites. The libretto is the production of M. Sr. GEORGE and Mr. BUNN, and turns upon the romantic adventures of a pirate's daughter, *Stella* (ANNA THILLON), who loving a youth, *Sylvio* (HARRISON), employs her vast wealth and the services of her band to procure for him his rights, in being acknowledged King of Sicily, and he takes her then as the partner of his throne. Her constant and opportune appearance to release him from all his difficulties, induces him to believe she is an enchantress, from which the opera takes its name. ANNA THILLON is truly delightful in this opera, singing with all the lively and *piquante* grace of the French school, and enhancing her charming singing by her admirable acting. Her reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. In point of getting up, this opera is most beautiful; the scenery and appointments are of the most gorgeous description, and it is unquestionably the most brilliant spectacle Mr. BUNN has ever brought forward.

HAYMARKET.—The success of the new comedy of *Time Works Wonders* at this theatre, has been very great, the house being filled to overflowing every night

that it is played. It is certainly one of the best written comedies of modern times, the point and humour of the dialogue, and the breadth and vigour displayed in filling out the characters render it a first rate play; and seldom have we laughed or enjoyed any performance more than we have done the representation of this comedy; it is also throughout capitally acted. FARRER's old trunk maker is the perfection of *parvenu* vulgarity, whilst the touch of feeling that he dashes off when he is told that his son is probably dead, was a true artistic bit of acting. VESTRAIS and CHARLES MATHEWS have parts out of which they eke a vast deal of humour. VESTRAIS's description of her marriage, and its consequent miseries on board ship, was told with infinite point. The *ci-devant* school mistress of Mrs. GLOVER is also a performance of much ability; her constant querulousness and half complete enjoyment, as she feels that everything she possesses was very kindly given to her, but that she should still have liked it different; that though she has the best bed room, she should have liked another better; and her indignation as the professor likened her to grapes in the dried up raisin state was laughable in the extreme. Miss FORTESCUE also plays most charmingly; and BUCKSTONE has a part of a cock-fighter turned valet, that is quite in his line, and provokes universal laughter. WEBSTER has brought out the piece in excellent style; and we can promise our readers that they will find it one of the most amusing plays that has been produced for many seasons.

DEATH.

Draw near my pillow when I die,
And hail me with a passing breath;
One look from thee—one gentle sigh,
Might wake the sombre sleep of death.

If on my pallid lips arise
A word of murmur or despair,
One trembling tear from those dear eyes,
Would drown a world of anguish there.

And if my drooping spirits faint,
Revive me with a kiss of love;
From mortal I should rise a saint,
And dwell with thee in realms above.

K. L. K.

STANZAS.

Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense be thus confined,
And never, never rise?
Why thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies!

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR JUNE, 1845.

PLATE THE FIRST. HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA'S GRAND FANCY BALL.

Portraits of Three of the English Nobility, in the Splendid Dresses to be worn on the occasion.

FIG. 1.—Boddice and train of rich brocade, the colour a bright azure blue, the narrow band which is laid round the train, at a little distance from the edge, is of a darker shade, the ornaments with which the train is looped back, are composed of pink topaz, richly set with diamonds, forming a centre, and the finest filagree work in silver, in the form of wings. The boddice is trimmed with large pearls, and laced with a rich silver cord, the stomacher being of white satin; the sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, and have very deep ruffles of point lace: the trimming which heads the ruffles and the *manches* at each side the stomacher, are of the same shade of blue as the band on the train. Petticoat of rich white satin, brocaded with silver; girdle of pearls, the ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress. The hair is taken back from the forehead over a cushion, and is tied at the top with a ribbon the colour of the pink topaz, fringed with silver; the feathers are white; long curls flow on the shoulders. A narrow band of black velvet surrounds the throat, the clasp of pink topaz, set with diamonds.

FIG. 2.—A boddice and train of pink brocade, lined with Pomona green satin; the trimming which surrounds the train is a plaiting of plain rich silk of the same colour as the brocade (pale pink); the edges are stamped, and the trimming increases in width towards the bottom of the train; it is looped back with small plumes of feathers at a little distance from the waist; the boddice is trimmed to correspond; full stomacher of white satin; the sleeves have very deep ruffles, headed by a plaiting, and finished in the front of the arm by a small bow. Petticoat of rich white satin, having a deep flounce of point lace. Head-dress: white feathers and diamonds set in the form of roses; the hair taken back from the forehead; long curls falling on the shoulders.

FIG. 3.—A boddice and train of rich violet brocade, lined with white satin; the train is surrounded by a flat plaiting of point lace. Petticoat of rich satin; the colour a pale primrose, having a deep flounce of point lace, headed by a narrow one; the boddice is pointed and laced with silver cord; under boddice of primrose satin; the sleeves have deep ruffles of point lace looped in the front of the arm by a bow of satin, of a darker shade of primrose than the petticoat; a bow to correspond finishes the point of the boddice; the stomacher is formed by rubies set with diamonds in the form of small roses; a rich point lace falls over the shoulders and back of the boddice. Head-dress: the hair is taken back from the forehead over a small cushion; fall curls at the sides, and on the shoulders; an ornament of gold wheat ears and diamonds is

placed so that the diamonds lay on the forehead, and the wheat on the hair, which is turned back; a magnificent plume of feathers is placed on the left side, fastened by an ornament of rubies and diamonds.

PLATE THE SECOND. Represents the *Dancere Viennoises*.

PLATE THE THIRD. VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a splendid pink *barège*, striped crossways with small satin bands wove in the same material; the skirt is ornamented with two immense broad volants or flounces, finished round the lower edges with a broad pink silk *beauvilain* fringe, headed with a narrow vandyke; these flounces are put on nearly plain, small French plaits allowing for the requisite fullness; the corsage is made high up to the throat, and fits close to the figure, headed with a double frill of light white vandyked lace, attached in the front with a tie of pale pink satin; long straight sleeves opening a little way up the lower part, and sufficiently short to shew the under fulled sleeve of white muslin, finished off round the hand with a row of lace. Scarf of pale green China *crêpe*, beautifully figured in a shawl pattern at each end, and finished with a deep green silk fringe. Capote of shaded pink ribbon, all excepting the crown, which is of plain silk, and which is also decorated with loops of ribbon put on in threes over the front part of the crown, the brim being fulled in three rows.

BALL DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This truly elegant costume is composed of rich white lace, worn over a very pale blue satin, the *jupon* being beautifully worked and trimmed with three flounces of the same, coming up into a point upon the front of the dress, the higher row being fastened under the point of the waist, where it is attached with an ornament composed of pale straw-coloured satin; tight low corsage; the deep fall of lace forming a *berthe* over the back, and a cape on each side of the front, shewing the under-chemisette of fulled white India muslin headed with a narrow inlet and lace; the sleeves are plain, and reach just to the elbow, which is entirely shaded with a deep row of lace *pareil* to that on the skirt; the hair arranged with a wreath of puffs composed of straw-coloured satin ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A *redingote* of dark blue *poult de soie*; the front of the skirt trimmed with large fancy velvet buttons, and a narrow vandyked trimming on each side, which is also continued round the edge of the lappels, which decorates the front of the corsage à l'Amazone; plain tight sleeves; chemisette of embroidered muslin. Scarf *man-telet* of shot peach-coloured silk, trimmed very prettily with three frillings of the same, edged with a narrow fringe, and headed with a narrow vandyke in gymp or silk, the top of the scarf forming a kind of pelerine to the pelisse.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the ends descending very low. Bonnet of white chip, lined with a straw-coloured *crêpe*, and decorated with a plume of white parrot's feathers.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale pink *glacé* silk, made in the redingote form, and decorated down the centre of the front with oblong pink fancy buttons; the *jupe* is made very full and long; corsage à *basque*, reaching high up to the throat, and perfectly plain; sleeves to match the lower parts, turning back, and being lined with pale pink satin, forming a kind of cuff to the sleeve, which is sufficiently short to show the under fullied sleeves of muslin, edged round with a narrow frill. Bonnet of white Italian chip, edged round the brim with folds or *rouleaux* of green satin; a beautiful green and white drooping plume entirely conceals the crown of the bonnet; *brides* and bow behind of striped green and white ribbon.

CONFIRMATION DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich white silk, made in the *blouse* form, the deep folds reaching up to the throat, and confined round the waist with a band of the same; tight plain sleeves, a large wide white veil, of either net or gauze lisse, falls over the head, and entirely envelopes the figure, being fastened to the hair with a wreath of perfectly white roses, without leaves.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale Nankin *poil de chevre*, the skirt trimmed round the lower part with three broad satin ribbons, the same colour as the dress, and put on at regular distances, perfectly straight and plain; high body, full into the waist and top band, the back part fitting tight to the figure; the short sleeves are composed entirely of small fullings, finished with a broad fall of white vandyked muslin, worked and concealing the elbow. Simple cottage bonnet of pale pink fancy straw, lined with white, and edged round the interior of the brim with very small narrow folds of pink *crêpe*, curtain and ribbon of pale green ribbon, crossed simply over the crown.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—Dress of a rich lilac and peach shot *glacé* silk, the entire front of this costume being prettily decorated with straps of fancy gympe and buttons, gradually narrowing towards the waist; the corsage is made three parts high, and is also decorated with the same kind of ornament, only put on so as to form a downward point in the centre; this trimming surrounds the top of the neck, and the top part of the sleeve, forming a kind of round jockey, the lower part of the sleeve being made perfectly plain, the wrists being decorated with *manchettes* of deep white lace; the waist à *point*; chemisette of embroidered muslin, with small square collar to match. Capote of *paille de riz*, the crown decorated with a long white ostrich feather, the tip of the feather being lightly twisted, the crown trimmed with *nœuds* of white gauze ribbon.

140

PLATE THE FIFTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of green satin; the corsage à l'Amézène; the sleeves plain and tight, having a small cuff of black lace turned back towards the elbow, and a white lace ruffle falling over the hand; the skirt is immensely long and full, and has four tucks run in the satin at equal distances; at the head of each tuck, except the top one, is a row of black lace set on quite plain. Shawl of the same material as the dress, the corners in front rounded; two rows of black lace, quite plain, are placed round the shawl, which is of a very large size. Bonnet of *paille de riz*; the brim open, and falling low at the ears; the trimming is composed of white satin and blonde; a small green wreath is placed towards the bottom of the crown, and a long feather droops on the left side; the interior of the bonnet is ornamented by pale roses and a light foliage.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of pink *poult de soie*; the corsage half high, and open nearly to the waist, which is very long, and rounded in the front; the sleeves are plain, not very long, and are open at the back of the arm, the corners being rounded, the bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with a falling of the same material; under sleeve of cambric; the skirt is very long and full, and is trimmed *en tablière*, with a kind of fulling plaited, the same surrounds the neck of the corsage, and three rows are placed at equal distances at the bottom of the front breadth. Capote of very pale pink *crêpe*, full at the edge; on the left side of the crown is a bunch of roses, without foliage, surrounded by a very light blonde, and at the right side, placed very low, is a bow and ends of a splendidly shaded gauze ribbon; the interior has no cap or flowers.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of plaided *syphide*; the corsage half high, opening nearly to the waist, and displaying a richly worked chemisette of cambric, finished at the throat by a *rêche*; the waist is long and pointed; half-long sleeves, having a narrow *rêche* round the top of the arm, which gives the appearance of a small epaulette, and is finished with the same at the bottom; full under sleeve of cambric, a worked ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is very long and extremely full; the neck of the corsage is surrounded by a *rêche* or fulling, which is carried down the centre of the skirt; from each side of the point is brought another row of fulling *en tablière*, slightly rounding towards the bottom. Capote of white *crêpe*, the brim exceedingly open; a bow of striped *crêpe* ribbon is placed low at the left side of the crown; above this is a magnificent flower, from which is carried a beautiful half-wreath of small flowers and foliage; the interior of the brim has flowers to correspond.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

HOME COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—This dress is made in the *redingote* form, that is to open the whole way up the front, and turning back on each side of the front with rounded facings, gradually narrowing upwards, and headed with a very narrow *rêche*

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of plaited fancy trimming; this trimming forms a continuation to the one on the corsage, which is open, and allows of the gyp to be seen, which is composed of fullings of muslin and lace inlet; the rounded *jockeys* and edges of the lower part of the fancy sleeve decorated to match; under-sleeve of *percale*, surrounded at the lower part with a row of broad lace. Head-dress of white lace falling in a kind of half-handkerchief point on each side, and intermixed with a pretty cherry-coloured ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a rich pale pink silk *glacé*; the skirt made perfectly plain, and of an immense fullness, and rather long at the back; tight pointed corsage; the top part being trimmed with a *biais*, forming a small cape to the dress, and descending in the front (where it joins) to the lower part of the dress; small rounded *jockeys* trimmed with a double narrow piping; the sleeves reach about half way down the elbow, and are cut in a kind of wave round the edge; bordered with a narrow *biais*, finished with a satin button. Rich black lace scarf lined with a pink gauze chemisette of fulled muslin and lace inlet, reaching close up to the throat, and finished with a narrow white lace. Bonnet of white satin, having a fold of *crêpe lisse* round the edge of the brim; the crown decorated with two white ostrich plumes.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale primrose-coloured satin; the skirt trimmed in the tunic form with puffings or fullings of *crêpe lisse* the same colour as the dress, and disposed in two rows in a fanciful manner; this trimming is continued also at the edge of the double pointed cape on the corsage, which is open in front, showing the under muslin gyp, and also twice round the top of the plain sleeves, which fit close to the arm, and reach to a little below the elbow, where it is decorated in the same style. We may here remark that the capes form the point of the waist, and are closed half way up the centre of the front. Head-dress *à la Flamanole*, of broad goffered lace, and decorated on one side with a large blue shaded rose, from which ascends a small wreath of leaves attached on the opposite side with lappets of lace.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1845.

Summer fashions are now in all their *éclat*, and our plates will testify as to the truth of this assertion. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we consider that every year adds to the improvement of manufactured articles intended for the use of a ladies toilette, as well as other things. The constant inventive genius of our native *modistes*, are also brought into greater requisition, in order to select and arrange the different novelties, now more than ever brought under their notice. But let us, without further digression, give some account of what has been doing since our last number appeared; and first

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—A new style of *robe de chambre* has just offered itself to our notice; the corsage is not, in fact, separate from the skirt, the seams being part of the shoulder-pieces, which is narrowed as well in the

front, as in the back, straight down to the waist, something like a man's over-coat; a *cordelière* fastens the dress round the waist, the top part of the corsage being *à piece*, allows of its resting open so as to show the chemise *à la Suisse*, which is worn underneath, the front part being beautifully plaited, all the fullings being taken into a band, headed with a straight Valenciennes, and which fits close round the throat, in order to give it a more graceful appearance. We sometimes see a ribbon passed under the inlet, making a small rosette in the front. The sleeves of this dressing gown are made wide, with facings *à la bonne sœur*, the material, *Mousseline de laine*, of a dark colour, such as dark blue or emerald green, lined with a light colour, such as a yellow, orange, or cerise, the material also *Mousseline de laine*; the skirts are left open, showing an under petticoat of *percale*, trimmed with a broad flounce *à tête festonnée*.

DRESSES.—The newest description of costume, are those dresses made of *barège imprimé*, in large shaded Arabesque designs; the corsage formed *busqué*, a quarter high and full; *manches d'été*, being an entire new style of sleeve, it is gathered twice into the cuff, enlarging towards the lower part of the wrist, where, instead of its being fixed like the sleeves, *à la russe*, it is allowed to be at liberty, and is terminated with a broad *feston* of silk, in the same colours as the dress. Under sleeves of inlet, and fullings of tulle filling up the hollows of the upper sleeves, three broad flounces decorating the skirt.

LES COULEURS CHANGANTES, sparkling in the morning sun, or in a brilliant evening light, are now most in favour, being adopted for *négligé* costume, as well as sought after for full-dress. Stuffs of the richest description, *brochée*, are generally of dark and changeable colours; those plain, of three or four colours, which are intermixed in a manner so contrary, as always, however, to have a pleasing effect to the eye. Those dresses composed of silks, figured *à lignes pyramidales*, are generally made up perfectly plain, but then this excessive simplicity, is done away with by the excessive width of the skirt, which has nine or ten breadths, allowing of the back part being *à train*, having a most graceful appearance; others are decorated with a very broad flounce, edged with a fancy gyp, or two or three flounces, edged with a fringe. Velvet is also still used for trimmings, it is put on in a number of rows, the upper one being within four fingers width of the waist, and gradually diminishing in width, whilst we also see it used for separating flounces of black or white lace.

VISITING DRESSES.—The most fashionable materials for this style of dress is the *poil de chèvre*, the *tissu memphis*, or fancy silks; the form of these dresses merit some little attention, the corsage being extremely long waisted, and a little stiffened, a turn-over facing, or *revers*, encircles the top of the body in the form of a lengthened heart, a kind of notch is *incisé* in the front of each shoulder. This *revers*, which somewhat reminds one a little of the costumes of Francis the 1st time, is remarkable for its graceful appearance, as it leaves the contour of the throat free and open, and allows of those

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

pretty little fancy articles (the lengthened handkerchief) to be worn; they are placed inside the dress, the straight turn-over part of the *fichu* being beautifully embroidered and encircled with a rich lace, which partly shades the facings upon the dress. We must here remark, that laces of every description are much in demand for the trimming of dresses.

CAPE MANTELETS are still much worn, particularly those which show the form of the waist, back and front. These capes have long broad ends in the front, reaching up as high as the waist, resembling a scarf, the body of the cape being fulled upon a straight band, three rows of a fancy trimming forming a *falbalas*, is put slantways upon the lower part of the ends, and encircles the scarf, which is likewise fulled in at the top of the waist. We have remarked that the broad fringed ribbons, are also used for the trimming of these capes, as well as a new style of *dentelles de velours*, made in white, black, or the same colour as the silk of which the mantelet may be composed. Several very pretty mantelets have also made their appearance, made of white silk. They are particularly adapted for young ladies, whilst others prefer those made of muslin, beautifully embroidered, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, put on quite plain, or organdy, decorated with frillings, put on in a wavy form, or fullings, with coloured ribbons passed through. We have also remarked several composed of *barège*, embroidered with braids.

STRAWS.—Those of an open appearance are very pretty when trimmed with an *écharpe bleue*, and lined with *gros de Naples*, of the same colour as the scarf. Those white plats are much in vogue for the country, as well as those mixed green and lilac; they are principally decorated with a drooping long marabout. We may here remark, that although Italian straws are still much worn, that the open-worked straws obtain the preference, particularly for a fancy toilette, being decorated with a branch of beautiful flowers, *nouée* solely with a broad ribbon velvet, of a darkish colour, or a small wreath of daisies, or violets of two shades, put on between two rows of lace, or what is simpler, leaves of ribbon, of two colours, blue or green, the first leaf being either of very dark blue or green, the opposite end of the wreath being shaded off quite light, into the palest of both colours; the interior of the brim is always trimmed with a profusion of tulle and ribbons, particularly those bonnets of the *Paméla* form, the ears being so open on each side.

MATERIALS.—We may cite as among the most distinguished, the *gros d'Irly* of every colour *glacés*, the *Pékin Malaquites*, green *glacé* white or brown, Italian silks of an immense width, intended for those dresses having three tremendous broad flounces. Also those *guipure* silks, the grounds of which are of a light colour, over which is designed a kind of white lace pattern. The *taffetas ombres*, in different stripes and shades, some of which are placed athwart, of a very distinguished character. Then we have those elegant *cameaux* and *Pompador* silks, and lastly, the *Mousselines de cachemire*, *les batistes des Indes*, *les barèges*, *brochés*. We must not omit mentioning *les*

robes pyramidales, which are striped, and whose colours graduate from the lower edge of the dress up to the waist. Then, again, those which are decorated with perpendicular stripes, the centre one being of a dark colour, shaded off light at each edge, whilst several have lately appeared, having the stripes raised, and *à carreaux*. Nothing can be more elegant (as a light texture) than those *Mousselines de Smyrne*, the ground of an azure blue, over which is *jete un sable d'argent*, or others in *mauve*, green, or *ponceau*, figured with a brown foliage, forming a column of boughs.

HOMES DRESSES are of a very rich description, and made in lilac or pearl grey silk; if the former, they are trimmed round the skirt with four *volants* of black lace, each divided by a narrow wreath, embroidered likewise in lilac silk, and intermixed with points of lace, executed in black silk. *Canezout* also of black lace; those in pearl grey are decorated with white lace, and embroidered in grey and white; when trimmed with flounces, they are of a very great width, and have headings either formed of a fulling, a *chicorée*, or a ribbon plaited. But the most elegant and novel style of dress, are those entirely trimmed with fringed ribbons, put on at distances, resembling the trimmings *à la Nison*, and ascending to the middle of the skirt. These ribbons are either shaded in themselves, or put on so as to form a series of shades, such as a dress of lilac, shot with white, the ribbon on the lower edge of the skirt being a rich violet colour, and gradually shading upwards into quite a pale shade. *Canezout* of embroidered muslin.

MORNING CAPS.—This is an article of dress much in request at the present moment, uniting the most beautiful embroidery and lace, with the choicest selection of laces. Those named *à la Jeannette*, are very pretty, formed of a very short lappet, raised over each ear with a *pompon* of pink ribbon. Those called *à la Jardinière*, having a round crown in lace, with a lace *posée* flat upon the edge, and on the top of it a wreath of small *coques* of pink and green ribbon intermixed. Then, again, we have those *à la châteline*, of a more simple appearance, forming a kind of *demi-veil* on each side; and the *régence* cap, with its double *papillon*, attached with fringed ribbons, and trimmed so as partly to raise them. The bonnet *à la Sainte Cécile*, is also a favourite style of morning cap. Ribbons are much used for the decorating of all styles of caps, they are of a single colour, but gradually shaded, ten degrees lighter for instance, from a deep cerise to a pale pink, or a Prussian blue, lightening to the palest blue. Then, again, the Russian green, shading off to an apple green, the Parma violet diminishing to a light lilac.

BONNETS.—Every day brings forth some fresh novelty in the shape of out-door costume, and in no other article more than bonnets, which offer so great a variety as to be almost undistinguishable; for instance, we see some made of *crêpe vert-naisant*, and ornamented with an English *appliqué* lace, and beautiful foliage. Those in *tulle*, or *crêpe-lisse*, are also admired for their simplicity, ornamented solely with a *choux* of ribbon, the *brides* crossed, and what is very much admired, the *crêpe oreille* and the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

raisin vert. The most favourite style of feathers are the *saules-marabouts*, spotted with blue or pink; also, the *saules tombants*, divided with bunches of tips of marabout feathers. Those hats made of a deep rich-coloured *crêpe*, are much in favour, decorated with three *râches* of *tulle*, the same colour as the bonnet, only in rather lighter shades, under the brim. Then, again, we have those made of the same light texture, edged with satin folds, covered with white *tulle*; there is no curtain worn with this style of hat, but two projections, put on apart, and placed at the back part of the bonnet; a wreath of the Alpine fern decorates this hat.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

At last the summer seems to have set in with sufficient warmth to enable our *élégantes* to appear in what may be termed decided summer costumes. Our fair subscribers will find in our plates a variety of models worthy of their imitation. We hasten, in addition, to give them such intelligence as, we flatter ourselves, will be found worthy of their notice, and gratifying to their several tastes and styles of dress.

CAPOTES.—White capotes are much in fashion, the most remarkable being decorated with large *peonies*, bunches of dahlias, and Turkish roses. We may also cite as being much in request, bouquets of *roses du roi*, clusters formed of the *absynthe*, and thistles half blooming, wreaths of the *liserons* and clematis, and *nauds* formed of the Easter daisies. For a morning, several very pretty capotes are in great demand, composed of lilac *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with three rows of *tulle* all round the brim; a *râche* of silk encircling the crown; capotes of *illusion* *tulle*, furred with a kind of inlet of straw, and ornamented with grapes, and lilac and straw-coloured ribbon, are also much in favour. A very pretty *négligé* style are those having the front part composed of straw, and the crown of silk, called *la bonne femme*; the sole ornament being a bunch or branch of the blue corn flowers; for *demi-toilettes*, those made in *crêpe* are most in vogue, being considered by far the most becoming. For morning wear, they are made in very dark colours, and trimmed with fringed ribbons, the prettiest colour being the wild violet; the fringe a pale lilac.

DEMI-TOILETTES.—Several very elegant *peignoirs* have lately appeared, composed of white *barège*, and *doublés* with a pale pink *Florence*, trimmed with a rich *passementerie*; others of light-coloured *tarlatane* are extremely pretty when encircled with lace, and worn with a scarf of the same; the bodies of these dresses are made very low with sleeves *à la Georgette*, that is *demi-longues*, and when not decorated with lace, *râches* of *tulle* are generally worn round the top of the corsage, and the lower part of the sleeves.

TRIMMINGS FOR BALL DRESSES.—Our young Queen, who is as much remarked for her great taste as for her elegance, has brought flowers now much into fashion for the trimmings of this kind of costume. We have been

favoured with a sight of one or two intended for her Majesty, being composed of wreaths forming *montants* for the front of a dress, or the two sides of a tunic; they are arranged in a variety of clusters, and formed very small near the waist, enlarging gradually towards the lower part of the skirt, having a very pretty effect when made in white grapes and vine leaves, the stems of which are composed of diamonds.

PAILLE DE RIZ.—The most favourite style of trimming these kind of hats, are with the *oiseau de paradis* feathers, and those fashionable ribbons *à cinq nuances*. When flowers are used, they are of a very light appearance. We have seen some remarkably elegant bunches of grapes made of *crêpe* of all colours, and intermixed with different sorts of leaves used for decorating this kind of bonnet. Then we have those which are sewn and ornamented with vine leaves, describing a kind of running wreath all round the crown as well as the brim. One of the newest descriptions in this kind of hat, are those lined in the inside of the front with white *crêpe*, trimmed with white ribbons doubly fringed, and decorated with a coronet of feathers composed of the partridge and the tail feathers of the peacock.

CHAPEAUX GUIPURE.—This novelty is well worthy the attention of our fair readers. It is a kind of open silk material, and is as light and as delicate as lace; these bonnets are lined either with silk, gauze, or *tulle*, giving it as rich an appearance as a silk, and as graceful as the *paille de riz*.

MORNING WALKING DRESSES.—We cannot cite a prettier style of dress, than those made in *glacé* silk; the corsage high, and furred upon the shoulder and into the waist, which is round, and confined with a band and buckle. *Amadis* sleeves, trimmed upon the top part with two narrow festooned frillings; the skirt decorated with six flounces, put on rather apart, of the same width, and *festonnés à crêtes de coq*; then, again, a *robe d'écorce d'arbre*; the corsage, although somewhat high, yet not sufficiently so to hide the perfect contour of the throat, furred into the waist; sleeves *à la Georgette bouillonnées*, and descending as low down as the elbow, terminated with small *engageantes* in embroidered muslin, headed with a plain Valenciennes *schés à petit col rebattu*. The skirt being trimmed with three folds put on at equal distances in the same manner as the *flounces*.

SURTEUTS.—This most convenient and elegant appendage to a lady's out-door costume, and which is particularly adapted for travelling, somewhat resembles the *poéverini* which was worn by the ladies of Naples and Palermo in 1760; the sleeves are made wide, with raised facings *à la Bonne sœur*; the corsage large, high, and *écourlé*; a perfectly simple *capuchon*, or a small *pelerine*, forms the collar, descending only as far as the fall of the shoulders, somewhat resembling the cloaks, and giving to the dress a light appearance, being made of silk.

BLACK LACE SHAWLS are now all the rage; they are of an immense size, and perfectly square. Scarfs are also much in request, of sufficient width to form a kind of upper dress, particularly when it is furred in at the waist.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—Some of these elegant costumes are composed of Italian silk of a blue shade shot with grey; *à deux jupes*, the under one being made long and quite plain, and the upper one of an open tunic form, reaching as low as the knee, and trimmed all round, as well as the two sides of the front with a black lace; the corsage plain and high, the point of the waist being rounded; the pelerine does not reach lower than the waist, and is likewise trimmed with a black lace; *sleeves à la religieuse*, having a broad facing edged with lace; *sous-manches* of muslin and lace ruffles; others are made in the *caméléon* silks, and trimmed upon the front of the skirt with a double facing *dentelé*, and edged with a narrow cut *réche*; plain corsage, made high upon the shoulders, and opening three parts up the front; a small cape forms a kind of facing upon the body, and is similarly bordered with a *réche*; plain sleeves with open *jockeys*, bordered with a *réche* guipure of fulled muslin.

MANTELETS are of two principal forms, one so immensely deep and wide, as to give one the idea of its being an upper skirt, and the other so small as merely for the point to reach to the edge of the waist, so as to give an elegant *tournure* to the figure; the first we mentioned have the front ends formed in the shape of a scarf, trimmed with a straight or festooned *faibaldas à dents rondes*, very long, but very little indented, giving it more the appearance of being waved than really *festonnées*; we need not add that the two or three volants with which the cape is trimmed are all made in the same style. When made in light coloured silks *glacée*, a twist forming a fancy heading is put on to the edge of the *faibaldas*; whilst those composed of black or dark-coloured silks are decorated with broad black laces. These mantelets are made very wide, the seam over each arm forming a kind of curved line, and, consequently, resembling in appearance a kind of half-sleeve.

LE MANTELET POLONAISE.—This kind of mantelet, which has the advantage of not being very common, descends sufficiently low to touch the lower volant of the dress, and being fulled in the waist, forms a kind of *demi-jupe*; these gathers are concealed by an immense cape, trimmed like the rest of the *mantelet* with lace; it is generally made of sombre colours and *glacées* for a walking dress; those worn of an evening being, on the contrary, of light colours, and decorated with three rows of ribbon velvet *en échelle*, and trimmed with a broad fringe.

DES CORSAGES HOLLANDAIS.—The late cold weather has brought back velvet bodies after the above fashion; the corsage is fastened up the front as far as the throat, and is cut pointed and *à basques* upon the hips, where it is laced, forming a *caraco* at the back. Tight sleeves; open up a certain height in the inside of the arm, and likewise laced; a small square collar can be attached to the top of the corsage.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the present month are of every hue; we may, however, observe that grey has completely usurped the place of black, particularly for a morning toilette.

HER MAJESTY'S BAL COSTUME.

The period, of which alone the dress is to be worn at the approaching *fête*, happens, unfortunately, to be one of the dulllest and most hum-drum that perhaps could have been selected in English history. The dress to be worn—and none but Highland gentlemen of course, will wear it—at the Queen's Palace on the 6th of June, must be the same in character as what was to be seen in 1745 at the balls of Holyrood House. The jacket should be of velvet or fine cloth, with large loose cuffs, and a flapped waistcoat, most frequently of scarlet cloth, which, as well as the jacket, may be enriched with gold or silver lace and button holes. There are good authorities for a doublet instead of a jacket, made somewhat in the shape of the long waistcoat with sleeves now worn by grooms in undress. In this case the cuffs should be like those of the jacket, and the doublet shorter than the vest by some two or three inches. The buttons are entirely matter of taste; but the best specimens we have seen are of the basket-work pattern, either of gold or silver twist, or of metal to imitate it. There are two modes of disposing of the tartan portions of the dress, and both, we conceive, equally correct. In the one case, that of the *Breacan Fheile* or belted plaid, the kilt and plaid were composed of one piece; in the other the *Fheile beg* or little kilt, the kilt was made separately, and the plaid worn over the shoulder. In either it was fastened with a brooch, in which much magnificence was commonly displayed. The period when the change to the *Fheile beg* took place is not certain, but we think there can be no doubt of its having been in use in 1745. The ordinary method of wearing the hair was unpowdered, and plaited at the back into the form known as a "club." Some, who affected the courtier, adopted the powdered peruke and the bag. Prince Charles wore his own hair without powder. The bonnet was round, and, in the more Highland districts, cocked. The stock for the neck was of white cambric. Ruffled shirts are quite in keeping. The hose ought to be of the same *set* as the tartan, and the garters striped. The shoes of the period, with buckles, square toes, and red heels. Varnished leather ought to be carefully eschewed.

MC MICHAEL'S SILK RESTORATIVE.—The inventor of this truly unique preparation has forwarded us a piece of silk, part of which is dirty, and the remainder cleaned. We think it a very great desideratum, and cannot fail to be useful to the ladies, for whom it is intended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"To Leila," inadmissible.

"Louisa's" tale is interesting, but certainly not original; we must consequently decline it.

"B. R.," received and accepted.

"S. D.," certainly in our next.

LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.



Three of the English Nobility.

*In the original picture at Queen Victoria's Royal Portraits
on the 1st of June 1840.*



P. Berger

Dansé par
les 36 jeunes danseuses Viennoises.

P. Heilmann



L. S. Lillien

L. S. Lillien

L. S. Lillien

L. S. Lillien

dans UN RAI D'ENFANS.

Digitized by Google





Confirmation Day.





THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1845.

THE TWO BROTHERS. A FLEMISH LEGEND.

"Can misery no place of safety know,
The noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
As fate sought only me."

DRYDEN.

In a German town, not far from the banks of the Rhine, resided two brothers, of the name of Van-Buck, who were regarded, and with truth, too, as the most skilful engravers in the district.

They habitually spent almost every evening with an old goldsmith, their neighbour, and particular friend. This good man, who was called Thomas Hermann, received them in his back parlour, seated at the side of his fire, with a large pipe in his mouth.

The evenings spent between these three persons were not the most animated; the two brothers being naturally of a taciturn disposition, whilst the goldsmith, although his eye was lively and bright, abandoned his thoughts so completely to the interests of his trade, that even in his hours of recreation, his mind was thus pre-occupied. Nevertheless, the friends met, and loved each other the more, because their dispositions were alike. It was rare, indeed, in passing Hermann's shop in the evening, not to perceive across the glass door that divided the two apartments, the heads of the three associates, seated around a table on which stood a lamp, and generally a large pot of beer.

One evening, Hermann appeared less abstracted, and gay than usual.

"What is the matter?" asked the brothers, with one accord. "There is joyful news inscribed upon your countenance."

"My good friends," said the worthy goldsmith, "my daughter leaves the convent to-morrow. Her education is completed; and thus you see me, my worthy friends, and dear neighbours, in so joyous a mood, that I could get up and dance willingly upon the table."

The brothers pressed affectionately the old man's hand, and the remainder of the evening was spent in talking of

Miss Madeline! The pot of beer was replaced by a well sealed bottle of old wine, and Hermann made his friends promise that they would come to dinner the next day.

They failed not in their appointment. Clothed in their choicest garments, and with more than ordinary attention to their toilet, they betook themselves at the setting of the sun to their old friend's, and in a few moments after were seated at dinner, with the young girl, timidly blushing, seated between them.

But the dinner, in despite of the efforts of the goldsmith, was silent and heavy. After the first ebullition of the old man's gaiety had passed away, he contented himself with looking at, and smiling fondly upon, his dear and much loved child. The brothers, with countenances reserved and cold, were more than ordinarily taciturn.

When the hour for parting came, the brothers returned home, and went to bed without saying a word to each other, contrary to their usual custom, which was to chat upon the events of the day, and as they slept in the same chamber to prolong their conversations, oftentimes long after midnight.

The two brothers loved each other ardently. Their tastes were alike. They were always together—whether at the promenade, the dance, or the chase, which they enjoyed beyond all other amusements—they were never apart. They equally excelled at their business, and such a complete unity of interest was there between them, that often the name of one was inscribed upon the work of the other. And then, with regard to their appearance, one would have said that the face of one was the model upon which the countenance of the other was sculptured. Never was there so exact a resemblance of mind and body, character and constitution, seen under Heaven. It was then very astonishing that they now appeared to shun each other's looks and conversation.

Their conduct had mortified their good neighbour. Many nights passed thus, although each perceived that the other slept not, by the aid of the moon that brightly, though chastely, illuminated the apartment. It was evident that they had both received, and at the same moment, a heavy blow—they both loved Madeline.

An entire week thus elapsed, during which time they

N

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

had not once clasped each other's hand, as was their daily wont. A stubborn silence reigned in their workshop, and each leaning over his plate of copper, raised not for a moment his head.

On the last day of this sad and trying week, old Hermann was seated in his parlour, conversing with his daughter.

"I thought you told me, my dear father," said the latter, "that we should see the two Van Bucks every evening."

"Alas!" replied the goldsmith, "I fear their friendship is fled, as they have not been here for the last eight days. Their conduct is most singular, and I cannot account for it."

"I must be the cause," said Madeline; "as it is since my return they have ceased to visit you."

At these words, pronounced with great simplicity, the old man became thoughtful and silent.

"Oh! my child," cried he, at length, pressing the soft and polished hand of his daughter to his withered lips, "the nuns have, doubtless, taught you to detest love, but have they taught you how to resist it?"

Madeline made no reply, but smiled fondly upon her father.

"Your smile is sweet, my little angel. It is sweet even as honey. Grant, oh! my God, that it may never change to bitter tears."

"Oh! my father," replied the simple maiden, "talk not thus gloomily. Whilst with you, I can never be unhappy."

At this moment, the two brothers appeared at the door. Madeline modestly retired at their approach.

"We have seen your daughter, Hermann, and have lost our peace of mind and former happiness. In our dreams we have betrayed our secret to each other. Speak, now, frankly to us. Will you accept of one of us for your son-in-law? Then ask her which she prefers, and whichever it may be, she shall become his legitimate bride. We have magnificent patronage, and our workshop is filled with orders. Let us, now, hear your decision?"

The goldsmith held out a hand to each.

"I ask you for three days to consider," he said; "is that too long? You are both in love, and I see it."

"It is but too true," replied the brothers; "we passionately love your daughter, but it would be a woeful waste of time to love without the hope of inspiring her with a corresponding sentiment."

In the evening the beautiful Madeline was interrogated by her father, and she stated to him the object of her choice.

The next day, the old man sent to his two young friends a letter thus worded:—

"My daughter has seen you both. She will receive Robert as a husband, and Henry as a brother. I trust this avowal which I have had considerable difficulty in drawing from her, will be received by you as it ought to be. Your old friend awaits you, in order that he may clasp in his arms his entire family."

146

These noble and devoted brothers had resolved between themselves, that when one was accepted, the other would withdraw his claims for ever. Alas! such was the compact they agreed to before they knew their fate. Henry, who first took the letter of the goldsmith to read it aloud, was unable to finish it; he laid it upon the table, and becoming pale as death, fell back in his chair.

Notwithstanding, the brothers continued to live together in good fellowship. They even betook themselves according to their old custom every evening, to the little parlour of the goldsmith's, the happy lover conversing with his mistress. Henry forced himself calmly to witness their joy, his excessive paleness alone evincing his interior struggle.

One day, that the two brothers were indulging in the pleasures of the chase, they stopped at the entrance of a wood fatigued by their walk, and extended themselves upon the grass.

"Robert," said Henry Van Buck, "I have been silent for a long time, and I must now lay open to you my soul. It is impossible that I can consent to your marrying Madeline."

"My dear brother," replied Robert, "is it thus that you fulfil the laws of honour?"

"I know that I am a defaulter to these laws," said Henry, pale with agony, "and I have reflected long and deeply ere I determined to speak to you on this subject. But look at me. I no longer live. Daily, I feel my strength decreasing, and the little blood that I have in my veins, is boiling and burning away my very life strings."

"I see it," replied Robert, "and think you not what my sorrows and sufferings are, to see you reduced to this extremity? Alas! in looking upon you I have lost all my joy. But where's the remedy?"

"There is no remedy my beloved brother," said Henry, "and I have but one wish which I entreat of you to grant me. Do not marry that young girl until I am dead!"

"Dead!" cried Robert.

"Yes, my dear Robert, it must be so. I conjure you to give me your solemn word; and if —"

"No, my beloved brother—no, you must not die thus in your despair. If you wish, I shall make you a promise which freezes my blood to think of."

In saying these words, Robert looked earnestly at his brother—he saw the paleness of death overspread his lips.

"My dearest Henry," cried he, "rather than leave you thus to perish, I will yield to you my rights. Marry her I pray you, and I will quit the country."

"Marry her!" cried the other in a frenzy. "Will you transfer to me her love for you, as well as yield to me your rights. No—no; one of us must die," added he in a deep and saddened voice. His hand trembled, and he grasped the handle of the knife which he carried in his hunting belt.

"Yes," said Robert, "our destiny is one of bitterness and sorrow."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

They both mechanically arose.

"There is but one means left," said Henry.

They both drew their knives, and placed themselves in a posture of defence. But accustomed to fence with each other, and knowing so well the manœuvres of each, they fought with fury for one entire hour; their brains became maddened, their looks wild and haggard, and from time to time they were obliged to rest, overcome by fatigue, and overpowered by various wounds.

During one of those pauses, they heard the drums announcing the citizens' return into the town. It was the hour at which many a time they had returned home together, affectionately discoursing; whether gay or sad, still they poured their secret thoughts into each other's ear. It was the hour when covered with dust, and fondly leaning on each other they were wont to return after their day's chase, rejoicing in the past, and anticipating a happy future.

All their youth, and all their affection, spread itself before their eyes at this moment.

The sun was setting—his last rays were glistening through the waving branches of the surrounding trees, and shed a rich coat of gold on the earth, which was covered with dry leaves; the dews of evening were gently descending, and the feathered choristers announced the approach of night.

Robert turned his head, and saw in the distance the clock of his native town, bursting through the mists of evening. His soul was harrowed; he advanced a step towards his brother, holding out his hand. But a mortal weakness seized him; he leant against a tree—his head drooped, and he fell to the earth.

Henry contemplated with horror the last efforts of his brother to recover life; he wished to walk towards him, but found himself unable; weakened by loss of blood, upright and immovable, he staggered as an intoxicated man would.

These twin brothers had a mother, who loved them tenderly. At the bottom of the valley a vague and indistinct form appeared to move and advance towards them. It ascended the hill, and scarcely had it approached, when the sons recognized their mother.

At the moment when this spectre became visible and was recognized, Henry, who was standing, by a supreme effort quitted the spot to which he had been previously nailed, and threw himself into the arms of Robert, who was gasping on the ground. Thus these unhappy brothers, covered with blood, and bathed with tears, expired in a last, fond, and deathlike embrace.

BELINDA.

CHARADE.

My first the glow of sunset yields,
My second's wild in all the fields;
My third is a part of a musical note,
And my *fourth* of all towns is the most remote.

M.

A LEVANTINE ISLANDER'S TALE.

None care—few question—whence I came,
And scarce in other tongues a name
Hath the small cove, or islet bay,
Wherein my father's boat would lay
Safe moored, whene'er he stayed at home;
For oftentimes on the wave's white foam,
Far from the wife he loved, and me,
For days together he would be:
Well that I knew not what to gain,
His daring spirit sought the main;
Else might the shadow of my lot
Taint my lone mem'ry of the spot,
Which now, o'er all my path of gloom,
Rays bright, through darkness drawn, illumine.

Thence trace I why my earliest thought
Should be of scenes unceasing fraught,
Which yet I never looked upon,
Through manhood come—or youth long gone;
But wakeful on my mother's breast,
My roving eye would turn and rest
On quiet mountains, faintly blue,
On waves as beautiful of hue;
Which soothed my ear with surgy cry,
And mingled with my lullaby.

Come once again—come once again,
Thou past, as Eden, void of pain,
Till in beguiling dreams I stand,
Barefooted on the golden sand:
And see my mother's glance of love,
Soft as the heavens of light above;
And hear her teach my lisping tongue
The holy words she nightly sung:
When rosy clouds were waxing pale,
And for my father's latine sail
She watched, with me alone to share
Her hope, without her anxious care.

One night—the first I saw a storm
The quiet of our hills deform,
Straining her gaze athwart the bay,
She blessed the lightning's lambent ray,
As hour, by hour, its deadly glare
Clove the thick curtain of the air;
Through one long lasting flash—awhile
My father saw his pirate's isle
With latest look—for other fire,
More dreadful than the storm cloud's ire,
A shout of triumph, and a groan,
A boat sunk, it's pursuer flown;
Told us the worst—that night of tears,
My early date of darker years.

My father suffer'd for his crime,
This lock'd my grief in after time—
This made my mother's soul disdain,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Thro' want and anguish to complain,
To those who 'ere their bounty cast,
Might blame the irretrievable past.
Yet was there one from Western shore,
Who her still mis'ry pitying saw;
He promis'd to befriend her boy,
Her pale lips shook with smile of joy;
He left me by her side to stay,
Until her grasping arms were clay;
Then took me where, my childish moan,
They strove to soothe with words unknown.

And almost from that hour, my home
Hath been where roof, and tow'r, and dome,
The cities mart of wealth proclaim,
Such as were none from whence I came;
The friend who brought me from that shore,
My falt'ring tongue can thank no more.
I fain would bless his unpaid care,
But then, my rising heart is where
An azure sky of golden glow,
Smiles on a wine-wreath'd cot below;
On surges cool, on far-spread sands,
On isles, and mighty mountain bands,
On all I may not look upon,
Tho' once by birthright made my own.
Yet sometimes when my day of toil,
Is closing on this foreign soil,
Or compass'd round by dusky walls,
To me a moment's respite falls;
Aside my grasp-worn pen I lay,
And on the crowds that throng my way,
I close my eyes—I see again
The hills, the beach, the boundless main,
The sun that dips his orb at eve,
Where waves all gold to meet him heave;
And then across my transient dream,
My mother's pressure and her hymn,
I feel and hear, and would resign
My spirit, that would, aye, repine
For those bright scenes of by-past years,
Mourn'd, yearn'd for, watch'd, thro' dimming tears.

M. ROWLEY.

THE SUMMER THREAD.

Let us wander through the field,
And watch yon summer thread;
Some fairy spinner lies concealed
Beneath her flowery bed.

That floating web betrays, a sign
Of love, by mortal guided;
With vapour it is woven fine,
And oft by air divided.

K.

THE ARTIST.

Dramatis Personæ.

WILLIAM BIRD—An Artist
FANNY—His Wife.
DR. KRAMBOLUS—A Physician.
CHARLES STADDON—A Boot and Shoe Maker.
BIRCH—A Bailiff.
TOM—Bird's Assistant.

Scene—London.

[The play opens in a room occupied by Bird. A picture on an easel. More pictures and portraits hanging round the room, or resting against the wall. Tables, chairs, and painting apparatus on the left side, towards the back-ground is a broad bench.]

[This room has three doors.]

SCENE THE FIRST.

[Fanny and Bird standing before a portrait on the easel.]

BIRD.—So, friend Staddon, only requires once more to sit, or, if he prefer it, to stand. The latter, perhaps, is best. I am quite ready for him now.

FANNY.—But, dear Bird, how can you so debase the art as to paint out-door signs? What will posterity think of it?

BIRD.—What care I what they think? The next generation will pay me less than the present. The art is to fetch bread—it does not suit me to feel hungry—so I must paint what will pay best.

FANNY.—But why do you not sell some of those pictures already finished, and hanging round the chamber, making our little room appear even smaller than it really is?

BIRD.—Why? For the best possible reason—because no one will buy them. As long as I live, my works will never leave this room. My friend Pratt, the landlord of the Beefsteak Tavern, was quite right when he said to me—"If you desire to make your wife a very rich woman—go—and throw yourself into the Thames, or smother yourself with charcoal." He believes after my death in England, all my works will be appreciated, and fetch their proper value. Got damn it. The end is, there remains nothing for me to do—but to die!

FANNY.—So—then I would rather remain thy poor wife than become a rich widow. Thanks to friend Pratt's wicked counsel.

BIRD.—The pictures that pay are always the best—even if they be only out-door signs. When this one is ready, Master Staddon will pay with ready money, and the next morning it figures over the door of a shoemaker's shop.

FANNY.—You have exactly hit the figure of the little sanctified man.

BIRD.—Do you mean that my dearest little wife. Out of your mouth I hope only to hear the truth, and no flattery. But is it not an original idea for a shoemaker to allow himself to be painted as large as life for an out-door sign, engaged in polishing a leather boot?

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

FANNY.—Perhaps this ingenious little fellow will succeed by his blacking in producing a mirror of the fashion.

BIRD.—At least, his blacking will serve him better than my colours serve me. Ah! my dear wife, I feel a certain presentiment that this picture will be a good sign for me. What will become of us if I remain alive? I have received information that all my creditors have met to expostulate, and induce me to satisfy their demands.

FANNY.—Then give them up your stock of paintings.

BIRD.—They will not have canvas. They will have gold or paper—or my liberty. I have made handsome proposals to the avaricious men, and offered to paint all their wives gratis. Therefore, they should grant me some reprieve; but it is in vain. They unanimously agreed that they had had quite enough of the originals, and were not in need of copies. Oh! these usurers. If I did not hold the honour of my profession as an artist so high, I would very soon white-wash them all.

[Enter *Tom*, out of breath.]

TOM.—Gracious powers—dear master make haste and escape! It is all right—quite right what we suspected. I was at your friend Pratt's Tavern, and he had already received the information, and sent me to tell you that to-day—perhaps in an hour, you will be arrested.

FANNY.—Oh! Heavens! Are there no means of escape?

TOM.—Yes—rescue is possible.

FANNY.—But how?

TOM.—Only be quick above all things to preserve your liberty, before you fall into the hands of the bailiff. Mr. Pratt has offered you an asylum in his house. But let him tell you all about it. In the Beefsteak Tavern he provides you with rest and peace until you die.

BIRD.—Ha! ha! I understand thee, friend Pratt.

FANNY.—Oh! hasten dear husband. Escape for your liberty. I will remain here, and receive the bailiffs.

[*Tom* looks out of the window.]

TOM.—Who have we arrived here?

BIRD.—Oh! these men-tormentors!

TOM.—A man tormentor truly, but not a bailiff. Dr. Krambolus is alighting from his carriage.

FANNY.—His visits are not gratis. Since the new year he repeats them every week.

TOM.—I must go down and receive him. But as soon as he leaves you must hasten to the Beefsteak Tavern.—[Exit *Tom*.]

[Enter *Dr. Krambolus*.]

DOCTOR.—Good-day—good-day, How do—do?—How do—do? How do you find yourselves? Slept well? Eat well? Good appetite? Eigh! Preserve a moderate regimen, sir. Regimen is the thing, sir. That is of the utmost importance; in fact it is universal, the necessity of proper regimen.

BIRD.—Be not troubled about that, Doctor. I know to my mortification and sorrow that circumstances render the strictest attention to regimen necessary.

DOCTOR.—And you, fair lady. How do you find yourself? You must dress warmer. You are much too

lightly clad; the least cold creates a disposition to bring on epidemic attacks. Have you had any of my preservative powders made up yet?

FANNY.—It is all done according to your directions. (Half aloud) I have made a washing bill of his prescription.

BIRD.—The illness of my wife disappeared after the first medicine she took of your's, doctor.

DOCTOR.—Good—very good. And when the complaint appears again, you must meet it with the powder. You have the good luck to find an excellent apothecary living very near me, where you will find an abundance of the best drugs at all times. First, I recommend a little draught and a lotion—one to cleanse the internal delicate vessels, and the other the external. Then I prescribe a little powder, and a particular specific, which is good for all imperfections—from the crown of the head to the top of the toe—that is to say, it pastes the system together, as it were. And if these fail—then I bombard with pills afterwards, which are a certain cure—taking ten every three hours! until the enemy is vanquished.

BIRD.—And if these also fail, then the patient takes a pistol bullet, and all his complaints are at end.

DOCTOR.—Capital—capital—very good joke. You are witty this morning. That is to say, the old humour returned again. I see you are quite recovered.

BIRD (to himself).—The fool well understands the extent of my complaint, (Aloud)—Is there at present much illness in the town, doctor?

DOCTOR (drawing a long paper from his pocket).—The new year will have his sacrifices and victims. That is to say, epidemics are unavoidable; and, under such circumstances, a man cannot say in the morning who he will find living at night. It is also well for men to settle their accounts at this time, which I have just done, and brought your bill. As your are quite restored, sir, may I beg—

BIRD.—Your demand does not relieve me, I assure you—but the payment—the payment. How much am I in your debt?

DOCTOR.—A mere trifle, sir. From you the cold was warned off, which might have become dangerous if it had left of its own accord, without medicine. Your wife was delivered from a cough, which is always the commencement of inflammation on the lungs. I do not willingly enumerate my cures, but that, with the necessary visits for the after-cure, amounts sum total to five guineas.

BIRD.—Your demand is not unreasonable, and when I receive my money I will acquit it. But, dear Doctor, do you remember the promise you made at your first visit to me, that you would, through me, have a spirited likeness of yourself transmitted to the next generation?

DOCTOR.—All right. I remember.

BIRD.—Now is the point of time. Your likeness has never yet been taken. And shall a man like you, of whom all men speak so highly, not be visible to the eyes of the next world? On canvass you will continue to live in the hearts of all; and the next generation will write under it—Hippocrates the Second. That will be my masterpiece.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

DOCTOR.—You touch my heart, friend, and sketch such a plausible outline, that I cannot oppose it. I will deliver up at discretion my whole visage to your pencil; but I make this condition—that the price of the picture does not mount above my bill. And that you immediately begin the work. (He seats himself on the right side of the stage, and face turned towards the audience.)—There—I am sitting already. I feel to-day a bold, enterprising expression of countenance, and a good-natured address. Nothing more beautiful and agreeable can be immortalized by man.

[Enter Charles Staddon.]

BIRD (half aloud).—What, another creditor? Now I am indeed lost!

FANNY (aside).—Do not lose your courage, I will pacify them.

BIRD (aloud).—Ah! welcome Mr. Staddon, welcome! You are come, of course, to fetch your portrait.

STADDON.—Exactly so, honourable sir. People are speaking so much of the times, that there is a liege of misery and distress concocting to scourge us for our heavy sins. The world is oppressed with wickedness, and the great judgment day will not be long enough for all the debtors that will then come and beg for the remission of sins.

BIRD.—Amen! But how will the heavy necessity of time, and the heavy time of necessity interfere with the sign over your shop door?

STADDON.—Very much, my dear Mr. Bird. A time will come when no one will walk out, and not one of my brethren will have occasion to wax his thread. There, now, if we were to have a good season, such as we hope and wish to see, then might I hang over my door that portrait, which will speak to the passengers. And my brethren will come and buy blacking wholesale and retail. And if you were to come to the gates of Paradise in a pair of my polished boots, the doors would fly open for you.

BIRD.—Your face now only requires a few more finishing touches, which will be soon accomplished. Please to seat yourself there, and in a few moments my work will be ready. Look here, and see how you like the subject.

STADDON.—Excellent, upon my word, sir. My face has all the spirit that I desired. Ah! and that polished boot in the hand, exactly as it stands before me—and my blacking stall in the back-ground. There is much life in that boot—my face appears to breathe—and that blacking is inimitable!

DOCTOR (aside).—There stands, that is to say, a most ridiculous man.

BIRD.—Now, if you please to let me, I will quickly throw in a few lights on your countenance.

STADDON.—Exactly so, my friend. Place me and my shop in a very strong light.

[Staddon seats himself on the left side of the foreground of the stage, his face turned towards the audience. The Doctor seated on the right. Bird stands in the middle of the back-ground, painting at his easel. Staddon and the Doctor cannot see what passes behind them. Fanny stands by Bird's side.]

150

DOCTOR.—Now, sir, I remain here that you may make a sketch of my face. There is not much time to spare; I have now forty patients waiting for me most impatiently.

BIRD.—Only patience, Doctor. I will fulfil my promise.

STADDON.—Sir, I beg you to place the boot in the right light. You can keep me more in the dark, on account of the contrast.

DOCTOR (looking at his watch).—It is already late. I have, at the most, only a quarter of an hour to spare. Lady Kinglake is at this moment at the point of death; according to my calculations, she cannot live over ten o'clock. I will just give her one more harmless specific, which will increase my bill.

BIRD.—Be not disturbed, my dear sir, I want only ten minutes, just to throw in your sketch; and in five minutes the portrait of friend Staddon will also be finished. Pray be patient a few minutes longer.

DOCTOR.—I must—that is to say—I will be patient; perhaps the entertainment will indemnify me.—(Aloud to Staddon)—Anything new stirring in the town, sir?

STADDON.—Nothing; excepting that Heaven torments us with every sort of misery and trouble. The threatening comet is always an *avant courier* sent to purify the consequences of the unholy state of sinful men.

DOCTOR.—And what are the consequences?

STADDON.—The gripe. One half of the town is in a fever. It is supposed that all the drunkards of old England are collected together.

DOCTOR.—The gripe is a very trifling complaint. By the bye, sir, are you aware that I cure it on the homœopathic system? Are you a homœopath or allopath?

STADDON.—Your pardon, sir, but only a shoemaker to his royal highness Prince Albert.

[When Bird finished speaking, Tom stepped into the room unperceived, and whispered to him, upon which Bird makes a secret communication to Fanny, and takes himself off with Tom, without being perceived by the others.]

FANNY.—I am exceedingly sorry, gentlemen, to give you notice that most unexpected news has just arrived, and a pressing affair draws my husband away for an hour.

DOCTOR.—But he must first design my portrait.

STADDON.—And finish my boot.

FANNY.—Not first—because you see he has already left.

DOCTOR.—I call that—that is to say—a plebeian slip—without an adieu.

STADDON.—Oh! if this fellow would but go. The shortest moment of his stay appears too long.

FANNY.—My husband regrets very much that necessity obliges him to withdraw his politeness in this instance; but on his departure depends some good fortune. An advantageous offer for some pictures has been forwarded to him.

DOCTOR.—Oh! if that be true, I shall receive my money sooner. In the meantime, I will attend my dying

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

patient. After that call at every house where I suspect the inhabitants are out, and come here again on my way back.

[Exit Doctor.]

FANNY (to herself).—Thank God he is off. Now, how shall I get rid of this languishing shoemaker.

STADDON (who during all this time makes frequently side glances at Fanny, at last betrays his emotion, and becomes suddenly tender).—Beautiful, charming woman!

FANNY.—What an address.

STADDON.—My thoughts betray themselves, written, as they are, upon the page of my heart in rosy red letters. Heavenly wife! Daughter of Paradise! look on me even as I look on thee.

FANNY.—Poor, miserable, withered little object!

STADDON.—I am, indeed, withered—withered by the fire of those eyes. And truly miserable, through that love that leaves me no rest.

FANNY.—What you? Poor little man.

STADDON.—Oh! I am not so poor as you think, sweet Fanny. I earn plenty of money. My custom is very good, and my superior blacking will very soon be distributed over every corner of old England. The nobility order all their boots to be polished with it, and obtain it all from me. Yes! they make use of it also for writing, instead of ink. Yesterday I received an order from Germany, where an enormous quantity of ink is consumed. For men there, I understand, blacken one another very much with their pens, and write down every word that is said: a great deal of which had better remain unsaid. Oh! lovely woman! I will turn my blacking into wine, and bathe you therein. You will then become healthy and strong, like the lively angels in Paradise.

FANNY (ironically).—A noble prospect, truly; but it is a great pity I cannot profit by it.

STADDON (drawing a bottle from his pocket).—See here, kindest of woman kind. Look at this pledge of my love, which I transfer unto thee. Thus will it speak to thee of my affections. Black as is this nectar, so black will be my grief if you reject my heart. Clear as you find the contents, so transparent will be the joys of our life. Try this proof of my affection, and assure me that our feelings are reciprocal. I know thy chaste little mouth shuns to speak out the sentiments that would gladden my acute hearing, and which my sharp eyes can trace hovering round those bewitching dimples. Now, take this blacking, and write with it—"Charles I love thee!"—

—[He sinks on his knees at her feet as Tom enters.]

[Enter Tom with a letter, which he conveys secretly to Fanny.]

TOM (softly).—Read this letter quickly—it comes from my master. The contents will communicate all—but the postscript is for you alone.

FANNY.—From my dear husband. (She breaks the seal, and reads aloud).—Dearest Fanny, my embarrassments increase every moment, and the measure of my grief is full. My only choice now is between a lingering, disgraceful captivity and death. Be not angry with your Bird, if I prefer the latter. I will spare you the expences

of my funeral for the Thames will liberate me, and put an end to all my sorrow.

TOM (aside to Fanny).—Remember the real truth is concealed in the postscript.

FANNY (appears almost distracted).—Oh! my poor unfortunate husband!

STADDON.—A self-murderer by all that's good!

FANNY.—How could any one foresee this (reads the postscript aside). I find it will be best to remain with friend Pratt at the Beefsteak Tavern. My suicide is a deception of his, and he hopes soon to bring me back to life and all its enjoyments.

STADDON.—What is contained in the postscript, my beautiful widow? Let me know the extent of the misery, that I may lighten the burden which presses so heavily on those charming shoulders.

FANNY (weeping).—He writes under, that I may probably seek for consolation in the arms of another.

STADDON.—Oh sweetest tulip! let me be this other. Throw yourself into my arms! I am only small and infirm in figure; but my arms are long enough to embrace you, lovely widow.

FANNY.—Cruel, cruel man. Do you jest and mock at the broken heart of an affectionate, devoted wife?

[Enter Tom.]

TOM.—Madam, there is a man below who wishes to speak with my late master.—(Aside to Fanny)—It is a bailiff.

FANNY.—Even so—already—good. (To Staddon).—I have pressing business with that man, and he must not find us together. Respect my grief, attend to my instructions, and if you foster as much love for me as you profess, then leave me immediately. Step into the bed room of my late husband for a short time.

STADDON (presses her hand to his lips).—Your request, sweet creature, is to me a command. I fly into that chamber which I hope soon to call my own.

[Staddon returns into the next room, making tender and affectionate glances to Fanny.]

FANNY.—Now, Tom, open the door to the bailiff.—[Exit Tom].—All is right. The love of this tender hearted shoemaker will, at least, do some good. I will make it of use to us both. My husband cannot take it amiss if I encourage the foolery of this quizzical little fellow for a short time.

[Enter Birch and Tom.]

BIRCH.—Fellow! as true as my name is Birch, you tell lies. I will drink myself to death in a pot of porter, if that fellow lies not. True as I am called Birch.

TOM.—Now convince yourself.

BIRCH.—Zounds, hell, and thunder, be silent. The magistrates do not want you to convince them of a fact. If an execution comes, it is customary to have the conviction before it takes place. This clown says his master is not at home.

TOM.—Not only not at home, but—

BIRCH.—Silence I say! There is no occasion to convict yourself. Answer not more than is necessary. Who is the chambermaid?

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

FANNY.—The wife of the unfortunate Bird.

BIRCH.—She is pretty, as true as my name is Birch. Where is your husband?

FANNY.—Gone, where the judges of this world will never find him.

BIRCH.—So ho! I no longer deserve the name of Birch, with the finest nose for hunting a foe in all England. I bet twenty pots of porter against one kiss from those rosy lips, I find him, and pretty round lips they are, like a Devonshire dumpling.

FANNY.—My poor husband ended the cares of this life by a spring into the Thames.

BIRCH.—If that be correct, as true as my name is Birch he will this day fall into my hands. Since we have a tunnel, people can now live under water. Where leads that door?

FANNY.—Into our bed-room.

BIRCH.—Open it, for I must take a general survey. An execution is, at present, objectionable.

FANNY.—You will find nothing there but the dead body of my late lamented Bird.

BIRCH.—Ha! ha! you have already fished it out, igh! Good—I am always at home with the living, but with the dead I have nothing to do—willingly. I will go and explain to the Commissioner how it is. Perhaps the Creditors will seize the corpse, for the furniture will hardly cover the expenses of a funeral. True as my name is Birch. I will return again shortly, and my people, in the meantime seal the outer door, that none of the stock may be removed. (To Tom). Now, scoundrel, you see still that you are a liar. Your master is at home—whether dead or alive, it is all one. His corpse makes the stock certainly of more value than if he were living. Open the door, fellow. I shall return again very soon—true as my name is Birch.

[Exit Birch.]

FANNY.—Am I not a formidable widow? I am terrified at myself. One husband is not quite under the earth, before I supply his place with a second, in order to place him, also, underground, or, rather I should say, in his bier. (She opens the side door.) Are you living, Mr. Staddon?

STADDON enters, dressed in Bird's dressing-gown, night-cap, and slippers.—Charming widow, is there any just cause or impediment why I should not live? Yes, I am more alive than ever, and have put on this robe for the purpose of practising my future part. My head is decorated with this one-horned cap, that you may see how well the *negligée* becomes me.

FANNY.—Very good. You represent the deceased exactly as he was.

STADDON.—Do you think so, fair tulip?

FANNY.—In order to resemble him exactly, you must also—die.

STADDON.—Die! Oh, fie! When I intend to live and bloom afresh under the rays of thy sunny orbs. Why die? Is it sinful to love thee? The commandment says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."

152

Touch me not, for art thou not a widow? A young widow—a beautiful widow—a lovely —.

FANNY.—Now, then, it must run thus. I shall bewail my husband's loss for a short time; after that I will promise to become your bride, if you will do as I command.

STADDON.—Oh! do not ask; rest assured I will do every thing.

FANNY.—Now, then, you must die.

STADDON.—Die! No, sweetest flower, there I cannot meet your request. What would become of my shop? And what will become of the world if I make no more blacking?

FANNY.—You do not comprehend the exact meaning of my words. You shall die; that means, you shall for half an hour play the part of my dead husband. Do you understand now? My husband has, as you know, killed himself. As a widow, this confession will be to me a serious injury. His creditors will show me much more indulgence if I give out that he died suddenly of a natural death; for this reason I must be able to produce the body. This I could do, if you were to lay down on yonder bench in that costume, and pretend to be dead for a little while?

STADDON.—Don't name it. Why I should expect to see Satan himself appear to me on the wall.

FANNY.—You should be ashamed of yourself to exhibit such timidity. My husband drowned himself in the Thames, his body will probably never be discovered, and if I have no funeral certificate, who, then, will unite us?

STADDON.—Considering it in this light, it is even necessary for me to do it, and if I judge rightly, we can by this joke obtain a little money. The people will, perhaps, raise a clamour as to the cause of his death, and wish to have the body opened. Now, sweetest tulip, suppose if you sell me to some anatomist. He will bargain, and of course pay ready money for me, and in the night, when they come to fetch me, the neat, here, will be forsaken, and you and I safely tied in my house. To-morrow the neighbours will see Mr. Staddon alive as usual at his stall, and never suspect that he passed this day upon a funeral bier.

FANNY.—That is not a bad idea, and we shall better attain our purpose by this method. No time must be lost. Go you and lay down upon your death couch, there, on that bench, as quickly as possible.

TOM.—(At the window.)—Doctor Krambolus is driving this way.

FANNY.—Exactly at the right time. Go and meet him, Tom. Announce my husband's death as we told you.

[Exit Tom.]

FANNY.—If you wish to enjoy the fruit of our plans, you must play your part well, Master Staddon. Do not forget that you are a dead body, and observe above all things, to keep a steadfast countenance. It will soon be dark, draw your cap some way over the face, that the doctor may not recognize you.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

STADDON.—(Stretches himself upon the bench).—I can well say I seek for love in the jaws of death; but if the day of judgment appears not soon, it is certain my apparition will.

[Fanny seats herself on a stool, and affects to be much grieved. Enter *Dr. Krambolus* and *Tom*. The stage gradually darkens.]

DOCTOR.—Is it true what Tom tells me? Is it irremediable? Has he hastened the rapacious enemy?

FANNY.—(Much afflicted and sobbing).—Ah! (Points towards *Staddon* in silence.)

DOCTOR.—There can no longer be any doubt about it. An apoplectic fit seems to have shortened his days. Madam, I will not aggravate your grief, but friend Tom will report to me an account of his death. That is to say, under what symptoms did your late master expire?

TOM.—That I will soon explain, Doctor. You see my late master died what is called a beautiful death. He came home healthy and hungry, and as was his custom, he drew on his dressing-gown and cap as you perceive. He then made a very hearty meal off fried tripe and cold pudding, after which he became suddenly ill, and slept away like an infant.

DOCTOR.—Dear, dear. How could he be so imprudent to eat cold pudding? But it is too late now to lament. Will you allow me, beautiful widow, to make a proposal. That is to say, will you permit me to dissect the dead body of your husband? I shall then have an opportunity of clearly ascertaining the true cause of his unexpected demise. By so doing it will make us quits as regards the bill; and furthermore, I will add five guineas. The value of your poor husband now, is about ten, and if you require it I will pay it immediately, and my people will fetch him this evening after it is dark.

FANNY.—Oh! of what use to me is his lifeless corpse? My husband's spirit belongs to Heaven, his mortal remains belong to the worms. Still, for the advancement of science and the fine arts, take, then, what I can no longer retain.

STADDON.—(Whispers to Fanny, unperceived by the Doctor).—Demand more. Remember, I claim halves.

DOCTOR.—(Throws the money on the table).—Well, then, here are five guineas ready money, and five, the amount of my bill, which makes us now quits. After nine o'clock this evening, I will fetch the body of your blessed husband. Here, Tom, is money for you to take care that no one goes near the corpse during my absence.

TOM.—There is no cause for fear, Doctor. No one will touch him. If he departs, it will be of his own accord.

DOCTOR.—(To Fanny).—The reflection that the departed spirit is well provided for, and that we must all follow some day or other, is a great consolation in grief. Should your health, charming lady, suffer from this excitement of the mind, let me recommend you to *Dr. Krambolus* for counsel and advice gratis.

[Exit Doctor.]

STADDON.—(Springing up).—Oh! gemini. The doctor

was nicely taken in about the corpse. Ten guineas for a dead man, and I die for five.

FANNY.—Tom, bring us a light, I have always a great aversion to darkness. How naturally you played your part, my friend.

[Exit Tom.]

STADDON.—Is that true, sweetest? I have been half afraid of myself. Now, dear little pigeon, I have fulfilled thy wishes; I have played your dead husband, now let me try the part of your live one. (He tries to embrace her.)

FANNY.—(Pushing him back).—Stay; our farce is not yet concluded. We have only half accomplished the first act. To-morrow I will fulfil my promise, if you keep your's to-day, and do your duty like a complaisant husband.

TOM.—(Enters hastily with a light).—The bailiff is following my footsteps, he is ascending rapidly up the stairs.

FANNY.—(To Staddon).—Quick; stretch yourself once more on the bench, he only comes to convince himself of my husband's death. Make haste, and for the love of mercy do not betray yourself.

STADDON.—(Returns to the bench).—Perhaps he may also take a fancy to me. I will allow you to sell me again, provided I receive half the money, my sweet angel.

FANNY.—Do not trouble yourself. It is all yours. (Aside.) Now I can escape with a good grace, and will resign the loving idiot to his fate. (Aloud.) You must take care not to change your countenance. I shall see you from the next room. Now, Tom, show the unpollished bailiff in.

[Fanny goes into the next room.]

STADDON.—Sweet widow! wilt thou leave me here all alone with this rough-mannered churl? She goes; she will not hear me; she —

BIRCH.—(Outside).—Zounds! Marrowbones and cleavers! S'death and damnation!

STADDON.—Ah! I am already dead. (He stretches himself out.)

[Enter Birch and Tom.]

BIRCH.—Dark as pitch. Black as a crow. Obscurity visible, as true as my name is Birch. Aha! here comes a light.

TOM.—What! returned already?

BIRCH.—Yes, can't you see I am, lubber. Procure me something to drink, I am thirsty, and have not yet had my allowance.

TOM.—Shall I fetch water?

BIRCH.—Zounds! no. Go and drown yourself in that you insipid scrub. I want wine; plenty of wine; the best wine or brandy.

TOM.—We have neither good or bad wine in this house, but plenty of excellent water is decanted every day.

BIRCH.—By Jove! your master appears to have had enough of that; he must have liked it better than I do;

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

as true as my name is Birch and yours is not. Well! So there lays your master; that is convenient, I have not the trouble to go far for him, therefore I shall set to work immediately.

TOM.—What on earth do you mean to do to him? Surely you do not grudge his eternal rest?

BIRCH.—Hold thy muzzle, can't thee? or I will bring thee to eternal rest. What will I do to him? I will tell thee. I mean to put a seal upon his jaw. The creditors distract the body. Now do you understand? (He draws near the table and sees the money.) Ha, ha! ready money, by all that's good. Bright, solid gold, true as my name is Birch. That gold belongs to the general stock. The stock pays me, ergo, I have a share therein. Here is a sovereign—(gives one to Tom)—fetch me a bottle of brandy, of the very best.

STADDON.—(Aside.)—The mean-spirited fellow!

BIRCH.—Well, blockhead; what do you stand staring at?

TOM.—Nothing. I am going, directly.

[Exit Tom.]

BIRCH.—The worst part of my commission is the placing a seal upon the forehead. If he should move it would make me jump. I have stamped and sealed live men of all ranks and ages; but a suicide, a self-murderer! That is very unusual work for me. By gar, I am half afraid of him. Fie, fie! Take it altogether, what is there, Birch, that thou fearest to do, with the assistance of a little brandy. (Looks round the room.) The stock will not come to much, for there is precious little here. The pictures appear to be only half finished. (He holds the candle to Staddon's portrait on the easel.) Who may that caricature be?

STADDON.—(In a low hollow voice.)—Me.

BIRCH.—(Terrified.)—What was that? Who spoke here? Something sounded like me, as true as my name is Birch.

TOM.—(Returns with brandy and glasses, and places them, with the change of the sovereign, on the table.) Here is brandy and the change. I wish you good health. (Going out.)

BIRCH.—Where are you going?

TOM.—I have a great deal to occupy my time.

BIRCH.—Remain here a little bit with me. Will you have something to drink?

TOM.—Thanks; but this is not the place for drinking.

BIRCH.—Zounds! why not?

TOM.—I cannot understand what you want of my poor master?

BIRCH.—Gaper. I only want to place a seal upon his mouth, that he may never open it again.

TOM.—(Shuddering.)—Hu! hu!

BIRCH.—Now pack yourself off, or as true as my name is Birch, I—I—

[Tom flies out.]

BIRCH.—I should not like to be an executioner. I am full of fear. Fear! for what? For the dead? Dead is dead; and I boldly ask the churl yonder to take a glass

with me? He is in debt to me that pledge. The wretch there, drinks water in preference to wine.

STADDON.—(In a low voice.)—Nein!

BIRCH.—(Alarmed.)—Ha! who spoke there? Wine, nein. Thunder and lightning, it was an echo, as true as my name is Birch. No! (He lets the cork fall under the table.) Thou ought'st not to have died so soon, Master Perspective, for thou had'st certainly a very faithful brush, and could draw from life for thirty guineas. I drink to thy spiritual welfare and eternal rest.

STADDON.—(In an under tone.)—Jest!

BIRCH.—Miserable echo! It quite startles me; that wretch of an echo speaks as if it had a cold.

STADDON.—(Softly.)—Bold.

BIRCH.—(Helps himself again.)—Here's to thy health Mr. Echo. Where the devil is the cork? The spirits will all fly away. Perhaps it fell under the table. (He searches round, and then takes the candle and looks under the table. Staddon comes softly behind Birch, and puts out the light.) Thunder and darkness! Here is a pretty go, and I here all alone. I am not exactly afraid, as true as I am called Birch; but if this cold man should wake out of his death sleep?

STADDON.—(Slips back and whispers.)—Sheep!

BIRCH.—Yes, true; the echo says quite right, I am a sheep, and that is what makes me fearful. I will just go and fetch a light, and if thou hast a heart, and knoweth what it is to thirst, thou poor wretched teetotal painter, leave thy bier, and help thyself to the spirit.

[Exit Birch.]

STADDON.—Thanks! It will not be necessary to repeat that invitation, friend. I thank thee from the bottom of my heart. (He drinks the glassful that Birch leaves on the table.) Good brandy, very good; quite refreshing; runs through my torpid liver, and circulates my blood. I feel it already; I shall not be dead long, it quite enlivens me. I hear footsteps. (He stretches himself on the bench.)

BIRCH.—(returns with a light.)—The dolt of an apprentice is standing there out of doors, rubbing black paint, and when I asked him for what purpose, he answers, in order to mourn for his sainted master. (He sits at the table, and peeps into the empty glass.) Odds bobbins! Who drank the brandy? It was not me.

SHADDON (softly).—Me.

BIRCH.—That echo begins to become very troublesome to me; I know not why, but it certainly is very uncomfortable here, all alone. (He pours out and drinks.) This brandy does not taste pure, it is bitter, but I must drink it off, or I shall never leave this abominable death room. (He places the wax and seal before him.) I have in my time sealed many chests, chambers, and houses, but never yet have I made an impression on a corpse, true as my name is Birch. Thanks to Burke and his comrades, they first brought the dead into repute, and that body appears to be the only valuable article here. (He takes the candle in one hand, and sealing-wax in the other, and approaches the bench on which Staddon is stretched.) The churl is so thin that I cannot find a spot

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

large enough on his whole face for my seal. (He stretches one leg over the bench and sits on Staddon's knees.) His forehead appears to be the best part, just as a man would seal a hare. (With the candle in his left hand, and wax in the right, he begins to melt the wax. Staddon jumps up, puts out the candle, overturns the bailiff, and gives him a box on the ear. Birch lets the seal and wax fall, and is struck dumb. After a little pause, he says)—Thunder and lightning! what was that?

STADDON.—A box on the ear.

BIRCH.—That I felt, as true as I am called Birch; but that was no dead man's box. Zounds! that comes from a living fist. What are you, man or ghost?

STADDON.—Only an echo.

BIRCH (feels Staddon with his hand, and convinces himself that it is a living man.)—Thou art a cowardly fellow! a deceiver! Hell and confusion! no man shall joke with a bailiff unpunished. That box on the ear shall procure you a free living for some time, Master, whoever you are. I will bring thy creditors here as true as I am called Birch. (He seizes Staddon and drags him towards the door, just as Dr. Krambolus and Tom enter.)

[Birch carries Staddon on his shoulders, when he sees the former he stops.]

DOCTOR (to Tom).—Is not that dead body mine? Have I not paid sufficient for it? (To Birch.) Hold, there, let me have the corpse. It is my property.

BIRCH.—Zounds! it is mine, true as my name is Birch; and if I let it loose, he will run from you as fast as he does from me.

DOCTOR.—He will not go quite so quickly as you think. Lay it down instantly, or I shall, as is my custom, snatch it from you. Ten of my pupils are invited by me to sup and dissect, and if I do not produce the body, how are they to be amused? Now, my friend, for the last time, lay it down willingly, or Got dam, we shall box for it.

BIRCH.—Box! oh, certainly; that is my delight. Thunder and lightning! I have not many opportunities of boxing for my authority. (He places Staddon on the ground, and whispers)—Remain there a few moments quietly. (Aloud.) Come on. Now, if you have any true English blood in your veins, show it! (Both throw off their coats, and commence boxing.)

DOCTOR.—The exercise is invigorating and healthy.

STADDON (to himself).—Now is the best opportunity for me to take myself off. (He escapes through the side door.)

DOCTOR.—What is that? See, our bone of contention is become alive and walked off.

BIRCH (going after him).—Hold there! halt! It is as true as my —.

[Enter Bird, Fanny, and Staddon.]

BIRD.—What a spectacle! How is this? What, doctor, is this you, in difficulties with a bailiff?

DOCTOR (raging).—That is my man. I have bought and paid for his body. (To Birch.) You may keep the other. But what the devil is this? Are you the true

living Bird, or is it your ghost that is water-proof, and raised out of the Thames?

BIRD.—I am really and truly the living Bird, at present portrait and historian painter to her majesty.

BIRCH.—Zounds! Dead or living, it is all the same to me, true as my name is Birch, but I do not want a duplicate. How many painting Birds are there? I can only claim one, and if you are the right man, you stand arrested by me on behalf of your creditors. As for this half-decayed coward—he pushes Staddon away—he may run where he will.

STADDON.—Listen to the echo; and be more civil to me, I beg, Mr. Bailiff, for I am Charles Staddon, boot and shoe-maker to her Majesty.

BIRCH.—Then Mr. Boot and Shoe-maker to her Majesty; you may go; I want only Mr. Bird, the artist, whose creditors —

BIRD.—Are joyfully welcome! (Draws a paper from his pocket.) Will it please you to cash this bill? I sought consolation in the Thames, and found it. When I was under water a gold fish instructed me when to procure spawn like this—(takes up a guinea)—and I have brought home a pocket full.

DOCTOR.—It pleases you to joke.

BIRCH.—Thunder and lightning! The change is all right. If you are Mr. Bird, you are at liberty, but I cannot lose my job, and a man shall not affront a servant of justice without punishment. That boot-maker has insulted me, therefore it follows that I appoint him to a chamber where he will learn to play his part better next time, more natural to him.

STADDON.—Most worthy, honourable, true Privy-counsellor, upper executor of justice, it has been most flattering to me even under the mask of death, to have an opportunity of forming your acquaintance. We have mutually affronted each other. You wanted to put a seal upon my lips, and in return I gave you a box on the ear, tit for tat.

BIRCH.—And for this blow I —

STADDON.—Will give you full satisfaction. Accept this genuine bottle—of blacking.

BIRCH.—Go to the devil with your blacking. What do I want of blacking?

STADDON.—No, truly, you are black enough without it, and love better to white-wash your victims. (To Fanny.) Fair one, what I have done has been entirely to serve you. Speak a word or two in my defence, and restore me once more to life.

FANNY.—You know, dear Bird, we are under many obligations to Mr. Staddon.

BIRD.—Undoubtedly. And if I request you, friend Birch, to accept five guineas for your trouble, you will forget the little joke that has been played by Mr. Staddon.

BIRCH (meditating).—Three guineas for boxing fee, one to forget, and one to forgive; sum total, five guineas, agreed, as true as I am called Birch.

DOCTOR.—But are you aware that this money is —

BIRD.—Yours, which I will repay you. Believe me,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

I have more money than you imagine. Since I have been underground, time has treated me kindly. It is my duty to inform you in a few words the way to become rich. My friend Pratt, the merry landlord of the Beef-steak Tavern, has had for some time two of my best paintings hung in the Coffee-room. The wealthy Lord Connoisseur, who daily took breakfast there, cast a longing eye on them, and affirmed that the pieces would be of great value if the painter was dead. My desperate situation, without a shilling in my pocket, drove me to friend Pratt, and I requested him to sell my pictures at the lowest price. However, the worthy landlord knew better, and soon persuaded me to adopt a fictitious death. Therefore I plunged into the—wine-cellar. The report of my being buried in a vault, was soon propagated among the rich customers of the Beef-steak Tavern, and the crazy old Major Curry, of the East India Company, heated with cayenne and wine, immediately bid for both my pictures the sum of one hundred pounds sterling! Friend Pratt said that he had permission from the heir-at-law to take advantage of the offer, but for such a trifle, these valuable works should not be given away. A few present said loudly, that the price was too low. The Major reinforced his demand; Pratt bid still higher, until at last it came to a regular auction. The Major became passionate, and at last paid for both paintings, the enormous sum of three hundred pounds.

BIRCH.—Thunder and lightning! you don't say so.

STADDON.—Astonishing! Oh! if he would only give me an order for blacking.

DOCTOR.—That is to say, he did not pay on the homœopathic system.

BIRD.—You see, my friends, that in England an artist is never properly valued and esteemed until after his death.

STADDON.—But properly speaking, this must certainly be called a fraud.

FANNY.—Pshaw!

If people wilfully put out their eyes,
The ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

[Curtain falls.]

K. L. K.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! I shall not be to thee
More than a passing thought;
But every time and place will be,
With thy remembrance fraught.
Farewell! we have not often met,
We may not meet again;
But on my heart the seal is set,
I ne'er can love again.
Fruitless as constancy may be,
No chance, no change, can turn from thee,
One who loves thee wildly, well,
But whose fond lips now breathe farewell.

JANE.

MARY; OR, THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." I shall not attempt to controvert the old maxim by laboured argument, it may, or it may not be true; and yet the story that I am about to tell, will go far to show that the triumph of high moral sentiments over long-cherished affections, may work the slow yet sure decay of a gentle nature. In the old Church Yard, where I have so often strolled during the Sabbath noons in summer and autumn, sleeps the once lovely form of Mary. Often have I read on her tombstone her name, age, and death, and the simple couplet that expressed the love and sorrow of those who laid her in her last dark chamber. Her history was often rehearsed by the neighbours, who had admired and loved her, but the old man who had acted the part of a father to the gentle orphan, was never weary of recalling every virtue and grace with which memory encircled her character. When an infant, her dying mother had commended her to the care of his wife, who was an early friend, and as she had no children of her own, she bestowed all her affections on her adopted daughter. No pains were spared to render her lovely, and her uncommon docility of disposition made her a general favourite.

Among her school-fellows was a boy of a few years older than herself, whose neglected training, and consequent ungracious manners, won the hearty dislike of all but Mary. She felt that want of kindness made his heart evil, and always strove to make him gentle and happy by winning words and pleasant smiles. The consequence was, that he became gentle and obliging to her, communicated all his sorrows and bitterness of heart, and looked up to her as his only and best friend. He was a child of uncommon beauty, and his manners, when governed by high and gentle influences, became even fascinating and refined; but a sense of wrong, of shame, for the misdeeds of those to whom he owed his being and a feeling that he was degraded in the eyes of the world on that account, had so embittered his spirit that her love alone could soften and subdue its asperities. As they grew older, the ties that bound their hearts seemed to strengthen; but the evil influence too often prevails over the good, and when he became a man and saw how superior was the pure and gentle Mary to his own dark, wild spirit, he dared not hope to unite her destiny with his own. She, with all the hope and long suffering of a refined and Christian character, sought to restrain and lead him back whenever she saw him overcome by temptation, little dreaming even then that her heart was so much interested in his behalf. Indeed, their spheres seemed too widely separated for them ever to hold intercourse with each other beyond the school room. Nor did they for some years often meet after those days were past, for Mary felt that his character was such that it would bring dishonour upon those she loved were she to encourage his addresses. She saw that he became weaker in moral principle as her in-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

fluence was less felt. She even knew that her rejection rendered him hopeless and desperate. Often, very often, did she feel that she was the only human being who could lead him into the paths of virtue and peace, yet she feared the force of early neglect and subsequent irregularities would be even stronger than her influence; and yet her heart would hope that he would emerge into a higher life, and become the fit companion of a refined and virtuous spirit. A mysterious sympathy seemed to unite them, yet each felt that the distance between them was immeasurable. For months she watched his course, vacillating between hope and fear, until she learned that he had taken to the fatal bowl, and then her heart sank. She could no longer sing as she did, she grew pale and weak, and her anxious friends blamed the damp east wind for treating so rudely their tender blossom. Physicians said she was threatened with consumption, and advised that she should visit the Atlantic coast, hoping that the ocean breezes might invigorate her decaying frame.

"Oh!" said the old man, when rehearsing her story, "you cannot imagine how I felt when I saw her wither beneath its influence. I knew that my dear child must soon leave us, and how could our old hearts endure life without her!"

He soon returned, bringing his drooping flower to fade and die among the hills where it had bloomed so sweetly. Shortly after her return, she communicated the history of her heart to one of her most intimate friends.

Said she, "I pitied the boy for those very faults for which others blamed, for I saw that his heart was crushed by unkindness, and rendered cold and bitter by want of sympathy; and when I used to speak kindly, and notice him in our little plays, he was so gentle and tender, and his clear dark eyes expressed so much gratitude, that I cannot wonder he became an object of childish love. For that I can scarcely blame myself, but as I grew older and saw that he was surrounded by such influences that he could hardly become any other than a vicious man, I erred greatly in bestowing anything more than feeling of friendship upon him; and yet I did not regret that he was my heart's idol until I saw that he was too surely ruined, and there was little hope that he would ever be brought back to a life of virtue. My heart sank under it, not so much because its earthly hopes were blasted, as from the conviction that in suffering such a love to find a place in it, I had dishonoured the kind friends who had acted the part of parents to a destitute orphan, and more than all, had departed from the peace and love of the Redeemer. But now the struggle is over, and I feel that I shall soon rest in peace in the arms of my reconciled Saviour. It was this struggle between love and duty that undermined my health, and yet, for my own sake, I do not regret that my heart will soon be freed from its weakness, but for those who have bestowed on me such undeserved affection, I feel most deeply. I know that my early death will almost break their hearts."

"You have done wrong in keeping all this from them," said her friend; "they must know it."

"I could not tell them," replied Mary. "I could not

find strength to say to them that the weakness of my heart had cost them all their suffering and sorrow on my account; but if you think justice demands it, tell it them for me."

When the old folks heard the story—how she had for their sakes, and for the honour of the religion which they had taught her, refrained from even encouraging his love, they expressed the deepest regret.

"Oh!" said the old lady, "why have you done so, my child? We would not think of opposing you in anything."

"How could I think of bringing disgrace upon those who have done so much for me?" inquired Mary. "I knew that he was unworthy whom my foolish heart idolized, and that my life would only be made wretched by uniting my destiny with his."

"No," returned the kind friend; "had we entertained the most distant idea of all this, we would have taken him and rendered him worthy of your love. And perhaps it is not too late even now," continued she, as hope whispered that her life might yet be spared.

"It is too late to bring back my wasted frame to health and vigour," replied Mary, "yet it might recall him to a sense of duty to know that his irregularities have caused so much sorrow."

The young man was accordingly invited to their house, and remained with them till Mary's departure, for it could hardly be called death which so gently emancipated her spirit. Her earnest exhortations, and a consciousness that a virtuous life might have won her for its partner, seemed to give him new resolutions, and those who loved him for her sake believed that with her he might have lived a life of usefulness and propriety.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in early autumn that the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to the church of which Mary was a member. At her request, the pastor, deacons, and a few of her neighbours and friends, repaired to her chamber after the close of the exercises at church, that she might once more commemorate on earth the dying love of the Saviour. Slowly and solemnly they wound their way through the beautiful valley skirted with woodland, through which peeped the bright waters of the quiet little lake spread out at their right hand; at their left lay well cultivated farms, and orchards bending with fruit, while almost before them rose a high hill, over whose summit they must climb before they would reach the dwelling of the departing girl. To a stranger, the scene was one of beauty, but to one who knew what objects of familiar love all these had been to Mary, and how soon her eyes would be closed for ever on all that she admired on earth, there was a voice of sublime sadness whispering in every mountain breeze. Mary had counted the hours, and at last the minutes, that would intervene before their arrival, and began to think that they delayed coming, and she should depart without seeing the good pastor, and bidding him and other dear friends farewell.

"Why do they come so slowly?" asked she. "I fear I shall not be here when they arrive."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"There is no visible alteration in you, Mary," replied the youth, who sat by her bed, watching every indication of the approach of the fatal messenger. "I trust you will not so soon leave us as you imagine."

She shook her head, then in a low voice said, "I shall not behold another day on earth," and then beckoned him to look once more.

"They are coming, dearest," said he, "and will soon be here."

"Then my request is granted," said the dying girl. "My exit will be sweet and fearless."

With slow and measured tread they ascended to her room, as though the spirit had already winged its way to another and better land. Her pale face glowed as with unearthly brightness, and her voice was clear and unfaltering, as, supported on the bosom of a friend, she welcomed each by name, and expressed her pleasure at meeting them once more. The solemn scene which, in this chamber of sickness and suffering, brought back to the heart the dying love of the Saviour, may be imagined but never described. When the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour had been received by the gentle sufferer, her young friends joined in singing a hymn, and her sweet clear voice was heard among them as in other days. All were astonished at the fresh strength with which she moved her limbs and spoke; and a feeling that she was not thus to go, seemed spontaneously to govern all but her. She called each in turn to her bedside, spoke with rapture of her departure, and the prospect of meeting them in glory, received the blessings of her beloved pastor, and then calling to her the young man whose weak, erring course had cost her such bitterness, she placed her hand in his and gently said—"Prepare to meet your Mary in heaven." A shade passed over her features like the fitting of a white cloud before the sun, her eyes closed, and all was over.

The hushed stillness of death was interrupted only by the suppressed sobs of those who loved and mourned the early departure of the gentle orphan. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the distant hilltops, as the mourning group knelt round the couch of the departed, while the tremulous voice of the pastor led their humble supplications. And when they rose, the youth still clasped the hand which her dying love had proffered, and the gentle remonstrances of friends could scarcely persuade him to relinquish it. It seemed like sundering the last tie that bound him in holy sympathy with his kind. Reluctantly did these foster parents consign the beautiful dust of their loved one to her last resting place, and tears of sympathy and deep regret bedewed many an eye that was unused to such gentle expressions of sorrow.

For her sake they loved and cherished the youth whom Mary once had loved, but the strength of early habits, and the want of a controlling spirit, that could, under all circumstances, act upon his own, gradually diminished the impressions which her death had made upon his heart, and in a few years he was the wretched husband of a miserable woman, who became the mother of a drunkard's children.

And yet they could never give him up. Whenever he came to their neighbourhood they treated him as though he had been their own son, tried to cover his faults, and often, very often repeated—"Had Mary lived he would not have been what he is."

THE FRIENDS.

Oh! Mammon, how misguided are thy votaries when they imagine that they act wisely in sacrificing all their hopes to thee; they wrongly suppose that in thy train happiness and peace are unfailing followers. At thy shrine, thou potent deity, are a numerous band of worshippers, who are deceived by thy seemly and tempting exterior; but these enthusiastic believers should remember these admonitory words:—

"All that glitters is not gold;
Many a man his life has sold,
But my outside to behold."

And they should first discover whether thy fair prospects are real, or whether they "arise like an exhalation," and like it are evanescent and deceptive.

Henry Manning and Frederic Alford were firm friends, and loved each other as brothers. They had been school-boys together, and in the same class; by each other's side their lessons had been conned, and by mutual assistance many a "stiff" passage had been overcome, and its meaning ascertained. They were the Pylades and Orestes of the school, and each was the "fidus Achates" of the other. After their secession from their school-fellows, the friendship of the two youths remained unabated, nay, was indeed increased, for kind Fortune had ordained that they should not be separated. They were thus constantly thrown into each other's society, enjoying in full measure the sweet blessing of social, confiding intercourse, and pouring into each other's ears the plans which they had respectively formed for the future, in which they sought mutual guidance and advice.

Manning, however, differed from his friend in one point, it was in his views of wealth and worldly greatness. He imagined that to be happy, a man must possess riches, and to be respected and admired, he must move in an elevated sphere; he felt an inward reverence for the noble and powerful, and a corresponding contempt for the lowly and obscure. To support these views, he frequently quoted those lines of Horace, which fully expressed his own sentiments,

"Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo."

This foible, which somewhat sullied an otherwise noble and elevated mind, was strongly combated by Alford, who was unwilling to see his friend maintain these views, which he himself deemed absurd and incorrect.

This opinion of Manning, in which he steadily refused to be shaken, often led to arguments between the friends, respecting the importance of wealth and greatness, and their influence on the destinies of men; and though

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Alford frequently puzzled his companion by his superior reasoning, yet he failed to convince him of the folly of his sentiments.

It will be supposed that Manning, in looking round for a matrimonial alliance, had principally considered wealth as an inducement to submit to the sovereignty of Hymen, and this, indeed, was the case. He had seen many fair and amiable girls, without cherishing the slightest attachment for them; for what were amiability and goodness of heart, when contrasted with his darling object—Mammon? Nothing!

This was the futile reasoning of the young enthusiast, for such he was, though his enthusiasm was that of the grasping speculatist, and plodding trader, not of the gay, high-minded youth. In his own opinion, fate had dealt kindly with our fortune-hunting friend, in introducing him to a young lady who was mistress of some hundreds a-year, which were solely at her own disposal. The fair heiress, after refusing many offers for her hand, seemed disposed to listen favourably to her new suitor, and bestowed upon him such marks of her regard, as no other gentleman had ever obtained. Elated with his success, Manning frequently burst, when in company with his friend, into a vivid eulogium of his lady and her qualities, and would sometimes drop hints of his pity for his less fortunate friend.

"Reflect, Alford, for a moment," he would exclaim, "on the many privileges, which I shall enjoy, and which I greatly fear you will lose. I shall be enabled to build a splendid little villa in the country, which shall rival that of any indolent poet or man of refinement, either ancient or modern, and to purchase an ample library, where I may revel in the bright imaginings, or deep disquisitions, of poets or metaphysicians; I shall, in short, live in dignified elegance, and undisturbed retirement."

"I question not your ability, dear Manning," observed his less ambitious friend, "to effect this and even more by the aid of the wealth which you will gain with Charlotte, but then can you be certain of attaining happiness at the same time? Will Miss Harringdale enter into your views, and willingly see her dowry expended in the manner you propose? Will she, as a last but primary consideration, forget her station as a lady, and love you as an humble, confiding wife?"

"I have every reason to infer that she will; but even if your dark suspicions should be realized, do you imagine me weak and foolish enough to pine for a woman's love, while I have wealth and ease to court me to enjoyments? Pooh! my dear fellow, if Charlotte frowns, I can walk away and sing,

'My mind to me a kingdom is,'

or some such philosophic stanza: now, I hope, your objections are answered."

"No, Manning. I must confess that they are as strong as ever; for I feel assured that the heart of man is not qualified for the kind of happiness you have mentioned; it requires sympathy, and is nought but a dreary, aching void, without some loved object to cling to, as the ivy to

the elm. What pleasure will your numerous plans afford you, if there is no one to be pleased and surprised? Shall you value your temples and your grottoes, if you live like an hermit among them, with no affectionate companion to share your gratification, and admire the beauteous erections of your fancy? You may believe me, when I say, that unless there is some approving smile to cheer and encourage you, your happiness, even in the midst of wealth, will at least be doubtful and incomplete."

"Able argued," Mr. Philosopher, though upon a false hypothesis. And now, what share of felicity do you propose to yourself with a poor wife?"

"I do not contend that pleasure consists in 'poverty,' but I do maintain, that wealth does not confer it; my own opinion is, that kindred hearts, and sympathy of feeling, are the most likely means of ensuring this blessing, and that unions between those of similar taste and stations are, on this account, more conducive to happiness than 'misalliances,' where each party is unqualified for the enjoyments and habits of the other."

"Well, let the matter rest thus; for if I listen to you longer, you will make me as great a cynic as Diogenes, and I shall be forswearing all the superfluities of life."

"I am no cynic, Manning, nor place slight value on the little elegances of life, but I merely argue, in the words of the poet, that

"Bene qui latuit, bene vixit; et intra
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam."

"You are determined to maintain that point, so I will not attempt to weaken it. Adieu."

The conjecture of Manning, that his friend would make choice of some dowerless maiden for his future lady proved correct. Alford had become acquainted, when young, with the widow and daughter of a clergyman of the established church, whom straitened circumstances had compelled to take their abode in a small town in the outskirts of the metropolis. The peculiar situations of these ladies had long been known to Frederick, and a strong feeling of pity had been excited in their favour. They appeared to him to want some one to fill the sad vacancy in their affections, and to draw their hearts from the melancholy musings on old scenes and faces, to new and charming associations. As these thoughts stole upon his mind, he had often mentally asked himself whether he was qualified to discharge this pleasing duty, and in his happier moments he hoped that at some not far distant period he might become a member of their family, and be the instrument of restoring to them the peace and pleasure of earlier days.

Manning treated this attachment as absurd and ridiculous, but Frederick had been acquainted with Emma Grantley sufficiently long to be conscious of her worth; he even knew that she was a portionless girl, but he felt that the annual income which he derived from his profession would support in respectability, and in more than a common grade, his wife and her mother, and he desired no more; for he considered, and truly, with our poet, that

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship."

The want of wealth was not thought of, when Emma's goodness was brought into comparison with it, and Alford felt that if he gained the mistress of his affections, he should acquire a treasure immeasurably superior to the possessions of a thousand Charlotte Harringdales.

These views of Frederick's, when explained to Manning, were treated by that gentleman as the visionary ravings of a disordered intellect; and we truly believe that he entertained great doubts of the sanity of his friend. Time, however, will prove which was the soundest reasoning.

A few months after this dialogue between Manning and Alford, the former became the husband of Miss Harringdale, and master of Harrington Hall, with its fair domains. This was, as may be supposed, a glorious day for Harry Manning; and if his friend and associate had been present to witness his joy, nought would have been wanting to complete it. He was, however, on his return from his wedding tour, honoured with a visit from Alford, whom he welcomed to Harringdale with every demonstration of joy, as his best and oldest friend. His reception from his haughty lady was far different; for when Manning introduced him, she merely noticed him by a slight inclination of her head, and as he turned away, exclaimed to a lady beside her, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the object of her remark—

"I wish Manning would not bring his vulgar acquaintances here, one would imagine he had not been in the society of a single gentleman."

At this rude, unfeeling allusion, Frederick felt disposed to leave the house instantly, but a glance at the beseeching countenance of his companion altered his design, and he forbore to make any comment on the uncourteous conduct of the lady, lest he should increase the misery and indignation of her husband.

Many weeks did not elapse, before Alford followed the example of his friend. There was not the large array of friends, and long line of carriages at these nuptials, which had characterised those of Manning; but there were joyous hearts and smiling faces, and Emma's lovely presence amply compensated for lack of earthly grandeur. Yet that sweet girl was not beautiful, nor did her features possess that regularity which attracts the eye of the connoisseur; yet there was an indescribable charm thrown around her, the pleasing influence of which won upon every eye, like that of music softly stealing on the soul. Manning, who, in opposition to his lady's wishes, was present, lost some of his forebodings respecting his friend's future happiness; and as he affectionately grasped the gratified husband's hand on his departure, he confessed that with Emma it was impossible to be miserable.

Reader, there is something particularly charming in a snug fireside in the dreary months of winter, if you have some beloved object to sit beside you, and listen to your conversation. To a scene of this kind, so peculiarly English, we beg the honour of your company.

In a neatly furnished room in one of the genteel houses

situated at the west end, were sitting two ladies, on a cold dark evening in November, 18—. One of the females had apparently attained fifty years, the other had not seen half that number of summers. Both were busily plying the needle, and for sometime they both appeared similarly intent on their task, but when the hour of six arrived, the younger lady became uneasy, and often turned a very pretty face towards the time-piece on the mantel-shelf. At last, laying aside her work, she turned to her companion, and said—

"Mother, what can delay Frederick to-night? He is much later than usual. I fear something has occurred."

"Nonsense, my dear," exclaimed the mother. "Your solicitude on Frederick's account, causes you a vast number of groundless and unreasonable fears; the absentee will, I have no doubt, in a few minutes arrive."

In a few minutes, the object of this tender anxiety did arrive. He was a tall young man, of about twenty-six years of age, with a pleasing, but not handsome countenance. He entered the room with a smile, and his kindled eye, and smiling features, testified his acknowledgment of his young wife's affection.

"What has detained you, young recreant?" she playfully exclaimed, as she wheeled her husband's arm chair to the blazing fire, and summoned the servant with the tea equipage.

While the young mistress was officiating at the tea table, Alford, (for it is our old acquaintance,) related the cause of his delay, which was, that he had received a call at his office from his former friend, Manning, who intended to pay him a visit at his own house.

Our readers may, perhaps, be anxious to hear the result of Manning's marriage with the wealthy heiress of Harringdale. The first step which the proud lady took to assert her sway, was a command to her husband to assume her family name, and in this easily succeeded; but there were other things, of greater importance, which her imperious will effected.

She refused to acknowledge one of poor Henry's former friends, and excluded from the house all his associates; he was thus compelled to sit among persons who scarcely deigned to address him, and who treated him in every respect as one of the menials. This conduct was long endured with patience, until at last the unhappy Manning (or as we must now call him)—Harringdale—became wearied and disgusted with his home, and sought in intemperance, an oblivion for his wretchedness.

Had wealth purchased happiness for Henry Harringdale? No! he had sacrificed to it all that rendered life worth possessing—a happy home, and all the sweet train of domestic affections, and he had gained—what? An illusory phantom, that faded in his grasp! Misguided man; one kind word from the lips of affection, was incalculably more valuable than all thy boasted treasure.

During the evening, Harringdale paid a visit to the happy abode of his friend. There was, it must be confessed, a pang of envy passing through his frame, when he beheld a sight as full of real happiness as the one before him. Alford was reading from a volume of Shaks-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

pers, while his wife and her mother were deeply listening to the tones of his deep rich voice, the former gazing with her large blue eyes, in which was pictured the most inexpressible affection, upon the beloved form in which was centred all her earthly riches. The book was laid aside upon the entry of the visitor, and Emma offered him a cordial welcome.

For some minutes after the interchange of mutual greetings, there was an unbroken silence, each was busied with the thoughts of by-gone days. Harringdale's cogitations seemed cheerless and wretched, and a dark shade passed across his brow as he gazed on the fire in silence; at length he said in a subdued tone,

"Alford, you appear happy, and I doubt not are really so; consequently, notwithstanding my own mortification at the confession, I must allow that your views respecting riches are correct, for I am now painfully convinced, that happiness is not necessarily the concomitant of wealth."

"I am happy, dear Harringdale, since I have nothing to render me otherwise. I have a moderate practice among those of my profession, and I have a comfortable home, beyond which my wishes extend not, for I can say to Emma—and you know this is no affected sensibility—I can in sincerity exclaim to my beloved companion,

'From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employ.'

And surely, with such a life, no reasonable mortal could be miserable."

This was the last visit which Harringdale paid to his friend, for intemperance, and a long course of dissipation, soon afterwards terminated his career.

Frederick Alford prospered in the world, and became a wealthy man. His wife had brought him no dower, and the thought that she was dependent upon his own exertions, acted as a stimulant to him, inducing him to labour eagerly in his profession, and when he had acquired an ample fortune, he acknowledged that it was owing to the sweet influence of his adored Emma.

Reader, art thou in pursuit of happiness real and lasting—happiness which time will hardly lessen, or circumstances destroy, fly not to the world in the vain hope of obtaining it *there*, but search for it in the bosom of thine own family, and you will find it in the kind and affectionate heart at home, whose gentle influence will soothe you in your bitterest moments, and secure for you the greatest bliss this varied world can bestow.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And that dear hut our home."

JUVENIS.

WHAT IS THE SPELL?

What is the spell? what is the spell,
That dwells in the cup of the heather-bell?
That spreads its charm o'er the violet's head,
And reveals unseen in the lily's bed?
Nymph of the wild wood, what is the spell
That is found in each forest and shady dell,
That is heard when the winds of heaven are high,
But oftener still in the zephyr's sigh?
Spirit of melody, what is the spell,
That ringeth so oft in the old church bell,
Chaining the heart with a viewless hand,
And causing it pensive and sad to stand?
Sons of the ocean, what is the spell
In the depths of the mermaid's chrystal cell;
When the deep is reflecting the azure sky,
And the ship glides onward in Majesty?
He that hath felt his spirit stirred,
With the wild notes of a forest bird:
Who looks on the earth with a poet's eye,
On the river, the woodlands, and heavens high,
Whose heart is a harp of melodious strings,
The home of all bright imaginings;
He, and he only can feel the spell
The spirit's love of the beautiful.

JANE.

STANZAS.

A voice of plaintive music fell
Upon the summer air,
Faint as the broken marmur
Of a spirit's dying prayer;
It was the music of a heart
O'er which the storm had passed,
And left but one imperfect chord
To answer to the blast.

"My strength is immortality!"
The soul's clear voice replied,
'Twas like an angel's when it kneels
A tempted one beside;
I watch the surges as they break,
The tempest raging high,
As some brave mariner whose home
Gleams bright before his eye.

Is it a bitter thing for thee,
Worn heart! to tear away
The idols thou hast cherished here,
The sunbeams of the day?
Or agony to hear the knell
Of all thy bright hopes toll?
List to the better voice within,
The teachings of the soul!

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"HE WANDERS ON THE GOLDEN SANDS."

BY S. N. EBRINGTON, JUN.

This ballad is founded on the life of Lord Nelson, and illustrates three periods of his glorious career—as a playful and innocent child, sailing his boat on his native stream—a midshipman defending England—and thirdly as an admiral, expiring in the arms of victory at Trafalgar.

He wanders on the golden sands,
His little boat to glide,
Which he hath made with gentle hands,
To launch upon the tide.
The breeze expands its snowy sail,
And none more proud than he,
Hath ever led in strife or gale,
A bark upon the sea.

Next, on the deck where heroes tread,
His country's sword he wears;
Her flag is streaming o'er his head,
Her glorious badge he wears.
None bolder ever dared the storm,
None braver met the foe;
No firmer heart or finer form,
Could o'er the ocean go.

Now, while upon his breast appears
The star his country gave,
He meets amid her blood and tears,
His death wound on the wave!
Swift from the foe's unerring gun
The fatal bullet flies;
A shout preclaims the battle won,
And with a prayer he dies.

LINE S

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK.

Reader! when this volume you peruse,
Learn to meditate, to think, and feel;
Let its contents be, like the widow's cruse,
The type of her imperishable meal.

And when you have extracted all the sweets,
From leaves besprinkled with the printer's dew,
Remember, that a friendly voice entreats
Compassion for the pages in review.

Protect them from the stranger's warm embrace,
Preserve the ears from fingers rude and free;
And if you want another in its place,
Return this volume safely back to me.

K.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We have still little to record in the way of novelty, though much in the way of excellence; the favourite operas, cast in the admirable way that they can only be at this theatre, have drawn such overflowing houses, that Mr. LUMLEY has found it unnecessary for the present, to produce any of the novelties he has in store, and among which will be found the truly beautiful opera of VERDI's, the "*Lombardi*," an opera that contains more exquisite melodies than even his "*Ernani*," fresh and sparkling in melodies as that beautiful opera was. The "*Lombardi*," however, takes a higher ground than "*Ernani*," the airs are of a more lofty character, and there is much breadth and grandeur in the concerted pieces, whilst the music is, throughout, exceedingly beautiful. An *andante* air, "*Sciagiata*," is a very graceful and attractive melody, well worked out; and the *coro e Marcia*, "*Gia le croce*," is spirited and brilliant; the *andantino* *duet*, "*Oh belle a guesta misera*," has a good deal of marked character, and is harmonized with a particularly happy effect; there is also a splendidly written chorus, "*Oh nobile sempio*," that is likely to be very popular, as there is much breadth and character about it. A lively *rondo* "*No pe sogno*," is likely to be one of the favourite *morceaux* of the opera; it is phrased with much elegance, and the melody is of a very attractive character. The *andante cavatina*, "*La mia letizia infondere*," and the succeeding *allegro*, "*Come poteva un angelo*," are charmingly written, being replete with graceful phrasing, and worked out with much spirit and effect. Mr. LUMLEY will produce the opera in the same excellent manner that the "*Ernani*" of the same composer was brought out with. The scenery by Mr. C. MARSHALL will be entirely new, and historically correct, in the period of the first crusades, whilst the picturesque costumes of that chivalrous age, will afford Madame COPER full opportunity for the display of her taste as *costumier*.

Otello has also been produced here with the following cast:—*Desdemona*, GRISI; *Elmiro*, LABLACHE; *Iago*, FORNASARI; *Rodrigo*, CORELLI; *Otello*, MARIO. GRISI's *Desdemona* is one of her greatest achievements. The exquisite movement in the third act, "*Deh Calme, o'ciel nel sonno*," was admirably given by her, the beautiful plaintive character of the air, and the felicity with which it is written, rendering it one of the most charming of ROSSINI's compositions, and GRISI certainly sung it to perfection. MARIO acted with much spirit, and threw a warmth into the part that we have rarely seen equalled. His opening air, "*Ah si her voi*," displayed his powers to the highest advantage. LABLACHE was of great assistance to the opera; in the *finale* to the second act, especially, his magnificent tones were heard to the greatest advantage; the music of *Iago*, is rather high for FORNASARI's voice, but still he acquitted himself so as to win much applause.

The return of TAGLIONI once more to the scene of her many triumphs, was hailed by the subscribers as one

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of the most delightful features of the season; and though it may be with regret we learn that it is to be positively her last appearance in this country, still Mr. LUMLEY has so arranged, that she shall appear in all the most favourite scenes of her brilliant achievements. Her "Sylphide" will long linger in the remembrance of the Opera habitués, as the perfection of grace and poetry in dancing, and the most charming of ballets. What, indeed, can be more exquisite and fairy-like than TAGLIONI's dancing in this ballet? She seems to float and spring about the stage, as if her feet scarce touched the ground, whilst every attitude and step is, in fact, the perfection of grace itself.

ROSA CACCIA is another of the great features of the season, coming to us with all the freshness of novelty, and a most brilliant reputation. We shall be much disappointed if ROSA CACCIA does not make a most decided hit; she has risen very rapidly in Italy to the highest eminence, and she has the reputation of being the best singer of the day in Italy. Her style, too, is novel, and admirably adapted for her Majesty's Theatre.

With the immense array of talent now engaged here, Mr. LUMLEY must be almost at a loss how to employ his resources, for certainly, never since the house has been built, has there been collected under any management, so powerful and brilliant a company as we now have here, whether in opera or ballet.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The season of these delightful performances is now fast drawing to a close, and we shall miss much the agreeable *soirées Françaises*, where the light, piquant acting, agreeable singing, and highly aristocratic appearance of the *salle* itself, render it a perfect *bijou* of theatrical entertainment. Mr. MITCHELL has been a most liberal caterer during the season; and, contrary to former seasons, we believe, he has found it a very successful one, as the houses have been exceedingly well attended, and the public, as well as the subscribers, have been far more constant visitors than during any previous season. ACHARD was as popular as ever; his lively acting, and the charming singing of his *chansonnettes*, render him most deservedly a favourite. He has much increased the good opinion entertained of him by his performances during his second engagement; and we are confident he will be extremely popular next season. ARNAL has been reserved by Mr. MITCHELL as a *bonne bouche* for the close of the season; and certainly no one can see him play in the various amusing pieces of his *repertoire*, and refrain from laughing, for there is so much humour about him, independent of the aid that nature has given him to complete the comedian, that he is almost the only person at the present day, who is what may be termed a comic actor, such, indeed, as LISTON was in his zenith. ARNAL is not altogether new to this country; he has played here before with immense success, and once or twice he played either at Covent Garden or Drury Lane in one or two of his light vaudevilles. ARNAL is the great star of the Vaudeville, where his graceful poetic effusions have won him a favourable reputation, as well as his

acting, his "Épître a Bouffé," being a work of really much excellence. There is no actor on the French stage who, to make use of the French phrase, have *créés* so many characters as ARNAL; most of the broadly humorous pieces of the English stage have been taken from his *repertoire*; he has the peculiar talent of embodying a character, and filling it out so as to stand out with a pre-eminence and effect that even the author has scarcely imagined in his conception of the part; his inimitable by-play, never at rest, but always working up the business of the scene, adds so greatly to the effect of his performances, that no piece in which he plays ever flags for an instant. The pieces in which ARNAL will play, will be "L'Homme Blasé," "L'Humoriste," "Les Gants Jaunes," "Passo Minuit," "Les Cabinets Particulaires," "Renaudin de Caen," "Le Poltron," "La Mansarde du Crime," "Le Bal de Grand Monde," &c., &c. In all these he is truly excellent, and there is little doubt he will be the most successful of all the engagements of the season.

PHILIPPE continues to attract overflowing houses with his *soirées mystérieuses*, being even more the *furor* than DOBLER was; unquestionably he is a most extraordinary performer, and one whose tricks, often as they may be seen, are as striking and wonderful as at first. He is certainly one of the most skilful of any who have yet appeared in this country, and has well merited the success he has met with.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Brussels company has now been located here for some time, and has been very fairly attractive; as the company is really a good one, being considered the best after the Paris opera, and embracing the names of Monsieur and Madame LABORDE, COUDERE, ZIGLER, QUILLÉVI, &c., all names well known in the musical world. The company has been transferred from Brussels entire, and includes the whole of the orchestra, chorus, and *corps de ballet*, in addition to the whole of the principal singers, and is in a very efficient working state, requiring no rehearsals, the operas being given exactly as they are at Brussels; except that the orchestra is rather too noisy, from the overweight of brass instruments. The operas are really excellently played. "The Diamans de la Couronne," "Le Part du Diable," "Robert le Diable," "Le Postillon de Longemeau," "Guillaume Tell," and a variety of the other favourite French operas have been given, and have gone off with much spirit, being throughout very well supported. Indeed, we may say that, taken altogether, it is the most perfect working operatic company we have yet had in this country; the *ensemble* being throughout most perfect.

CHARADE.

My first's fruition,
My second's tradition,
And my *tout's* perdition.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR JULY, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a pretty light plaided *barège* of a dark lilac; the *jupe* made very full, and trimmed with two very broad flounces of the same material; the edge of each *volant* being waved and bound with satin of the same colour as the plaid of the dress; tight high body, and plain close sleeves, the former trimmed across the front with straps of the *barège* waved and bound, *pareil* to the two rows which encircle the top of the sleeve, which is made rather short, and turned back at the lower part with a double cuff, cut slanting, and waved at the edge; under full cuff of plain muslin, edged with a narrow lace round the cuff; *ceinture à boucle*, bonnet of white chip; the interior of the brim trimmed with *petit* loops of narrow gauze ribbon of a pale lilac, placed between two folds of white gauze, and put at equal distances from each other round the edge; the top part of the crown is encircled with a ribbon to match, a *râche* of white and lilac fringed ribbon passing over the front of the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of a rich rose-coloured *pouli de soie* silk; the skirt being splendidly trimmed with six rows of silk fringe the same colour as the dress; the lower rows being somewhat deeper in width; this fringe is put on at equal distances round the dress, the top row reaching only a little below the waist; *corsage à l'Amazone*; the lower part forming a kind of jacket, which is trimmed round, as well as the open lappels, with a narrow green silk fringe; repeated, also, round the lower part of the straight sleeve, which is rounded and cut up at the back, so as to give greater ease and play to the under full sleeves of muslin, bordered with a broad lace falling over the hand; under-chemisette of fine cambric, headed with a small twist or *râche*. Bonnet of Italian straw; the crown decorated with a splendid plume of white ostrich feathers falling low, and tapering at the side, the tips being very much curled; the interior of the brim bordered with a wreath of pale pink and white small roses without leaves.

YOUNG LADIES' COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A costume of a narrow striped Pekin silk of a rich blue; the skirt made immensely full and *à train*; the fronts decorated on each side with a kind of narrow plait, composed of the same coloured satin; *corsage* half-high, and rounded waist; a round plain *berthe* of the same material forms a trimming to the top of the bust, edged round likewise with a narrow plait; half-long straight easy sleeves, surmounted with a plain round epaulet, which is edged round, as well as the lower part of the sleeve, with a trimming *pareil* to that on the cape; plain under neck shirt of embroidered India muslin, edged round the top with a narrow Valenciennes lace; long white silk mittens, edged at each side with narrow plaiting of white satin ribbon. Capote of pale lavender *crêpe*; the outer

edge of the brim and top of the crown trimmed with folds of the same; a single row of rather a broad open light gympe of the same colour surrounds the crown, and forms a kind of small *neud* and ends on the left side.

PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a splendid white and peach-coloured *tarlatane* muslin; the pattern of this dress is exceedingly bold and magnificent, the stripes going round the dress, and giving a full rich appearance to the figure; the skirt is made immensely full, and perfectly plain; tight half-high *corsage*, forming a kind of point in the front, and headed with a very becoming small cape, cut up a little upon the shoulders, and edged all round with a narrow peach-coloured silk fringe; rounded waist, encircled with a striped peach-coloured silk ribbon, which is tied in a kind of knot in the centre of the waist, and descends in two ends down the front; plain loose straight sleeves, reaching to a little above the wrist, the top of the arm trimmed round with a narrow fold of the same material, headed with a narrow fringe; under sleeves of plain muslin, and chemisette of figured lace, headed with a row of narrow lace. Capote of white chip, prettily trimmed, the exterior and interior with *naruds* of pale shaded amber ribbon.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This truly elegant costume is made of a figured striped light green and white *moire*, the *jupe* handsomely trimmed with two immense broad *volants*, *à biais*, put on rather easy, at a little distance from each other, cut in a wave, and stamped round the lower edge; plain half-high pointed body, and short sleeves, trimmed with a double frilling, cut out to match the flounces on the skirt; long straight sleeve, slightly full, of plain India muslin, finished with a narrow band and a row of lace round the wrist; pale lavender gloves; chemisette pelerine of rich lace, edged all round with a graduated frilling of the same. Scarf of plain white *barège*, edged with a broad fringe round the ends. Capote of *paille de ris*, the crown decorated with three small curling white ostrich feathers, the lower one being placed very low at the side; *brides* of white satin ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A pelisse of pale blue levantine, the front trimmed with a pretty fancy ornament, composed of blue buttons, put close to each other, and having a very light effect, this trimming gradually enlarging towards the lower part of the skirt; *pardeus* of pale pink silk, rounded in the front, made rather short, and entirely encircled with a ribbon plaited *à la vielle*, the edge of the ribbon being of a deep *cerise* colour, forming a kind of border on each side; this trimming is repeated round the neck and sleeves, and is gathered into the waist, which is encircled with a double gauging, forming a kind of band.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Bonnet of white *paille de riz*, handsomely trimmed with a green plaided ribbon and white lace, the crown of the bonnet, being simply composed of lace, is quite transparent; a narrow piece of the *paille de riz* is put across the front of the crown, and turns slightly over towards the back, having a very novel effect; a fancy, drooping, green marabout feather is placed on the left side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse of a rich light green satin; the *jupe* is made excessively full and long; tight high corsage and sleeves, the former closing half way down the front to the point of the waist, the corsage headed with a small square open collar, edged round with a very narrow green silk fringe, which is continued down the front of the body, the whole front of the dress being handsomely trimmed with an ornament of fancy gyp, of the same colour as the dress. Scarf of a rich bluet silk, handsomely figured at each of the ends, which are also decorated with a broad silk fringe. Under chemisette of full muslin, surrounded at the top with three very narrow *râches*. Capote of white silk, looped across the front with a light, narrow, fancy straw; striped yellow and white ribbon, forming a *sand* in the centre of the front, and finished with a long fringed end of the same, drooping over the right side.

EVENING CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is composed of rich white satin; the skirt being richly trimmed with a fluted white gauze ribbon, striped with cherry-colour, and of different widths; there are seven rows of this trimming, placed at rather unequal distances from each other, the upper one being within a short distance of the waist, and having a very graceful effect; the low tight fitting corsage is made in a perfect point at the waist, the bust being decorated with a double kind of round cape, formed rather narrower over the centre part of the sleeve, and deeper over the bosom, trimmed to match the skin, and attached in the centre of the front with a small *aérod* of the gauze ribbon; very short chemisette sleeves, surrounded at the lower part with a narrow fluting of plain white ribbon. Coiffure of white gauze disposed in three flat folds over the top of the head, and finished on each side just over the ears with loops of pearls on one side, and a bunch of red currants on the other.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pink striped silk; the skirt decorated with two broad straight flounces, each edged with a pink silk fringe of a moderate width; these flounces are put on a little apart from each other; the corsage is made high and full, the fullness descending on each side from the shoulders, and meeting just above the waist, where it is fastened with a double guaging, fan back and *ceinture* of pink *chine* striped ribbon descending down the front in two long ends; plain straight sleeve, reaching to a little above the wrist, and cut out in the form of a vandyke, edged round with a narrow pink fringe; under-sleeve of white muslin, forming a kind of large fulling round the wrist, finished by a narrow frilling of the same, or a lace

over the hand. Scarf of a rich plaided *barège*. Bonnet of white *paille de riz*, handsomely trimmed with a long drooping green and white feather, and striped green and white silk ribbon.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dark dress of shaded silk; the body quite high, and fitting tight; the waist is long, rounded in the front, and is finished by a small jacket, the edge of which is slightly indented; the sleeves are tight, open on the back of the arm, the corners being rounded; the opening is trimmed with a narrow *râche* of silk; under-sleeve of cambric. The skirt is very long, and extremely full; the rows *en biais* of the same material, the edges being slightly waved and trimmed with a narrow *râche*, are placed round the dress at some distance from the bottom, giving it almost the appearance of a double *jupe*. Capote; the brim open, and falling rather low at the ears; the left side is ornamented by a bunch of beautiful purple flowers surrounded by foliage; the interior is perfectly plain.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of striped *sylphide*; the corsage low, and quite plain; the waist long and pointed; lace pelerine falling low at the back, and over the shoulders, but pointed in the front; the sleeves are composed of fullings, continued by narrow bands, finished at the wrist by a lace ruffle. The skirt consists of three *jupe*s, one falling over the other, the edges slightly waved, and finished by an exceedingly narrow cording. Bonnet of fancy straw, coming low at the ears; it is simply trimmed by broad ribbon placed across the bottom of the crown, and a bow and long ends low at the right side; the interior is trimmed to correspond.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of striped *Balzerine*; the corsage half high, and forming a point; the waist is long and pointed; plain sleeve, showing the full under-sleeve of India muslin; the skirt is exceedingly long and full; it has two broad flounces, each headed by a narrow *râche*. Scarf of most splendid black lace. Bonnet of fancy straw; the brim open, and falling low at the ears; it has a ribbon carried plain across the bottom of the crown, and an ostrich feather drooping on the left side.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of rich *Levantine*, shaded green and rose colour; the body is quite high, and perfectly plain, fitting tight to the figure; the waist is long and pointed in the front, drooping slightly at the back; the front of the corsage is fastened to the throat by small silk buttons; the sleeves are tight, and are finished at the wrist by a narrow band, corded at each edge; under sleeves of full muslin. The skirt is extremely long and full, and is quite plain; there should be ten or twelve breadths in the skirt. Bonnet of pale pink satin, trimmed with rich *blonde*, the flowers should be, as near as possible, of the same shade of green as that with which the dress is shaded. Splendid black lace scarf.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of plaided *syphide*, the corsage low and fitting tight, the waist long and but slightly pointed; a deep cape, *à la berthe*, is round the neck of the dress, trimmed with a richly shaded bullion fringe; the sleeves plain, of the three-quarter length, finished by a fringe; under sleeves of embroidered cambric. The skirt is very long and full, it has a deep flounce, headed by a broad bullion fringe, to correspond with that on the cape; *ceinture* of ribbon, the ends trimmed with fringe. Capote of white *crêpe*, the brim round and very open, a *marabout noué* droops on the left side, on the right are small *nœuds* of *crêpe* ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A high dress of lavender *poult de soie*, buttoning up the back; the body has a little fullness both back and front, which is confined by a gauging at a little distance from the waist; small pointed capes are set on the shoulders, and fastened with the waist of the dress; long tight sleeves, having three deep folds on the top of the arm, setting a little out from the sleeve; the waist is long and drooping towards the front; a rich silk cord and tassels are worn with this dress. The skirt is perfectly plain, very long, and immensely full. Capote of *tulle*, of the cottage form, the trimming being composed entirely of wreaths of vine leaves; the interior without cap or flowers.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1845.

The London season is still progressing most brilliantly, our young Queen setting the example by her unbounded hospitality, and magnificent *fêtes*; foreign princes, the greatest potentates from all parts of the habitable globe, being anxious to vie with each other in paying respect and homage to so patriotic and high-souled a Queen, and thereby rendering our Court the most splendid in the world; our fair and noble dames, willing on their part to add lustre to the scene, are sparing no expense to render their costumes as elegant and imposing as they can be invented. In this wish they are ably seconded by our clever *modistes*, the result of whose labours we now beg to lay before our fair readers; to commence with

HATS.—Those which are shaded are of the latest fashion. They are composed of a quantity of gauze folds, the colours being shaded across, from a very light hue to the darkest shade. For instance, upon a citron coloured one, the first is of the palest straw colour, the deepest and last fold being of the hue of the marigold, the intermediate folds being of the graduated shades. Then, again, a pink hat, the first fold being of the palest China-rose colour, and the last *biais* a perfect cerise. Another style of bonnet are those made of the Pamela form, and composed of pink *tulle*, the *bavolet* forming a part of the crown, on each side of which is a cluster formed of very small roses, with their leaves, which are intermixed with a light fulling of *tulle*, of the same colour as that of which the hat is composed. Then we have others, quite as elegant looking, composed of *crêpe*, citron colour, and ornamented with hedge roses.

166

WALKING DRESSES.—Some of the most fashionable are made of *mousseline*, either in white or coloured. These *mousselines de soie* are in great request, and are generally made up after the following fashion:—The corsage *demi busque*, and with facings falling back *à ceinture*; the sleeves *à la russe*, the skirt trimmed with two broad *volants*, or deep flounces. Another pretty style for those which are of a white ground, *à bandes Pékinées*, the body high and plain, forming a kind of stomacher, and fastening behind; over the front part of the corsage are *posées*, straps, or bands of the same material, put on in a kind of *feston*; these bands, or, what is perhaps the same, *bras-déboursés*, are four in number; *ceinture* to match, *à demi pans*, the epaulets droop a little over the plain sleeve, and are trimmed with two festooned bands to match; upon the front of the arm are placed two *festons* of the same description, *posées en biais*, like the straps upon a regimental sleeve, narrow facings, and *manchettes* of muslin *créelées*, with a straight Valenciennes; the skirt trimmed with two flounces, edged with a *feston ondulé*, on the cross.

EVENING OR DINNER DRESSES are principally composed of the *gros grain* lilac, mauve, or verdant green, handsomely trimmed with two flounces of magnificent broad black lace, put on nearly plain, and of a Gothic kind of pattern. The *berthe* worn over the corsage is of the same description of lace, and sufficiently deep to fall a little below the waist, and just over the front of the arms. Another very elegant style of dress is composed of pink *damas d'été*, the corsage made very low and very stiff; *manches mignonnes*, ornamented with *guenilles de loup* of the same material; the skirt is made quite plain, very full, *à queue très prononcée*. We have seen another dress in the same style, only made of white *velours d'écosse*, and the bodies and sleeves decorated with draperies. Lastly, a dress of plaided *gros de Naples*, the skirt decorated with nine flounces of different widths; plain stiff corsage, the sleeves *à godets*, and facings *à Louis XIV.*

PALETOTS.—Several of our first-rate *modistes* are commencing to bring forth this style of over-all dress; they are denominated the *paletot d'été*, and are made entirely of black and white lace. We very much doubt their becoming universal, being not only very expensive, but mostly intended for carriage or afternoon dress.

MANTELETS.—A very fanciful looking one, and one with which our *noblesse* are much pleased, has just appeared, composed of white *crêpe glissant*, upon a pink satin. The ends of this mantelet are rounded at the bottom, the pelerine *très ample*, and over each arm is a seam, by the aid of which the ends are pulled to the top of the waist, and their junction with the pelerine produces a kind of *demi-manche*, the whole of the mantelet being encircled with a pink satin ribbon, fringed with pink, having in the centre a very narrow white stripe, the pelerine being ornamented with three rows of this ribbon, *raclée à la vielle*. Those intended for promenade are very pretty, made in shot and *glacé* silks, such as the following one; *à reflets*, blue and pink, formed deep, and rounded at the back, cut very sloping over the top of the shoulders, descending down the front in long square ends, and trimmed

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

upon the back with three *volants*, edged with a fringe, terminating in a point at the bend of the arm; laces are also much used for the trimming of these kind of mantellets; they are generally put on as a kind of frilling round the two capes or pelerines, and plain upon the front part of the ends; others are decorated with three rows of fringe, à la *fontaque*, or with gauze ribbons, forming round plaits.

CAPS.—Nothing can equal the coquettish and fascinating appearance of the caps of the present day, pink and blue are the colours always most in vogue, notwithstanding which, we see them trimmed with ribbons of a darker hue, such as deep blue, green, *groseille*, and violet; some very distinguished looking ones we have remarked, decorated with trimmings of velvet. For morning wear, the most favourite material is embroidered muslin, the crowns made very small, and decorated with a *triple papillon*, trimmed with *brides*, or streamers of ribbon or velvet. We may cite the following as one of the prettiest, composed of three rows of English lace, divided by three rows of velvet *bleu de la reine*, each row being terminated by a *chou*, through which may be passed a jewelled pin, these three pins on each side, adding much to the effect of the head-dress, and giving it a very elegant appearance.

MORNING DRESSES are commencing to be quite *recherché* in their appearance. For instance, nothing can be more elegant than a dress composed of the *tissus Memphis*, decorated with four flounces, the corsage having pretty facings or *revers* turning back and à *ceinture*: *sleeves à l'ottomane*, having under ones of some light material. The *tissus Memphis* is now in great favour, and is only made in light colours, plain or in stripes, plaids, or *semis de pois*. For home costumes *bareges*, and *tarlatan* muslins are preferred, the former in pretty shaded stripes, the *blouse* body, and the skirt perfectly simple; whilst those in pink *tarlatan* are made with the Grecian body, and the skirt ornamented with four broad folds. The sleeves are generally made the same width at the top as at the wrist, where they are full into a band of sufficient width to allow of a trimming composed of three rows of lace, put on so as to touch one another, and very slightly full.

LE KAZAWAIIKA, or *pardeus d'été*, is still much in favour, forming as it does such an elegant and fanciful outer garment, and showing to such advantage the form of the waist. The *kazawaika* of the present season, is mostly made in plain, or *Pékiné* silks, the bodies being mostly formed high, with a falling collar and facings; the sleeves are made rather short, and large all the way down, particularly at the lower part, with or without facings, à la *Louis XIV.*; the skirt being sufficiently spacious, and descending about the width of the hand above the knee, the form is general, like those of the *twines*, inasmuch as the front and the back of the corsage is made of a single, and the same piece as the corresponding part of the skirt.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the present month are principally pink, blue *tourterelle*, white, every shade of green, *pousierre*, lilacs and grey. Mixed colours are still much in vogue, they are generally of the most opposite hues, such as a Nankin colour and red, pink and green.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

The gay world in Paris are trying to emulate the splendour and bustle reigning in our own Court, by the elegance and novelty of their attire, every fanciful device and article being brought into requisition in order to attain this object; the lightness and variety of summer costumes never having been so remarkable as at the present moment. As an instance of this, we quote the following as the newest style of

COIFFURES worn in full dress. They are of the most fanciful description, and of the richest *tissus*; for instance, we have the *bonnet myrmiote*, embroidered all over with gold and pearls; the whole of the head dress encircled with a twist at the back. Then again, the *Coiffure Algerienne*, composed of a gold net work, embroidered with *ponceau* or green silk, and round which is a narrow scarf of gold and silk, the ends of which are terminated with broad fringe drooping as low as the waist. A more simple description of head-dress, are those called *les Fontanges*; formed of a single *nœud* of satin fringed with gold, fastened upon the side of a kind of net-work, which confines the back hair. The *coiffure Sévillienne* is also much in favour, composed of black jet, and ornamented at the side with a large rose, and with long jet tassels at the opposite side of the head-dress.

CHAPEAUX A LA GLANEUSE.—This style of hat has been expressly invented, in order to shade the face from the scorching effects of the sun; the brim being spacious and circular, the crown very low, the *brides* or strings being *posés* underneath; two roses are *posés à titre d'agrafe* as a heading to the *brides*, having a very pretty effect; or else they are simply decorated with a *guirlande champêtre* formed of red and green cherries, currants, raspberries *d'épis*, daisies, liserons, &c.

PAILLES DE RIZ, and open-worked straws, are still in great request; the latter, in particular, are much in favour, the prettiest being those of the form *Paméla*, and decorated with a branch of the acacia lilac. We must also cite a very elegant *chapeau de paille de riz*, edged, or rather bordered, with a plaid ribbon of a kind of flame-colour *posé à cheval*; the form of the hat is small, the interior of the brim being lined with a soft white *crêpe*, and without *mancinis*; the exterior is ornamented on the right side with a *triple nœud* of a pretty style of ribbon; and on the left side with a branch of the bine-weed, dandelions, flowers, and *fleuriettes des prés*. Bonnets of the *paille guipure* are also in great request, lined with pink *crêpe*, and decorated with a bouquet of roses *posé* upon the side. Then, again, those à *jour*, ornamented with dark blue silk ribbons, put on *en travers* upon the *calotte*, and attached round the crown with a torsade of the same kind of ribbons, terminated with a *nœud* of fringed ribbon, *paille de riz* being mostly preferred for afternoon costume. They are generally decorated with feathers gracefully curled with sometimes pretty white lace introduced; the brim being very small at the ears.

DRESSES.—Some very pretty fanciful ones are those

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

covered a great deal with embroidery *point de chainette*, particularly those of the amazonian form. We have seen several of this description of dress in nankin, embroidered with white; also in *bleu-duchesse brodé*, in a kind of *petite passementerie* of the same colour; the *chemisette* being made in *battiste*, plaited very small, fastened round the waist with an inlet of embroidery, the sleeves being also plaited and shewing under the amazonian sleeve, which is cut crossways over the arm. Those *corsages à busques* are most in favour for costumes *à la ville*, morning, &c. We may also quote the following as being extremely becoming, a dress of *foulard écarlé à deux jupes*, the under one being long, trimmed with a broad *passementerie posée* on the top of the hem; the second skirt also edged with a similar ornament ascending *en tablier* on each side of the front; plain corsage, low, and the point of the waist rounded; plain long sleeves.

PRIGNONS are much worn for elegant morning costumes; they are generally composed of *mousseline de soie*, the favourite colour being lilac, made open up the front, and showing the under-dress of *poult de soie*, trimmed with a broad cut flounce; the *peignoir* being encircled with a double *râche* of fringed ribbons, put on in two rows; the sleeves *semi-longues*; a high chemisette, with long sleeves attached, (is worn underneath, finishing this elegant *neglige*) and entirely made of alternate rows of lace inlet and embroidery. We have also remarked, that the favourite style of corsage, are those having a plain shoulder piece encircling the throat, the back and fronts of the body being gathered in equal folds, and rather close to each other; it is slightly guaged to where it is put into the shoulder piece, so as to give it a full *busqué* appearance; *ceinture* to match; having half-long ends; sleeves very ample, and full all round the cuff, the gathers on the top of the arm being retained by three straps, about three fingers width from above the elbow, where it regains its fullness; being, however, again confined with another band or strap about half way down the front of the arm. We may also cite the following as a charming model, made either of white or coloured *jaconets*, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; this style of *peignoir* is formed *à double jupe*; each skirt decorated with a broad flounce or frill; the upper skirt being at least the width of the flounce shorter than the lower one; the upper volant, therefore, forming a heading to the one on the under-skirt; the sleeves are made *semi-larges*, and are full in at the top to the shoulder-piece; a rich silk ribbon encircles the waist, which is perfectly round. Two very elegant models have just been submitted to our inspection, as forming part of the *trousseau* intended for *à jeune Mariée*, made in Italian silks *glacés*, the one being of a pale pink colour, trimmed with English point lace; the other of a verdant green, and decorated with *point d'Alençon*.

REDINGOTES.—Several very elegant ones have lately appeared, composed of white *tarlatane* muslin, and lined with pink or blue taffetas or a *transparent*, and trimmed with *garniture* of shaded ribbon; the corsage is made perfectly *degagé*, and short sleeves, making, altogether, a most

charming evening dress; some are beautifully embroidered, or have a Valenciennes inlet encircling it; the *chemisette* to match; these costumes are not considered complete, unless a splendid shawl of black lace is thrown over the whole, there being at the present moment a perfect rage for these elegant and light shawls. We have also remarked others made of an entire new material, being a description of *coutil* wove with cotton and worsted; the body plain in the front, and the lower part of the back full; elbow sleeves, with narrow facings; the sole ornaments being the *marquise* buttons made of silk; over these dresses are worn a *pardessus* of silk of a *pousere* colour, having large sleeves, and a *capuchon* lined with pink silk.

BALL DRESSES.—The light textures of which these fairy-like costumes are of every colour: white, however, predominates. We may cite, as one of the most elegant toilettes, a dress formed of three skirts of *tulle semé* with *pois d'or*, and edged or bordered with a broad fringe of white and gold; these three skirts are raised in a kind of drapery *superposées* on each side with three *arabes* of silk and gold *torsades*, terminated with Algerine tassels; upon the upper skirt the cord reaches up to the waist, which it also encircles, but without being tied in any way, so as to give proper effect to the side *cordelières*; the corsage is formed *à la grecque*, with very small sleeves, perfectly plain, and also edged with a fringe. Another style of evening dress, are those made of pink or blue Italian silk *glacées* white, which are made *à double jupe*, the upper ones being formed open, and trimmed *en tablier* on each side of the *jupon*; the *four* of the openings and the lower part of the skirt being trimmed with *râches* of ribbon or net. We may also remark that the trimmings most used for ornamenting the *robes Pompadour*, are the fringed ribbons put on *en petit falbalas*, and having a most charming effect. For *petites soirées*, some of our young *nobles* *portent* dresses of white *barège à lignes transversales*, that is, striped across, with Grecian corsage, and the sleeves rather large; also dresses of light coloured Italian silks, and trimmed with three or four flounces of a very light style of black lace, has a very charming effect; these half style of evening dresses are sometimes made with high bodies, and may be seen composed of plaided Pekin silk, either pink and white, or green and white, and trimmed with four rows of handsome fringe, made in the two colours.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"K."—We have received your communication with thanks, and shall be glad to hear from you again soon.

"Lines on a Linnet," declined.

"The Zephyr," not yet perused; we shall give it our earliest attention.

"W. C."—Received, and shall appear.

"The Affianced," under revision.

"B. B."—Certainly in our next.

LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.













THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1845.

LOVE AND VANITY.

"You from my gentle nature had no fears,
All my revenge is only in my tears."

DRYDEN.

"My dear Julio, you possess a good fortune, and a distinguished name; you have nobly benefited your country by your services, and now you are about accepting the consulship of Valencia. I feel persuaded that you will there accomplish all the good that can be effected, because I know you have the heart to feel, the judgment to discriminate, and the will to perform what is just and equitable; and that duty has always been a powerful and sacred obligation with you. But you are going to a country remarkable for its feats of gallantry, and in that particular I feel rather uneasy on your account."

"My beloved father, I thank you most gratefully for all you have done for me; you have given me a title, and preserved for me the ample fortune of my ancestors; and now, by the influence of your irreproachable loyalty, you have obtained for me an honourable and lucrative appointment in the most lovely province of Spain. But I can read your thoughts and wishes, and I plainly see that you are desirous that I should marry ere I leave you. But that is impossible."

"But, my brave boy, 'why this hatred of marriage?'"

"It is not a hatred nor a contempt of marriage which I feel," said the Marquis of Dumont, "for I remember well my mother, and how essentially she contributed to your happiness. If I could assure myself that I should meet with one as devoted as she was, then would I at once enrol myself in her service; but I fear my standard of perfection is of too exalted a character to be realized, and I can fancy no medium in the married life; therefore, I should fear to trust to chance, as I know I should love with more than ordinary intensity."

"Then is it because you would make too good a husband, that you will not marry?"

"Just so. It now depends upon me to justify the proverb which my ancestors and you have sustained. My idea

of a wedded life is of a very exaggerated nature, and I fear the reality would never satisfy my notions of happiness, and I should then be miserable."

"And do you think that a well selected marriage would not confer more than you imagine of happiness?"

"Yes, father. I have great faith in wedded bliss, but I have not so much faith in my own powers of discrimination, and I fear the woman I might select would not possess all the attributes necessary for prompt, fervent, and lasting affection."

"Then, my dear boy, in order to create a prompt impression, the lady must possess"—

"Grace and beauty," interrupted the young Marquis.

At this the Marquis, without being seen by his son, gave a sort of despairing shake of the head, saying—

"And what are your requisites for the lasting portion of the attachment?"

"High birth, nobility of soul, and ardent love."

The features of the old man relaxed with a smile, and he joyously said:—

"Well, my dear boy, I warn you that the ball at which I mean to present you to-morrow evening, ere you depart to your new residence, will be rather trying to your susceptibility, as you will there meet all the beauty that others find so irresistible; and many amongst them that I should be glad to see you fix your affections upon."

"Be more frank with me, my dearest father, and tell me is there not one amongst the many that in the bottom of your heart you would wish to see my choice fall upon?"

"And how have you guessed my secret, you naughty boy?"

"Because you never preach sermons but upon a regular got up occasion. I have now but one month more to spend with you, and in order not to lose a single day, you have this morning commenced your matrimonial homilies, and from to-morrow evening I am to be caught in the snare. Well, then, let us see. But, in the meantime, do not be churlish, and let me know the name of my future bride?"

"Oh, no! certainly not. If I am deceived, I shall keep secret the name of the fair one; and if I succeed in my

R

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

wishes, I shall reveal all to you in the gladness of my heart."

The Marquis and his son grasped each other's hand affectionately, and with a smile of mutual defiance they parted, the young man to go partridge shooting, and the Marquis to betake himself to a country seat at a little distance, where he had habituated himself to sojourn during the absence of his son. Those who pretended to know more than their neighbours, affirmed that he was drawn thither by the grace and beauty of Madame Campas, a most charming woman of thirty-eight, who had remained a widow for five or six years, notwithstanding the numerous sieges that had been made on her heart during that period. They attributed to his love for the mother the little attentions he paid the daughter, a young girl of twenty, who appeared to have a decided predilection for retirement, or rather that an unfortunate accident had prevented being before introduced into the fashionable world.

The next evening the young and captivating Julio awaited at the foot of the stairs for his father's appearance, in order to enter the carriage that was to convey them to the much talked of ball.

When the Marquis saw his son attired with all the care and cost that good taste and wealth could alone ensure, he started with delight and admiration at the astounding beauty of his son's open and intellectual countenance, and smilingly thought where he would deign to sue there would be no chance of a denial.

In an hour they arrived at the Castle of Longueil, where the ball had already commenced in all its fascinations. The large suite of rooms were thrown open and brilliantly illuminated. One end of the principal saloon opened upon fragrant hot-houses, and abundant graperies, and the other extremity led into the extensive gardens, and thickly wooded shrubberies, permitting the dancers to renovate and cool themselves in the mild yet balmy air of an autumnal evening.

The Marquis and his son found themselves in the saloon appropriated to the numerous dancers.

"Well, father," exclaimed Julio, looking around, "I hope you will point out to me your elected daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Marquis. "Nor shall I even tell you if she is here."

"Is that the young lady who stands just before us, with the corn flowers in her hair?"

"That is a young lady of large fortune!"—

"Well, then, it is not her, or you would not commence your praises with a calculation concerning pounds, shillings, and pence. The young lady next her dances gracefully, perhaps too much for effect if you watch closely her movements; but she is very pretty."

"She is the daughter of a French peer, who has obtained permission to transmit his title to his son-in-law."

"Well, father, you shall see your son arrive at dignities and honours, but it shall be owing solely to his own merits, and not to an act of grace from a father-in-law. But tell me what is the matter with the cheek and neck of that young lady with the beautiful hair?"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of that young lady seated at our right, and of whose face we can see but the profile."

"Oh! I know. But do not look at her; it is most painful."

"But what is the matter with her?"

"It is but too easy to perceive a double scar. But I should think you must have seen this young lady before."

"You forget, my dear sir, that this is my first visit to your new paradise—but who is the lady standing before that young girl, and with whom she is conversing?" said Julio.

"What pleasure can you feel in looking at that young person?" asked the Marquis. "Of all the persons in the room, she is the least calculated to please by appearance."

"It is true that those scars disfigure her," replied Julio.

"Well," said his father, "let us turn our attention to other objects."

"I suppose," continued Julio, "these scars came from a fall?"

"No, from a burn."

"A burn," exclaimed Julio. "Has her face and neck been burned?"

"Let us adjourn to the adjoining room," said the Marquis; "we shall there be able to observe without being perceived."

"Come along then," replied Julio. "How this cruel burn must have altered features that previously might have been beautiful."

"It is very probable," replied the Marquis, moving towards the door.

The Marquis and his son passed through the open window leading to the garden, and entered the adjoining room in the same way, and commenced their observations, as pointed out by the Marquis.

He allowed Julio to keep a little behind him, and leaning against the posts of the door, they hid themselves from the observation of those seated at the side where Madame Campas was placed.

"Well," said the Marquis, "now look round you, and try if you can discover much beauty amongst the young ladies seated with'n your view."

"At this moment Julio bent forward, and after having looked for a moment or two, exclaimed,

"Look there. Madame Campas is still standing, and before her is now seated a young lady of most singular beauty. It is very strange, but her dress is exactly the same as her daughter's?"

"She has but one daughter," said the Marquis, in a reverie.

"And where is she?" demanded Julio.

"Who?"

"The daughter of Madame Campas."

"Julio, I think you want to tease me," said the Marquis, impatiently.

"Indeed, father, I do not; but I think this young lady has some resemblance to the one you pointed out as

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

her daughter. In all your letters and conversations you have always spoken of Madame Campas with the greatest friendship, and now you get impatient when I speak to you of her."

"She is, indeed, a true friend, my dear boy, and a most fascinating woman. I do not merely speak of her beauty, that you can witness yourself, but I have scarcely ever met a more fascinating person, she possesses an elevation of mind, equal to the charm of her manners."

"And yet I fancy I can detect in her smile, an expression of extreme sadness."

"Oh! yes; that is in consequence of her daughter—"

"How, has she not brought her up well, then?" demanded Julio, mistaking the cause of uneasiness to the mother.

"Never was there a more attentive or devoted mother," said the Marquis.

"And notwithstanding all," said Julio, "her daughter has faults."

"Who says so?" demanded the Marquis; "her daughter is an angel."

"I cannot comprehend you," exclaimed Julio.

"Wait awhile, my dear Julio, and I shall recount all, when you will see that amongst the many noble and generous qualities of Madame Campas, she possessed one weakness, which she had not courage to combat with, but which she has most cruelly expiated."

"And her daughter?" asked Julio.

"Oh," replied the Marquis, "it is but one story, and you shall hear it; but here is the Count Garbois, do you wish to be presented to him?"

"No, my dear father, I should much rather hear the tale you were about telling me."

"So you shall; but first, I must devote a few moments to the Count."

So saying, the Marquis took the arm of his friend, and Julio strolled from one room to the other. In one he found the attention of all devoted to cards, in another the company were amusing themselves with billiards. He was a stranger amongst the vast throng, and he felt it; he became fatigued and low-spirited. He moved along from room to room, until at length he reached a library, where, throwing himself upon a couch, he gave himself up to the melancholy reflections with which he felt inspired, and which the distant sounds of mirth and music served rather to increase than diminish.

He became totally absorbed by his own thoughts. The country dance had just been finished, and the music ceased, when his ear was attracted to the adjoining gallery by the rustling of silks, and the gentle tread of female feet. A voice of celestial sweetness said with considerable emotion,

"My God! what is the matter with you—speak to me?"

Sighs, apparently accompanied by tears, were the only answer to this prayer.

"Have I done anything to displease you?" again asked the young and musical voice.

At this inquiry a kiss appeared to close the mouth of the young girl. Julio wished not to hear their conversation, but yet was reluctant to make his appearance in the midst of such a scene.

"Speak—speak!" continued the voice; "speak to me I pray you."

"What do you wish that I should say?" replied a female voice with considerable emotion; "always the same idea—the same punishment."

"Oh, my beloved mother!" interrupted the young girl, and there was no difficulty in distinguishing that these words were accompanied by the most tender caresses.

"Just now when you were dancing," replied the mother, "I turned my eyes towards you, and I saw your beauteous profile—you smiled fondly upon me. So great was my joy, that I placed my hand upon my heart to still its throbbings; when all of a sudden you turned round and I saw—I saw——"

The voice here became indistinct from excessive emotion. There was a moment of silence, then Julio heard the young girl descend upon her knees, and in a supplicating voice exclaim,

"Mother, do you love me?"

"I adore you, my angelic child."

These last words were expressed with all the warmth of the most exalted maternal affection.

"Then I am happy," said the young girl, rising with vivacity, "and I shall dance."

They moved away; Julio could not resist a feeling of curiosity, and he arose and saw a young girl of the most exquisite elegance of figure, who was endeavouring to lead forward, notwithstanding some feeble resistance, a lady towards the room where the dancing was going on. At the moment when they were about disappearing, the young girl turned her head, and he immediately recognized the burn.

He remained for some moments immovable, then rapidly entering into the rooms, he sought around for his father, who was at the time just parting from his friend. Taking hold of his arm, he drew him towards the garden, saying,

"I pray you, father, relate to me the history of the accident to Mademoiselle Campas, as I feel singularly interested in the detail."

The Marquis perceived his son's emotion, but without apparently noticing it, or questioning him as to its cause, commenced his narration:—

"Madame Campas, as you have seen this evening, is a woman of extraordinary beauty. Wherever she appears, she is, beyond all comparison, the most attractive in the room. Her husband not only loved her for her beauty, but also for the rare qualities of mind she possessed, she was his idol, and the greatest enjoyment he had, was witnessing how much admiration she attracted from others.

"From the constant devotion paid to Madame Campas's beauty, vanity became a part of her nature; the idea of a rival near her throne, would have been undurable, but that she now ceased to fear, she had so long

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

remained uneclipsed, and the acknowledged mistress of the field of beauty.

"Madame Campas had but one daughter, Jane, whom I have just pointed out to you. Jane was a most charming child; scarcely had she grown up into girlhood, ere her figure and face became faultless; and when Madame Campas arrived at that age when even the most presumptuous begin to calculate on the probable duration of their beauty, the poets of the province began to say that the Venus of Touraine would bloom again in the person of her own daughter with increased brilliancy, and more than once was the mother told that she alone could have given birth to one who would rival her own charms, and but for her daughter, she would ever continue the acknowledged queen of beauty.

"Although I should be sorry to accuse Madame Campas of envy, for I have the strongest regard for her, yet it must be nevertheless acknowledged, that the mother became jealous of the attractions of the daughter. She avoided as much as possible bringing so formidable a rival into society with her. Jane, whose mind was as perfect as her face, showed a ready compliance to her mother's wishes, and cheerfully remained at home. But Madame Campas was often obliged to receive her friends at her own house, and then Jane, in her simple dress of white muslin, captivated all the beholders, who went to the mother to express their unqualified admiration of her daughter's surpassing beauty.

"My God! if you had heard this poor woman relate the torments she then endured, and her shame in discovering that her affection for her child diminished with each new display of her attractions, you would feel indulgent to her weakness. I cannot tell you if the father partook in any degree of this deplorable weakness of his wife, or if he perceived her growing coldness to her unoffending child, but he proposed to send Jane for one year to Paris, to finish her education. To this proposition Madame Campas gladly consented.

"Be patient and listen, I have still more to tell. What I am now going to relate, I have from the lips of Madame herself. The night before the day on which Jane was to have left for Paris, there was a grand ball in the town. Poor Jane was of course prohibited from going. Madame Campas was there, and whether from her well chosen dress, or the excitement attending so lively a scene, looked even more than usually beautiful. She was the star of all around her—the idol of the night; all hung upon her accents with interest, and gazed upon her wondrous beauty with admiration; when suddenly the lady of the house advanced, and with precaution announced to her that an accident had occurred, which required her presence home.

"The thought of her daughter instantly occurred to her. She lost not a moment, and upon arriving at her house found Jane surrounded by physicians, dressing two horrible wounds on the cheek and neck, caused by the upsetting of a phial of vitriol.

"I cannot describe to you the despair of that miserable mother. Inquiries were made as to how such an accident

could have occurred, but the servants could not throw the least light on the subject.

"The fact was, this angelic girl felt her mother's late estrangement of manner, and guessing her weakness, determined to disguise her appearance, in order that she might regain the love of her mother.

"For several days Jane's life was in imminent danger; she became delirious, and they feared brain fever. At length the physicians pronounced her out of danger. The distracted mother remained fixed to the pillow of her suffering child, weeping bitterly. Jane, whose eyes were partially covered by the dressings, sought her mother's hand, and pressing it fondly to her heart, exclaimed:—'My beloved mother, weep not, I am not suffering now.'

"Madame Campas still continued weeping. 'Mother—mother, you will break my heart if you thus give way to grief.'

"'You will be so disfigured,' whispered the afflicted mother, throwing herself upon the bed, and straining her daughter to her heart.

"'Disfigured,' repeated Jane, returning with interest her mother's caresses; then putting her mouth to her ear she whispered, 'Now you will love me.'

Julio, to whom this last sentence fully revealed the devotion of the matchless child to her mother, could no longer restrain an exclamation of profound admiration for such virtue; he grasped his father's hand, and remained for some moments silent.

"Father," at length said Julio, "I must ask leave of absence from the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"Leave for what?" interrogated the Marquis.

"This evening you must present me to Madame Campas, and then I must have time to win Jane's love."

"My noble boy," cried the Marquis, clasping his son to his heart, "I knew that I should succeed in this—my fondest wish."

BELINDA.

LINES ON MEMORY.

Sweet memory throw thy gentle rays
O'er cherished scenes, and early days,
Subdued, but not less bright;
Voices long silent let me hear—
Friends departed, but still dear,
Illumine with thy light.

Weave for me thy enchanting spell,
That I may wander through each dell,
As happy as of yore;
To breathe the air of childhood's home,
In childhood's haunts again to roam,
And be a child once more.

E.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE VICTIM OF A DREAM; A GERMAN STORY.

"—— Nunc gloria matris
Mox dolor——."
CLAUDIAN. *De Raptu Proserpinæ. Lib. II.*

CHAPTER I.

It was the early dawn of the morning, and yet, all was animation in the town of Zurich, for its numerous soldiery were about to march forth to encounter the enemy, who were fast approaching the confines of Switzerland. Tears filled the eyes of thousands, and hands were wrung in agony, whilst voices were uplifted in prayers to heaven. The signal at length was given—the troops were in movement—and then did grief break through all those bounds within which it had hitherto been restrained; for now arose the cries of despairing mothers, of agonized wives, and of afflicted brides; and the shrieks could be heard even still more distinctly than the rattling of the drums, or the manly buzzes of the gallant heroes, who panted to find themselves in the deadly rencontre with the foes to their freedom, and the enemies to the independence of their country.

The soldiers had departed, and the stillness of death now pervaded the town. Despair had gained that supreme command over every heart, which grief with its violent efforts had stricken down.

White and pale—cold and frigid as a marble statue of Niobe, sat Amelia Sender, closely shrouded behind the hanging curtains in her father's magnificent apartments. She would not, if she could, gaze upon that daylight which had witnessed her grief. "Thine even in death!" were the last words that had been addressed to her by her affianced lover, Louis Sronenstein, as he tore himself from her sight; and that word *death* had produced a deep and painful impression upon her sensitive heart. With the last rattling beat of the drum, she sunk back fainting on her seat; and as she did so, she fancied that she saw the bleeding body of her intended husband stretched at her feet. And thus thinking, the fairest maiden in Zurich sank senseless and motionless to the earth.

Her father—her mother hurried to her aid, but it was vainly bestowed for several hours. At the end of that time, the poor heart-broken Amelia was able but with her looks to thank them for their cares; and rest alone was restored to her when, before night had closed, three different messengers arrived from the enamoured Louis, to assure her that he was still in health, and thus to soothe in some degree the agony caused by his separation.

During his march towards the frontiers, Louis never lost a single opportunity of writing to his beloved Amelia. His leisure moments were devoted to his pen, and every post brought with it the result of his labours; and often the acknowledgment of letters from Amelia, which awaited him at the great towns through which his regiment was to pass.

He had, in his letters, endeavoured to impress upon Amelia a knowledge of the fact, that the time must soon

come when the continuation of his correspondence would be subjected to a thousand accidents, and must probably be interrupted altogether for a considerable period. That fact alone, connected, as it was, with the dangers to which he must be exposed, and the perils he had to encounter, was identified in Amelia's mind with the fatal word—"death," which he had so solemnly spoken as he parted from her.

"Oh! how she did long but for a single moment again to see him living!" It was a vain and useless wish, and nought was left to console her but his miniature, which always rested on her heart. But that miniature—how could it was—how like in feature—but how unlike in expression to him that it represented: for instead of the sweet smile of the original, there was on its brow the frown of weariness, caused by the tediousness which Louis had to endure, whilst the painter was engaged in portraying it.

CHAPTER II.

The mother of Amelia was exceedingly rejoiced, as well as astonished, to see her daughter one morning enter the room, her face beaming with smiles, and looking the very emblem of happiness.

"Oh! mother—dearest mother," she said, "my wish has been gratified, and I have again seen him as I would have wished to behold him."

"Seen him! Whom have you seen, my dear Amelia?" inquired her mother.

"Him—my Louis. He has appeared to me in a dream. And now, as I know you are so very clever in explaining dreams, I come to ask you what is the signification of that which I had last night?"

"How is this, Amelia—do you then believe in dreams? You, who have, as well as your father, laughed at me when I have told you of my dreams, and attempted to impress upon you my interpretation of them."

"It is quite true, mother. And even now, I must own to you, that I do not think a dream to be anything more than the images conjured by a lively imagination. I only ask you to gratify my curiosity."

"No—no, my child," replied Madame Sender. "Curiosity without faith does not deserve any indulgence. But come, let us hear what fine dream this is you have had?"

Amelia thus replied:—

"I dreamed that I was walking over a great, large, wide, boundless plain, and that I saw at a distance an officer, whose back was turned to me, playing ball, by tossing it from him. This sport or play did not surprise me, for I had seen Louis thus amusing himself before now. That, however, which astonished me was, that the ball was always tossed back to him, although I could not see any one before him to catch hold of it. In order that I might ascertain how this happened, I advanced nearer to the officer, and then discovered that the fellow player with him was some little animal."

"What was its shape and form?" asked Madame Sender, who seemed to be a good deal agitated from the very first word that Amelia uttered.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Why, I cannot exactly say, for it ran away so quickly as soon as I became visible to it; but it appeared to me to be very like a weazel."

Madame Sender, upon hearing this, sighed deeply.

"I never thought about the animal," continued Amelia, "for something much more interesting presented itself to my eyes. The officer turned round to discover who had interrupted him in his sport, and then I found that it was Louis himself, in all the glancing brilliancy of youth and manly beauty. There was a charm in his face that gave him something more than an earthly appearance—but, my dearest mother, what in Heaven's name is the matter?"

"Oh!—nothing—nothing my child. I feel a little faintish—give me my scent bottle."

CHAPTER III.

Amelia gave the smelling salts to her mother, who recovered her equanimity with some difficulty, and then asked with some eagerness if that was all Amelia had dreamed.

"Oh! not at all, my dear mother."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Madame Sender, and then it was, that Amelia first perceived, that it was the narration of her dream, that had so affected her.

"Really, mother," she observed, "I am astonished to find that such trifles as these should be deemed worthy of a moment's thought by you."

"Go on with your dream, my darling child. I am anxious to hear how it terminated."

"With pleasure," continued Amelia; "because it is probable you will like the way it ended much better than the beginning. At first Louis appeared a little annoyed by my appearance, but soon his good humour was restored. He took me lovingly by the arm, and led me into a church—a beautiful church—for its walls were all covered with flowers, and from its roof hung thick, large, luscious-looking pomegranates."

"A church!—pomegranates!" said Madame Sender, pondering deeply upon these incidents. "But proceed."

"Yes, my dear mother. But then there is just here, as it so often happens in dreams, a complete blank. My memory is at fault, and I cannot tell whether we were married or not in the Church; but I remember that we soon after returned here, where there was to be the marriage feast, for which great preparations had been made. We were all seated at table, when we heard the noise of a carriage stopping before the door. The shouts and the clamour in the street, with the loud clapping of the doors, made us suppose that some most distinguished guest must have arrived. We all run then to the window, and the universal question was put by each, 'Who can this possibly be.' All looked down into the street, and were astonished with the magnificent equipage they beheld. The carriage was plated with gold, and all its borders were covered with pearls; while it appeared to be drawn by twelve winged grey steeds of miraculous beauty. A multitude of servants in a livery that was overlaid with gold ornaments waited at the doors, and, to the astonishment of

all, there darted out of it, and hurried up into the room where we remained, that very same little animal that I had seen playing ball with Louis."

"What! the weazel again!" groaned out Madame Sender.

"Yes, my dear mother; but to tell you the truth, I cannot say whether it was a weazel or not, for the little creature was so quick, so nimble, so incessantly active, it was impossible to say what it was, as it ran about here and there in the chamber."

"Alas! that is precisely like a weazel, and so there can be no doubt but that it unfortunately was a weazel. However, proceed with your dream."

"Every one was amazed at the extraordinary thing that the magnificent carriage brought to us; and then we were equally surprised to see the nimbleness and dexterity with which the hateful little animal presented itself in all parts of the room; now running up the columns, then scampering over the table, now flying about the room, and then, despite of all the efforts made to strike it with the hand, or stamp on it with the foot, avoiding every injury that was attempted to be done to it, and not even in the slightest degree disconcerted or rendered timid by the assaults made upon it. I must avow, that my attention was soon diverted from it, for I thought that I was now the bride of my beloved Louis—that we were for ever bound together by the most solemn ties, and that the only cause for apprehension, was the dreadful war which still continued. I said this to Louis, and then he, laughing out aloud at my vain fears, drew forth his sword from his scabbard, and I was amazed to perceive that it was broken—and it was at this very point of my dream I awoke; and now, my dearest mother, tell me, what does all this mean, for I know you are so very—very clever, in the interpretation of dreams."

"I must own to you, child, that I cannot do all that in a moment, but I shall think over the matter. Meanwhile, I must own to you, that I do not at all like what you say to me of the ball-playing, and the wide plain, and the weazel."

"To say the truth, mother, you lay a stress upon things that seem to me not to be of the least importance—mere adornments of the fancy; whilst that which I think really interesting, is the marriage feast and the broken sword. What else can they possibly signify, but the near approach of peace?"

"My dear Amelia, you know nothing at all on this subject; but now let us say no more on the matter, for I hear your father's step outside the door."

CHAPTER IV.

If the father of Amelia was delighted to see that she appeared in much better spirits this morning than usual, he was not the less astonished to observe that the manner of his wife was downcast, cold, and distracted, and upon asking her the reasons, she said she felt herself not at all well, and upon this quitted the apartment.

"Has your mother been complaining of ill-health?" asked Herr Sender.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Oh, no!—not at all, my dear father," replied Amelia.

"Then Heaven alone can tell what ails her. Perhaps she has had some frightful dream, and is on that account breaking her heart. What a gross folly it is, when life is so full of real sorrows, thus to seek for others in our sick fancies and wild imaginations. Has she been telling you of any horrible dream she has had?"

"No!" replied Amelia, in a heart broken tone; and Herr Sender, now perceiving that the bad spirits of the mother had seized upon his daughter, quitted the room, greatly afflicted in perceiving that the change which had taken place in his daughter, was but of momentary duration.

Madame Sender had meanwhile betaken herself to her boudoir, and there, fast locked from the approach of every one, she devoted the entire day to the study of "a dreamer's book."

This lady had been educated in the country, where she had imbibed this amongst other superstitions; and unattended by a mother's care, and abandoned in a great degree to the conversation of servants, she had entered upon life, her mind stored with the most fantastical notions, which it was as vain to argue against, as it was useless to demonstrate, their groundless absurdity. Her mind had been so warped by superstition, that it could no longer be corrected by reason.

CHAPTER V.

It was in vain, that Amelia waited during the entire morning, in the hope of seeing her mother return to her; and when she did appear in the evening, it was terrible to perceive the change which a few hours had produced in her. She looked the very picture of despair, and it was evident that the sickness which she had at first assumed, was no longer imaginary.

A physician was sent for, and he declared that her mind must have received some dreadful shock, such as was calculated to be produced by hearing unexpectedly of some awful calamity. When she was alone with her daughter, she flung her arms around her neck and exclaimed,

"Oh, my child—my poor, good child; why should it be that you, so young and so lovely, should be doomed to endure such dreadful misfortunes?"

"What mean you, my dear mother?" anxiously inquired Amelia. "Oh! but I perceive, you think that my dream portends misfortune to me."

"Leave me, Amelia," replied her mother. "Perhaps you are right in thinking as your father does, that all these things are mere vain follies."

"My dear mother," answered Amelia, who could not but be affected in seeing how much her mother had been shaken, and how deeply her health had been injured by the dream that had been told to her; "my dear mother, I promise not to believe one word of it; but then you must tell me what it is. Indeed—indeed you must, it will relieve your heart to do so, and I promise you, it shall not give me a moment's uneasiness."

"Well, then, do you faithfully promise me," said Madame Sender, "not to believe in that which you are going to hear?"

"Most certainly I do," answered Amelia. "What folly would it be in me to abandon my conviction in the nothingness of dreams, when an opposite conviction could only make me suppose that they predicted evil to me?"

CHAPTER VI.

Madame Sender hesitated for a considerable time before she complied with her daughter's request; but at length she told her that the plain, on which she had found herself, signified boundless misfortune, and that the weasel was some female who would possess herself of the affections of Louis. That the bull-playing signified that woman's power to engage all his attention—that the going to church signified some dire calamity, and the pomegranates were all indicative of some new afflictions; whilst the worst of all was the broken sword, because it was typical of the violent death of her intended bridegroom.

It required a considerable time before Madame Sender could be induced to bring out each of these particulars; and she would not mention that which was the last of all—the signification of the broken sword—until Amelia assured her that she did not pay the slightest regard to her interpretation of the dream.

That promise was one, however, that it was no longer in Amelia's power to keep. Her mind had been previously shaken by her own dark surmises, and the dreadful impressions produced by the last words that Louis had addressed to her on parting. Circumstances confirmed her sad suspicions; for Louis, for some time, had been no longer heard of, and her father's vain attempt at explaining the cause, by ascribing the loss of his letters to the countries that lay between the two lovers being traversed by hostile armies, was not attended to; as Amelia believed, that Louis neglected writing to her, because his affections were engaged by that female who had, as a weasel, appeared to her, in her dream.

It could not be a matter of surprise, that the thoughts which distracted her mind by day, should not also afflict her fancy, when her wearied body was sunk in repose—that she should again behold that hated weasel, which soon changed its form into that of a woman, and then of a fury, that plunged its talons into her bleeding heart.

CHAPTER VII.

Amelia's health declined perceptibly. Her spirits were broken—her nerves shattered—and she who formerly laughed at all the ridiculous notions of her mother with respect to dreams, became now a firm believer in the ominous significations that were given to them. Many and many were her secret conversations with her mother, and all had the one object—to spell out something from

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

her visions as to what might be the actual condition of Louis.

One superstition was the handmaid to another, and from her mother's conversation about dreams, she began to listen and to believe in the statements made by her female attendant, as to witches.

This attendant, Dorcas, told her of a witch who dwelt in the suburbs of the town, who was able by means of her charms and necromancy, to bring the absent and even the dead before those who desired to see, or to converse with them.

Poor Amelia! a mania had seized upon her—it was that of again looking upon her beloved Louis; and Dorcas, having frequently gone with messages to the witch, returned at last with the answer, that if she visited the abode of the old woman on a certain day, her desires should be gratified; but the condition was imposed upon her, that she should go alone to the dwelling of the witch.

The condition was acceded to, and the spiritless, heart-broken Amelia stole from her father's mansion one day, and being shown by Dorcas where the woman dwelt, she entered into an old and delapidated mansion, upon the steps of which she was encountered by one of the most frightful hags she had ever looked upon. Terrified by the appearance of this withered wretch, Amelia was about to withdraw, when the latter, grasping her hand, exclaimed in a harsh tone of voice,

"I know thy thoughts, Amelia; but leave me at thy peril. Leave me, and thou shalt never behold me more. Remain, and whether good or ill betide thee, thou shalt know all."

Terrified by her manner, Amelia allowed herself to be conducted into a dark room. There the witch placed in her hand a strongly scented weed, and desired her never to let it quit her grasp, as it was her only protection against the evil spirits with which she would soon be surrounded. Then uttering some charmed words, the woman pushed the maiden into a room that was enveloped in the shades of night.

CHAPTER VIII.

The terrors of Amelia momentarily increased in the dreadful situation in which she had been placed. All around her was for some minutes so black, and so dismal, that it seemed as if every ray of light had been carefully excluded. This darkness, and complete solitude, were soon interrupted, however, by dull murmurs, which seemed to increase into gradual but distinct sounds, and as these sounds became more clear, there arose here and there from the floor, thin, misty, blueish, flames, which but served to make the gloom into which they penetrated, the more perceptible.

Then there came the notes of distant music, and as it died into a scarcely audible echo, a cauldron filled with live coals rose in the centre of the room, and at the same moment the witch, with her hair dishevelled, and howling like an infuriated animal, burst into the apartment. The

visage of the hag had on it the pallid, blueish colour of a corpse, as she glared over the bubbling flames that spluttered up from the cauldron. Then the place rang again with a howl that seemed to be the cry of a damned soul in its agony; and as this awful shriek reached the ears of the witch, she smiled for the first time, but it was a smile such as the murderer might bestow upon his executioners at the rack. It was in the midst of this awful noise, that something was seen to move, like a shadow, across the lower end of the apartment.

"Louis! my own Louis!" shrieked Amelia, and maddened by the excitement of the scene, and the vision she now looked upon, she sank fainting and utterly unconscious to the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

When Amelia again recovered her senses, she found herself in the miserably furnished room into which she had first been shown, when she saw the witch. The latter hung over her, and groaning, demanded the reward which had been promised to her. Amelia bestowed the golden contents of her purse upon the wretch, and then—had to be carried to her home.

Upon arriving at her father's mansion, she was instantly placed in bed, and there but one thought occupied her mind. It was the appearance of Louis, as she had seen him in the witch's room. He looked as well in health as when she had formerly seen him, but then his face was changed—Oh! how dreadfully changed!—for the smile that it always wore when he gazed upon her, was changed to a frown, and there seemed to be contempt for her in his glance.

"What," she asked herself, "may it not be that the hellish acts which I have had recourse to, to bring him before me, could not be accomplished without inflicting bodily pain upon him? May it not be that he knows I have caused him that grief which was painted so legibly on his features, and that all his former affection for me, may be thus changed into loathing? Alas! alas! it must be so, or he never could have so looked upon his Amelia."

Grief and vain repentance soon accomplished their task upon the hapless Amelia. She fell into a raging fever—she lost her senses for several weeks, and when she was restored to them, it was to hear that Louis had one day been found by his fellow-officers, dead in his bed in the camp.

Amid all the horror and the grief of this news, Amelia had recollection enough particularly to inquire the time when the dire occurrence took place. She heard that it happened, by an extraordinary coincidence, to occur on the very day that he had been made to appear before her in the accursed abode of the witch. She learned this, but she learned no more; for when her worst fears were realised, she fell into strong convulsions, and a few weeks afterwards, the corpse of the lunatic was conveyed to the last resting place of the dead.

* * * * *

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

But how came the appearance of Louis in the witch's chamber? Dorcas had given to the hag a picture of Louis, taken from the miniature which Amelia always wore. This was used as a transparency, in a chamber fitted up for pretended enchantment to be practised; and thus mistaken by Amelia in her excitement, for the original.

As to the interpretations given to Amelia's dream by her mother, there was not one single circumstance that had occurred from the time of Louis parting from his beloved and promised spouse, to justify them. It was all vanity—all nonsense—and yet it brought to an untimely grave, one whose life had been virtuous, and who, if she had been advised by a prudent mother, might have worthily and happily fulfilled her destiny.

Amelia was the victim of a dream!

W. B. M.

STANZAS.

Oh would I were the little glove
To warm and cherish her soft hand:
Like a tender kid I'd press my love,
Oh would I were the waves, the rocks, the sand,
Then, perchance, we oft should meet,
And I might sometimes kiss her feet.

Oh! would I were the thornless rose,
That in her tresses seeks repose;
Or the hopeful violet,
Basking in her eyes of jet.
The lily, that I own might sip
The breath that hovers round her lip;
And oh! how blessed would be my lot,
If called by her—Forget-me-not.

Would I were a little bird,
That she might clip my wing;
How often should my voice be heard,
And merrily I'd sing.
The dog that crouches at her feet
Is happier than I;
If we were never more to meet,
I'd lay me down and die.

K.

CHARADE.

At even time I'm always seen,
And oft at morning on the green;
In shady groves I sometimes hide,
And oft you coaxed me to your side.
Now, Cavalier, pray what am I?
Beware—don't answer with a sigh.

B.

AN ODE; BY WARBURTON BURCH.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

I frequent bend my footsteps where,
That streamlet rolls along,
Whose music soft my sorrows share,
Or cheers my lonely song.

Some peaceful herds are browsing still,
Amid the tranquil scene;
Hush'd is the hamlet, and the mill
Is silent on the green.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

A shepherd's pipe whose lively strain,
Breathes notes of gladness there;
Where many a gallant rustic swain,
Leads forth his partner fair.

And there is youth and love I ween,
Among yon joyous crew,
That sporting gaily on the green,
Dispel the summer dew.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

Reclining on some mossy bank,
With grateful pleasure press'd,
Ere yet the golden orb hath sank,
Adown the ruddy west.

I mark the shadows of the sweet even,
As slow declines the day,
The stars burn in the blue heaven,
And melts the light away.

Near where yon streamlet meets the vale,
Whose tranquil waters flow,
Illumin'd by the moonbeams pale,
So gracefully and slow.

CHARADE.

My first an azure tint displays,
My second's hid from human gaze;
My third is captious, yet, though odd,
My *tout* you grieve whene'er you nod.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

From an American Correspondent.

PART FIRST.

The last rays of the setting sun stole faintly through the rich crimson curtains which fell in heavy folds from the gilded cornices that decorated the windows of one of the most splendidly furnished apartments in Richmond, Virginia.

Near the centre of the room a seat was occupied by a young and beautiful girl. Her exquisitely shaped arm rested negligently on a table that stood near, strewn with the finest engravings and most costly annuals of the day. But she seemed regardless of the luxury by which she was surrounded, apparently absorbed in gloomy reflections, for the expression of care depicted on her brow, spoke evidently of a mind ill at ease. She had remained in this position for nearly half an hour, when her meditations were broken by hearing her name pronounced, and in another instant George Livingston, her affianced lover, was at her side.

"What, Rosa, sad again?" said the youth. "I have come to bid you a short farewell, and would gladly see one of your bright smiles before my departure. The time was when my presence seemed to afford you pleasure, but there has been a strange alteration lately. Have I done anything to offend you, dearest?"

"No, George, my affection for you is unchanged, and your society does, indeed, afford me pleasure. My spirits have, I know, been sadly depressed for some time past; her voice faltered, and a tear trembled in her eye.

"Why, then," said Livingston, "do you hide from me the source of your inquietude? Who," he continued, taking her small white hand within his own, "who has a better right to sympathize with you than I?"

"No one, George, and sooner or later you must know; it were as well, perhaps, you should hear it now. Do you remember a contract my father made some six months since with Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, but how does that concern you?"

"Why," said Rosa, "to be as brief as possible, the thing did not succeed as was anticipated, and the consequences is, that all my father's property must be sacrificed to meet demands."

At any other time Rosa would have observed the change in her lover's countenance, but she was too much engrossed with the thought of her parent's difficulties, to notice his emotion. Livingston recovered instantly.

"And what," he asked, "does Mr. Ruffin purpose doing?"

"My uncle," replied Rosa, "who resides in western Virginia, has often solicited him to remove there, and now my father seriously thinks of complying with the request, and has written to him on the subject."

"But perhaps," said Livingston, thoughtfully, "when he hears of Mr. Ruffin's misfortune, he will not desire the removal as he did in your prosperity, for you know——"

"My uncle," said Rosa, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, "is too noble-minded to abandon his friends, and particularly a brother, in the trying hour of adversity. But for myself I care not," she added, in a more softened tone; "my only anxiety is for my father and the younger children. The latter will be deprived of the advantages of education with which I have been blessed."

"You will," said Livingston, "find a vast difference between a retired home in the 'backwoods' of our state, and the variety and bustle of a city life."

"Yes," said Rosa, "but I would not feel lonely if permitted to keep my books and musical instruments. As this is, however, out of the question, I shall have to invent some other mode of amusement. But, George, you spoke of leaving the city?"

"Urgent business," replied Livingston, "requires my immediate presence in Baltimore. I shall be gone but a few days but will write to you; and say, Rosa, may I expect an answer?"

"Certainly; why should I refuse? When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes—and even now I am neglecting affairs which must be attended to this evening. But when in your sweet society I always linger; but now I must tear myself away. Farewell!" And drawing her towards him, he imprinted a kiss on her blushing cheek.

To give the reader a better knowledge of the incidents contained in our story, we must go back a little.

Among the many beauties who graced the gay circle in which she moved, none was more admired than Rose Ruffin. Her sweetness and amiability of manner and temper, together with one of the finest forms and loveliest faces which ever adorned her sex, won the esteem and admiration of all who knew her.

She had many offers of marriage, and some the world would call splendid; but she was unwilling to give her hand unless her heart could accompany it. She had almost come to the conclusion that her heart was incapable of being touched by the "softer passion;" for, strange to say, Rosa had arrived at the age of eighteen without ever having loved even in imagination.

Before she had entirely come to the above conclusion she met George Livingston. He was a young man of talent, and one whose society was courted by all. Being both gay and handsome, he was of course a general favourite with the ladies. It is no marvel, then, that when the 'admired of all admirers' knelt at the shrine of Rosa's beauty, and there confessed his adoration, that there was a strange sensation about her young heart. And when, a few months after their first introduction, he made an offer of his hand, she consented to become his bride.

Mr. Ruffin opposed an immediate union; he loved his daughter much, and would not, for the world, have caused her any unhappiness. He communicated to no one his thoughts, but determined to watch the youth narrowly, treating him in the meanwhile with friendship and cordiality. Mr. Ruffin was a man of strong penetration, and

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

as George Livingston became a frequent visitor at his house, he had ample time and opportunity to study his character, and in the study became more and more convinced that Livingston was not a man with whom he would willingly trust his daughter's welfare. His intention was, at some convenient time, to point out to Rosa the objectionable traits in her lover's character, knowing that when once convinced, she had too much good sense not to fall in with his opinion, and thereby prevent an unhappy union.

"Sister," said little Mary Ruffin, as she entered Rosa's chamber a few days after Livingston's departure, "Mr. Harry Danforth's servant is down stairs and says he must see you directly. He has a letter in his hand. I 'spect it's from you know who," she said, looking her sister archly in the face.

Rosa descended the stairs, and found "old Jack" (as he was familiarly termed) in the hall. He handed her a letter, the seal of which was broken. She looked at the superscription. It was directed in Livingston's handwriting to Mr. Henry Danforth—the post-mark Baltimore.

"There must be some mistake here," she said.

"No, missus, Massa Harry make berry few mistakes. Jack nebber do."

Knowing the close intimacy existing between the young men, and fearing some accident had befallen her lover, Rosa dismissed the servant, and repairing to her own room, with a trembling hand opened the epistle and read as follows:

"DEAR HARRY,

"I arrived here last Tuesday, and find the business in which I am concerned harder to manage than I had expected.

"My principal object in writing to you now is this. Ruffin's sale will take place before I can possibly return. You will please purchase for me Rosa's harp and piano. I don't see how the deuce I can get off honourably without buying them, for in our last conversation she asked me to do so. There is, however, one condition—do not get them if they go too high.

"This is a poor business. The girl it is true is beautiful, but a man can't live on beauty.

"Rosa and wealth would suit admirably; but Rosa and poverty!—away with the thought!

"By the way, there is a Miss Rivers here, a reputed heiress; she has taken a great fancy to me; and so soon as I can rid myself of the 'old love,' I shall on with 'the new.' You understand me.

"Enclosed is a letter for Rosa, which you must hand directly. Adieu!

"GEORGE LIVINGSTON."

Rosa could scarcely believe her senses. The idea of Livingston's inconstancy had never entered her mind. She did not think, when in the fullness of her heart, she had told him of her father's perplexities with regard to pecuniary matters, that her words could be so misconstrued. And now she saw her lover's intentions in their

true light. How thankful she felt to her father for his interference, when Livingston had urged an immediate consummation of his suit. She held the letter in her hand, while scalding tears coursed each other down her cheek.

"I will not be so weak," she murmured. "He does not merit my love, and I must forget him."

It seems Danforth had gone out in the morning in question on a pleasure excursion, leaving orders for his servant to deliver into Rosa's hand Livingston's letter to her. But Jack, who was not at all times a very observant personage, failed to notice particularly, and after his master left, thinking one letter as good as another, took the wrong one, as has been seen.

Danforth was as much, if not more, to blame than his servant; but being of a wild, thoughtless disposition, he generally left the management of his domestic concerns to Jack. And it is to be wondered at that the frequent "scrapes" he was thrown into by his servant's carelessness, had not caused a change of habit.

Pleasure was Danforth's forte; and being in possession of a handsome annuity, his whole time was spent in devising some new scheme whereby to enjoy himself. Sometimes (but it was very seldom) he became irritated, as was the case when he returned home and found Rosa's letter still lying on the table. He hastily rung the bell, and Jack as hastily answered the summons.

"I thought I told you to take this letter to Miss Ruffin?"

"Wall, sar."

"Don't 'wall sar' me," said Danforth, imitating him.

"Carry this letter to the young lady instantly, and if you ever fail in obeying my commands again I will reprimand you severely."

"Why, Massa Harry—"

"Silence, sir, and go directly."

Saying this, and throwing on his hat, Danforth left the room, to meet some young men by appointment.

"Wall, wall," said Jack, as he picked up a neatly folded epistle and started on his errand. "Wall, wall, I never did see his match. If he'd a jist a waited and listened to me a minit, I could a told him de whole saacumstans. But no! He too strong-headed. Great Scots! If my old missus could see de way he is a carryin' on, 'twould grieve her old sould. But 'tain't no use a grievin' on it no how. She done dead and gone, and where's de use a grievin' over spilt milk. De 'youf' (as his aunt call him 't'other day,) will do as he please. My mammy use tell me, when I was little fellow playin' de debbil and turnin' up Jack, 'Nebber mind,' she say, 'playin' kittens make solemn old cats,' and maybe arter Massa Harry gits old as me, he'll come right. Dear! dear! he can't hope always to be bad."

By the time Jack finished his cogitations, he had arrived at Mr. Ruffin's door, and in a very little while had explained to Rosa (in his own way) the cause of the mistake. After giving her the letter intended for her, and receiving Danforth's in return, he elicited from our heroine a promise not to mention the circumstance to his

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

master, and he then returned to his home perfectly satisfied.

Rosa read Livingston's letter, and found it contained protestations of never failing love, together with all other *ceteras* usually found in such epistles.

With a heavy heart the next morning, she sought an interview with her father, and told him without reserve the events of the preceding day. As she concluded, she looked in his face, expecting to see at least a sympathising look, but was surprised to see the face of her parent, which had for so many weeks worn an expression of sadness, now wreathed in smiles.

"Well, my dear," he said, brushing the ringlets aside, and tenderly kissing her forehead, "I am glad for your sake this thing has occurred."

"Glad!" said Rosa "that my first fond affection should be thus trampled upon."

"Yes, love, you may, perhaps, think my words strange, but I have long foreseen that George Livingston is not calculated to render your life one of peace. It has been my intention to speak to you of this, but the precarious state my affairs have so suddenly assumed, has drawn my mind, for some time, from the subject so dear to your happiness. I know, my child, it will be a painful task to forget and cease to love one in whom you have confided so long. I remember well the pang it cost me when I followed your mother to the grave. How difficult it was to realise her death. The trial you have to undergo is of a different cast. I trust you have pride enough to overcome all the tender interest or affection you ever cherished for one who has proved that he is unworthy your love. I advise you to write an immediate and decisive refusal of his hand. That will be for the present sufficient; I know he loved you as well as he is capable of loving any one, and sooner or later repentance will come. What he will then feel will punish him more than all the reproaches I could heap upon him."

Rosa followed implicitly her father's directions, but when she despatched the letter which was to separate her for ever from the being who had won her first love, her feelings overcome her, and she wept long and bitterly.

Rosa Ruffin had loved with all the fervency of a young and trusting heart. Let it not be deemed strange that she mourned over blighted hopes. The thrice happy hours she had spent in Livingston's society—the well remembered accents of affection so oft-repeated by him, occurred to her memory; and reflections like these, together with the knowledge that the happiness she once enjoyed had "departed never to return," for a while marred her peace of mind.

She struggled hard, but successfully, with her feelings, and gradually, but surely, she regained the natural hilarity of her spirits. And when, several years after their removal from Richmond, Livingston's marriage appeared in one of the eastern papers, she read it without emotion, and heaved not a sigh of regret.

PART SECOND.

"Really, you have an array of beauty here to-night,"
204

said Charles Harrington to his friend Frank Selwyn, as they stood at one end of the ball room, in the little town of — (situated somewhere in western Virginia) surveying the gay group before them.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but you have not yet seen the brightest star to our little firmament. But *ser*, she comes! And now if you do not fall in love with *Aer*, I shall give you up for ever to hardness of heart."

As Selwyn ceased speaking, Harrington turned his eyes towards the door. An elderly gentleman entered, on whose arm leaned a female of more than ordinary beauty. Her rich hair fell in tasteful ringlets around her fair and open brow. A faint blush stole over her face, deepening, in its course, the hue of health that glowed on her cheek, and adding 'new lustre' to her dark hazel eyes. A sweet smile played around her beautiful mouth, as she returned the salutations of those around her.

"Who can she be?" muttered Harrington, half audibly.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Frank Selwyn, "caught at last. A pretty story indeed!—that the Honourable Sidney Harrington should fall in love at first sight."

"Not in love exactly," said Harrington, almost blushing at being detected in his admiration. "But I consider the lady very beautiful."

"Well, well," said Selwyn, gaily, "I think I must tell Miss Ruffin of her conquest."

"Ruffin!" exclaimed Harrington. "That name is a familiar one. I wonder if she is related to Edward Ruffin, who formerly lived in Richmond?"

"She is his daughter."

"Indeed! I have often heard of him, and, if I remember rightly, he has failed."

"He was," said Selwyn, "as the saying is, smashed, but by the aid of a brother who lives here, he was enabled to remove to this place, and his affairs are at the present time in a flourishing condition. If you could witness the content and happiness which pervade their family circle, you would not imagine that they had ever experienced a reverse of fortune."

"I remember, since you mentioned the name," said Harrington, "hearing a few years ago something about a love affair between this lady and some young lawyer, whose name I have forgotten. It was talked of by the public, but as I did not feel interested at the time, all the circumstances have escaped my recollection."

"As to that matter," replied Selwyn, "I know nothing. But if one is to judge from her sparkling eye and glowing cheek, I would never think Rosa Ruffin had been crossed in love. Come, though, we are wasting time; you must be introduced."

"Have you," said a black eyed beauty to Rosa, "seen Mr. Harrington?"

"No; pray who is he?"

"La! hav'nt you heard? He is a member of Congress. They say he intends spending the summer here. But, mum, he and Frank Selwyn are coming this way."

If Charles Harrington was pleased with Rosa's personal beauty, he was no less charmed to find her mind highly

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

cultivated. As he gazed on her fine features, animated with intelligent fervour, and listened to the sweet tones of her voice, he felt that for the first time he was actually in love.

Sidney Harrington had been left, at an early age, heir to an immense estate. His high bearing and talents soon won for him a place among the great men of our nation. His residence for the last ten years of his life had been in eastern Virginia. He frequently visited the most noted of our cities, and was pretty generally known, as his acquaintance was very extensive. Many a fair lady tried to win his admiration, nay more, his love, but their "wiles and darts" fell harmless at his feet, for never, until the night his eyes first rested on Rosa Ruffin, had he felt the power of woman's charms.

His visit to ——— became more and more protracted, and it was not until the yellow leaf of autumn made its appearance, that he was aware of the length of his stay: for in the society of her he loved, all other pursuits were laid aside or forgotten. He knew that home duties demanded his attention, and ere many weeks elapsed, he must leave the spot where the sunniest hours of his life had been spent.

He determined to seek Rosa, declare his love, and make an offer of his hand and fortune, but at the same time he dreaded a refusal, for it was only at times he had dared to hope that his love was returned. Remembering the old adage that "a faint heart never won a fair lady," he repaired to Mr. Ruffin's, where he found Rosa alone.

We will pass over their conversation, as courtships are, for the most part, tiresome and disagreeable to any one beside the parties interested. It is sufficient to know that, sanctioned by her father, Rosa became the wife of Harrington. He knew the history of her early passion, but was contented with the second best love of such a being. We say best, because Rosa's affection for Harrington was based on a rational estimation of a noble, generous mind, with personal attractions, and a highly cultivated understanding.

George Livingston did marry "Miss Rivers, the reputed heiress," but, to his great chagrin, found the immense fortune amounted to only a few thousand dollars, which was a mere trifle when put in competition with her wants, for she was a complete devotee to fashion, and withal very extravagantly disposed.

She, too, had been deceived with regard to her husband's circumstances, and had thought him much wealthier than he was in reality.

They were married the first of March, and in about a month began to discover the mutual deception, and felt fully sensible, on the first day of April, that they were two as great "fools" as could be found in the United States. They tried, however, to keep up appearances, and make the best of it; but the internal dissatisfaction at length broke out, and they seemed bent on making each other as miserable as possible.

To give our readers some idea of their domestic comfort, we will introduce a scene some three years subsequent to their marriage.

VOL. XXII.—No. 258.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston had breakfasted without speaking, or even looking at each other. When they arose from the table, Livingston, in a very sulky manner, placed himself just before the fire, sticking both feet on the fender. His countenance was so vacant, one might have supposed, that he was thinking about—nothing.

"I declare, Mr. Livingston, you exclude me entirely from the fire," said his wife, as she tried to fix her chair in a position to catch as much of the heat as possible from a small grate, in which there was only a moderate supply of coal. "And it is so cold."

"I'm sorry to hear that awful sound again," said her husband. "I was in hopes you had lost your tongue altogether. This is the first time you have spoken to me for a fortnight."

"I've spoken as often as you have," replied his wife, seating herself, "but I'd like to see the person who could hold their tongue, living in the same house with such a thing as you are. I did'n't think marrying could have altered one so."

"Neither did I, for I'll be shot if the false curls and pearl powder did'n't do wonders for you. Look here, my deary, why did'n't you use some this morning? I think your complexion is taken with a sallowness." And he chuckled her under the chin.

"Let me alone," she said, throwing his arm off in a passion. "I'm pretty enough and good enough for you."

"Oh, as to your goodness, we'll not dispute about that, for it is reduced to a nonentity."

"Livingston, you are the meanest man I ever saw. An angel from the third heaven couldn't live with you. One minute you complain of my looks, and the next quarrel with me for asking you for money to look well with. I want that fifty dollars I asked you for two weeks ago, and you did'n't deign to give me an answer. I told you then I owed Mrs. Pine twenty dollars, and now I want a dress made, and won't send it to her because she has dunned me several times."

"Make your frock yourself."

"You know I do not know how to make a dress, and you ought not to have married a lady unless you could give her one. And besides, I brought you three thousand dollars, and have never seen a cent of it."

"Three devils!" said Livingston, "I wish I had been three thousand miles off before I ever thought of you. But here, my little duck," he continued, taking from his pocket a newspaper he had never read, "take this and cut a pattern. I know, after all you used to tell me about your talents before we were married, that you can make a dress. Anyhow you are sufficiently ugly, and large in proportion, to do it."

Mrs. Livingston's eyes filled with tears as they fell upon the paper, but she had hardly glanced over it before she had uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter now?" said Livingston.

"Who would have thought it?" said his wife, "Mr. Harrington is married. I thought he was invulnerable, and never would make a choice."

"Let me see," said Livingston.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Indeed you sha'n't. If you can't take my word for it, you may do without looking."

"It is a mistake," said Livingston.

"It's no such a thing. A mistake —"

"I tell you," said her husband, "there isn't a woman in the world that Sydney Harrington would marry."

"I reckon," said Mrs. L., her face glowing with anger, "I have sense enough to know anybody's name when I see it."

"It is some other Harrington, as sure as you are born."

"Mercy upon me! Man, I tell you it is the Hon. Sidney Harrington," said Mrs. Livingston, screaming almost at the top of her voice, "and if you don't believe it, there read," at the same time driving her finger nail through the notice with the pressure of passion.

Livingston's face, though red with too frequent use of "strong drink," became still redder as he perused the announcement, then pale—then red again.

"Well, upon my word," said his wife, "one, to judge from your changing colour, might guess the lady was some former flame of yours. And now I remember when we first came to Richmond, the servant girl we hired told me you used to love Miss Ruffin, and I'll bet a sixpence this is the same one. Now I know you did love her."

"You know no such thing."

"You can't fool me," said the lady. "When a man blushes you may be sure all is not right, and I say you did love her."

"Woman, hold your tongue, or I'll —"

Livingston was interrupted by a servant, entering with an invitation to a party to be given the ensuing week at Mrs. —'s, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, who had arrived in the city.

The quarrel was not taken up any more, as Mrs. Livingston was too much engrossed with making preparations for the entertainment to think of any thing else.

The evening of the party arrived, and at the appointed hour Mr. and Mrs. Livingston set out for Mrs. —'s. The principal thing which prompted Livingston's attendance, was a heartfelt desire to see Rosa. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and his vanity led him to suppose that she thought of him perchance tenderly. After entering the house, he left his wife to "talk scandal" with some of her female friends, and wandering through the brilliantly lighted apartments, his eager eye sought out Rosa.

She was seated on a sofa, surrounded by old and loved associates, looking more beautiful, if possible, than when she had occupied the same place a few years before.

As Livingston pressed through the crowd to offer his congratulations on Rosa's return to Richmond, many an eye was turned upon them, for their engagement had been generally known.

Rosa did not start or betray the slightest emotion, but returned his salutation calmly, and with a grace "peculiarly her own."

A moment after, Harrington approached. When

Livingston saw the smile which illuminated her face, and witnessed the look of confidence and love with which Rosa regarded her husband, he felt that no latent spark of affection lurked in her bosom for him.

Cursing the hour when he forsook Rosa Ruffin, he turned and left the room to drown the remembrance of the past in the deep enebriating draught.

From that hour he indulged his fondness for "ardent spirits," and became one among the many victims of Intemperance.

LITERATURE.

Legends of the Isles, and Other Poems, by Charles Mackay. And National Ballads, by Charles Gavin Duffy.

Those who have looked with anything like attention at the literary world for the last few years, must have seen that of all classes of intellectual produce, the finest, the richest, and the rarest, have been, beyond all others, the most sadly neglected. The delicate flowers of poetry have been unthought of, when the garden stuff and garbage of those *proletaires* in literature, the pamphleteers, and politico-economists, have been obtaining high prices and patronage for their wares. From the days of Byron to the present, there has been a blight upon poetry—book-sellers would not venture upon it, because the public would not read it. Amid the dearth and blight, there were a few—"a chosen few"—to hope against hope—who felt that the spirit of poetry had reached them, and were determined to prove to an unfeeling world, that love still had its troubadours—friendship its sweetest annalists—and war its fitting bards. And thus it was that there came, and now again upon the general ear, the wail of an Eliza Cook, the gentle lute of Mackay, and the bold, defying tones of the Irish minstrels of the *Nation*. The result has been a revival of the public sympathy—that the mass has been moved—and that modern poets are sought after; their works read, the humble cheered and the great delighted with them.

There are two persons beyond all others to whom this change can be distinctly traced. These are, in this country, Charles Mackay, the author of "The Hope of the World," "The Salamandrine," and the volume now before us; the other Charles Gavin Duffy, who, in establishing the *Nation*, gave to Ireland the first purely literary organ it ever possessed; who, by his own writing, proved how poetry should be composed; and, by his rigid criticism, prohibited the profane from sully the sacred lyre, by uncouth hands. We here unite both together—the worthy countrymen of Burns, and of Moore. From the volumes of both, we give in the present number a selection, which cannot but be most gratifying to our readers.

In Mackay's lines will be recognised the thoughts of a pure poet, and what is still better, of a pure-minded man—honest, calm, sedate, thoughtful, religious. We have often thought that if Mr. Mackay were a Catholic, he is,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of all we have ever known, the best suited to fill up a gap in the English literature of the Catholics, with poetry suitable to its service in this country. Catholicism is rich in all the languages of Europe, but one. All poets, but the English, have enriched it with their compositions; but in English it is greatly defective. Why the modern poets of Ireland, who are Catholics, have not thought of remedying this defect, Mr. Duffy, it is probable, can answer, and ought to answer, and, we trust, will yet answer, instead of Mr. Mackay, who is, we believe, a follower of Knox.—Mr. Duffy is a master of the subject on which he treats—his preface to his volume has more of the pure spirit of poetry in it than may be discovered in a thousand volumes of a thousand rhymers; whilst his selections are the best specimens of ballad poetry we have ever perused. The volumes of Mackay and Duffy ought to be in the hands of all, for all must be delighted with them: and no purer pleasure can be enjoyed than in their perusal.

THE FEAST OF DESPOTS.

There were three monarchs fierce and strong,
Three despots old and hoar;
They made a league to seize the earth,
And rule it evermore.

From East to West, from North to South,
From utmost sea to sea,
They cast their yoke upon the world,
And measured it in three.

The first was king of brutal hearts,
And from his gloomy den
Gave laws of cruelty and lust
To hordes of savage men.

A sleepy fierceness clothed his face,
And from his dull cold eye
There came a blight upon the earth—
A gloom upon the sky.

The second was a haughty king,
His look appall'd the lands;—
Gore-glott'd was his iron heel,
Blood-sprinkled were his hands.

He made his throne of human skulls,
And all around his seat
Towns blazed, and hecatombs of men
Were slaughter'd at his feet.

The third was of a graver mien,
His looks were meek and staid,
But black and bitter was his heart,
And bitterest when he pray'd.

He sent his emissaries forth
O'er all the earth abroad;
And men were taught to curse mankind,
And hate, for love of God.

They spread the rack, they fired the stake,
They raised the gibbet high,
And with their sacrificial smoke
Obscured the summer sky.

And these three met in pomp and pride
In Pandemonium deep,
To join their hands, renew their league,
And high rejoicing keep.

Hell's gorgeous palace glowed with light,
And myriads came to see,
And rent the air with joyous shouts
To hail the mighty Three.

Amid the sound of shalms and drums,
And fierce artillery's roar,
First of the guests in power and state
Down rushed impetuous WAR.

He sprung upon his glittering throne,
And clasped his battle sword,
While nations quivered at his glance,
And owned him mightiest Lord.

INTOLERANCE, in his scarlet robes,
And dangling sleeves of lawn,
Drove his triumphal chariot down
By priests and flamens drawn.

And bending knees and solemn chant,
And fear-imposed breath,
Proclaim'd the king, whose look was law,
Whose jealousy was death.

And next came bloated IGNORANCE,
Who in his rumbling car,
With panting steeds and grating wheels
Came toiling from afar.

Unwieldily, on his throne, he stepped,
While all the "rabble rout"
Received him with a joyous yell,
And mad incessant shout

Hell made them welcome, one and all,
And its abysses rung,
Till cave to rock, and rock to cave
The startling echoes sung.

The myriad lamps that gem for aye
Its adamantine dome,
Poured forth a flood of sparkling light
To hail the monarchs home.

And people's voice and clapping hands
And pealing organ swell,
And symbol-sound and trumpet-blast
Made jubilee in hell.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

WAR rose exultant from his seat,
While round the applauses ran,
And pour'd a brimming cup, to drink
"THE MISERY OF MAN."

They fill'd their goblets to the edge
With wine, as thick as gore,
And drank the toast with shouts of mirth
Repeated o'er and o'er.

And "Misery to man," they cried,
"And woe, and hate, and fear,
And empire evermore to us,
Who sit enthroned here!"

"The earth was ours in times of yore,
It shall be ours to-day;—
We'll share it out between us three,
And govern it for aye.

"Ours be the blood of human kind,
Ours be the tears and groans—
The wail of millions steep'd in woe,
The homage to our thrones:

"Rejoice! Rejoice! the world is ours!"
And hell, in all its lairs,
Repeated with a myriad tongues—
"Rejoice! the world is theirs!"

But high above the festal din,
A sudden sound was heard—
A noise as of a mighty storm,
When earth and heaven are stirr'd.

Then all was still—In dread suspense
The myriads held their breath—
And a loud voice, pervading space,
Pronounced their doom of death.

"Tyrants!" it is said, "of human kind,
For ages drunk with gore,
Another era dawns for man—
The world is yours no more.

"The film that hid, for ages long,
Your hideousness from sight,
Has fallen from human eyes, that now
Behold a dawning light.

"In the refulgence of its beam
Your tott'ring limbs shall fall,
And men shall wonder that their hearts
Ere bowed beneath your thrall.

"PEACE shall descend to bless the world,
And CHARITY shall smile,
And bounteous KNOWLEDGE pour her fruits
To ocean's furthest isle.

"Though you have reigned o'er human hearts
Since Time's primeval day,
Your hour is come, your doom pronounced,
Your empire passed away!"

The voice was hush'd—the burning lights
Were hid in sudden cloud;
The adamant dome was rent—
The rocks and mountains bowed.

And thunders roar'd, and lightnings flew,
And crags, uprooted, fell;
WAR, struck with terror, hid his face,
And fear o'ershadowed hell.

INTOLERANCE shudder'd in his robes;—
And at the awful sound,
Stark as he sat, dull IGNORANCE
Fell reeling to the ground.

And grief and wailing, shrill and loud,
Through Pandemonium rang;
While all the friends of man rejoiced,
And all the angels sang.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA.

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full of
tears,

My memory is wandering back, to my departed years;
To those bright days, long, long ago,
When nought I dream'd of sordid care—of worldly woe,
But roved a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Kylinee.

There, in the spring-time of my life, and spring-time of
the year,
I've watch'd the snowdrop start from earth, the first
young buds appear;
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and merry dells, beloved Kylinee.

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhoo, and won her for my
bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my
age's pride;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days, we passed near
Kylinee.

At length by misery bow'd to earth, we left our native
strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic, to this free and happy
land;
Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content and happy peace 'twas ours to know,
And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near
Kylinee.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

And heaven a blessing has bestowed more precious far
than wealth;

Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in
health;

Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Kylinoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think, then when we are
no more,

Our bones must find a resting place, far, far from Erin's
shore.

For us—no funeral sad and slow—
Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go;

No, we must slumber far from home—far, far from
Kylinoe!

Yet, oh! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of
rest,

Once more will I revisit the dear Isle that I love best;
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,

And many a tearful, parting blessing will bestow
On all—but most of all on *thee*—my native Kylinoe.

J. N. F.

A SKETCH.

'Twas Marion's bridal eve. There she sat, her head
leaning on her fair hand; her bosom throbbed convul-
sively, and now and then a stifled sob would burst from
her agonized spirit, tears coursed each other down her
pale cheek, falling on a picture which lay on her lap.
Was this like a bride? Trembling she was dragged to
the altar, threatened by a father's curse if she resisted;
her young warm heart bestowed upon a man whose hair
sixty winters had served to whiten, with nought a girl
could love in his cold, forbidding aspect, and whose only
recommendation was—gold, filthy gold, too often the bait
with which the young and beautiful are lured to de-
struction. Such was the bridegroom of the beautiful
Marion; such was the man with whom a hard-hearted
father doomed her to pass her existence—an existence of
misery. Riches and a coronet, were, then, the exchange
for happiness. And this was the termination of all her
youthful dreams of love and joy. This, then, was the
end of the delightful visions, tinged with the warm
colouring of romance, which she had pictured to herself
are disappointed love blanched her cheek—that cheek on
which the rose once loved to dwell, ere misery had stole
its wonted brightness from her hazel eye.

Now let me turn a glance on the after-fate of youth,
innocence, and beauty. Guarded by the watchful eye of
a jealous husband whilst abroad, her every smile when not
bestowed on him was a crime, and when the natural joy-
ousness of her disposition would o'erstep the bounds of
matronly dignity, his angry voice soon restored her to a
perfect consciousness of her situation. At home subjected
to his ill humour, and the mark at which his ill-tempered

sarcasm was aimed. But her sad and joyless career was
not doomed to be of long continuance. A girl, at the
bright, sunny age of seventeen, made the nurse and chief
support of a decrepid old man, was too much for the
tender and delicate frame of Marion, and consumption
soon marked her for his victim. The flush on her downy
cheek, and the returning brightness of her eye, were hailed
as the harbingers of reviving health. But Marion knew
otherwise, and in this knowledge she rejoiced. She wel-
comed the deceitful omens of her fate.

Suffice it to say, an early grave soon closed over all
that once was bright and beautiful, and the cold sod pressed
a bosom that once beat high with hope, but which, a little
later, sought the cold grave as a last and only refuge from
misery.

P. M.

THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The close of the opera
season is the termination of even the last of the fashionable
resources, and we have but to look back to the past
season in contemplation of the enjoyment we have had,
and in prospective pleasure to the future. The season
has been unquestionably an excellent one; we have had
more concentration of talent than during any previous
one, and everything has been done to make it, perhaps,
the most brilliant the subscribers have yet had. The
season commenced on Saturday, the 8th of March, with
RITA BORIO, MORIANI, and FORNASARI, in VERDI's
opera of "Ernani," and a new and charming ballet,
"Eoline," with LUCILLE GRAHN. VERDI is new to this
country as a composer, and is by far the most rising and
talented writer of the day. He has all the graceful me-
lody of DONIZETTI, and the force and expression of MEN-
CADANTE; and "Ernani" made altogether a highly
favourable impression, as it teems with agreeable *motifs*;
and often as it was played, it was always listened to with
pleasure. RITA BORIO was a good engagement; she
gained considerable applause, and has the merit of always
singing correctly, and with much feeling and expression;
whilst MORIANI and FORNASARI were great cards for the
commencement of the season. LUCILLE GRAHN surprised
even those who had previously seen her; she had so much
improved, that she is now unquestionably one of our best
dancers, and will take the place vacated by TAGLIONI,
for which she has more requisites than any other *danceuse*—
being, in addition, a young and handsome woman; we
can remember no dancer who has become so general a
favourite as LUCILLE GRAHN. The "Symphony" of
FELICIEN DAVID was the next production, and created
a great sensation in the musical world, from the novelty
of phrasing, and the wonderful descriptive powers shown
by him in the composition; but the manner in which
it was produced was the general theme of praise, as
the most talented orchestra and chorus, that has ever
yet been assembled together in this country, were
employed to give it with due effect; and it was cer-
tainly a most splendid musical treat. "Lucia di La-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

mermoor" was next produced for the *débüt* of CASTELLAN, whose *Lucia* won very great applause, CASTELLAN is a most able successor to PERSIANI; she has more of the requisites of a *prima donna*. Her voice is remarkably correct in intonation, and her style is an excellent one, less florid than PERSIANI, but still with all the nuances of the Italian school. GRISI made her *débüt* for the season in "Norma," and proved herself as excellent as ever, her voice having all its richness combined with her highly finished artistic excellence. The Viennoises children was one of the great features of the season, and proved exceedingly attractive; there was a novelty and freshness in their dancing that quite took the public by surprise; the perfection and precision with which the children gave their dances being no less striking than pleasing; and they certainly were one of the best engagements Mr. LUMLEY made. Their best dances were the "Pas des Fleurs," the "Pas des Miroirs," the "Pas Hungraise," and the "Pas Orientale." "Don Pasquale" was the next opera revived, and though admirably played, presented no new features in the cast, and the Spanish dancers appeared for a few nights, without, however, causing so much sensation as was anticipated. "Semiramide" had the novelty of BRAMBILLA instead of FAVANTI, and was, altogether, excellently played! whilst a new and exceedingly pretty little *divertissement* called "Kaya," composed by LUCILLE GRAHN, was produced, and in which her Norwegian dance was remarkable for its spirit, freshness, and charming piquancy, and, altogether, the *divertissement* was very well received. The "Barbière" was the next opera produced, and proved as welcome as ever; whilst the "Puritani," which followed, attracted an overflowing house; all the well known points of this beautiful opera are so well brought out with the present cast, that it will be even one of the greatest favourites of the season, and is sure always to attract immensely. The "Bacchante," a pretty, light *divertissement*, was also produced on the occasion, and proved a very pretty and agreeable trifle; CERITO making her first appearance for the season, also, in the "Vivendière." The next opera was the "Gazza Ladra," followed by "Don Giovanni," and then succeeded the "Linda di Chamouni," in which CASTELLAN increased considerably the good opinion of the subscribers, by her excellent acting and singing; the charming rondo movement in the first act, being one of the best things she has ever sung. The "Esmeralda," as revived for CARLOTTA GRISI, and "Rosida," a new ballet composed by CERITO, was brought out with great splendour; it contained some very pleasing dances, but there was a want of compactness about it, that failed to render it so attractive as the great expense incurred in the getting up ought to have met with, "Otello" embraced the same cast as the previous season, and the *débüt* of ROSSI CACCIA, and BARROILHET, in "Roberto Devereux," were the next novelties; ROSSI CACCIA was very well received, her style was novel and pleasing, and she proved a great acquisition to the company. BARROILHET, also, was well received, but without making any remarkable sensation. The return of TAG-

LIONI on the same evening, in the "Sylphide," was most welcome to the subscribers, and nothing could surpass the warmth of her reception. The "Giuramento" of MERCADANTE, was next revived, and proved an agreeable change in the entertainments; it contains some charming melodies, and the story of the *libretto* is highly effective. "Anna Bolena" and the "Pirata" succeeded, and the great feature of the season, the *pas de quatre*, by TAGLIONI, CARLOTTA GRISI, CERITO, and LUCILLE GRAHN, drew immense houses every night it was given; indeed, we never saw so much excitement in the theatre as this dance created, and its production was one of the most skilful acts of Mr. LUMLEY's management. The "Cosi fan Tutti" was revived at the wish of some of the subscribers, and though admirably played, it has never been an attractive opera; the melodies are beautiful, it is true, it is not in MOZART's happiest vein. The *ballet divertissement* of "Diane" was the next production, and exhibited TAGLIONI to great advantage in the chief character, and the beautiful ballet "Alma," was also revived, with all its gorgeous scenic effects, the charming dancing of CERITO, and the excellent acting and dancing of PENNOR, who seems during the season to have regained all his elastic vigour and spirit, rendered the ballet more than usually attractive. We have thus run through the arrangements of the season—a season that reflects the highest credit on Mr. LUMLEY's management; he has catered for the subscribers in the most liberal spirit; the nights' entertainments have been crowded with attractive features, the difficulty having been to concentrate the immense talent at his command, so as to employ each of the *artistes* on the same evening. And if we only run the eye over one of the performances given during the season, it cannot fail to excite the surprise, even of those accustomed to the opera, that so much talent could be brought together, every theatre in Europe seems to have contributed its brightest star, and everything that could be done to render the season a brilliant one, has been done by Mr. LUMLEY, who has, unquestionably, proved himself a most able and liberal director; and by his extraordinary tact and ability, has placed the theatre in the commanding position it now enjoys, of being the first theatre in Europe.

CHARADE.

The world's wide, and so am I,
Yet within a narrow space I lie;
In red, and brown, and sometimes green,
And always at your board I'm seen.

K.

ENIGMA.

In Ireland I first got birth;
I scarce am known on Britain's shore;
The Scotch they call me their best friend:
Now, need I of myself speak more?

L.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a pretty light blue Pekin silk, figured crossways, in very narrow stripes, giving a becoming degree of fullness to the lower part of the figure; plain high corsage, the throat encircled with a narrow quilling of rich lace; straight loose sleeves, reaching to a little above the wrists, and showing a slightly full muslin one underneath, having a frilling of the same, or lace, round the wrists. *Pardessus* of white cachemire, lined with a rich pink silk, and splendidly decorated with a raised kind of pink embroidery, the pattern a kind of scroll, and forming a broad border, the lower edge of which is decorated with a broad pink and white silk fringe, having a very rich effect; a narrow kind of embroidery is used in the front, forming a kind of high corsage, a plain row reaching straight down the centre of the front, and two rows on each side from the shoulders, from which also depends down each side, three pretty fancy pink ornaments, and small long tassels, which also serve to attach a small fold of the *pardessus*, giving room for the play of the shoulder. This elegant wrap is of a rounded form at the back, and very deep, reaching in two rounded ends in the front, which is much shallower than the back, and attached to the waist in deep folds, giving it the appearance of a shawl over the arms. Bonnet of pale sea-green *crêpe*, trimmed round the edge with a *ruche* of the same material, moderately wide, and pinked on each side of the edge, the crown decorated on the right side with a very broad short lappet of a light kind of white lace or blonde, figured only round the edge, the centre part being ornamented and attached to the bonnet with a branch of pale green thistle leaves, drooping low at the side. Small parasol of purple shot silk.

HOME COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Under dress of rich white embroidered muslin, the corsage of which is full and divided by bands of rich lace, also of a moderate height, encircled with a fulling of lace round the throat; the sleeves full into the narrow wristband, and finished round the hand with a row of lace. Open pelisse of shot-green and lilac silk, the corsage made high at the back, and open half way down the front, headed with a *petit revers* of the same material, waved at the edge, and forming a small collar and lappels, continuing down the fronts of the pelisse, gradually widening towards the lower part of the *jupe*, which is made very full and long; long straight sleeves, turned back at the bottom part with a waved cuff of the same, crossing upon the front, the top of the sleeves ornamented with *jockeys* to match the cuffs. Cap of white tulle, of a rounded form, surrounded with a deep row of vandyked lace, put on very full round the back and ears, as far as the temples, and plain upon the top of the head, the

foundation of the cap being hidden by a wreath of narrow green leaves, passing over the front, and finished on each side with half wreaths of pink and white roses, which are attached to the back by small puffings of pale pink satin or taffetas ribbon, finished with two rather long ends at the back, the back hair being worn very backward, so as to set out the cap.

HOME COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—This elegant but simple style of dress, is composed of a rich shot Italian lavender silk, the skirt being perfectly plain, but of an immense fullness and very long, setting in deep folds over the hips; the body made high up to the throat, where it is surrounded with a fulling of narrow white lace or tulle; there is no side seams in the body, only one down the centre, which is concealed by a double row of narrow folds, put into a moderate size cord, and placed sufficiently apart to form a kind of narrow band down the centre of the dress, which is also decorated at regular distances with loops of the same coloured satin ribbon, of the same width as the small oval gold buckle which it attaches to the dress; the waist is made excessively long, and slightly pointed; plain long tight sleeves, finished with lace ruffles round the wrists. Cap of white tulle, small and rounded at the ears, and trimmed with a rich broad Mechlin lace, put on in a double row at the back of the cap, the *nœud* of amber ribbon being placed under the lower row, a single row of lace passes over the front, rounded at the ears, and intermixed with small wreaths of double shaded amber daisies.

PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—This truly simple and elegant costume is composed of white Tarlatan muslin, worn over a slip of white satin; the *jupe* is made immensely full, and with two immense broad tucks, the top of the upper one reaching to a little below the waist, on each side of the front and upon the tucks, at equal distances, are placed two splendid pink and white roses, surrounded by its foliage, made in dark green velvet. The corsage is made low, round, and full, divided over the bust with three rows of embroidery inlet, the sleeves very short, and formed to match the upper part of the corsage. A splendid rich lace scarf, of an immense width and length, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, and lined with a very pale pink *gaze*. The back hair is fastened low at the back, surrounding the head in a thick plat, and forming a very large round; a magnificent pale pink and white rose and its foliage, *pareil* to those on the dress, are placed very low at the back on each side the head, the front hair arranged in three narrow plats, looped up with a narrow gold comb.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

YOUNG LADY'S AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a narrow striped pink and white *barège*, the skirt is made very full, and rather long, trimmed with five narrow tucks, each tuck being headed with a narrow vandyked gyp, which is headed again at an equal distance, with a narrow cord; full body, made half high and round, confined round the top of the corsage with three rows of narrow gympe, similar to that on the skirt, serving also to edge the very short sleeves, which are otherwise quite plain; rounded waist; mittens of black lace; cap *à la Chinoise*, of a light fancy straw lined with pale blue silk, decorated on each side of the exterior with a small bunch of daisies or rose-buds, placed rather backward, and of the same description as those which serve to ornament the interior of the brim; the back hair is arranged in long plats, *à la Suisse*, and the front hair in full bands.

CHILD'S DRESS.

A dress of a rich blue narrow-striped Pekin silk, the body is made half high, edged with a narrow white lace round the throat, and the lower part of the short sleeve, a small cape of the same material as the frock, forms a rounded kind of epaulet over the sleeves, descending to the waist, back and front, where it joins in a kind of point; the skirt quite plain and very full; *chapeau à la glaneuse* of coarse straw, the crown encircled with a wreath of small blue field flowers, and three rows of narrow white satin ribbon, drooping in long streamers at the back.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a beautiful embroidered India muslin, worn over a pale primrose-coloured silk skirt; full body, confined round the bosom with a double row of narrow inlet, forming a kind of tucker; plain chemisette sleeve, embroidered to match the lower part of the skirt; rounded long waist. Bonnet of coarse straw, the crown surrounded with a deep frilling of striped ribbon, forming the *bavolet* at the back, plain on the front, and rather narrower, headed with a broad full twist of the same; the hair arranged *à l'Anglaise* in the front, and in a thick plait at the back of the head.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of pale French grey *moire*; the skirt made perfectly plain, and very full; high corsage; the back and front forming a point in the centre of the waist; plain long sleeves, finished at the wrist with a pointed plain cuff, simply corded all round, and with a row of white lace falling over the hands. Small plain cambric collar. Scarf of a rich crimson cachemire, bound on both sides with a broad *biais* of black velvet. Capuchon hood of the same material, edged with black velvet to match the scarf. We must not omit mentioning that the scarf is of an immense width and length. Straw bonnet of a very coarse description, and of the capote form; the edge of the brim decorated with three small pipings of velvet; the low crown also decorated with a moderately wide black

212

ribbon velvet, simply crossed over the crown, and finished with a *naud* and ends of the same at the back.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A costume of a light salmon-coloured morning figured silk; the skirt made *à double jupe*, and very full; the corsage is high on the back and shoulders, and open all the way down the front, shewing the under chemisette, consisting of rows of narrow lace inlet headed with a frilling of white lace round the throat; the body of the dress made full front and back; plain straight sleeve, trimmed round the top with three narrow folds standing upwards, and placed close to each other; the bottom part of the sleeves cut in the form of a vandyke, and bound sufficiently short to shew the under-sleeve of fulled muslin and *manchette* of lace. Capote of fancy straw of the honeycomb pattern, prettily trimmed with a crimson and white ribbon velvet, forming a *naud* on one side, and two long ends drooping from the left with loops of the same in the interior.

SEA-SIDE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of *vert de mer* silk, made *en redingote*, and beautifully embroidered with braid on each side of the fronts in a kind of zig-zag pattern; the skirt is made very full and long; high corsage, closed up a little on one side up the front, and very long waisted; the centre being a slight point; small square collar of plain cambric; long plain tight sleeve, the cuff slightly covering the hand, and similarly embroidered to the fronts. Scarf of white cachemire; the ends striped crossways, and figured in green, violet, and cerise, edged on each end with a deep fringe of the same colours. Close bonnet of coarse straw, of a small and round form, lined with pale pink silk, and decorated with large *nauds* and ends of black ribbon velvet; the edge of the brim trimmed with three small pipings of black velvet, and the crown crossed with a black ribbon velvet, forming a *naud* at the back.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a rich shot taffetas pink and fawn colour; the skirt made with two deep vandyked flounces, edged round with a narrow pink silk fringe, and simply headed with a *petit-rouleau* of the same material as the dress; these flounces are put on only a short distance from each other; low corsage *à trois pièces*, the centre of the waist forming a perfect point; the top of the bust decorated with a round double cape, made quite open in the front, and each edged with a narrow fringe; high chemisette, made slightly full, and edged round with a narrow lace; half-long plain sleeves; the under fulled one of white muslin forms a kind of continuation to the upper sleeve, a row of lace falling over the hands. Bonnet of fancy straw, prettily but simply trimmed with a roll of twisted red and gold coloured ribbon falling in a deep drapery on the right side, fringed at the ends; the interior decorated with loops of the same description of ribbon, and tied in the centre under the chin.

CHILD'S DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A skirt and pantaloons of white cambric; the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

latter trimmed round the lower part with a narrow lace, and the former with three rows of dark blue narrow fancy ribbon put on at equal distances; pointed low body; made perfectly plain, with the exception of a narrow kind of frilling put on round the back part of the waist, somewhat resembling a habit body, being finished just under each arm; plain sleeves; the lower part surrounded with a deep row of white lace, and narrow tucker of the same. Swiss straw hat; the low crown surrounded with a wreath of blue Forget-me-not's.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress composed of a light green Pekin striped silk; the skirt made very full, and trimmed round the lower part with seven narrow rows of green ribbon velvet put on at equal distances; half-high corsage; pointed waist; the stripes verging towards the point of the corsage; plain long tight sleeves made on the cross, and decorated with a double frilling of the same put on in a rounded form, so as to form a kind of epaulet on the top of the sleeve. *Manchettes* of lace; under chemisette of a narrow striped cambric, headed with a *tout petit* lace. Scarf of white *barège*; the ends finished with a broad fringe. Bonnet of pink *gros de Naples*, lined with a drawn *crêpe* of the same colour, which is drawn over the edge of the brim, forming a bordering to the exterior of the bonnet; the low crown trimmed with a double twisted fulling to match, attached on the low side with a pretty *ward* and ends of pink ribbon, and three small pink and white shaded roses.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 4.—A dress of a rich light violet-coloured satin; the skirt made immensely full and long; the front decorated on each side with a broad facing of the same, double corded at the edge, and ornamented with a fancy gym trimmings, has a very rich effect, somewhat resembling embroidery, and is of a darker shade than the dress; high plain body, fastening close up to the throat, and adorned with a double narrow pelerine or cape, rounded over the back and shoulders, put on about half high upon the corsage, and descending on each side of the front, gradually narrowing into a point on each side of the centre of the waist; long plain tight sleeves, surrounded at the top with a round *jockey*, edged, as well as the capes, all round with a narrow silk fringe of the same hue as the dress, the cuffs having a small fancy embroidery. Drawn capote of white taffetas, the low rounded full crown is ornamented with a branch of beautiful pink-shaded hedge roses, with narrow green foliage.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A dress of rich silk, shaded pink and green, the body fitting perfectly tight, and is high quite to the throat; the waist is long and rounded in the front; the sleeves are tight and plain at the wrist; two pieces, *en biais*, each finished by a shaded fringe, are placed on the top of the arm in a slanting direction, forming a double epaulette. The skirt is long and exceedingly full; the trimming is composed of pieces, *en biais*, of the same

material, edged with fringe, and put on in waves, increasing in width towards the bottom of the skirt, three of these waves are placed on each of the fronts of the body, those towards the waist being the smallest. Bonnet of pink *crêpe*, a deep fold is laid round the outer edge of the bonnet, corresponding with that in the inside of the brim; a wreath of roses and foliage is placed along the bottom of the crown, and falls low at the sides; strings of broad satin ribbon.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—High dress of shaded silk; the body plain, the waist long and pointed, a row of large and rich silk fancy buttons are placed down the front, increasing in size towards the waist; a square cape falls from the neck of the dress, not quite meeting in the front, it is trimmed with a fringe *d'effilé*, or of floss silk, with a rich lace like heading, the latter, only, being carried up the fronts of the cape; the sleeves are straight and wide; a deep cuff is turned up open at the back of the arm, and trimmed round with fringe; full under sleeve of *batiste*, terminating in a broad ruffle of lace; the skirt is immensely full and very long, two rows of the fringe, having a double heading, is placed *en tablière* from each side the point at the waist, and a row of buttons, corresponding with those on the body, down the centre of the skirt, the buttons increasing in size towards the bottom; this is an exceedingly novel and elegant style of trimming, suiting well with the plain full skirt. Bonnet of fancy straw, small shape, short at the ears; it is trimmed with broad striped ribbon; the ends which droop on the left side have a deep fringe; a *bias* fold of pink satin is placed round the interior of the brim; small bows of ribbon are the only decoration of the interior.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of lace, worn over a rich white satin slip; the form being square at the shoulders; the waist is long, and without the point; the sleeves are plain; the body is beautifully ornamented with sprigs of Honiton lace; a pink and white satin ribbon is placed under the lace, coming over the arm from the shoulder in the form of a stomacher, terminating at the waist; it is so placed that the flowers in the dress come on the coloured part of the ribbon, which is very effective; the same also with the bottom of the sleeves; the skirt is long and full; at the top of the hem is a beautiful small wreath; Honiton sprigs are placed *en tablière* over the front breadth, and at equal distances round the bottom, a little way above the wreath; the satin ribbon is carried from the waist under the outer row of sprigs, and under those which are round the bottom, being fastened in the front. The head-dress is composed of loops of ribbon falling low at the ears, and a ribbon twisted over the hair at the back of the head.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

The close of Parliament, and departure of our young Queen, has thrown a gloom over our gay Court, and caused a temporary cessation of those festivities which have so enlivened and given brilliancy to the past season.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

This little repose is, however, necessary, in order to allow our *modistes* time to arrange and invent some of those elegant novelties which each succeeding season brings forth, and which adds so much to the elegance and *distinguée* appearance of our fair countrywomen; in the meantime, we will have a glance at the last changes which have taken place in

CAPS.—Amongst the numberless varieties which are every day being created, we may cite, as those most in favour, those composed of embroidered muslin; the front part being entirely concealed by four rows of lace put on quite plain, turning at the lower part of the ears, and forming a kind of *colimaçon* or round shell, and attached with a *sauvé* of green and pink ribbon with long ends; others have the fronts trimmed with three rows of lace, each divided by a sky-blue velvet ribbon, which are terminated on each side of the ears with two white roses, or what is considered quite as pretty, although not so dressy, and that is the rows of lace divided with fullings of French blue ribbon, forming two large bunches on each side instead of the white roses; for a more full dress, those having no front foundation are much in vogue: for instance, one composed of tulle, the crown of which is very small, merely serves to cover the back hair, trimmed all round with a single row of English lace, which is allowed to fall rather deeper over the ears than on the top of the head, trimmed with a cerise ribbon twisted upon the upper edge of the lace as far as the top of the temples, where it is terminated with two small *coques* of the same, from which droop long *brides* of silk ribbon, or the small crown may be surrounded with three rows of English lace, widening over the ears, and headed with a twist of pink and white ribbon striped crossways, and terminated over each temple with two *sauvés* of the same, having three fringed ends depending on each side.

Flowers are now much more adopted for the decorating of *pailles de riz*, *crêpe* bonnets, &c., than feathers: such as branches of verdure, and mixed bouquets, which are principally composed of field flowers.

WALKING DRESSES.—Those of the *peignoir* form are very pretty, made of taffetas, lilac shot with white, or striped; the corsage made open, so as to shew the under-chemisette; the fronts of the body being edged and cut out in a narrow square vandyke, the one having the button-hole worked in the centre, and the opposite side decorated with the button; these corsages are buttoned only at the lower part, the chemisette shewing between each point in the shape of a lozenge; this style of trimming is continued upon the tight sleeve, which is partly opened from the top down to the wrist, fastening in the same manner, being sufficiently separated to allow of the under white sleeve being visible; the rest of the dress trimmed with full ribbons striped crossways in colours to match the dress, and fringed on each side. Some very pretty ones we have remarked, made also in blue *foulards*; the skirt ornamented with two broad flounces striped crossways; plain body, formed half high upon the shoulders, and open all the way down the front, and finished with a *demi-pelerine* trimmed with fringe, and resembling reverse pieces

or facings upon the front of the corsage: plain sleeves; others are made in *barège*, and shaded in stripes green and white; the skirts trimmed with three flounces of different widths; plain half-high corsage, with short sleeves edged with a very broad handsome fringe *perlée*. *Cannésout* of embroidered muslin, forming a point at the back, and a kind of jacket below and round the waist. *Barèges* in large Scotch plaids are also in great request; the corsage of these dresses being made high and open, formed into the epaulet, and closed together just upon a level with the waist, which is rounded and confined with a buckle; plain sleeves, rather short, and *demi-larges*, surmounted with a double *jockey*, and having a trimming at the edge; upon the skirt is placed three rows of graduated narrow flounces, each row composed of a number of these different volants; for instance, the top row contains three, the second row four, and the third five, in the interior of the corsage is worn a gyp embroidered with a small half-high collar.

BONNETS are still to be seen of light materials, such as *crêpe*, &c., of an open form, rounded at the ears, and decorated with *petites* Easter daisies *posées* upon the side of the crown, and with *sauvés* or puffs of pink taffetas ribbon in the interior. Those of the *Pamela* form are decidedly in the majority, and are very becoming when made of *tulle bouillonné*, and lined with pink *crêpe*, decorated upon the side of the exterior with a branch of leaves. We have seen them also lined with pink full tulle, decorated with a branch of the bind-weed, or what is considered more simple, a *Bayadère* ribbon, the ends of which are united on one side, forming a most elegant kind of *sauvé*. This kind of hat is also very becoming, when made of English point lace, lined with a *crêpe rouge*, and decorated upon the side with a large red rose encircled with leaves. Some very pretty simple bonnets of a *petit* and rounded form, we have remarked, made in blue *crêpe*; the edge surrounded with a fulling of the same, as well as a double row upon the *caiffe*, three roses being *posée* upon the side.

MANTELETS.—For a sea-side walking dress, we know of nothing more comfortable or elegant than those which are made with sleeves, and the *petit-capuchon* for an afternoon; they are made of *mousseline brochée*, lined with pink, and encircled with a waved trimming, giving it a most graceful appearance. We have also seen them made in white cachemire trimmed with broad fringes, and likewise in blue and *ponceau*, this material being preferred for its softness, warmth, and solidity. Those made of black lace are generally made extremely deep at the back, and rounded, trimmed with rows of rich black lace put on at equal distances; the mantelet being headed with a small cape pelerine, edged round also with a deep fall of lace; the form of the pelerine being slightly rounded over the back of the shoulders, and meeting in a point at the waist, descending from thence in two long square ends, and tied at the neck with a broad black satin ribbon.

TRIMMINGS.—*Les passementeries* are now so general, that in order to render them more *distinguée*, some little alteration has been lately made, giving them quite a novel

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

appearance. We may cite the fringe *point d'esprit*, as having great success amongst our chief *modistes*, particularly when placed upon a number of narrow flounces in a light material, such as white *tarlatane*, &c, and encircling the *berthe* upon the corsage. Those used for the ornamenting of silk pelisses, are the *brandebourgs à jours*, the *dentelle de Venise*, and the *boutons Marquise*.

APRONS.—Small fancy aprons are now universally worn with the present light kind of costume. Our most fashionable ladies may now be seen walking in our parks and public promenades attired in pelisses of *coutil*, or striped Pekin silks; a *mantilla grand'mère* of embroidered muslin *au crochet*, and a *petit* apron of green, blue, or pink silk, entirely trimmed with fringe, *points de Venise*, or black or white lace, have a most *distinguée* effect.

REDINGOTES.—The most distinguished looking, are those denominated *des redingotes Marquises*, made of rich ivory silks in broad stripes *brochées*; high buttoned up corsage, with plain sleeves, and the waist *à basques*; a broad piece of violet-coloured velvet rather darker than the dress is placed upon the front of the pelisse, reaching from the throat to the lower edge of the skirt, upon the velvet is placed a row of immense *Marcaissite* buttons, having a very rich effect. Those made in shot silks are extremely pretty, made open up the front of the skirt, and trimmed on each side, similar to the sides of the skirt, to which it forms a kind of continuation; straight sleeves *demi-larges*, having the facings and *jockeys festonnées*; underdress of embroidered cambric *brodée* up the whole height of the skirt; high full corsage, divided with embroidered inlet; under full sleeves and *manchettes* of lace attached into the waistband; the front of the skirt ornamented with two rows of malachyte buttons the same colour as the dress; the sleeves being made quite plain, are fastened at the wrist, and trimmed round with a rich broad *Valenciennes*, falling over, and shading the hand; this dress is rendered still more complete by the addition of elegant *sous-manches* forming *jockeys* at the top part of the sleeves. We have also remarked a very elegant simple costume, made of unbleached Italian *coutil* of a pearl-grey colour; the corsage giving the figure a somewhat masculine appearance, buttoning close up to the collar, which is small, straight, and low, the sleeves partaking of the *Amadis* form, modified by a double seam. This kind of costume is also very *distinguée*, when made in the *cotisé* material.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the present month are still of a very mixed character, and mostly of light hues, such as light green and lilac, nankin and cerise, grey and pink, and blue and white; the latter being generally adopted for evening costumes.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Notwithstanding the flight of our *élégants* to the country and several watering-places, we do not find them the less *recherchés* in their toilettes, being quite as re-

markable for the elegance of their costume in the vicinity of the ocean, as on the banks of the Seine; and on all sides we see our first *modistes* busy in forwarding the most favourite style of dresses to the country-seats of our nobility, which is rendered still more complete by the addition of

ROBES DE CAMPAGNE.—*Le coutil* is decidedly the most favourite material employed for these kind of dresses, particularly those striped green or blue, upon an unbleached ground, the whole diversified with embroideries of narrow green or blue braid. This kind of embroidery is particularly adapted for dresses *à corsage à basques*, the pockets being designed upon each side of the fronts of the jacket. *Barège* dresses, notwithstanding their cheapness, are also much worn in the country, being rendered so elegant by the flounces with which they are decorated. Those of plain *barège*, having five flounces on the skirts, edged with a *points-d'esprit* fringe, *berthe* of the same, and *demi-manches* similarly decorated, made in white or some pale light colour, a *guimpe à la vierge* being worn in the interior of the corsage. Those dresses worn at the sea-side, are of a much more simple and close make; for instance, the corsage is full upon the shoulders, the folds uniting in a very open form, and encircled with a fringe *point de Venise*, of a pretty pink and white mixture, the same kind of fringe being also put on in two rows upon the front of the skirt, the centre of which is decorated with a row of olives, ornamented with two small tassels suspended at each end; short sleeves, and mittens of white lace, a stomacher of white lace being worn in the interior of the corsage. We may also cite as remarkably elegant, a dress of Italian silk, the colour of which is a *poussière glacée*, with white, the skirt trimmed with a perfect pyramid of fringe of the same colours; square body, plaited *à la vierge* into a band; sleeves *à la russe*, having lace sleeves underneath. Then, again, a dress of *gros de Naples*, of the shade of a Provence rose, the skirt trimmed with three flounces, each flounce edged round the bottom with six rows of narrow velvet of the same colour; upon the plain low corsages, rather below the bosom of the dress, is worn a *canesout* of the same material, to which are attached the short sleeves, trimmed to match the dress, with under sleeves of white *crêpe*.

PARDESSUS.—A very elegant one has just been submitted to our inspection, composed of black lace, formed deep, and rounded at the back; made open over the top part of the arms, and trimmed all round the opening with broad lace, which also forms *manchettes*, the *pardessus* being similarly trimmed all round. Another new style of *pardessus* has also lately appeared, partaking a little of the *dolman frac* and *kazaweick*, and according with the freshness of a summer toilette; it is principally composed of *glacé* silk, and trimmed with black lace, or black silk, and lined with a pink *glacé* silk, and ornamented with an open-worked fancy trimming.

TRAVELLING DRESSES.—These are mostly made in the pelisse form, and composed of grey levantine, lined with flannel or plaided merinos, dark blue, green, or red; the style of the sleeves are formed out of the pelisse,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

and have no seam upon the shoulders. These style of pelisses are called the *pelisses russes*, and will be very much in favour during the winter, made in velvet and cashmere, lined with furs.

HATS.—*Les chapeaux à la chevière* are more and more in favour amongst our *élégantes*, for a country costume they are quite charming, with their broad brims trimmed with black velvet, and another broad velvet traversing the top of the crown, the ends floating on each side, the interior of the brim being decorated with two pink or blue rosettes, which intermixes with the ringlets of the front hair, or are placed rather at the back of the front braids. For a pretty person, this style of hat has a most coquettish and poetic appearance; at the same time it must be remembered, that they are only becoming for very young people. *Les chapeaux suisses*, or *glaneuse*, are also much in vogue, ornamented sometimes with field flowers, a bunch of *blueets*, or corn flowers, a string of daisies, or a branch of the hawthorn. For the country, we may here remark that bonnets of the capote form are much in vogue, made of unbleached silk, lined with pink, and having a veil of rose-coloured tulle, with a broad hem.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—We may cite the following as those most in favour with our *élégantes*:—A dress of taffetas, in narrow pink and white stripes, the skirt trimmed with five *volants dentellés*, and edged with a pink fringe; these flounces are put on at the distance of about half the width of the *volant*; low corsage, perfectly plain as well as the sleeves, which are *demi-longues*; *canezou* of embroidered muslin, fastened tight down the front by means of a row of buttons, and trimmed all round with two rows of Valenciennes lace, put on quite plain, a row of the same encircling the *petit* collar; *sous manches* of full muslin, with *manchettes* of lace. Those in *barège* are mostly trimmed either with a number of flounces, or one broad one, if the latter, they are generally cut on the cross, the bodies made plain, half-high, and *à pointe*; plain sleeves, on the cross, the top part ornamented with *jockeys*, trimmed with two narrow frillings; *guimpe* of plaited muslin.

EVENING DRESSES.—Muslins are now in great favour for this style of costume, the bodies of which are made low, and encircled with a *petit* half-handkerchief of the same material, *brodée à petit pois*, and edged with a narrow lace, put on quite plain; this *châle*, or *revers*, descends upon the front of the corsage, and parts on each side of the *ceinture*, serving to decorate the two fronts of the skirt; these pieces being rounded towards the lower part, which it also encircles, forms a kind of tunic, have a very light effect, the small short sleeves being similarly decorated; the *ceinture*, or sash, is composed of a pink and white *Bayadère* ribbon, tied in a pretty kind of *nœud* in the front, and falling in two long floating ends; the same style of ribbon serves to decorate the hair, forming two *nœuds* on each side of the head. Another very elegant style of evening costume, are those made in the *redingote* form, of *gros de Naples*, figured in crossways pink stripes; the body plain, *à petit châles*, made very low.

216

NATURE'S CHILD.

While Nature's charms, with heedless gaze,
The world's poor captive wanders by,
What soul-felt bliss they bring to him,
Who views them with a poet's eye.

Perchance when morn on eastern heights,
Unfolds her gay effulgent store,
And calls her willing graces forth,
Each scene with love to scatter o'er.

He seeks betimes the dewy lawn—
The purple heath—the blooming field,
And raptured drinks the boundless joy,
The balmy breathing hour can yield.

When on his high meridian throne,
Bright Sol in triumph rules the air;
And beauty on the blighted earth
Is withered by his scorching glare.

Within the dark umbrageous shade
Of forest gloom, he loves to rest;
By murmuring streamlets verdant marge,
In spangled robe of flowerets drest.

'Tis then, when all the landscape round
In dubious shade is hid afar,
And, like a herald to his path,
Shines forth the pretty trembling star.

A voice steals sweetly on his ear,
With gently murmuring accents mild:
And whispering peace in every tone,
Proclaims him Nature's darling child.

J. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A Love Sonnet" declined. Louisa must select less free language.

"P. K."—Received, and under consideration.

"The Freebooter."—Inadmissible from its style.

"B. M."—Accepted, and with thanks, too.

"L. D."—Received.

"Sophia."—In our next, if possible.

"Harriet."—Certainly. We can have no objection to such an arrangement.

"B. D."—If possible, in our forthcoming number.

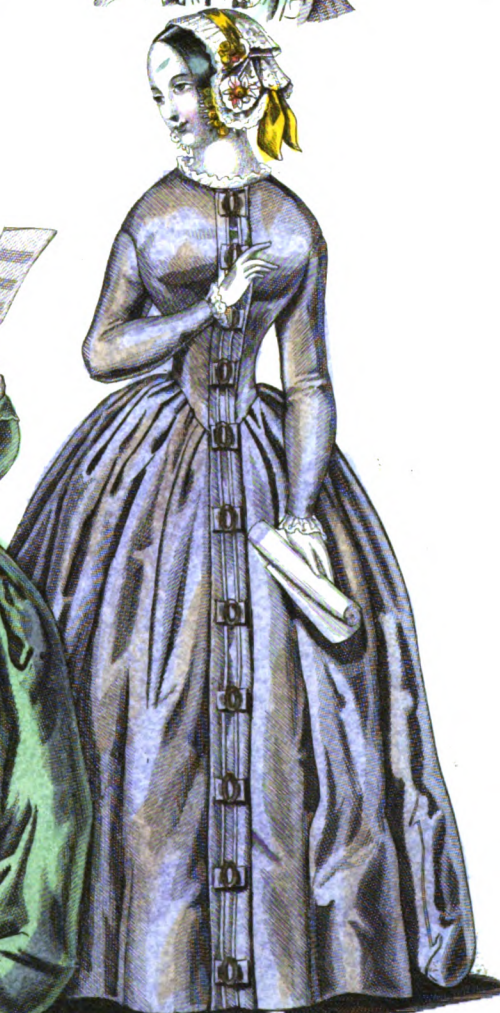
Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "WORLD OF FASHION" for that purpose.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

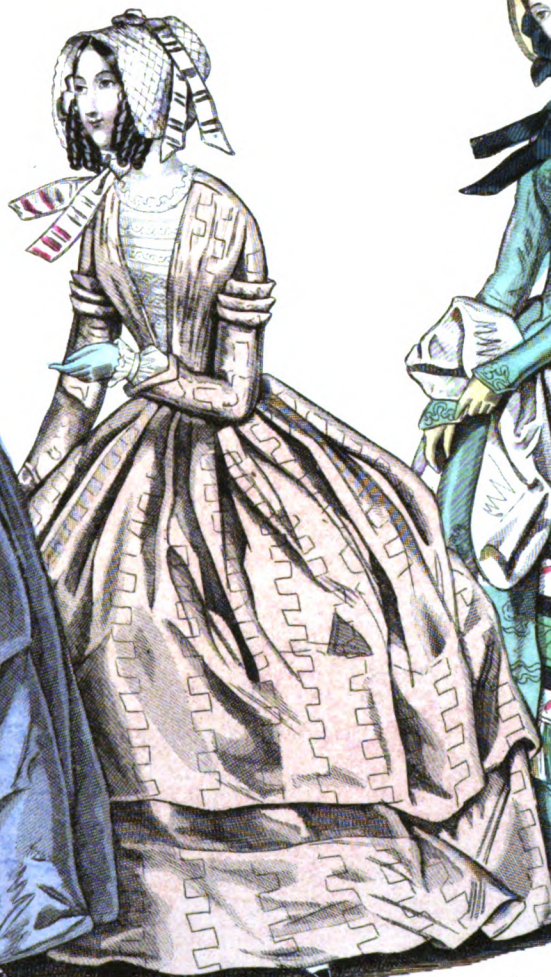
LONDON:

J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.









(4)





THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1845.

THE ARTIST'S RETREAT; OR, WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Oh! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love!
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain."

DRYDEN.

Cornille Schut was a poet as well as a painter. That he was a poet, might perchance be forgotten, but who that had ever seen one of his charming pictures, could ever lose the recollection of it; such exquisite fidelity to nature—such harmonious blending of colours—such rare and mighty conception.

Cornille Schut had counted seven-and-twenty summers. The exercise of his poetical taste, and the practice and improvement of his art, had been the charm and delight of his youth. He was a pupil of Rubens, and like his distinguished master, had placed his whole soul upon the creative fancy of his magic pencil.

He lived by his labour, sometimes poet, sometimes painter, as happy in a sonnet, as he was successful in the exquisite lines of his pencil.

One evening that he was seated as usual with a pipe in his mouth, and surrounded by two or three friends, he thought that he had been uselessly frittering away his life and his talents, and taking a sudden resolution, he arose from the table, proudly put on his hat, and extending his hand to his friends, bade them farewell.

They asked him where he was going?

He replied, "I know not—but farewell."

"And when will you return?" asked one of them, laughingly.

"In two years," replied Cornille.

"Two years," exclaimed the other, "why that will be the end of the world."

Cornille had long loved a young and beautiful girl, but he had been so devoted to the study and perfection of his art, that love was but a secondary dream with him. He had not time to devote to the maturing of his attachment, but he now determined to woo in right earnest, and win, and wed, too, the beautiful Elizabeth. He directly

repaired to his mistress, and in words of earnest affection, asked her if she would give up all the world for him.

The blushing girl whispered "Yes."

"Then will you become mine to-morrow, for the day after we part."

"And where shall we go?" demanded the timid girl.

"If you loved me truly, you would not care," replied the ardent Cornille.

"Cornille, my love for you has been the cherished dream of my joyless life; for you would I willingly forsake home and country—with you a desert would be to me a paradise, and without you life is but a dreary waste. If you feel that your love is as ardent, as pure, and as lasting as mine, then I hesitate not to bestow my hand where my heart has been long given. But deceive me not, dearest, for my life depends upon your constancy."

Cornille threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy; and could it be otherwise, for Elizabeth was one of those fair and fragile daughters of Eve, who are born to love and be loved again.

Cornille's next determination was to seek his uncle, who was wealthy and well-disposed towards him.

"Dearest uncle," he said, "you have often told me that you will not forget me when you are disposing of your property. But I seek not for your wealth, that I regard not, but there is a gift in your disposal that I fain would have. 'Tis my old friend and companion Werner, your trusty dog. I am about exiling myself, to forward the better completion of a serious task. The Bishop has given me orders to execute two pictures upon the subject of the Assumption—one for an altar piece in the Church, and the other for the Convent Chapel. In order to send forth a work that shall live for ever, and hand my name down gloriously to posterity, I must retire from the world—arm myself by a pious solitude for my exalted subject, and I therefore beg of you to give me my old favourite as a travelling companion.

In a few days the painter with his beautiful bride and the joyous Werner, arrived about the setting of the sun, before a little rustic cottage, built upon the borders of a

T

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

wood. Already the painter had become a dreamer there, and the very sight of the solitude had inspired his artistic mind with the most lofty conceptions.

"Elizabeth," he said, "do you love me sufficiently to remain two years in this solitude, without seeing any other human being but myself, and with Werner for our only friend?"

"Yes, dearest," she replied, with affectionate confidence.

In a very few days their lives were poetically organized. Their long walks in the woods and in the meadows, with the bounding Werner by their side—the sweet words of love which none else heard save God alone, the successful labour which cheers the heart, the songs, the readings, the happy reveries, and the draughts taken on the banks of the chrysal stream; then the breakfast at the open window, inhaling the balmy fragrance of Nature's choicest perfumes, these were a few of the pleasures enjoyed in this rural and romantic retreat.

The young painter was happy—intensely happy both in heart and mind; his love for his young bride had made him a great artist, and the love of the art only increased his passion for Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was exquisitely beautiful, and even more charming than she was beautiful, from the expression of ardent tenderness that irradiated her lustrous eyes, and the smile of happy joyousness that sat upon her rosy lips.

At the end of two years Cornille finished his pictures of the Assumption. When he saw them packed for Antwerp, he appeared to lose that which made a part of his existence; his spirits drooped, and he became silent and abstracted.

"Gracious God! avert the evil," thought Elizabeth; "surely he cannot love me less, now that his pictures are not here?"

Cornille now began to dream of his former mode of life, and of his joyous comrades, and he unconsciously felt himself wishing to vary his present monotonous existence, and taking Elizabeth's hand, he said,

"Are you aware, dearest, that we have lived two years in this solitude, away from the world, and unmindful of its events?"

"So uninterrupted has been my happiness," said Elizabeth, "that months have passed but as days."

"And have you never remembered," asked Cornille tenderly, "that this day we return to Antwerp, as the time I allotted for solitude has transpired?"

"To-day!" exclaimed the fond wife, turning deadly pale. "Then you will love me no longer."

The painter, moved almost to tears, said with transport,

"Then, Elizabeth, will you consent to remain two more years with me in this wilderness?"

"Consent!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "that is my heart's fondest prayer."

They fondly continued this enchanting species of existence, knowing nothing of the world but what they heard from the shepherd of the meadows, or from the servant

of the neighbouring farm, who came daily to attend upon them.

Another year passed on in this enchantment; but from the first months of the fourth year, Cornille began to count the days.

Their friends at Antwerp believed them to be in Italy. No one could imagine that the joyous and lively artist could separate himself from the world with so much obstinacy. His dog betrayed his solitude.

An intimate friend of his studying one day from nature, wandered into the open country, when he perceived the beautiful Werner, whom he had admired and loved of old. He rushed towards him and renewed his acquaintance. He knew well that his old friend Cornille had induced his uncle to give him the dog, and as he now found the dog, he likewise determined to find his friend. In fact, a few minutes afterwards, he surprised the painter and his youthful wife seated in the shade on the borders of the wood.

The moment Elizabeth perceived the approach of Emile Cappui, she arose, and hastily whispered to Cornille,

"Let us fly;" for, thought she, if he stops with us, he will quite spoil our solitude.

But alas! for all her dreams of romantic retirement and devoted attachment. Cornille extended his hand to his old friend. They spoke of Antwerp, and Cornille sighed.

"Why do you sigh?" demanded Emile Cappui, "you must enjoy an excess of happiness here, when you will not deign to enjoy the glory which your unequalled works have drawn around your name, for know you not that your two Assumptions have excited the admiration of the world at large, and your fame is immortalized. The public think you are at Rome, if they knew you were here, they would seek you, and bring you forth in triumph."

When the painter and Elizabeth were alone, they looked at each other.

"And is it possible, dearest, that we shall have to remain here eight months longer, before we return to that place where my talents are appreciated and acknowledged, and my name pronounced as that of a superior genius?"

"Go," said Elizabeth, struggling to conceal her tears. "Go; and may fame yield you the happiness which this solitude is no longer able to bestow upon you. Go; but ask me not to tear myself away from that place which has been to me a heaven of delight. I have a sad and sure presentiment that Antwerp is to be the grave of my happiness, therefore let me die here, that I may repose in the bosom of that earth I have loved so much."

Touched by so much love, Cornille for a moment forgot Antwerp, his old friends, and even the triumphant name his genius had created for him.

"Go," he exclaimed. "Go without you? Never."

Time passed on, but more slowly than it had been wont to do. They no longer sang together; they no longer chased each other o'er the spangled meadow, and even

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the dog himself became sad. From time to time he would endeavour to renew his lively gambols, and his affectionate mirth, but the effort would overpower him, and he would relapse again into his moody taciturnity.

At length the given time for their solitude was about expiring. In his joy at the prospect of again seeing his old friends and companions, the painter noticed not that the cheek of Elizabeth became paler, and her eyes less bright, notwithstanding the charming and affectionate smile that always greeted him on his approach.

The evening before their departure, he asked her to walk with him once more through those sweet spots where they so long loved to wander, and through the wooded mazes of which they had so often lost themselves. She leant upon his arm, and walked silently by his side. It was a glorious day in August, the luxuriance of the harvest glittered upon the earth, and the whistling of the blackbird from the adjoining woods replied to the mellow sound of the sickle in the meadows.

"What a beautiful day," exclaimed the enthusiastic Cornille. "I have a presentiment that we shall yet pass here many blissful hours. Nature never spoke more poetically to my heart than she does at this moment. Look, Elizabeth, amid such scenes as these, can our love ever grow cold?"

"Alas!" articulated Elizabeth, with a convulsive sigh. "We shall come again," replied the painter; "we shall return again, and often; for I feel, like you, that here we shall always renew our youth and love."

"Then why leave this earthly paradise?" asked Elizabeth. "I have been so long habituated to live here alone with you, that the very idea of returning to the world brings desolation and gloom to my mind, for in the world I feel assured my happiness will be lost."

"My dear girl," said Cornille, "you have yet to learn that life is not made alone for love; the world prescribes certain laws, which we must follow. We must not alone live for each other, we must learn to respect the prejudices of others, and live for the world in general."

"I can alone live for you," said Elizabeth.

At this moment she became deadly pale, and fell fainting upon the grass.

When she recovered, she raised her melting eyes towards her beloved, and murmured,

"Cornille, will you go?"

He raised her fondly, and straining her to his heart, whispered,

"I must."

"Well," she replied, in a trembling voice, "tis well. We shall go; but remember, I shall never see this place again."

"You shall return here, my beloved," he said. "Allow me to remain six months at Antwerp with you, always at your side, and we shall return here, never perhaps again to quit this enchanting solitude."

They had now reached the middle of the wood, and Cornille asked Elizabeth, "if she would not walk a little farther on, and rest herself in the oak wood that she loved so much?"

"No," said she. "I should wish it much, but I have not the strength; let us return to the cottage. I feel an unusual sensation of excessive weakness over me to-day; but be not uneasy, it will pass away, and I shall be ready to start to-morrow."

The next day came; the painter passed the morning in his studio, arranging in order his pictures, his sketches, his drawings, and his books. He felt a portion of that joy which an exile experiences on approaching his own dear country. Elizabeth remained in her room, seated near the open window, with her eyes fixed upon the glowing landscape, from which position she could hear her husband's joyous voice singing a gay song, which he was wont to hear amongst his wild companions in years by-gone.

It were vain to endeavour to describe the profound grief that seized Elizabeth; her heart bounded and burst. And raising her tearful eyes to heaven, she prayed with fervour to the Almighty soother of the afflicted to forgive her despair, and impart to her the virtue of resignation.

Cornille sung gayer and merrier still, as the remembrance of past joys came full and glowing upon his mind. The poor girl collected together all her sinking strength, and rushing wildly from the room, proceeded towards her husband's studio. The door was half open; she stopped upon the threshold, her hair in disorder, her breast panting, and her eyes with an expression of unearthly wildness in them. Cornille rushed towards her affrighted and bewildered.

"Elizabeth, my love, what is the matter with you?"

She smiled bitterly.

"I shall tell you," she said. "Listen to me."

And she began singing the song that Cornille had written descriptive of their happiness in the first blissful days of their solitude,

As the last words of the song escaped her, Elizabeth fell into the arms of her husband; her strength was wasted with her recent exertion.

He carried her to the window, that the soft air might restore her. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, and said,

"Adieu, Cornille; your song has broken my heart."

"My beloved wife," cried Cornille, frozen with horrors, "what mean you?"

"You told me, dearest," she replied, in a dying voice, "that you must go; but I shall go before you. My prayer is heard, and I am permitted to die here."

She had scarcely spoken these words, when her eyes closed for ever.

Cornille clasped her in his arms, and called upon her in the most piteous tones to speak one word of comfort to him.

It were vain to endeavour to depict the despair of the bereaved husband. He passed the entire day in hopeless agony: now tearing his hair, now clasping wildly the stiffened form of her he loved, till tears, the first he had shed for many years, came to his relief, and shielded his reason.

He now remembered that for the last month this de-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

voted girl became paler and paler each day, and he now saw and felt that her death was caused by loving him too intensely. He swore he would never again return to Antwerp, but live in the midst of the woods, with the sacred remembrance of the sad but devoted Elizabeth.

It was not until after her interment, that he remembered that he had not her picture.

A man seldom succeeds in taking the picture of the woman he loves, for how could he transfer to canvass, the charms of that adored face?

When she had disappeared for ever from his eyes, he thought with despair of not having a representation of all those charms with which his beloved was so richly endowed. He saw her pass before him in his dreams, flying like a shadow along the meadows, or through the thickly planted woods. But she no longer appeared to him as the joyous and laughing girl of former years, he could only recall her as the pale and weeping victim of unbounded love. He endeavoured to take her picture from memory, but each time his pencil essayed to represent her, instead of portraying the radiant and beauteous being of former years, it was the pure personification of the drooping and dying Elizabeth that always appeared upon his canvass.

Another month passed and still found Cornille living in his solitude, which had now become a perfect Arcadia to him. His uncle hearing from his friend Emile Cappaïs of his retreat, and becoming alarmed at his obstinate exile, sought and found him one evening weeping upon the tomb of Elizabeth. The good man was affrighted at the despair and pallidness of his nephew. The painter accounted for it by relating the history of his heart's blighted affection.

"You must accompany me at once to Antwerp," said the old man resolutely.

"No," said the painter, "until the daisies flourish on this mound of clay, so long shall I remain here and weep."

Morning after morning would he betake himself to kneel for hours over the resting-place of his beloved, there to pray for her, and talk to her as he used in happier times.

"Elizabeth, my beloved," would he cry in broken accents, "we shall again, I trust, find ourselves together in an eternal solitude, where we can live and love for ever. Oh, when shall I again see those beauteous eyes, which used to turn with such loving fondness upon me when you spoke? My poor Elizabeth lies there alone and cold in the tomb, but there you are not sad and desolate as you have left me."

One morning, the first feeling of joy that had lightened his heart for some time, was caused by perceiving two daisies springing from the earth that contained the remains of his cherished wife.

He gathered them—kissed them—and placed them near his heart. Then he departed for Antwerp with poor Werner, who for some time past had forgotten all his gambols.

He met his old friends; they attempted to rally him on

his romantic attachment, but when they saw him so pale and so sad, and heard him speak to them in a voice broken by sighs, they learned to respect his griefs, wild and heartless as they were.

Cornille shortly afterwards wrote a poem, in which he made use of the following sentence, which each day's experience proves the truth of:—

"Men, even of the most impassioned natures, cannot pass away their whole lives in love alone, but love is essential to women, and not only exhilarates their life, but often causes their death.

BERLINDA.

TO MY NEPHEW.

The clouds are tinted with the morning sun,
Adorning heaven with lustrous rays of light;
The wood-lark's ariel song is yet begun,
Rising and falling as she checks her flight.

Laugh on, my child, in innocence and mirth,
The sun but mocks thy sprightliness and glee;
To-morrow, reptiles from the clammy earth
May sport, where now thy sunny smile we see.

Those rays will shine as bright on thy despair,
These birds sing on their carols in the air;
The tomb alone brings permanent relief
For broken hearts, and all-enduring grief.

And when, as from a sombre dream ye wake,
The promised heavenly blessings to partake,
Like yonder sun that dissipates the gloom,
So will your spirit, rising from the tomb,
A shroud of everlasting light assume.

K.

STANZAS.

Oh! would that my return,
Might seem to thee an age;
That night and day—alone
I might thy thoughts engage.

Night and day—alas!
At present—even now—
I would no other eye,
Might gaze upon thy brow.

Think of me when sleeping,
That I to thee appear;
See me without ceasing,
Dream that I am near.

K.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE IDIOT.

From an American Correspondent.

A good ship had taken her departure from the island of St. Croix, for New York. She had on board a large sum of money in gold, and two passengers; one a young man of eighteen or nineteen, returning from a winter residence upon the island, for the sake of health—the other, a lovely child of seven, the child of the captain. Its mother died at West End, of consumption, having sought refuge from that fell destroyer of youth and beauty, at too late a stage of its attack; and the captain was taking home this his only child, intending to place it in the care of its dead mother's parents.

This captain was a son of New England; still a young man, but eminently skilful in his profession, and even more remarkable for his moral than his professional excellence. Modest in speech and deportment, he was yet a man of consummate bravery, of indomitable firmness, and of a conscientiousness not often exhibited either on sea or land. He had not heard of recent piracies, although as yet they had not become so frequent as in the progress of the next year or two, and when he left port it was with considerable anxiety on account of his child, and still more on account of the treasure shipped on board his vessel—because it was not his own. His uneasiness had been augmented by the fact that his ship was neither armed nor manned, as, when he left the United States, no cause for alarm of the kind had been known or apprehended. Nevertheless, trusting in Providence and the speed of his good ship, and taking the precaution to conceal the gold where it would scarcely be found by any uninstructed seeker, he set sail, not with a light heart certainly, but with a steady and unflinching spirit.

I have no skill in nautical description, and therefore shall not attempt an account of what was said and done on board the *Resolution* during the first two or three days of her voyage; only it is to be remarked that the wind she had was light, frequently dying away into a perfect calm, and that her progress from the locality of apprehended danger was so slow as to increase in no slight measure the anxieties of the captain; nor were these at all alleviated by the rumours that reached him from the fore-castle, of a buccaneer who had given his name a terrible notoriety by acts of excessive daring and cruelty, recently committed in the immediate vicinity of the very latitude and longitude to which he found himself chained, as it were, day after day.

The name borne by this scourge of the seas—real or assumed—was Morgan; and brief as had been his career, it had always been signalled, according to the stories current among the crew of the *Resolution*, by exhibitions of cold blooded ferocity never exceeded and not often equalled even by pirates.

His vessel, a large but swift sailing schooner, was said to be strongly armed and manned; but there was one among the crew, so said report, whose character and conduct were specially dwelt upon as combining the elements

of wonder and of horror. He was said to be of gigantic stature and hideous appearance, and the possessor of enormous strength, which, however, he never exerted in working the vessel, but only in conflict where resistance was attempted. But the most extraordinary and revolting tale concerning him was, that his was the hand always employed in putting to death the unhappy captives whom Morgan's policy or cruelty refused to spare; and that in his horrible office of executioner he displayed a savage enjoyment not less inconceivable than frightful. He was known, the sailors said, by the title of Jack Ketch, bestowed on him as descriptive of his peculiar employment, and originating in the deep abhorrence with which sailors universally regard the professional hangman, who in England has been known as Jack Ketch from time immemorial.

The third day of the voyage was well advanced, a good breeze had sprung up, and Captain Fowler was congratulating himself on his escape thus far, and the increasing probability of ultimate safety, when a sail was descried, just rising above the horizon. Soon it was made out to be a schooner, and rapidly approaching. Captain Fowler could not conceal his uneasiness, and ordered every rag of canvass to be crowded on his vessel; the stranger might be an honest wayfarer of the ocean, but he might also be the fearful Morgan.

It was soon apparent, however, that the schooner had most speed, and the wind favouring her as much as it did the ship, the latter was sure to be overtaken. The only hope that remained, therefore, was in the peaceful and honest character of the pursuer; and this hope disappeared when, as the schooner hove fully in sight, she was seen to be large though extremely sharp, with tall and raking masts, and an extraordinary spread of sail, black as night in the hull, her decks crowded with men, and that she had no flag flying. Captain Fowler looked round upon his scanty crew, and with a groan abandoned the idea of resistance; and when the pirate, for that such she was could not be doubted, fired a shotted gun over him, with the calmness of despair he ordered the ship to be hove to, and prepared to meet his fate.

There were degrees of horror to be expected in the encounter of pirates; and Captain Fowler, with his passenger and the crew, now endeavoured to find some consolation in the hope that their captor was not the dreaded Morgan.

But this hope, however, soon vanished, when a large boat belonging to the schooner, which was filled with armed men, drew near the ship, and it was seen that the forward oar was pulled by a man whose height and huge proportions left little room to doubt that he was the "Jack Ketch" of whom report had spoken so much; and suspicion was converted into certainty when the boat came alongside the vessel, and this same giant stepped on board, followed by a middle sized, compactly built man of about forty years of age, with light hair, and a smooth but sunburnt face, whom, with what seemed to Captain Fowler a mocking courtesy, he introduced as "Captain Morgan."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"There was nothing terrific or even formidable in the aspect of the dreaded freebooter. His features were rather commonplace than otherwise, both in form and expression; he was plainly dressed, and had about his person no weapons, not even a cutlass or a dirk. It was noticed, however, that his orders to his men as they took possession of the ship's deck were brief, and uttered in that quiet tone of authority which bespeaks the habit to command; and nothing could exceed the promptness with which they were obeyed.

Not a man of the fifteen or twenty whom he had brought with him spoke or moved, except as he commanded; each man took in silence the station assigned to him; and Captain Fowler began to cherish a hope that after searching the ship and taking such portions of the cargo as might suit his fancy, Morgan would let him go unharmed, and but little worse for the encounter. The gold he was sure could not be found, and he felt quite confident that the fact of its being unknown to all except himself and the merchant from whom he had received it.

There was one exception to the orderly and disciplined conduct of the pirate's crew; and this was in the demeanour of the huge fellow recognised by the captives as the Jack Ketch of the pirate schooner. It seemed that he was not included in the brief but efficient orders of Morgan; for he wandered about the ship's deck, paying no attention to the proceedings of his captain or comrades, and finally seated himself upon the windlass, where he amused himself with balancing one of the capstan bars upon the tip of his forefinger, as if utterly unconscious of the purpose for which he had come on board, or of the business then in progress.

Notwithstanding their anxiety and alarm, Captain Fowler and his passenger could not help watching this fellow with curious interest; and they found it very difficult to reconcile his appearance and deportment with the horrid office ascribed to him by rumour. His size and apparent strength were indeed enormous. In height he was about six feet and a half, of immense breadth in the shoulders, long armed, and slender in the waist; but the expression of his face was that of vacant good nature, and there was an indecision in his movements, and a something in his physiognomy, which awakened the suspicion that his intellect was feeble.

And this suspicion was correct. Silly Sam—for that was the name he bore among the pirates—was indeed an idiot; and instead of filling the sanguinary office ascribed to him, he was, in truth, one of the most harmless and kind-hearted of human beings. His real name, his origin, and history were unknown; it was believed, however, that he was of English birth, and there was some vague tale of cruelty exercised upon him in his childhood, which had unsettled his reason. His enormous strength, and his willingness to labour, made him extremely useful on board Morgan's vessel, although he would take part in no engagement; and as he never required wages, or a share of plunder, seeming perfectly content with the food and clothing that were provided for him; and as he was ready, moreover, at any time to do the work of anybody that

asked, he was a universal favourite among his fellows. To none of them, however, nor to Morgan himself, did he seem to have any personal attachment.

The schooner was his home—the only one he knew—and on board the schooner he remained, indifferent alike to the companions he found there, and the business in which he was employed. The stern discipline maintained by Morgan forbade the attempt of any to play off upon Silly Sam those annoyances and petty torments to which his feebleness of mind would have exposed him in such a crew; and even if it had been otherwise, his great personal strength, equal to a successful competition with half a dozen of his fellows, would have made them cautious how they provoked him to anger.

Such was Silly Sam—the terrible Jack Ketch of Morgan's rover, by report, but in reality one of the most innocent and inoffensive creatures that ever breathed the vital air.

But to return from this digression. As soon as Morgan had so stationed his men as to take complete possession of the ship, and satisfied himself that there was neither the means nor the purpose of resistance, he turned to Captain Fowler, and touching his hat with a cool courtesy that contrasted strangely enough with his proceedings, begged permission to examine his manifest. It was produced, and running his eye over it, he marked with a pencil such articles of the cargo as he thought proper to appropriate. The crew of the ship, and some half dozen of the pirates, among whom was Silly Sam, were set at work getting up the selected cases from the hold, and into the boat from the schooner; and in the meantime Morgan invited himself, where he drew upon the captain's hospitality for a glass of wine and some other slight refreshments. His manner was polite but distant, very much like what one might suppose that of a post captain in the navy would be, while making a visit of inspection to a merchantman suspected of having on board goods contraband of war. It was well fitted, however, to dissipate the alarm and anxiety of Captain Fowler, who became every moment more confident that the pirate would be satisfied with the plunder he had designated, and that when all this had been removed into the boat, his unwelcome visitor would take his departure without any display of cruelty, satisfied that he had got all there was on board the ship worth taking. He even began to accuse himself of injustice for believing the stories he had heard of Morgan's cold-blooded ferocity, and to look upon him as quite a generous and gentlemanly personage—for a pirate—although he could not repress a feeling of uneasiness, a vague emotion of terror, when his guest began to fondle the boy—the blooming Edward—and, taking him upon his knee, twined his fingers among the curling ringlets of that dear head, which the anxious father had so often pillowed upon his own bosom, and which his departed Mary had hallowed with a blessing in the last moment of her existence.

Still not a word was uttered, not an intimation of any kind was given, that seemed to justify apprehension; and when word was passed below that the transfer of the chosen articles was completed, and Morgan returned to the deck,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

leading Edward by the hand, the captain followed with a heart greatly lightened, and in almost undoubting confidence that in a few minutes he should be left at liberty to pursue his course.

The boat was still lying alongside, full laden with the plunder of the Resolution; and Morgan directed all but six of his men to row back in her to the schooner, which, having taken in her sail, had fallen a mile or two astern, the ship slowly drifting to the leeward. Those who remained were heavily armed, except Silly Sam; and Morgan himself took from one of those ordered to the boat a cutlass and a pair of pistols, remarking that they would be in the man's way while rowing, and ordering the boat to be brought back immediately to receive him and the others.

Captain Fowler was disappointed. He had expected that the pirates would leave his ship at once, but he easily satisfied himself by reflecting that the boat had really as much on board as she could carry, and that if Morgan's intentions were dangerous, he would not have left himself with so small a number of followers. He did not know the man with whom he had to deal.

As soon as the boat had put off, Morgan ordered the ship's crew to station themselves on the fore-castle, and directed four of his own men, a pistol in each hand, to stand guard over them. Then turning to Fowler, in whom this arrangement had excited a renewal of his fears, he said, in a cool, business-like way, yet with something like a sneer upon his countenance,

"Now, Captain Fowler, if you please, I'll trouble you for those fifty thousand dollars in gold that were put on board your ship by Steinmark and Co."

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon his head, Fowler could not have been more astonished. The demand was fearful—the knowledge it exhibited still more so. He could not deny that the gold was, in his keeping; it was clear, indeed, that denial would be useless. Give it up he would not, be the consequences what they might, for it was the property of another; yet there was every reason to believe that should Morgan's search for it prove unsuccessful, torture, if not death, would be inflicted upon himself to wring from him the disclosure.

These thoughts darted like lightning through his mind, and with an inward groan he murmured, "Father in heaven, protect my child!"

Morgan waited a few moments for his answer, but none was given. Then his brow grew stern, but still he preserved his calmness of voice and manner as he said,

"Will it please you, Captain Fowler, to give up the gold, or must I wring it from you?"

Fowler cast his eyes despairingly around him, but there was no help, no manner of deliverance. He remained silent; and in truth he knew not what to say. The true character of the man into whose power he had fallen, was revealed to him, even in the threat just uttered, and he felt that if there was no hope in resistance, there was none in supplication.

"Once more, and for the last time," said Morgan, "I demand the gold. If you do not give it up, and quickly,

I will find a way to reach it, more terrible than even your imagination has ever pictured."

Still no word from Fowler. He was nerving himself to die—to undergo tortures worse than death. The trust confided in him he would not violate. But the torture was indeed to be applied in a mode and form, as the pirate had truly said, which had never been present to his imagination.

At a signal from Morgan, the captain was seized by Silly Sam and the other of Morgan's followers, his hands tied behind his back, and the rope which bound them fastened at the other end to one of the belaying pins of the quarter railing, with a "slack" of about three feet, so that he could move in a semi-circle, having about that length of radius; the passenger, being evidently in delicate health, and not likely to make any very powerful attempt at a rescue, was left at liberty.

The crew, as has already been said, were prisoners in some sort, upon the fore-castle, guarded by four of the buccaniers, each of whom could make sure of two with his pistols, in case of their making any hostile movement. Thus the parties on board the ship were in two divisions; the sailors and their guard occupying the narrow space forward—while Morgan and his two followers, Captain Fowler, the passenger, and the child, were on the quarter deck.

Poor Edward looked on with amazement at the binding of his father; his little bosom heaved, his cheeks were flushed with anger, and tears were gathering in his trembling eyelids. He gazed at Morgan for a moment, as if to divine his purpose, and then rushing to his father, leaped to his neck, around which he clasped his little arms, hiding his face in that bosom which was his nightly pillow.

Fowler kissed him fondly, and, anxious to spare his boy the sight of those cruel sufferings of which he expected to be the victim, earnestly begged Mr. Anderson, the passenger, to take him below into the cabin and keep him there. Anderson moved a step forward to comply with this request, but Morgan bade him halt, and there was no alternative but obedience.

Such was the situation of the parties—Fowler bound, and the child clinging to his neck; Anderson standing near the cabin door, and Morgan between, with his two subordinates—Sam leaning against the mizen mast, his vacant countenance expressing no emotion, or even cognizance of what was passing, while he still amused himself with the handspike which he had taken up when he first came on board the Resolution.

"There is yet a moment for mercy," said Morgan to Captain Fowler; "will you give me the gold?"

A shudder passed through the captain's frame, but he gave no answer.

"Take the boy from him, Harris!" said the pirate; and it was done, though not without some difficulty. "Strip him!"

Fowler started as if shot, and a pang of keenest agony thrilled his frame, as the terrible purpose of his tormentor flashed upon his mind; for it was Edward to

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

whom Morgan pointed when his last brief command was uttered.

"Monster!" he exclaimed, "you will not, you cannot be so cruel! Wreak your fury upon me, but spare the unoffending child! If you have the heart of a man within you, let your savage dealing be with men, and leave helpless infancy in safety."

His frantic entreaties, and his desperate struggles to break loose, were equally in vain. Morgan looked on with a cold, relentless eye, while the fair back and shoulders of the boy were exposed. The tender frame, whose clustering curls, on which his hand had but now been laid in seeming kindness, the surpassing loveliness of that childish face, even now when it was blanched with terror; the mute appeal of that imploring look; and the fearful agony of the distracted father, might have stirred up pity, one would think, in the breast even of an inquisitor; but pity there was none in the heart of Morgan. He paused for a moment in his savage purpose, and to the prayers and imprecations of Fowler, he vouchsafed no other reply than a simple declaration of the horrible alternative—"The money or the boy!"

And now poor Edward is ready for the sacrifice. At the command of his tiger-hearted chief, Harris prepares a scourge of small hard twisted cord, with five or six distinct lashes at the striking end, and knotted at intervals to give its blows the more effect. With cool, unsparing deliberation, Morgan laid aside his hat, and turned up his sleeves; and then, grasping the arm of the helpless child, he gave one sharp, hard stroke, every thong of that accursed whip cutting through the white and tender skin, which in a moment was laced with stripes of sanguine hue.

A shriek of torture burst from the lips of the unhappy boy—one louder, and of more terrific agony, from those of the miserable father—but both were drowned in a horrid yell, so fearful, so appalling, that Morgan started in amazement and affright, and dropping his instrument of torture, turned quickly around to see from whence it came. He turned and saw, and that look was his last. Quick as lightning descended upon his head a mighty blow, and in another instant he lay upon the deck, a quivering, mangled corse—his skull crushed into a shapeless mass, as if by the fall of a thunderbolt, freighted with vengeance from the Heaven he had outraged.

The fearful yell was uttered—that more fearful stroke bestowed—by Silly Sam. The shriek of the suffering child, the sight of his scored and bleeding body, had called up in the feeble mind of the poor idiot, a terrible memory of that cruel infliction of his own childhood, by which his brain was crased; and yielding to the desperate impulse of the moment, that impulse which prompted rescue for the victim, and vengeance on the oppressor—identifying himself in years long passed with the one and Morgan with the other, he had swung aloft the ponderous bar, so providentially remaining in his hands, and putting his whole giant strength into the blow, had struck the villain dead, even before himself was conscious of the act.

224

For a moment all the spectators of this dreadful scene were paralyzed with horror and astonishment. The first to recover possession of their senses were the four pirates stationed forward; they rushed to the quarter-deck to avenge their leader. Two of them fired at his executioner, but their shots took no effect; and the sailors of the Resolution, arming themselves with weapons like that with which the slaughter had been done, were so quickly upon them that before they could reach the slayer, the protection of their own lives demanded all their care. Anderson, with great presence of mind, addressed himself first to the liberation of Fowler. A desperate conflict ensued; but it was soon over. One of the pirates was knocked down, and the other four, seeing the odds so greatly against them, threw away their pistols, and begged for mercy.

They were quickly seized and bound; and after some little deliberation as to the course most expedient to be taken with them, hurried into one of the ship's boats, with a single pair of oars, and the body of their felon commander, and left to make the best of their way to the schooner; Captain Fowler apprehending, and with reason, that suspicion would be awakened, and instant pursuit be made, if the ship were seen getting under way while some of the pirates were known by their comrades to be on board.

Sail was then made upon the ship, and as night was now setting in, and the wind still favourable, the rejoicing inmates of the Resolution entertained a strong hope of gaining so much headway before the truth should be made known on board the schooner, as would insure them against pursuit, especially as they would be favoured by the darkness of the coming night; a hope which was fortunately realized.

Silly Sam, who had been apparently stupefied by the contemplation of his own deed, as soon as the excitement which caused it had passed away, remained on board the ship, unconscious as it seemed of the departure of his comrades; and it need scarcely be added that he received every kindness, then and all his life after, from the grateful father whose child he had saved from cruel tortures, if not from death, in a manner so strange and unexpected.

CAN I FORGET.

By Warburton Burck.

Can I forget!

For still my Lucy leaves me not;
Her spirit lingers near the spot
Where first we met.

O'er yonder grove

The sun has shed his farewell ray;
Each leaf was still'd and hush'd the songsters lay:
Fit hour for love.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

She heard my tale,
And so we revel'd in sweet dreams,
Till from on high the moon's soft beams
Spread o'er the vale.

So loved we on,
Till ruthless fate deprived the breast
Of all on earth it prized the best :
And Lucy's gone.

Can I forget ?
For still my Lucy leaves me not ;
Her spirit lingers near the spot
Where first we met.

FLOWERS.

Flowers ! flowers ! beautiful flowers !
Ornaments bright of this world of ours ;
Emblems of happiness doomed to decay ;
Visions of beauty fast fleeting away.

Oh ! well do I love ye. Ye weave me a spell
Like the moonlight wreath of fair Nourmahal ;
Breathing around me your fragrant sighs,
And spreading your petals of thousand dyes.

Yet are ye found to bloom and decay,
Beautiful flowerets passing away ;
But in the brightness of yonder skies,
Where the harpings of seraphim hourly rise,

There shall ye blossom in endless day,
When the flowers of existence have faded away.
There nought shall o'ershadow that blissful repose,
There flowers are all lasting, and thornless the rose.

JANE.

TRANSLATION.

How, said he, can we forget
The misery and perils that beset
Our stormy way ?

By sleep, said they.

How, said he, can we make fly
Our little boats when writs are nigh,
And keep the officer at bay ?

By oars, said they.

How, said he, can we enchant
The belles, and make them smiling grant,
A beaming glance, or gentle say ?

By love, said they.

K.

JEALOUSY.

" Eoli or giace
Nel seno accolto dell' amata ninfa,
Quanto spietata già, tanto or pietosa ;
E la rascinga da' begli ouhì il piante
Con la sua bocca."

TASSO.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, when a certain respectable aged gentleman, named Dujardin passed through the village of Antoni, and turning out of the high road to the left, stopped before a handsome country seat, the white walls of which were distinctly visible amid the approaching and fast increasing shades of night. The great gate was closed, and M. Dujardin, giving the reins of his horse to a groom, descended from his cabriolet, and turned to a small wicket for the purpose of passing through it on the way to his mansion, when he observed that the door was only partially closed. He pushed it, and entered the long avenue of trees leading to the house. He had proceeded about half way, when he heard a rustling, as if of dry leaves, and anxious to know what could have caused it, he stepped from the path into the low shrubs on the side of the walk ; and the instant he did so, he found himself face to face with a man, who immediately seized him by the collar.

" Oh ! " is it you father ? " said the man, who on the instant recognized M. Dujardin.

" How Charles came you here ? or how is it that I find you hiding in this spot like a poacher, and ready to ensnare his game ? "

" Alas ! father," exclaimed the young man, casting his eyes to the ground.

" But I thought you were at this moment at Bordeaux ? "

" My dear father "—

" As to me," continued M. Dujardin, " grieved at not hearing from you—afflicted by your silence, and impatient to hear some news from you, I was just coming to see your wife, and to ask her if she had had any letters from you. But what means all this ?—and why do I now find you thus lying in ambush ? "

" Ah ! my dear father, I am a most miserable man."

" What ! you have lost money—well, you cannot find it at the foot of a tree—besides, you rogue, don't you know you have a rich and good-natured father ? "

" Lost money, indeed ! Psha ! that would be a nothing. I should not break my heart from a mere money loss."

" Then what in the world can be the matter with you ? "

" My dear, dear father, I am, I say, a most miserable creature. I have been deceived, betrayed, destroyed. My wife"—

" Eh ! " you are jealous—so—so—and while we were all thinking you were at Bordeaux, you have come back here to play the husband—the jealous husband—the worst, the meanest, and the most miserable part in the world."

" I tell you father, that I have been betrayed—that my wife has deceived me—that she has a lover. Yes, I repeat it, a lover ; and he comes here every evening. I know it,

225

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

I am certain of it, and, as you have truly guessed, I am lying in ambush for him."

"And so it was in seeing me walk up this avenue, you fancied you had your rival before you. Your anger, your indignation made you stir, and I heard the rustling of the leaves. My dear Charles you would, I see, make a very bad sportsman."

"No, indeed, father, I knew very well it was not *he* who was coming; for the hour is too early for him."

"What! do you know even the very time that he will arrive?"

"Yes; it is always at eleven o'clock."

"And do you know his name?"

"No—but from the description I have received of him, I fancy that I can recognise him, and that it must be Forgeau!"

"Forgeau—what is it our agent?"

"His son."

"Upon my word, a very nice little gentleman; always wears gloves without a wrinkle, and looks as if he were only permitted to show himself upon sunny days."

"Ah! do not, my dear father, banter upon such a subject as this; for whoever the villain is, he shall die by my hand. I will demand satisfaction from him—I am determined upon it—and he shall either fall by my hand, or he shall become the murderer of the man whom he has most injured."

"Oh! come, come, no more of this, Charles. Let us just walk in and see your wife: I am quite sure her first word of explanation will make you blush for your unworthy, your ridiculous suspicions."

"I mean to do no such thing. My intention is to face the villain here."

"He will not come."

"I say, and I know that he will."

"Then if he does, it is the very reason why you ought not to wait for him. But tell me, Charles, who is the fool that has brought you out of Bordeaux upon such a business as this, and has induced you thus to place yourself in ambushade?"

"It is my gardener."

"What! is it that great jolter-headed Claude; who, because he can sing a psalm on Sundays in tolerable tune, fancies that he is fit to be Prefect of Paris? And can it be that you have stooped to make a confidant of your servant, and to employ your menials as spies upon your wife? For shame!"

"But hear me, father. I admit that I am jealous. Claude has a wife who is a great coquette, and he, therefore knows what it is to be jealous: and I charged him to—"

"To act as a spy upon your wife—upon his mistress—and to write to you to Bordeaux the result of his observations."

"Yes—and he has discovered since my departure that a young man visits our house every evening, and that he comes through the small gate."

"Then why does not Claude lock it every night?"

"My rival has a key."

226

"Then why not change the lock?"

"Oh! I did not expect that you, sir, would convert into a joke that which affects my peace of mind, my honour, and my life itself."

"M. Dujardin reflected for a few moments, and then he said to his son:—"

"According to your own statement, Charles, this assumed rival is not in the habit of coming here until about eleven at night. It is now nine. We have, therefore, a good deal of spare time on our hands. Seat yourself then on these dry leaves, since you have not the good sense to leave this place, and listen to me. I would have wished never to have told you that which I am about to narrate to you; but the sad experience of the father may be turned to a profitable account by the son."

The younger Dujardin, whose heart was swollen with jealousy, and who had travelled a hundred and sixty leagues in order that he might surprise the supposed admirer of his wife, was nearly driven to distraction when he saw himself thus discovered by his father. He knew, however, he had an obstinate old man to deal with, and, therefore, despite his inclination to be contrary, he was compelled patiently to listen to his parent.

"Charles," said his father, "I lost your mother when you was very young. You were scarcely six years of age when I married a second time. Do you remember that event?"

"Perfectly well, sir."

"Yes; but you do not know the grief and the remorse that have embittered my days for the last nineteen years."

"Remorse! father—no!"

"Yes, remorse and sorrow. I, who during the period of my first marriage never had been jealous, became so, when I was wedded a second time. It was a foolish, insane jealousy, and it was the more deplorable, because I did my utmost to conceal it. You say your gardener is your informant—a valet-de-chambre was mine. He it was who obtained my entire confidence, and seemed to be more anxious for my honour than even I was myself. He saw that I was of an hasty disposition—that I was suspicious, and he sought to find me cause for it. Like you, Charles, the nature of my affairs compelled me frequently to be from home, and to make long journeys. My valet-de-chambre designated one of my most intimate friends, M. de St. Vincent, as my rival. He was a young man, rich, accomplished, and a most exquisite musician; while my wife was a first rate performer on the piano. It is sufficient to say, that instead of acting like a wise, a sensible, or a good man, I was maddened by my villainous servant into an unfounded jealousy of poor St. Vincent. I insulted him—we fought—he was wounded. It was supposed he was dying, and at that moment—as he conceived, the last fatal moment of his life, he declared that my suspicions were unfounded. My wife learned the cause of the quarrel. She never respected me, and never loved me afterwards; and, Charles—she was right. For the man who had acted as I had done, deserved neither love nor respect."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"But, father, you had not the same good grounds for suspicion that have been offered to me. You did not find a person during your absence coming to your house at eleven at night. If you had such reasons for suspicion, you do not mean to say"—

"I only mean to say this, Charles, that before you hurry into any measures of violence, you ought to reflect, and to inquire—that you ought not to desire vengeance before you are sure that you have a cause for it—that you ought not on the mere report of a stupid gardener, go and conceal yourself in your own demeane like a base assassin. A lover conceals himself—it is a portion of his part; but for a husband, he ought always to act openly, and speak above board. Between the husband and wife there ought to be neither *ruse* nor artifice. Come then, Charles, act like a man, a husband, and a gentleman. Come with me to your house, and when this lover comes, if he ever will come, why—let us receive him in the drawing-room."

Charles did not like this proposal, and yet he was forced to submit to it. If he had not done so, he knew that his father would have called out and discovered him. The father and the husband quietly slipped into the house, they ascended the stairs together, and both entered the boudoir of the young wife. She was seated at a work-table, her head was resting on her hands, as if she were lost in grief. The instant she saw Charles she shrieked, started up, and ran to fling herself into his arms.

"I know all," said he, in a fierce and tragedy-like tone of voice.

"You know all, my love," she exclaimed, "and you have come to me; how very good you are."

"You will not find me so, perhaps; and as to this M. Ernest Forgeau —"

"Yes, my dear; who has told you?"

"But no matter—are you not now expecting him?"

"Oh, yes; I think he will come."

"Think, indeed! are you not sure of it?—was he not here yesterday—and the day before yesterday—and the day before that again—and every day since I have left home?"

"Alas! yes, my love; but it was only this morning that I heard it."

"There is some blunder in all this," said the wise old M. Dugardin. "Will you be so good as to say, my dear child, what it is that brings M. Ernest Forgeau here every evening since my son left home?"

"What else could it be, dear sir, but to see my sister Camilla. These two foolish young persons have entered into a private marriage. I never knew a word of it until this morning, when the wife of the gardener told me all about it. And what think you, my love," she said, turning to her husband, "that odious fellow Claude, knew all about it these eight days, and never mentioned a word of it to me. I insist, therefore, upon his being discharged."

"You are perfectly right in doing so," remarked the father.

Charles kissed his wife with the most pure and intense

affection. He and the father exchanged glances with each other.

"Now that we are better informed upon this matter," observed the elder Dujardin, "let us return to our ambuscade."

"You are better in such a position than I am," answered Charles; "will you, therefore, leave me sir, for a few minutes, with my beloved wife?"

"Willingly, my dear boy," was the answer of the old gentleman as he quitted the room.

"My darling Charles," said the lady, "you have come at the very moment when I was most wishing to see you. I had determined that this foolish couple should not see one another again, until the marriage was publicly acknowledged by the family of both. I think this was a proper course for me to pursue in your absence; but then, there was only Claude in the house, and I think that old villain is in the interest of young Forgeau, and I was afraid I should have had quite a scene with him, when he came and found that I had forbidden him the presence of his bride. I was wishing, my dear, so much, that you were here, and I really did not know what to do, when you arrived in the very nick of time, like an angel as you are."

The father had kept his word. He placed himself in ambuscade, and as lovers are always true to their appointment, he had not to wait to hear the clock sound eleven, when he beheld young Ernest Forgeau stealing along the avenue. The instant he approached the spot where M. Dujardin, senior, was concealed, he felt a hand stretched towards him, and at the same moment he was thus saluted:—

"You are my prisoner, my fine fellow. The garrison has been reinforced, and you cannot now succeed by an escalade."

"Sir," said the young gentleman, "I am exceedingly sorry to be thus impeded, for I was the bearer of a treaty of peace, and about to announce that hostilities from henceforth cease on both sides."

"Come, come, Ernest, explain yourself," said the old gentleman; "but if it is a long story, you had better seat yourself on these dry leaves; it will not be the first confidential conversation that has taken place on this very spot within the short space of two hours."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Perhaps, I may explain myself to you also in the course of a few years; but in plain language—what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Love, my dear sir—love for the amiable, the beloved, the adorable Camille—now my wife, sir. I was coming here to say that I had explained all to my father, and all he has blamed me for is this—that I did not ask his consent before I was married—as he has said nothing could or can make him so proud as an alliance with your family. Do you, too, forgive me, sir."

"From the very bottom of my heart. I not only forgive you, but I am highly obliged to you, and so will Charles, for—your explanation. I restore you to your liberty, and beg to introduce you to the governor of the garrison."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

The young man was presented to Charles, who heartily shook hands with him. A most happy evening was passed by the bride and bridegroom—one still more happy by the husband of some years, to whom the father whispered, on wishing him good night,

"You are more happy, Charles, than I have been—be also more wise; and mind, above all things, never again place yourself in ambush."

M.

FLOWERS UPON A DEATH-BED.

Flowers, sweet flowers, if thou could'st give
Health for one hour, or bid me live,
Thou wert indeed a priceless gem;
And not to gain a diadem,
Would I remove thee from the brow,
Which, corpse-like, thou bedeckest now.

Flowers, fair flowers, like thine, my life
Was bright as brief, till wrong, and strife,
And sorrow, with its venom fell,
Cast o'er my heart a withering spell;
And I am hastening to the grave,
From which no human hand can save.

Flowers, dear flowers, together we
Shall sink into eternity;
Together they have left us here,
The worldly ones—no prayer—no tear,
And *He* the loved—oh! heaven that sigh!
Sweet flowers were left *alone to die*.

LARA DARCUS.

CHARADE.

Both young and old alike admire,
Whene'er I'm seen in silk attire;
I look them boldly in the face,
And chide them for their tardy pace;
They praise my dress and noble form,
Which can defy man's fiercest storm.
They cheer me, too, whene'er I rise,
Superior to all earthly ties,
And yet, believe me, I've no heart,
Nor care to act a noble part;
But go unthinking where I will,
A thoughtless, headless creature, still
Superior far to king or priest,
And yet I'm fetter'd like a beast.
I live on water and on fire,
Without these I should soon expire.
Then, ladies clever, guess my name,
'Tis not unknown to human fame.

B.

THE YOUNG PRINCE; OR, LOVE AT COURT.

A Tale of English History.

"'Tis now the hour for legend of romance;
And, dearest, now I have one penned for thee.
It is of love, most perfect love; and of a heart
That was a sacrifice upon the shrine
Itself had reared."

L. E. L.

It is not always bodily ill that pales the cheek of youth, destroys life, ease, and elasticity, and brings on premature infirmity, decay, and death; when the grave covers all—and the sufferer is at rest. Grief will destroy as well as sickness; and grief is a malady for which no physician can prescribe: the sorrow that is rooted in the heart cannot be eradicated—and how many young virtuous, and kind hearts are there beating at this moment, over the sun of whose existence dark clouds are rolling, and who entertain no hope of being raised by any circumstances from their present desolate condition. We hear of broken hearts—and the mention of them calls forth a sigh—a chord is struck in the human soul, which vibrates for the moment, and for the moment only. The saddest tale of human woe is soon told, and the most benevolent and sympathetic—deeply though they may commiserate the sufferings, yet have their attention speedily called away, and one tale of sorrow is driven from the recollection by others; and cares and joys, afflictions and felicities, which together mingle in the cup of life, all engage attention for the time, and individual griefs and pleasures can engage but a transient smile, or a passing tear.

But to the object of the tale of sorrow. How heavy is affliction! Unrequited love, blighted hopes, false friendships, desertion, are words which indicate the heart's severest sufferings; many are they who sink under them and perish. The grass grows over them and their virtues, their sufferings, their hopes, their expectations, their high aspirations, their reverses, which have served to make Edens round them, and worlds of bitterest anguish are forgotten. Such is life.

Our story shall describe the sorrows of as kind and virtuous a Prince as ever lived in the tide of time; one who seemed destined to fill the English throne, and with whom was associated a nation's expectations, but who loved, and died, ere the time when by the decease of his father, he would have worn the Crown.

Prince Henry Frederick, the son of James the First of England, had attained his seventeenth year, when it was considered requisite that he should become possessed of a separate establishment, and the demesne of Oatlands, at a few miles distant from the Court of Westminster, and remarkable for its picturesque beauty of scenery, was appropriated to the young and gallant Prince for that purpose. Here the virtues of Prince Henry, which had begun to manifest themselves while he remained in his father's court, were fully developed, and the household was governed with all the gravity and wisdom which is

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

usually attributed to age and experience only. The little court of Oatlands possessed so many attractions, that the wise, the gallant, and the witty, made it their constant resort, and the English people looked forward without apprehension, to the time when their sovereign should be called to another world, having the utmost confidence in the wisdom and integrity of his son.

Negotiations were entered into for the marriage of the young Prince with an Infante of Spain, and on the failure of these, it was proposed that he should marry a daughter of the illustrious house of Bourbon, and so cement an alliance with the French Court. Prince Henry could not tutor his heart in the wisdom of state policy; he could not bestow his affections upon a person whom he had never beheld, and whom he probably might not like; whose manners, tastes, and dispositions, might be diametrically opposite to his own; but as political expediency rendered his marriage necessary, he contented himself with bewailing the hard lot of princes, who dare not give their hands with their hearts, and agreed to marry whomsoever the state councillors might please to select.

The talk of the metropolis was all engrossed by the extensive preparations being made at Oatlands for a magnificent entertainment to the ladies of the Court, and when the appointed day arrived, the flower of England's beauty, and the chief of her nobility, crowded the prince's halls. The scene almost realized the wildest fiction of the imagination.

Nature and art for mastery strove, and there
Each strove triumphant; trees of ampler shade
Or softer green, o'erhung not Euna's vale;
The scene did shine with happy faces. Here a girl
On the green grass under a branching elm,
Strung her guitar to harmony, and sung
Of beauty, and love, blue summer, and the flowers;
And here the finch with imitative note,
Pours from the forest twilight its sweet lay.
Between perfuming rows of wild bloom hung,
From tree to tree the curtains of the tent,
Silken and striped, under whose canopy,
A shield and shelter from the noonday heat,
Were spread the viands and the wines.
All lovely was the festal, as a dream
Such as the poet sees with half-shut eye,
When through the elms embowering branches stream
The flickering splendours of the noonday sky.

Among the constellation of female loveliness that graced this festal scene, no eyes shone brighter than did those of the Lady Essex, whose beauty was the theme of eulogy throughout the English Court. The young prince was observed to look with enamoured eyes upon this fair enchantress, and many were the prying eyes that saw him smile, and beheld his smile returned; and many observant ears heard the Prince sigh, while the Countess returned sigh for sigh, and smiled again and blushed, and gave the prince all the encouragement a young lover could desire.

VOL. XXII.—No. 259.

The Countess of Essex was as celebrated for her coquetry as for her beauty; she delighted in exciting love in the breasts of her admirers, and would fan it to its extreme height. Eventually it transpired that she was not so virtuous as she should be, but that is not relevant to the subject of our tale.

In the course of the day the prince obtained permission of the Countess to wait upon her at Essex House on the following morning; and at an early hour, earlier, indeed, than he was expected, Prince Henry was again at the side of the Countess.

He became a constant visitor at Essex House, and the gentlemen of the household gave wings to the rumour, that he was the successful lover of the Countess. This, however, was not the case. The Countess of Essex was not the magnet that attracted the heir to England's throne—a fairer and more virtuous, but less high-born, was the object of the prince's adoration—the half cousin of the Countess—the lively Anna Willoughby, and her he loved with passionate devotion.

Oh! who may tell what thronging dreams
And thoughts unknown till then,
Crowded, like freshly-opened streams,
Upon his breast and brain!
How did his very spirit yearn
Beneath their sudden life!
How did his inmost bosom burn
Amidst their stirring strife!

We have already stated that the prince arrived at Essex House the morning after the festival at Oatlands, earlier than was expected by the Countess; indeed, she had not made her toilette when the Prince was announced, and therefore did she depute her pretty cousin to receive her illustrious visitor.

The young, modest, and ingenuous Anna, fired the heart of the susceptible Prince; he had been struck with the beauty of the Countess, and offered her the homage of his heart, but his whole soul was spell-bound by the loveliness and unaffected simplicity of sweet Anne Willoughby.

While he remained in conversation with her, the winged moments seemed to fly with more rapidity than ever, and he inwardly wished that the Countess might remain all day at her toilette, so that his *tête-à-tête* with her cousin might be prolonged.

"The Countess should bring thee to Court, sweet Anne," said the Prince, gazing enraptured upon her brightly beaming countenance; "so fair a flower should not be concealed within the walls of Essex House."

"Indeed, my lord," responded the lovely maiden, "I can imagine no greater happiness than what I can enjoy in retirement. Let others shine in courts: give me my happy home."

"Is solitude then preferable to the companionship of the gay, the wise, the beautiful?" asked the prince.

"I know not what solitude is," replied Anne Willoughby, with a smile that rivetted the chains her first glance had thrown around the heart of him

V

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Whose first and latest pulse throbbed but for beauty."

"Is not this solitude?—here alone in this vast mansion, while your gayer cousin flaunts in the halls of mirth and revelry. Can you be happy alone?"

"I can, my lord, for though alone, I am not solitary. No! while surrounded by the wise and good of ages past and present—for in their works they seem to live and breathe around me—can I have more cheering company. My stay in London is seldom long—the country is my home—and there, in the contemplation of the glorious works of nature, I enjoy the purest and the best of human gratifications."

The prince sighed audibly, and cast his eyes upon the ground. The maiden observed his emotion, and its cause flashing upon her imagination, she arose to retire, but the prince detained her. He clasped her arm, and besought her to resume her seat. She looked into his face, and his large expressive eyes were filled with tears. She resumed her seat, and in the pause that ensued a thousand ideas came over the mind of each, wild, confused, and all romantic enough.

Love's silence, oft is more eloquent than any words, and the gentle pressure by the Prince of the white arm of Anne Willoughby, assured her more fully that she was beloved, than any words the lover could have uttered.

Thus were the prince and Anna seated, the eyes of the latter cast down upon the ground, and her face crimsoned with blushes, whilst Henry sat gazing enrapturedly upon her beautiful countenance, now more beautiful than ever, when their reverie was broken by the heavily-drawn breath of some one close behind them; and they suddenly became aware of the presence of the Countess of Essex.

The eyes of the disappointed beauty flashed with indignation, and Anne Willoughby, humbled before their unmistakable expression, would have retired, but the prince held her more firmly, and bowing with the utmost politeness to the Countess, directed her to a seat, and then poured out the whole thoughts of his heart, and sought for the Countess's advice and assistance in the promotion of his suit of love with her most charming cousin.

The Countess of Essex had worldly wisdom enough to perceive that the expression of her mortified pride would be useless, if not actually injurious; and, subduing her emotions, gave the prince her hand, and expressed her resolution to assist him in any honourable design upon the heart of her cousin. Princes seldom woo in vain; and in a short time Prince Henry was convinced his love was ardently returned. Then he experienced true felicity. But alas! the cup of happiness was but for one moment pressed to his lips!

"O, love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be loved!"

The Prince could not acknowledge his love for humble Anne Willoughby—and his principles were too strict to permit him to harbour the least dishonourable thought towards her.

230

"I will never," he exclaimed, "bring ruin upon one so truly beautiful—so truly good—in spirit and form so like heaven's angels!"

To part from her he could not—death would have been preferable; to secure her, he proposed a secret marriage. The proposal was eventually agreed to, and in the little chapel of Essex House, the Prince's chaplain united two of the most faithful hearts that ever dwelt in human breast.

The prince paid daily visits to Essex House, where dwelt his angel wife; and after several months had passed, the prince resolved upon declaring his marriage, and only waited the breaking off the negotiations with the Court of France.

Suddenly, however, the beautiful Anne was taken ill—all medical assistance was unavailing—and, in the midst of her happiness—she died.

Her husband was inconsolable. He was observed often to sigh and mourn—no smile was ever observed upon his countenance—melancholy had marked him for her own. The most horrible rumours prevailed, and among them it was said that slow poison had been administered to him by order of the king, his father, who was jealous of his popularity.

He survived his angel wife but a few months, and died ere he had completed his nineteenth year. It was subsequently proved that there was not the slightest ground for the belief that poison had been administered;—he died of consumption, brought on by excessive grief. He died for love. When she, with whom all his hopes of happiness were associated, died, his ardent and affectionate heart became

"A sacrifice upon the shrine itself had reared."

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT;

BY THE HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' leng ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words,
You never more will speak.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary.
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort on your lip, Mary,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you Mary for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break;
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore:—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you was my bride.

CHARADE.

My head's like a basket, yet strange tho' it seem,
My eyes are more brilliant than the brightest sun-beam.

THE FROWNS OF FORTUNE.

I was obliged to turn out of my snug little sitting-room, one bleak morning in January, to go into the city on some unpleasant business, which I was much annoyed at not being able to settle to my satisfaction. The day was dark, dismal, and piercingly cold, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully, as it swept round the corners of the almost deserted streets; everything looked dreary in the extreme.

Disgusted with the City and the day, and dissatisfied with myself and every one else, I was about to enter one of those abominations denominated "a buss," when my attention was arrested, or rather riveted, by a being whose squalid appearance, sunken visage, and despairing look, told how deeply he had quaffed the bitter cup of misery. He was stretched upon the cold, wet pavement, exposed nearly naked, to the "pitiless pelting" of the storm. I stopped to watch the unfortunate object, regardless of the raging elements.

I do not love to look on wretchedness, but an indescribable feeling came over me, as I gazed on the hapless being before me, and I could not move. His features were blue, and pinched with the intensity of his sufferings; his hair saturated with rain, hung matted upon his face, and supporting his attenuated frame on one hand as he lay, he was endeavouring to write with a piece of chalk on the pavement, the heart-rending appeal—"I am starving."

Vain, vain, alas! was his task; for still as he wrote, the rain, regardless of his misery, blotted out the words, and cold humanity passed him by without a thought. He perceived me observing him, and looked up with an expression of hopeless agony in his countenance, that words cannot convey. It went to my heart. I stepped up to him, put a trifle into his hand—would it had been more. I hurried away, overcome by my feelings. Was it weakness, but I felt a tear upon my cheek. I returned home, musing sadly upon the lot of man; the wretched being I had seen in the morning, still uppermost in my thoughts. I would give anything, I exclaimed, to know that man's story, for if ever misfortune set her stamp upon mortal, he was the man.

A fortnight had elapsed, and I had frequently passed the place in the hope of seeing him, but without success, when, as I was walking one evening hurriedly down the Strand, I perceived the object of my search.

Telling him to follow me, I turned up a retired street, and told him to call at my lodgings on the following day. He accordingly did so, and having first given him a suit of clothes to put on, I made him sit down, and asked him to tell me his story.

"I will, sir," he replied; "but I could tell it better after I have had something to eat, for I am hungry."

It makes my flesh creep to hear a fellow-creature complain of hunger, so I ordered him some cold meat, which he devoured ravenously. When he had satisfied the keen cravings of appetite, he thus commenced his melancholy narrative:—

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"I am an Irishman!"

Oh! what magic dwells in that little sentence. The poor naked, perishing, creature, whose wretchedness had attracted my notice, was a countryman. He, too, had once trod the soil of the green Island—he, too, had dwelt beneath her sunny skies, perhaps in the bosom of a happy family, amidst kind and devoted friends. Thirty years' absence from the land of his birth, had worn the sweet accent of old Ireland from his tongue; and five-and-twenty years of misery and despair, had effaced every characteristic trace of country by which I might have known him, but, nevertheless, he was a countryman, and as such, I could have wept for his misfortunes.

"I was born," he continued, "in Kilkenny; my father was a solicitor; I had been intended for that profession, but through the advice of a well-meaning but mistaken friend, was sent to London at the age of fifteen, and put into a merchant's warehouse in the City. Nothing particular occurred to me for the first five years, at the end of which time I left my situation to return to Ireland, in consequence of the death of my father, who had left me five hundred pounds. I was young, thoughtless, and extravagant, and it soon disappeared. I then returned to London, and succeeded in getting a situation similar to that which I had before occupied, but having contracted expensive habits, I could never keep within my means, and was continually involved in difficulties. It was about this time," said he, a tear trembling in his hollow eye, and his lip quivering with emotion, "that I first met my wife."

"What," I exclaimed, "is it possible that you have a wife?"

"I had once, sir," he replied, mournfully, "but thank Heaven, I am now alone in my misery."

Clearing his voice, which had grown husky at mention of his wife, he went on:—

"I met her at a friend's house in the country," and as the much cherished picture of the past, to all but himself long, long buried in oblivion, burst vividly upon his memory, his eye dilated, his chest heaved, and a slight flush tinged his wan and worn countenance, as he said with fervour:—

"It is five-and-twenty years since then, sir, yet I remember it but as yesterday. Not all the poverty and pain, and ignominy and madness I have borne, could blot the blessed remembrance of that hour from my heart. It was a heavenly summer's evening, and as together we admired the beauty of the garden, and dwelt delighted upon the loveliness of the scene, I sought and won her love. She had no dowry save her innocence and beauty, and in both she was rich indeed. My income was about £150 a year, yet such was my blindness—such the extent of my folly—and such the wildness of my love—that regardless of all consequences, and though entailing certain wretchedness on the lovely and confiding girl who had trusted me, I dared to marry her. This was the crisis of my fate. But although misery, shame, disgrace, and infamy crowded upon me in quick succession, I had one comfort in all my wretchedness—she loved me to the last—and I—oh! how

I idolized her. Never for a moment did I allow a thought of self to come between me and the object of my heart's affection; and when it pleased heaven to take her from me, although I mourned her loss as man seldom yet mourned for woman, yet I blessed God that in the might of his bounty he had taken her from a life of misery to an eternity of happiness, that the innocent might not suffer with the guilty. But to return. We were married, and for a few months got on pretty well. Trade falling off, the establishment in which I was engaged found it necessary to reduce their expenses by discharging some of those in their employment. I was amongst the unfortunates. I tried to awaken the better feelings of my hard master by stating simply how I was circumstanced, and entreating him to let me remain, but his icy nature was unmoved by my distress—his heart, cold and obdurate as marble—was not touched by my story; I was forced to leave, and found myself upon the world penniless, with a beautiful young creature about to become a mother, looking up to me for support. I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were; suffice it that after struggling to get employment without success, and all means having failed me, starvation staring my wife in the face (for myself I cared not), driven to desperation at seeing day by day her lovely cheek grow pale, and her bright eye less lustrous, I sought succour in dishonesty. I obtained goods from several of the merchants' warehouses, and disposed of them for half their value, thus for a short time alleviating our distresses. But detection soon followed. Three days after my wife had given birth to a boy, I was taken up on a charge of having feloniously obtained the goods, committed, and sent to prison. Oh! heaven, the agony I endured. I knew my wife was unable to assist herself; there was no friend near her; even the means of subsistence she was destitute of. What could I do? I was a prisoner, without money, without a friend. As these thoughts crowded on me, I felt a stifling sensation round my heart—my senses fled—and for a long time I was in a state of unconsciousness. At length I came to myself, and raved to be let go to my wife, but I perceived the helplessness of my situation, and became more calm when I reflected that some neighbour might go in, and, perhaps, save her from starvation. It was on the evening of the third day of my imprisonment, and I, fool that I was, had been indulging in the wildest hopes of her safety and my own deliverance, when the stunning intelligence of her death, together with her child, was conveyed to me; by whom I never knew, for my reason was laid prostrate at the moment, and for five years I was a maniac. At length I recovered to the fearful remembrance that my wife, my young, my beautiful, my innocent wife—she whom I had idolized beyond all that words can convey—she, whose only fault was that of having fixed her affections on me, whom fate had doomed to destruction, died of starvation."

Here the poor fellow's feelings so far overcame him, that he wept unrestrainedly. However, he soon got the better of his weakness, and said,

"I have nothing more to add, sir. For many years I have existed upon the cold charity of the world; and when

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

death comes to me, I shall look on it as a friend come to release me from my wretched prison, that I may again join my lost one. Guilt," said he, standing up to go, "guilt blasted my earthly happiness, but it was the hard-heartedness of man that made me guilty."

He moved towards the door. I put some money into his hand. He departed, and I have never seen him more.

W. CORBET.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF —.

Whilst many a friend with ardent favour prays,
And sorrowing sends thee to the clay cold bier;
One friendly muse the last sad tribute pays,
The meed, at least, of one melodious tear.

When virtuous faith from which thy heart ne'er strayed,
Had ripened thy just soul for blisses pure;
She stole thee off beneath her double shade
Of perfect hope and charity secure!

Thy worth and goodness bright'ning ev'ry day,
The blessings of the orphan and the poor,
Led all thy steps the short and narrow way,
And gain'd thee entrance, rich, and wise, and pure.

Thy presence longer to our anxious eyes,
Oh! did propitious Heaven but bestow,
It might have spared us these oppressive sighs,
And all this tide of sympathetic woe!

Whilst little souls ran after little fame,
No such small object could thy heart pursue;
Thy deeds led to a fair immortal name,
A name distinctive of the chosen few.

'Till gracious Heaven, anxious of our joy,
Or only anxious that thou should'st be blest,
Called thee away to bliss, without alloy,
And bid thee sleep henceforth in endless rest.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity's my chief delight,
The darling pleasure of my mind;
Oh! that I could to her invite,
All the whole race of human kind.
Take her, mortals, she's worth more
Than all your glory, all your fame;
Than all your glittering boasted store,
Than all the things that you can name,
She'll with her bring a joy divine,
All that's good, and all that's fine.

M.

THE DYING POET'S LAMENT.

By Doctor John Mac Cabe.

Oh! take me to your window now,
My sight is growing dim;
And faintly on my ear now falls
The sweet and far-off hymn,
Of vintagers returning home—
Their daily labour done.
Oh! move me now, that I may gaze
Upon the setting sun.

I see him—tho' my vision fails—
Put off his gorgeous vest;
Like a monarch sinking to his couch,
He fades into the west;
And soon his beams will gild the morn
Of some far distant shore.
He sinks! and I that glorious sun
Shall see no more—no more!

Oh! God, 'tis hard—'tis very hard,
For one so young to die;
When earth, in all its beauty dress'd,
Is bright upon the eye;
When every billow of the sea
Bears music on its swell;
And eloquently on the ear
Peals the rich vesper bell.

When up the vale the mingled bleat
Of home returning herd
Breaks—and the lonely melody
Of some unmated bird,
Steals sweetly to the listening ear
On evening's trembling breath;
Like faith's subdued vigil hymn
O'er loved one's low in death.

No more these scenes shall strike my eye,
These sounds salute mine ear:
But some kind spirit's hand will strew
Wild flowers o'er my bier;
And that bird over the green sod
That shrouds my mouldering clay,
Will pause—and by pale starlight pipe
A soft, sad roundelay.

Farewell green earth, wild flowers, bright streams,
Sweet fairy haunted dell;
Familiar memories ye come
On fancy's ocean swell—
Ye come—ye come, all beautiful
Across my dimming eye;
I grasp ye—*Death!* Oh! God 'tis hard
For one so young to die.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE
NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOMS
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE EARL OF MAR.

The bearer of the ancient title of the Earldom of Mar—so ancient that its origin can not be any longer traced—is one who takes but little part in the affairs of the world. There was a time when it was otherwise, and when the present Earl of Mar was amongst the faithful band of warriors who stood upon the last battle-field of Europe.

Of the title of Mar, Lord Hailes says, "This is one of the earldoms whose origin is lost in its antiquity. It existed before our records, and before the era of genuine history."

MARTUCUS, Earl of Mar, is witness to a charter of donation by Malcolm Canmore, to the Culdees of Lochleven, of the manor of Kilgad-Earnoch, in 1065. From this nobleman we pass over nearly three centuries to his descendant,

THOMAS, thirteenth Earl of Mar, a person of much political importance in the reign of King David the Second. His lordship was great chamberlain of Scotland in 1358, ambassador to England in 1362, and one of the guaranties of a truce with the English in 1369. The earl obtained from King David a charter of confirmation of the lordship of Garioch. He died in 1377, and with him terminated the direct male line of the old Earls of Mar. His lordship was succeeded by his sister,

MARGARET, Countess of Mar, who married first, William, Earl of Douglas (who in her right became fourteenth Earl of Mar, and was designed Earl of Douglas and Mar), and had issue,

JOHN, Earl of Douglas and Mar, killed at Otterburn, in 1388, and died without issue.

ISABEL, her ladyship, being divorced from Lord Douglas, married secondly, Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, who fell at Homildon, in 1402. Her ladyship died in 1385, and was succeeded by her son, mentioned above, who was succeeded by his only sister,

ISABEL, Countess of Mar. Her ladyship married first, Sir Malcolm Drummond, of Drummond, who died without issue; and, secondly, Alexander Stewart, natural son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert the Second. The first appearance of this person in life was at the head of a formidable band of robbers, in the highlands of Scotland, with which, storming the Countess of Mar's castle of Kildrumme, he obtained her ladyship in marriage, either by violence or persuasion. The countess subsequently made a free grant of all her honours and inheritance to her said husband, and dying without issue in 1419, he,

ALEXANDER STEWART, designated, in right of the deceased countess, Earl of Mar and Lord of Garioch, re-

signed those honours to the crown, when they were granted to him 28th May, 1426, in remainder to his natural son, Sir Thomas Stewart, to revert, in case of failure of male issue of the latter, to the crown. His lordship was ambassador to England in 1406, and again in 1407, when he engaged in a tournament with the Earl of Kent. He commanded the royal army at the battle of Harlaw, against the Lords of the Isles in 1411, and was appointed ambassador-extraordinary to England in 1416, and soon afterwards warden of the marches. He died in 1435, and his natural son, mentioned above, having predeceased him, the earldom of Mar, according to the charter, reverted to the crown; when it was claimed in 1435, by Robert, Lord Erskine, as lineal descendant of Lady Elyne Mar, daughter of Gartney, the eleventh Earl of Mar, and wife of Sir John Menteith; but though the descent was indubitably established, the earldom was not conferred upon the Erskines until it had been enjoyed by four earls of different families, the last of whom was the celebrated Regent Moray, a period of one hundred and thirty years having elapsed, when at last it was restored, in 1565, by Queen Mary, to

JOHN, fifth Lord Erskine, who should of right be sixth Earl of Marr, of the Erskine race. This nobleman was appointed by charter, in 1566, heritable sheriff of the county of Stirling, and keeper of Stirling Castle, and chosen regent of Scotland, by parliament in 1571, during the minority of King James the Sixth. His lordship married Annabella, daughter of Sir William Murray, of Tallibardine, ancestors of the Dukes of Atholl, and dying in 1572, was succeeded by his only son,

JOHN, seventh earl, from whom the title descended uninterruptedly to

CHARLES, tenth earl, who succeeded his father in 1663, and was obliged, in order to satisfy the pecuniary engagements of that nobleman, to dispose of a great part of his landed property, particularly the barony of Erskine, in the county of Renfrew. His lordship married the daughter of George, second Earl of Panmure, and had, (with other issue),

JOHN, his successor.

James, of Grange, a lord of session, and justice-clerk, in the reign of Queen Anne, subsequently M.P. for the county of Stirling; died in 1754, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

James, knight marshal of Scotland, married Frances, only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Mar, and dying in 1784, left two sons,

JOHN FRANCIS, restored Earl of Mar.

James Francis, who died in 1806, leaving issue.

His lordship died in 1689, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN, eleventh Earl, K. T., and secretary of State for Scotland in 1706. His lordship, however, having attached himself to the cause of the Pretender, was attainted by act of Parliament, in 1715. He died in 1732; and his only son, Thomas, Lord Erskine, in 1766. The earldom remained under the influence of the attainder from the passing of the bill until its reversal by the Parliament in June, 1824.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

HOME EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a light turlatane muslin; the skirt made very full, and rather shorter than for promenade dress; trimmed round with five graduated flounces of embroidered muslin, and scalloped at the lower edge, the top volant being considerably narrower than the lower one; these flounces are put but very slightly apart, and with very little fullness; the waist gauged into the waist, which is round; low plain corsage, embroidered round the top of the neck in a small wreath, over which is worn a *canzout* of embroidered muslin, the epaulets forming sleeves to the dress, which are composed of two deep frillings of embroidery; *ceinture* of a rich striped ribbon, the stripe going crossways, and prettily shaded in scarlet and white. Pale sea-green watered silk mittens, trimmed round the tops with a narrow fulling of the same, finished at the side with a small cord and tassels. Coiffure *sans fond* composed of a lappet of broad white lace, passing plain over the top of the head, but caught on each side with a splendid crimson shaded rose and green leaves; the ends of the lappet depending from the rose in a kind of half-handkerchief end.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of pale straw-coloured *poult de soie*, made in the *redingote* form, attached together down the centre with a rather large cord, and on each side with a double waved facing of the same, the straight part being put towards the back, the wavy side decorated with a very *petit* corkscrew trimming; this trimming also serves to ornament the double lapels which face the open high corsage, and also surround the *jockeys* and openings of the sleeve, which are also laced across with a very small silk cord of the same colour as the dress; under plain chemisette of rich embroidered muslin, and under sleeves of fullied plain muslin, surrounded with a *manchette* of lace. Light blue kid gloves. Cap of muslin; the edge of the front surrounded with a single row of lace, fullied at the ears, and headed with pink satin ribbon, with puffings of the same on each side.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale lavender *mousseline de laine*; the skirt made à double *jupe*, the upper one reaching only to the top of the knees, the lower part of each encircled with two rows of narrow silk fringe—the lower one with four rows; the upper one with three; each placed at equal distances; the skirt put on to the waist in large gathers; half high corsage, coming down in a low pointed form in the front, so as to show an under stomacher of lace inlet; pointed narrow cape, surrounded with a narrow double frilling of lace, the upper edge being ornamented with a band of lace inlet, bordered on each side with a

narrow edging of lace; plain close fitting sleeves, crossing over the back of the arm, and surrounded with a narrow double fold of the same material as the dress; *jockeys* also edged with a row of narrow lace; under sleeves of fullied muslin, and a fall of lace over the hand; round cap of white tulle, having a lappet of lace passing plain over the top of the head, which is also decorated with a wreath of deep shaded blue flowers; a deep fall of lace surrounding the lower part of the cap, completely shading the back part of the throat.

PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A *redingote* of a rich shot lilac and pink *moire*; the skirt made open and very full, so as to shew an under-dress of white muslin, richly trimmed with volants of rich white lace, the fourth, seventh, and tenth row having a lining of pink satin ribbon shewing through, which has a very light effect; the front of the corsage high; small round collar and cuffs, being entirely of the same description of lace; the sides of the silk pelisse and corsage are faced with a rich white lace put on quite flat, and attached at equal distances with pink satin straps, attached with a large round satin button at the outer edge; the body is made perfectly open up the front, and high upon the back and shoulders; plain close fitting sleeves. Bonnet of *paille de ris*; the interior decorated with half wreaths of pale pink and white roses, the foliage of a very light green; the exterior has a splendid drooping white feather tipped on either side with pale lilac; *brides* of lilac and white gauze ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a verdant green satin; the *jupe* made immensely full, and splendidly trimmed with four rather narrow flounces, each formed with a narrow heading, the lower edge is bordered with a narrow fringe of the same colour as the dress; these volants are placed at regular distances from each other; half-high corsage, made quite open in the front, and encircled with a double trimming to match that on the skirt; the lower frill forms a kind of drapery to the back of the shoulders; plain close sleeves; the lower part ornamented with a cuff somewhat resembling those on a man's sleeve, and trimmed round with a frilling to match, only narrower; under fullied sleeves and *chemisette* of muslin; the former trimmed round the wrist with a fall of lace, the latter with a narrow fulling of muslin, which continues down the centre of the body. Capote of a rich pink ribbed silk; the crown decorated with a cluster of pink and white small roses intermixed with white tulle, and placed very low on the left side of the crown.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—This *distinguée* looking costume is composed of a pale lilac striped Pekin silk; the skirt made extremely full and long, and perfectly plain; corsage à *basque*; the back resembling exactly a lady's riding habit, being decorated also with two buttons, shewing the size of the waist; the front part of the corsage likewise fastened down the centre with buttons, and surrounded at the top of the neck with a small round collar, edged with a narrow fold of the same material; loose plain sleeve; the lower part cut up towards the back part of the elbow, shewing the under full sleeve of plain muslin, and decorated at the top with a round epaulet crossing over each other on the centre of the top of the sleeve, a fulling of lace or muslin encircling the throat. Bonnet of the Pamela form; very small in the brim, and composed of a fancy straw; the crown decorated with loops and ends of dark claret ribbon velvet drooping low on the left side; *brides* of the same, and rich black lace veil.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—The Queen of the Belgians is here represented attired in a dress of a rich shot pink and lavender *poult de soie*, the *jupe* is made immensely full, and very long, a flounce reaching half way up the skirt, is put on straight and rather full, edged round the lower part with a broad *bowillon* fringe, headed with a French piping; plain half-high corsage, and long tight sleeves, round the top of the body and sleeves, is placed a row of white lace; plain long scarf of rich black lace, lined with a pink *transparent*, and edged round with a narrow black lace, put on slightly full. Capote of straw-coloured silk, the front part of the capote is nearly concealed by a short veil of white lace, confined on each side in folds, a narrow plaiting or fulling of straw-coloured *areophane* encircles the crown, meeting at the back, and attached with a *nœud* of the same coloured ribbon.

CONCERT DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Our gracious Queen is here represented as wearing an elegant morning concert costume, composed of an elegant under-dress of splendidly embroidered muslin, the pattern tapering in the form of a point up the centre of the dress; over this is worn a round open tunic, richly embroidered, and encircled with an open broad inlet, edged with a frilling of rich lace, of a most tasteful design; the high corsage and short sleeves, are also richly embroidered, the former is headed with the same kind of inlet as that on the tunic, forming a kind of facing, and descending in a pointed form in the centre of the front, the lower part of the short sleeve similarly decorated, and finished round the edge with a row of lace. Under full chemisette of white tulle, headed with a small fulling of the same, the entire dress is lined with pale pink *gaze*, giving it the appearance of a blush rose. Bonnet of

236

white chip, rounded and rather low at the ears, the crown is entirely concealed by a splendid long white ostrich feather, twisted and slightly curled at the tip, the *brides* are composed of rich white ribbon, tied under the centre of the chin.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the amiable mother of our young sovereign is attired in an elegant morning walking dress of a deep lilac fine *cachemire*; the skirt made extremely long and full, and trimmed round, with a very deep *biais* put on slightly full, and about half way up the *jupe*, edged round with a narrow silk fringe the same colour as the dress; high body, and plain tight sleeve; the top of the corsage is cut down the front a little way, shewing an under full chemisette of fine cambric, headed with a narrow double fulling of tulle. Scarf-mantelet of white muslin, formed sufficiently shallow to allow of the *fourmour* being seen to the greatest advantage, and encircled with a double frilling of rich white lace as far as the bend of the arms, from whence it descends in a single row round the long ends, and up the front, turning back over the corsage, and forming a small narrow cape, the whole of the lace trimming is headed with a pretty lace inlet, through which is passed at regular distances a verdant green satin ribbon. Drawn capote of white silk, lined with a deep pink *areophane*; the exterior decorated with lace and pink roses.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Dress of striped silk, the corsage high and cut straight; the waist long and rounded in the front; the sleeves are half-long and perfectly plain; under sleeve of full *batiste*, finished at the waist by a broad ruffle; the skirt is extremely long and full, but entirely without trimming. Black satin *Pardeur*, of the reign of Louis the XIV.; the body is high, and fits tight to the figure; the sleeves are large and very wide at the bottom, they are lined with pink satin, and edged with a broad band of velvet; the skirt is short, and plain in the front nearly to the side seam, from thence it is very full; the trimming is of black velvet, which is carried round the bottom and up the fronts, narrowing a very little towards the waist, it is continued on the body, and surrounds the throat in the form of a small rolling collar; the body does not quite close in the centre, but is fastened by large fancy buttons and loops. Bonnet of pink *Tarlataue*, short and rounded at the ears, the crown very low; a fulling of tulle is carried round the crown, as well as on the edge of the bonnet; the trimming is a puffing of tulle, from the curtain on the right side, to a little way past the centre, it is there terminated by a drooping knotted feather.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of striped *barège*; the corsage is low and tight, the waist long and drooping in the front; full

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

sleeves of India muslin, finished at the wrist by two puffings, confined by narrow bands of work; pointed pelérine, of spotted India muslin, trimmed with a rich lace, which falls deep on the shoulder, forming a small epaulette. The skirt is very long and extremely full; it is trimmed with three pieces, *en biais*, of the same material, set on at equal distances, perfectly plain, the lower edge of each piece is indented or scalloped, and finished by three rows of narrow fringe. Bonnet of *tulle à la Seguin*, trimmed with rosettes and puffings of the same, the interior of the brim ornamented to correspond.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Dress of sea-green silk; the body is made high, and full from the shoulders to the centre of the waist, the fullness being confined by rows of gaging; the waist is very long, and droops towards the front; *ceinture* of ribbon to correspond, the ends left long; the sleeves are tight, and have two deep frills set on the top of the arm, forming a double epaulette. The skirt is very long and full, and has two deep flounces, which are simply hemmed. White chip bonnet, falling low at the ears; a small fulling of tulle surrounds the crown, and a full-blown rose, surrounded by foliage and buds, is placed low at the left side; the interior of the brim is without ornament.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—This elegant costume is composed of a skirt of striped *barège*, made very long and full; it has three flounces of an equal depth, simply hemmed, and set on full; the body, to which is attached an exceeding short skirt, is of shaded silk—the colours blue and salmon; it is half high, opening to a point at the waist; a small cape is placed round towards the neck, meeting in a point at the waist; it is trimmed with a very broad and rich lace; the sleeves are half long, and very wide at the bottom; they are also trimmed to correspond; they are looped in the front of the arm by a rich silk cord and buttons; the corners of the skirt are rounded, and trimmed like the cape with a rich lace, narrowing as it approaches the waist. Bonnet of white chip, rather small, falling low at the ears; a small *nœud* of blue and white ribbon is placed on the right side, from whence is carried an ostrich feather, the end of which is slightly tipped with blue.

DINNER DRESS.

FIG. 2.—High dress of rich white silk, the body fitting tight, the waist long and drooping in the front; the sleeves are plain, reaching about half way below the elbow, they have a deep and open cuff turned back, trimmed with two rows of narrow silk trimming; under sleeve of *batiste*, made very full, a deep lace ruffle falling over the hand. The skirt is very long and immensely full, it is trimmed with rich fancy silk trimmings, placed

across the front breadth, being of the same width as the silk at the bottom, and gradually decreasing towards the waist; four rows of the same trimming are on the body of the dress, the top row reaching nearly to each shoulder; the ends of the trimming are finished by rich silk tassels. Small cap of rich *blonde*, the border is plain on the top of the head, full, and falling low and round at the ears; it is ornamented on the left side by two full blown roses, surrounded by foliage, which is of rich satin; a *nœud* and long ends of pale pink satin ribbon are on the right; a broad and rich *blonde* falls over the back of the crown.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—*Peignoir* of drab cachemire, made high to the throat: the body is plaited in full at the waist, which is very long; the fullness is confined by three narrow bands of blue velvet, having a large silver button at each end; the sleeves are long and tight, and have a plain short sleeve over, trimmed with blue velvet, turned up at the edge and scalloped, each scallop being fastened to the sleeve by a silver button; a deep cuff to correspond is turned back at the wrist, and a ruffle falls over the hand; a small square collar of velvet surrounds the neck. The skirt is long, full, and open in the front; it is faced with blue velvet quite to the throat, gradually narrowing from the bottom to the waist, and then again increasing to the throat, each corner fastened by a button. Small cambric cap, very short at the ears, the borders carried round to the back, and fastened by a bow and long ends of pink ribbon.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1845.

The present autumnal season already promises us some striking novelties in morning and evening costumes, which will be found in giving a glance at our plates, our attention being alone directed to those inventions which are most likely to please, and add to the appearance of our subscribers and friends; coming, as they do, from the most authentic sources, we have not the least hesitation in laying them before our fair readers. We will, therefore, commence by giving the latest intelligence as respects

MORNING CAPS.—Amidst the most fashionable novelties of the season, we have had occasion to remark some very pretty morning caps of embroidered muslin, the front part is concealed by a kind of small half-handkerchief, also of embroidered muslin, trimmed round the back part with two rows of lace, descending on each side in the form of lappets, and ornamented with a blue ribbon, put on plain upon the centre of the head, and terminated on each side by a *nœud* of ribbon, with long ends drooping carelessly at the sides. Another very pretty style are those having very small crowns, shallow in the centre of the head-piece, and very deep at the ears, which

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

are trimmed round with two rows of lace, divided by a lilac fringe ribbon, and headed with two rows of ribbon, which encircle the crown. Those intended for afternoon home dress, are principally made of tulle, very short and rounded at the ears, and simply ornamented with a pink silk ribbon, put on plain over the front of the head, and terminating on each side with a very large *nœud* of ribbon. Or, we have seen them decorated with two long lappets of English lace, attached to the cap by means of a half-wreath of pink roses.

DRESSES for the present month, have still all the freshness of a summer toilette; for instance, we cannot fail to admire that pretty plaid dress à *carreaux*, pink and white, and trimmed with two broad flounces, each more than three quarters in width, and ornamented with a pink fringe, the heading of which is rather broad, and formed of three rows of open work; plain body, having a deep point, with no plait on either side, the centre of the corsage is composed of two pieces, forming the cross way on each side of the shoulders; the back is also formed in a point, and plain and narrow at the sides; the sleeves of this pretty spring-like costume, is trimmed with two narrow frillings, trimmed likewise with fringe. *Les taffetas d'Italie* are now replacing those elegant light-looking muslins, and autumn tints are taking the place of those delicate light hues, which the summer season produces. We have remarked a very elegant one of a citron colour, trimmed richly with three broad flounces of *point d'Alençon* lace. The principal novelty about the costumes for autumn, is in the fancy gym trimmings with which they are being decorated; in truth, however simple the material of the dress may be, it is enriched and rendered elegant by the ready-formed trimmings now in so much request. We may cite, for instance, those ornaments *en tablier* (for the fronts of the skirts), in *point de Venise*, put on similar to two laces on each side, and reunited by means of a cord, crossed and fastened à *chaque retour*, by means of a *button Marguise*, a similar trimming serves to decorate the bodies and sleeves; upon a pelisse of satin or moire, the effect is most magnificent. We must not omit mentioning, also, one named *croix de Malte*, formed by an interlacing of cord of divers colours, laying the foundation for forming the pattern of an exact Maltese cross; at the lower part of each is suspended two very pretty tassels, which completes this elegant ornament; they are extremely pretty in pink or blue silk, upon a striped pekin or damask silk.

EVENING DRESSES.—We have remarked several very charming toilettes intended for *soirées dansantes*; these dresses are made à *petit révers* plain, and placed front and back instead of any other drapery, the back of the waist forming a kind of jacket; the sleeves are short, and form a kind of facing by means of a sort of wristband, which binds the sleeve, the skirt trimmed with four broad folds, reaching from the hips to the lower part of the dress. *Les robes Djalma*: these dresses, which are composed of tarlatane, have all the luxurious appearance of an Indian toilette, the material of which they are made, being equally as fine as the clearest gauze, and seamed

with the most elegant patterns, shaded in coloured silks, some being made à *triple jupe*, with deep *berthes*, upon which are repeated the same designs. Others are trimmed with four or five flounces, or what is still prettier, the patterns are rounded, so as to form a kind of tunic; the bodies formed à *la Grecque*. The colours most in fashion for this description of dress, are pink, cerise, and *ponceau*, intermixed with white, giving the embroidery the effect of silver. Then we have those which are rather simpler in appearance, we mean *les robes Elmina, les Venitiennes, les Rose, et Marie*, which are much in favour with our young *élégantes*, being mostly of open worked muslin, intermixed with embroidery, and lined with pink or blue, giving the whole costume a most transparent appearance. *Organdis* are also much in vogue, particularly those which are plain, the skirts decorated with four wavy flounces, à *dents tres pointues*, the *berthes* and small sleeves formed of four rows of the *dents*, or what is perhaps prettier, three *garnitures* of double folds, through which is passed a transparent of pink silk, which also encircles the waist, descending on each side, and rounding so as to form a tunic round the lower part of the skirt, three folds forming also the *berthe*, which conceals the plain corsage. We must not fail mentioning a most elegant dress, made in the pelisse form, and composed of white *crêpe*, and decorated with the trimming named *croix de Malte*, composed of white silk cord, intermixed with small white pearls.

NEW MATERIALS.—Already we have been shown numbers of new textures, in silks of the most beautiful description, *des laines* of the most perfect taste, shaded and in the most appropriate patterns for the present season. It is almost impossible to give the names of all these hundred and one things; suffice it to remark, that *Pekins, levantines, gros de Tours*, velvets, and damasks, will be most in request; *les velours*, wove *en relief*, upon groundworks of *Pekin* or *moire*, produce the richest effect, and are particularly adapted for dresses of the pelisse form; shaded and brocaded satins, *moires* striped, checked, and *brochées*, in all sorts of colours; *les aleyonnes aux triples reflets*, so changing and rich to the eye, and those magnificent plain satins, always in such good taste, offer the most charming variety for the composing of those *negligés*, over which is thrown such an excessive elegance, *en attendant*, the full-dress *toilettes de soirée*, which are not required until after January.

BONNETS.—Already we have been favoured with a sight of some *distingué* looking ones made in velvet, of a rather open form, and ornamented with a bunch of two moderate sized feathers, or a bouquet of three small ones, tipped with the same colour as the velvet; satin ribbons, likewise of the same colour, completes the ornamenting of the bonnet. Several very elegant bonnets of the *Paméla* form have been submitted to our inspection, being *appliqués* upon velvets and satins, they have a very elegant effect. *Les capotes à la Clarisse* is considered a very pretty style for a *negligé* costume, so graceful in its shape, and yet so simple, being sufficiently round to encircle the face in the most becoming manner. In the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

meanwhile we observe that bonnets of Italian straw are much in favour, of the Pamela form, and decorated all round the *calotte* (or curtain) behind, with a broad ribbon of white and cherry-coloured silk, attached to the side of the bonnet with a large *nœud* of the same.

FEATHERS this year have obtained great success amongst our most fashionable *modistes*, particularly those pretty *plumes zéphyriennes*, the Argus feather, and others too numerous to mention. We may also remark, that small bunches of feathers, composed of three feathers, *frisées* or curled, will be very much in vogue this autumn, as well as those which are plain or *melangé*, according to the colour of the head-dress, the white ostrich feather being confined to full dress. We may, however, remark that it is likely this latter description of feather will be in greater request this autumn for the decorating of bonnets, as several of our first *modistes* have already given orders for the preparing and arranging of these elegant feathers.

FLOWERS.—Wreaths in the hair will be much worn this autumn; we may cite as those most in favour for their fresh and natural appearance, the *Pamela* wreath, and a crown *à la Ninon*, which encircles the back part of the head, and has a most youthful and becoming effect.

MANTELETS.—Some very elegant ones have lately appeared of embroidered tarlatan, in the form of a shawl, opening over the top of the arms, and trimmed all round with three rows of lace. Then, again, there is the *écharpe à capuchon*, made of white cachemire, and lined with blue or lilac silk. Another pretty style of mantelet, are those made of muslin, descending only a little below the waist at the back, but full into the waist in the front, from which descends two long square ends, the back part of the mantle is trimmed with two rows of lace, and a single one encircling the front ends, which is also headed with a green silk ribbon, forming a kind of *coulisse*, or running.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS for the present autumnal season, are principally shades of green, particularly sea-green, violet, grey, and a variety of mixed colours; such as grey and red, grey and white, two shades of blue, lilac and white, &c., Nankin is the favourite hue for morning wear.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

On all sides preparations for the autumnal season are going on, and the work rooms of our first *modistes* resemble the busy hives of the industrious bees, where each one is seen inventing some new form, or graceful ornament. Yes! Autumn is already come, not accompanied by its usual *triste* and sombre handmaids, but blooming, bright, and sunny; the cool nights alone reminding us of the present season, and which alone causes the slight change at present perceptible in the costumes of our *fair élégantes*.

HATS, for afternoon dress, are still mostly composed of *crêpe*; those in pink are extremely delicate-looking, trimmed round the brim with two rows of tulle, and a bouquet elegantly placed upon the side of the *calotte*; those of the Pamela form are still in favour; they are very elegant when made in *crêpe soufre*, the exterior of the brim being decorated with a fulling of tulle of a paler hue; the top of the strings headed with small tufts of China astors, blue; the *calotte* surrounded with a plain straight wreath composed of three rows of the same description of flower, forms a charming contrast to the colour of the hat. Several very elegant dress hats have lately made their appearance, the brims of which are very small, and rounded shallow at the ears, the brim being sufficiently small to show the perfect contour of the throat, and open enough to allow of almost any description of ornament being placed in the interior. Those made in pink or blue *crêpe*, and covered with a beautiful light-looking white lace, have a most charming effect.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—We cannot do better than give the following models as those most in favour:—A dress of *mousseline de soie*, striped green and white; the skirt ornamented with two broad festooned flounces; the body is made high and plain, with sleeves also plain. Then there are those made in Nankin shot silks, trimmed *en tablier*, with double facings *dentelé*, and bordered with a fancy gyp trimming; plain body; made high upon the shoulders, open in the front, and the point of the waist rounded, and decorated to match the skirt with a double facing *dentelé*; plain *guimpe* in embroidered muslin; half-long open sleeves, edged with a fancy gyp, and laced across; open *jockeys*, likewise bordered and laced; under-sleeves of muslin. Others are very elegant, composed of lilac *poult de soie à demi jupes*, the under one ornamented with four rows of fringe put on at equal distances, about the width of five inches apart; the upper skirt reaches only as low as the knees, similarly ornamented with fringe put on in the same manner; plain corset, formed half high upon the shoulders, and open in the front, a small cape or pelerine being attached, forms a kind of *berthe*, which is also trimmed all round with two rows of narrow lace; and over the shoulders with a muslin band embroidered and trimmed with a double row of lace; plain sleeves, rounded at the lower part, crossing as far as the elbow, and trimmed with a double row of lace; under ones of muslin. Damasks are also commencing to be worn; they are extremely rich looking, and are mostly trimmed with black lace; for instance, a dress of *damas bleu de France*, ornamented with *spirales* of black lace put on *en échelle* upon the front of the dress, and attached on each side by *Marcassite* buttons of the same colour as the dress; *dentelles guipures* in silks of various colours, and very broad, is much used for trimmings of satin or velvet dresses, as well as those *points d'esprits* fringes, which render a costume so elegant.

NEGLIGES.—Those of the *peignoir* form are the most adopted, cachemire being the favourite material; they are made somewhat after the Turkish fashion, and trimmed with coloured velvets; the sleeves of a moderate size;

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

underneath is worn a dress of embroidered muslin; the sleeves formed of three fullings, divided by bands of inlet, or we have seen them of small plaited muslin; half open collar, having three rows of Valenciennes, and fastened by two pins. We have also noticed several very elegant ones made of plain *barège*, and worn over coloured silks, their sole ornament being bows of *chiné* silk ribbons; the corsage low, and trimmed with English lace; then, again, those made in India muslin are very light looking, decorated upon the front of the skirt with a broad embroidery reaching from the bottom to the top of the *jupe*, rounding upon the top of the hem, which is encircled, the centre part of the skirt being fastened down the entire front by a wreath composed of *nauds* of pink ribbon; high corsage, embroidered upon the front, and full into the waist, and upon the shoulder, trimmed round the neck with a fall of lace, and headed with a *bouillonné* lined with a pink silk ribbon; plain sleeves, surmounted with round *jockeys* decorated with two rows of lace; underneath dress of pink Italian silk, which serves to line the entire upper dress. We have also remarked that the embroideries of these dresses are sometimes placed at the sides of the skirt, and upon the front of the corsage, representing *brandebourgs*, the whole encircled with full narrow lace; that is, each of the *brandebourgs*, which are worked in open point, and *points d'armes*, forming altogether a most elegant style of dress, which has also received the name of the *peignoirs Adrienne*.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE are now commencing to be of a warmer texture, such as fine cachemire or flannel. We have seen several very elegant ones composed of the former material in white, and lined with pink Italian silk; the facings on the skirt and body are of the same delicate hue, the *Cordelière* being composed of a plaited cord, with shaded tassels.

REDINGOTES.—Some very simple toilettes have lately appeared, made of black *spoutiné* royal Pompadour, striped with orange coloured ribbon *coquillé*, and black lace; the back of this pelisse is made plain à *trois coutures*, forming a complete point; the front is made to correspond à *deux revers* as far as the fall of the shoulders, where they are finished in a square form; others are made in shot silk, trimmed with a *rûche*, edged with a narrow fringe of the same colours. We may here remark, that the high Amazonian *fichú* is constantly worn with this style of dress, edged with an embroidered wreath, which is continued upon the Valenciennes lace, and fastened down the front with buttons of turquoise, mother-of-pearl, or small beads encased, such as small pearls or steel beads. Pelisses made in *coutil de soie* are extremely *distinguée* by decoration, with a most elegant description of *passementerie*. Velvet is now also being brought into use for the decorating of out-door costumes.

KAZAVEICKS are, at this moment, of the most charming description, and quite adapted for the *demi-hiver* season; they are principally made in *petit taffetas* pink or blue, and wadded and quilted with great taste, resembling a beautiful embroidery. Some are elegantly trimmed with black lace, whilst others are decorated with a fringe

in *point d'Venise perlé*, and of the same colour as the material of which the *Kazaveicks* are made.

PARDESSUS of black silk are also in great request, lined with a rich pink silk, and trimmed with rich heavy laces, are now all the fashion amongst our *élégantes*, and are more especially to be seen at all our fashionable watering places; they are formed in the front so as not to show any of the waist, and very often are not closed, but allowed to hang loose like the front of a man's frock coat; there is no doubt they will also be very general made in velvet, and decorated with narrow trimmings of rich dark furs.

COIFFURES.—Jet will be much in vogue this winter, and particularly employed for embroideries and full dress trimmings. We have remarked several pretty little bead dresses, the crown encircling and enclosing the back hair, and retained by *bandalettes*, which reach across the top of the head, whilst others have floating ends attached on each side, somewhat resembling those lace lappets which droop upon the neck. The most piquant looking of these coiffures is named *Cantalanes*, and is composed of bugles of a variety of colours, which produce almost as great an effect as if composed of precious stones; others are entirely made all black or white, and are sometimes ornamented with velvet, or what is still prettier, a rose placed on the side.

LACE.—Black lace will be in greater request than ever, both for trimmings and also veils, which are now made in the richest patterns. Several very elegant dress hats we have remarked, composed entirely of a new style of black lace, made on purpose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lines to "Lilla" in our next.

"The Envoy," inadmissible, from its great length and want of incident.

"R. T.," received, and under revision.

"The Bridal," at a suitable opportunity.

"B. Y.," certainly, in our forthcoming number.

We can almost promise with certainty as far as human promises are available, that the wishes of "B. D." shall be complied with in our next.

"A. E.," declined.

DAGUERRETYPE PROCESS AVAILABLE TO INFANCY.

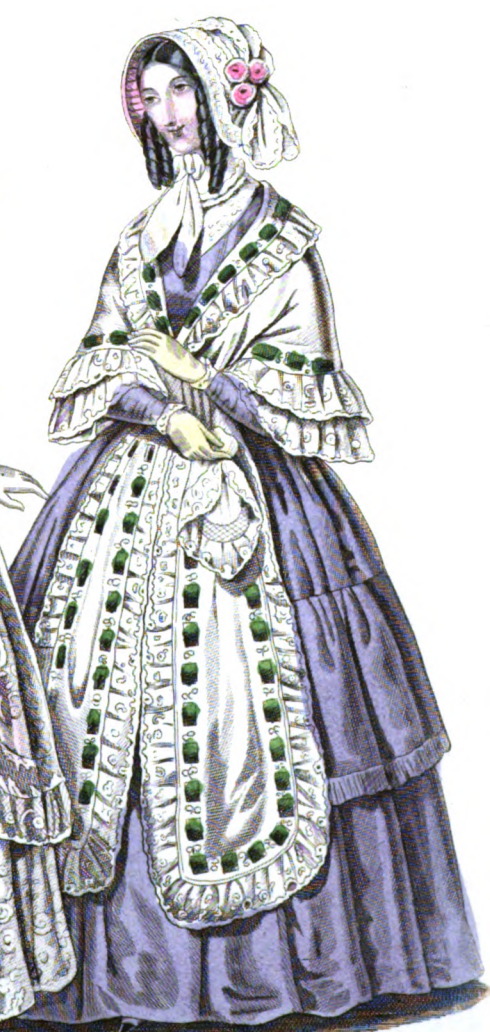
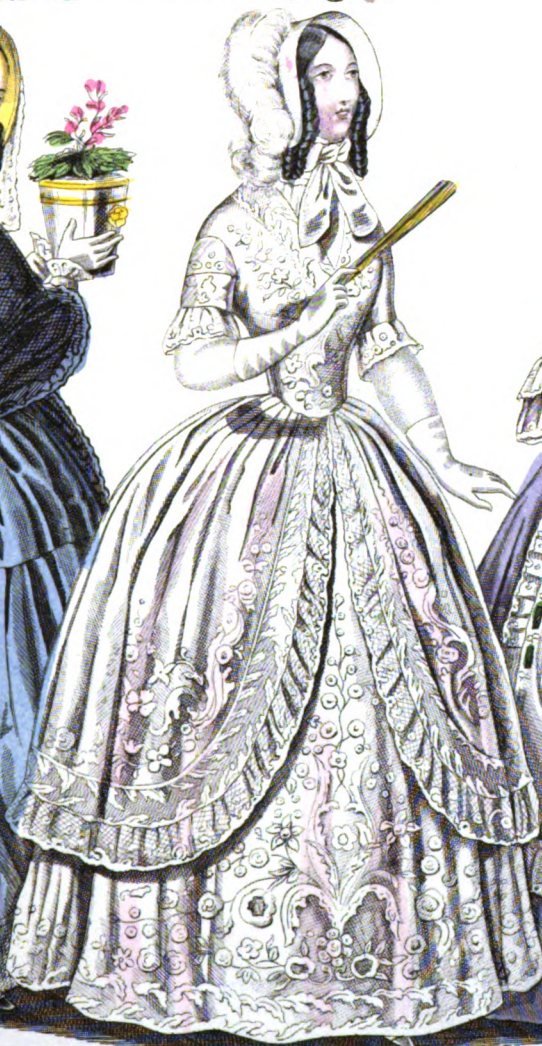
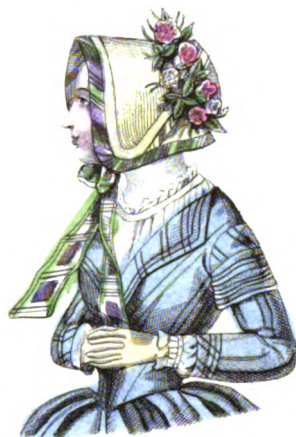
—We have been recently favoured with a view of one or two family groups executed by M. Claudet, at the Adelaide Gallery, and anything more exquisitely finished, or clearly developed, we have never witnessed. This is certainly a new feature in likeness-taking, when the crowing infant is represented in all its enchanting innocence, by the side of its admiring mother, and by a process so instantaneous, that the child is unconscious of being under the least restraint. We strongly recommend parents to avail themselves of this extraordinary perfection of the art, and visit M. Claudet with their children without delay.

LONDON:

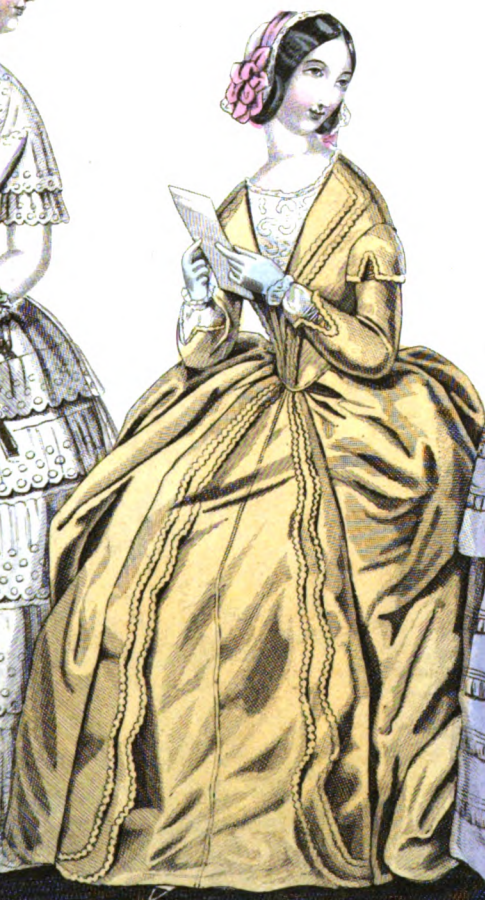
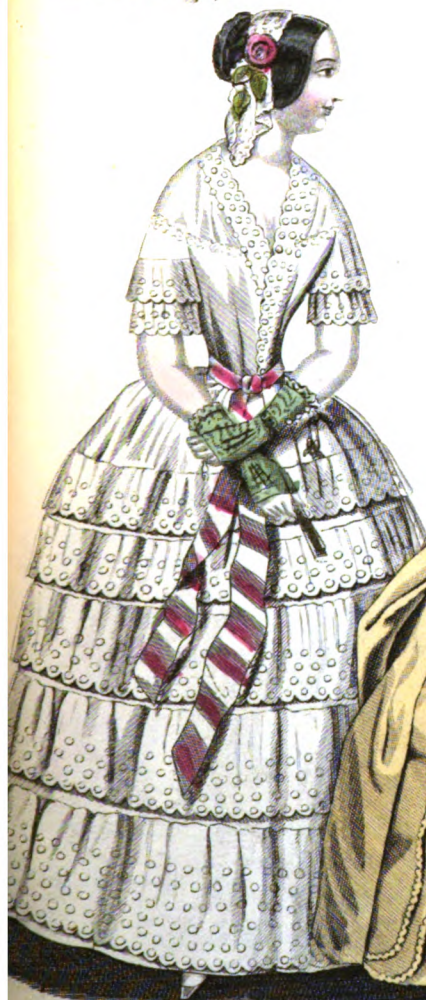
J. B. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.

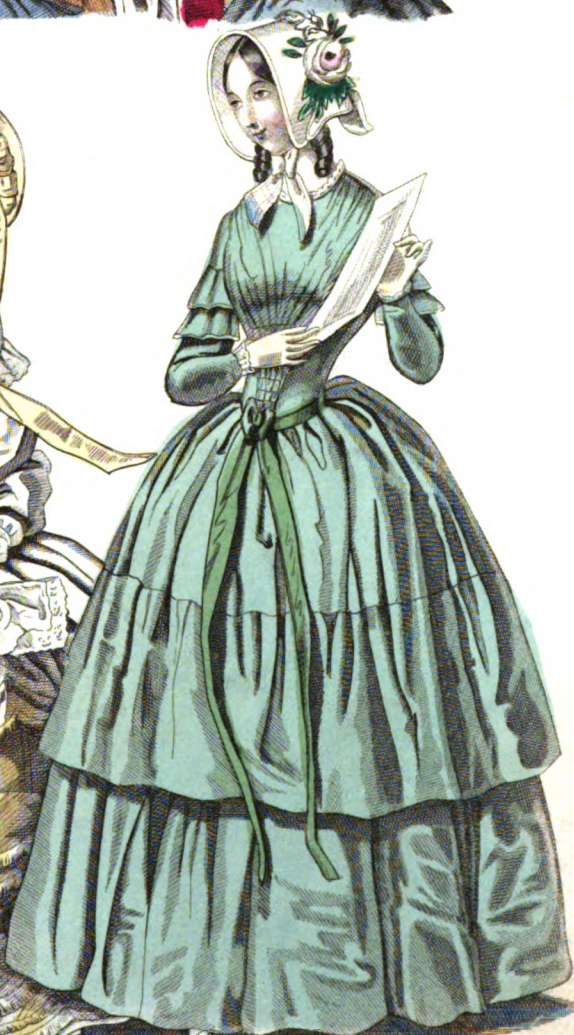
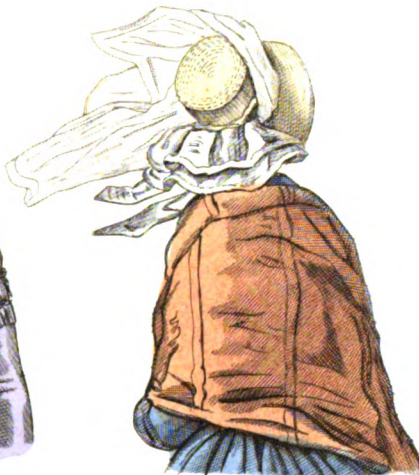


Portraits of Ladies of the Court of St. Catherine.
Fashionable Head Dresses.











THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS:

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

THE DEBT OF HONOUR.

"Think'st thou it honourable for a nobleman
Still to remember wrongs?"

SHAKESPEARE.

In the month of July, 1833, several young gentlemen were joyously breakfasting in the coffee room of the English Hotel, in Paris. To judge by the already advanced hour, the time-piece of the establishment announcing it to be half-past two, and by the quantity of bottles arranged at the other extremity of the table, their long necks deprived of their leaden head-dress, the business had been warm, and had lasted for some time.

The repast was nearly over—the ardour for an increased consumption was subsiding, but the imaginations of the conviviais glittered more than ever, and bounded in unison with the champagne.

The hero of this feast shewed the example, and paid due honour to the good things on the table, without any unworthy pre-occupation of any other sort of payment. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age. A fine black moustache, slightly curling at the end, impressed upon his pale but animated physiognomy the stamp of a resolution, which inclined him to be the aggressor, but which was not unsuited to an officer of that age, whose button-hole was ornamented by the distinguished badge of the Legion of Honour.

The party consisted of five, all military men of the same rank, and of the same regiment, but of different ages. The re-union was for the purpose of baptizing the new epaulettes of one of the party, who had been promoted to the rank of Captain, after the recent expedition in Algiers.

Charles Montilly was one of those fortunate men, to whom the conquest of Algiers presented an opportunity of revealing to the world, the courage and bravery which might otherwise have remained undiscovered. Obliging, devoted, and loyal, he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his superiors. Some affairs of honour, in which he had shown as much intrepidity as generosity,

VOL. XXII.—No. 260.

had given him a position in his regiment, envied by all the young soldiers. Lively, hard-working, and intelligent, he was ambitious of promotion.

A single defect, but a very great one, in the career of arms, clouded his amiable qualities. Charles was a boaster, a mitigated sort of bully, a fault rather incompatible with his true bravery, but which is often an accompaniment to extreme youth. This defect occasionally displayed itself in a sneering sarcasm, and a provoking play upon words. In an instant after the sense of his fault struck him, and from his heart he detested his deadly propensity, and he would willingly have offered the humblest apology to those whom he had offended, if his extreme susceptibility as to military honour did not prevent him making so just a reparation. It was only necessary to know his numerous good qualities to excuse his yet untamed spirits.

For some time this joyous group amused all around them by their lively sallies, their witty replies, and their ludicrous remarks. Charles Montilly became calm on a sudden, and ceased to take a part in the gaiety of his companions. With his elbow on the table, and his hand passed through his hair, he occupied himself with the most serious air in the world in arranging in piles, disposed symmetrically, like cannon balls, a large quantity of beautiful English cherries which remained on his plate.

"What are you making there?" asked one of his companions, astonished at not hearing the merry voice of Montilly.

Charles, without replying, continued the geometrical arrangement of his red balls.

"For whom are you making that formidable phalanx?" said another voice. "Are you going to give us a representation of the taking of Constantine?"

In reply, Charles coolly turned his eyes towards the angles of the room. In following the direction of his eyes, his companions perceived seated at a table with a bottle of wine before him, a man with a large and bloated face, the expression of which was cold and severe; he appeared to be at least sixty years of age, was extremely stout, and of a considerable height. Coolly leaning with

X

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

both elbows on the table, he held within his two hands his enormous head, which was surmounted by a greasy wig of a reddish colour. His immovable position, and stern features, formed a striking contrast to the animation of the jovial youths, whom he appeared to observe in silence. He looked like a pacific bull dog, following with his eyes the irregular movements of a troop of noisy school boys.

At sight of this singular form, a burst of laughter escaped at the same moment from the mouths of the convivial party.

Charles Montilly and the unknown remained immovable, fixing one upon the other a cold inquisitive look, as if they would divine the secret thoughts that interiorly agitated them.

The officer first lost patience.

"Well," he said, "I see plainly that if I do not make that toad lower his eyes, he will fascinate me."

In speaking thus, Captain Montilly seized a cherry-stone between his forefinger and thumb, raised his hand on a level with his eye, whilst the other arm rested perpendicularly on the table. After rising to take aim with the greatest care, he said,

"To the right eye of the monster."

The missile flew.

The brow of the unknown contracted slightly. He coolly passed his hand across his face, to efface the little red mark that the cherry-stone had left there; then taking the stone from a marble shelf, where it had fallen, he deposited it in the pocket of his waistcoat. He then resumed his former attitude, as if he attached not the least importance to what had occurred.

The spectators looked at each other with astonishment.

"Well aimed," cried all the officers in a breath.

"No, I pointed too high," replied Montilly, with an affected calmness. "I must only try again."

A murmur of disapprobation arose from various parts of the room.

The Captain, without appearing to perceive the significant manifestation, coolly renewed the attempt.

This time the missile struck the cheek a little below the eye, but the stranger winked not. Placing the stone, as he had done its predecessor, he hastened to place himself in the same position.

"Evidently you have to do with a sea-horse, my dear Montilly," said one of his companions, "you'll make him change his species, I suspect."

"Can it be possible," said another, "that the old miser is speculating upon cherry-stones?"

"Then I shall indulge him," said Montilly, "and shall give him a lesson on cherry-stones."

A third and a fourth time this occurred, with the same persevering insolence on one hand, and the same apparent insensibility on the other. The indignation of the spectators increased, but the menacing attitude of the officers, and above all, the imperious and firm look of the unknown, had prevented their taking a more prominent part in his defence.

He had been struck several times in the face, and his waistcoat, which was white, was marked with little red

spots, like the stains of blood. At the sixth attempt the stone rebounded into the middle of the room. The unknown arose to possess himself of it. They thought him a fool.

The spectators, whom interest or curiosity had drawn near him, separated to give him a free passage. After having picked up the last missile, instead of regaining his seat as one would have expected, he walked straight up to the Captain.

"Sir," said he, with a sarcastic air, "you appear to me to want aim in your efforts. I have been in the habit of firing. Permit me to offer you the lessons of my experience. Six attempts will be sufficient I think. We shall begin to-morrow morning, if you please."

"That is but just, sir," replied Montilly, without appearing in the least disconcerted. "I shall be at your disposition."

"You have your witnesses," continued the unknown, "here are mine."

And he pointed to two of the spectators, who had appeared interested for him; then calling the attendant, he paid his bill, and saluting the company with exquisite politeness, left the coffee-room.

The next morning Captain Montilly, with his two seconds, waited for nearly half an hour at the entrance of one of the principal approaches to the Bois de Vincennes, when a carriage stopped at some distance, from which four persons descended.

"Sir," said the adversary of Montilly, advancing towards him, "will you excuse my being so late. Contrary to modern custom, I always precede the duel by the breakfast, for fear of mishaps, and I assure you I forgot the time in the interesting company of these gentlemen. As to my friend here," he continued, pointing to one of them, "I wish most truly that I could handle the pistol as well as he does the lancet."

The conditions being arranged, and the ground measured, the lot fell upon the Captain to fire first. The coolness and utter indifference of his adversary surprised him. The ball passed harmlessly under the shoulder of the unknown.

"You were in too great a hurry to draw your trigger," said he, smilingly, to the Captain. "Let us see if I have a surer aim. And, beforehand, permit me to recommend you to remain perfectly immovable, your life depends upon it. And now," said he, raising his pistol to the gentleman's right ear —

Whether from terror or indifference, Montilly remained moveless as a statue.

The ball sped—the Captain was thrown forward—his right ear was mutilated, and hanging upon his shoulder by a part of the skin of the head.

The surgeon declared that the wound was not dangerous.

"I am sorry, sir," said the unknown, approaching the wounded man, "to deprive you of one of your ears. We shall see each other again, I hope. Here is one of the cherry-stones that you sent me. Do not forget that I have still five to restore unto you."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Two years had elapsed since the event we have just related. The adventure of Captain Montilly had created a great sensation. The painful yet salutary lesson he had received, often occurred to his memory, and it was not without some apprehension that he recalled to his mind the farewell words of the terrible unknown. If he kept his promise, it was pretty evident that ere he reached the sixth meeting, his earthly career would be terminated. Brave and full of courage as he was, Montilly would rather have been condemned to carry away twenty redoubts himself alone, or mount twenty times the first upon the breach, than stand again five times the fire of this enraged specimen of moderation that he had so imprudently brought upon himself.

This gave him serious reflections on duelling. He read attentively the famous letter of Rousseau upon this subject, and he found that the eloquent spouse of Theresa had reason on his side. From this time his conversion went on gradually; he became more reserved in his manners, and more modest in his behaviour, without losing sight of the natural vigour of his character. He even asked himself if it could be thought necessary to suffer six times for the same offence, against an adversary incomparably stronger than he was.

Good sense and justice replied in the negative, but he had sufficient strength and command over himself to reject, courageously shielding himself by this mode of arguing, and contented himself by admiring in secret the stoic heroism of Turenne.

Soon, however, he forgot by degrees the remembrance of his misadventure, and the expectation of those that were to follow.

The regiment had changed its garrison. Montilly had now been an inhabitant of Nîmes for several months. The Captain, without being an antiquarian, yet found sufficient to interest and instruct him, in the historical research of this Roman town. He loved to read and read again the commentaries of Cæsar, in the midst of the ruins of the amphitheatre, or in the temple of Diana. And then, the fertile plains of Languedoc are so beautiful in spring.

Nîmes is so like a Roman town, with its beautiful inhabitants, that it might be taken by one of the connoisseurs of the time of Tiberius or Augustus for one of the outlets of the eternal city. You may talk of the beauty of the Parisians, but they are not comparable to the women of Nîmes for grace or suppleness. It is there that Cato ought to have pronounced his last word. Joseph himself might have thrown his mantle around one of those blooming and beauteous asylums that surround Nîmes during eight months of the year, encircled by odoriferous perfume and blushing flowers.

Captain Montilly lost nothing but his time, but in return he gained a fracture of the arm, that exempted him for life from military service, which occurred thus:—

One evening, returning from one of his favourite excursions, the Captain perceived a number of young girls seated upon the ruins of Diana's temple, who fled at

his approach like a band of wandering birds. In their disorder and hurry one of them forgot her handkerchief, which the Captain hastened to present to her. He was repaid for his courtesy, by the opportunity of making an acquaintance with one of the most beautiful of her sex. Imagine the head of Rebecca, enveloped in an Eastern head-dress coquettishly disposed, one of those profiles which exist not except in ancient statuary, a velvety skin gilded with the most beautiful carnation tint on the cheeks.

Charles attached himself to the steps of this beautiful girl, and soon forgot in the magic of her sweet abode, the imposing relics of Roman grandeur. One day, however, he had promised to visit her earlier than usual, for which purpose he arose with Aurora's earliest dawn—took more than ordinary pains with his toilette—put on his most brilliant epaulettes—found the air lighter, and the glorious sky more beautiful than on the preceding day, and fully equipped was about starting, when he heard a knock at his door. A man entered, it was his antagonist of the cherry-stones.

"I am merely passing through this town," said he to the Captain, who was stupified at his appearance. "I only arrived yesterday evening, and shall leave to-morrow morning. On learning at the hotel where I stopped that you held garrison here, I could not let the occasion escape without coming to offer my compliments, and to recall to your mind that I am still your debtor."

"Then you must defer your departure, sir, for to-day it is impossible —"

The stranger regarded the Captain with a steady and fixed glance.

"The business which obliges me to leave to-morrow," he said, "is of an important nature, and will not permit of delay. But can you not, sir, give me one half hour of your company? Pardon my indiscretion, but at what time will your business be over for to-day?"

"Never mind that," said the Captain, reddening with rage and impatience. "Name your hour, sir, and I shall attend."

"Why not at this moment?" said the stranger. "My servant awaits there, under your window, with my case of pistols. You know them, and as I am a total stranger at Nîmes, your witnesses shall be mine."

In half an hour later, Charles Montilly received, in the same place where he had first seen his beautiful charmer his adversary's ball in his arm.

"Sir," said the stranger, drawing from his elegantly embroidered purse a cherry stone, and presenting it to the Captain, "four still remain. Would you wish to receive them as liquidation of your debt, and in remembrance of me?"

Charles stretched forth his hand to receive these emblems of future peace, and having been confined for two months with his wound, during which time his regiment changed its quarters, where he was removed for the benefit of the air. When his convalescence was completely secured, he returned to Nîmes to renew his acquaintance with the beautiful Adela, but alas! and alack-a-day, that

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

inconstant fair one had given away her hand, as well as her heart, and Charles Montilly was forced to look back with bitterness upon his youthful and audacious frolic, the consequences of which left him disabled in body, and deprived him of the only woman he had ever loved. Never was wisdom taught by a harsher master.

BELINDA.

A SONG AFTER A TOAST.

If he to whom this toast we drink,
Has brought the needy to his door,
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
From the abundance of his store :
If he has sooth'd the mourner's woe,
Or help'd young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow,
In honour of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care ;
If to the famish'd he has given
One loaf that it was hard to spare :
If in his poverty erect,
He never did one deed of shame,
Fill high ! we'll drain in deep respect
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part,
If he ne'er fail'd his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart ;
If emulation fire his soul,
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame—
Fill high ! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honour of his name.

C. M.

TO MARY.

Oh ! when those lips we loved are cold,
And fixed in silent death,
The tender tale that once they told,
Parts not with parting breath.

A word—a tone—survives its hour—
An angel's passing strain :
Once heard, when dreams from heaven had power,
And never heard again.

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam
Thrills softly in the heart ;
That joins with life its blessed beam,
Till life itself departs.

Then from its last exhaling fires
It purely parts above ;
And with the mounting soul aspires
To light it up to love.

244

THE OPIUM LAW ; OR, INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

(From the German.)

CHAPTER I.

The Emperor or Boa of the Birman Kingdom, who is called "The Lord with the golden foot, and of the White Elephant," had a son, whose greatest pleasure, when his hours of studies had been completed, was to betake himself, accompanied by his tutor, to the grand menagerie of the palace, in which were to be found the wildest animals in the creation. One evening, as the boy was thus amusing himself, and seeking by every means in his power to provoke the elephants to bellow, the tigers to roar, the apes to screech, and the wolves to howl, the noise that he was creating was suddenly interrupted with a dismal cry of "fire." It was a scream in which at once were mingled the loud halloo for help, with the agonizing tones of fear, and soon did it come thundering around the stalls and cages where the Prince was diverting himself. It was followed instantly by thick whirling clouds of smoke, which warned all to betake themselves as speedily as they could to flight. The trembling tutor laid hold of his pupil, and then ran from the imperial edifice through the nearest porch. But he had not advanced far, when he found that he was going in a direct line to the point where the conflagration was raging with the greatest fury. Terror, agony, and the heat of the fast approaching flames, deprived both on the instant of their senses, and they sunk at once to the earth a helpless prey to that pitiless element that seemed destined to consume them. Clamour, tumult, and anguish pervaded the air, whilst the furious cries of the animals, and the awful roaring of the flames added to the confusion, and increased to such a degree the terror of the scene, that both were forgotten by all near to a place, from which every individual anxious to save his life fled with the utmost speed.

A poor weaver, who, laden with a bucket, was hastening to the banks of the Irawaddi, in the hope that he might be able to save his humble bamboo cottage, passed by these persons, lying apparently senseless on the ground. He did not pass them without looking at them, and at once his heart was moved with compassion, when he saw his young Prince lying thus abandoned by all. He immediately cast from him his water bucket, and lifted the Prince on his shoulders, in the hope that he might be able to save him from the dreadful death that threatened him. A neighbour, who saw him thus engaged, censured him for his untimely philanthropy, and then hurried forward to draw water from the river, to which both at the same time were approaching. The honest, kindly hearted weaver was not, however, content with taking the prince upon his shoulders, but he kicked with his foot the prostrate tutor, in order that he might excite his attention, and then urged him to hold on by his garments, whilst he led him through the multitude that were now confusedly hurrying from all sides.

The tutor did as he was desired. He caught hold of

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

the honest Haga-Zembo, for such was the name of the generous being, and then tottered after his gallant preserver. The task which Haga-Zembo had taken upon himself to perform was difficult to accomplish, for the passage he was obliged to take was crowded with a crushed, impatient, violent, unmanageable mob of persons, whom panic was driving about in the most opposite directions to each other. Despite, however, of all these difficulties, the stout weaver, by means of the most extraordinary strength and exertion, was able at last to accomplish his generous undertaking. He brought safely to the imperial palace the young prince, still lying senseless in a faint, and then having confided him to the care of his tutor, he hurried back as quickly as he could, in the hope that he might be still in time to save his humble hut. The hope was a vain one, for the awful fire had nearly destroyed the three closely adjoining cities of Ara, Umerapara, and Saigaing. There were not less than twenty thousand houses burned to the ground, and, amongst the rest, the poor abode of Haga-Zembo had been burnt up, as if it were a mere splinter, and it was even difficult to recognise the place in which it had once stood.

The poor man was dreadfully terrified when he beheld this sad spectacle, for without a home, and destitute of the implements of his trade, he was reduced to the condition of a beggar, a state which was so much the more pitiable under present circumstances, because the accident that had made him poor, had also reduced to the same position thousands of others. He soon, however, regained his wonted composure, because he was confident that the Boa, upon hearing that he was the preserver of the Prince, would certainly bestow upon him such a reward, as would enable him to build another bamboo hut, and to purchase the materials for carrying on his trade. He waited patiently until the confusion caused by the accident should in some degree have passed away, and then, at the end of the fourth day, he proceeded to the Imperial Palace. There, he by accident applied for an audience of the Emperor to the identical courtier whose life he had saved at the same time with that of the Prince, and who, because he had arrogated to himself the entire merit of having preserved the Prince had been elevated to the important and lucrative office of one of the Masters of the Imperial Exchequer.

CHAPTER II.

"I know you not," said the new Master of the Exchequer to Haga Zembo, "but must, I suppose, take it for granted that you did render me some service in that important affair; such, for instance, as making, or helping to make, way for me through the crowd, whilst I was carrying the Prince. Therefore here, take these hundred kowries (muscle-shells, in value about ten pennies), and repair at some future time to my new mansion, where I have already satisfied the claims of others, who have, like you, made similar demands upon me. There I can investigate the justice of your demand."

With this the officer, proud of his new dignity, turned

away from the weaver, and refused to hear a word further from him.

The honest weaver sighed, and shook his head, and thus dissatisfied with himself and the ungrateful being he had served, he proceeded to lay out the scanty gift that had been bestowed upon him, in the purchase of some food.

Urged by the cravings of hunger, Haga-Zembo, at the end of a week, repaired to the new and gorgeous mansion of the Master of the Exchequer.

He could not gain admission to the presence of that person, but he chanced to see his wife—she who had been present when the weaver brought her husband and the Prince in safety to the palace. She honoured, whilst she pitied the brave man, but explained that it was not in her power to assist him, for these were her words:—

"Good, honest man, cease further to molest my thankless husband. I know him well, and I can tell you that in place of rewarding you, he will exert his utmost to injure, and if he can, to destroy you. Having assumed to himself the entire merit which belongs to you, he has been rewarded beyond his deserts, and so much beyond his hopes, that now inflated with vanity, and puffed up with pride, he has become a faithless, worthless monster; and I—even I—his faithful and his tender wife, am regarded by him as too old and ugly for him, so that at this moment his head is filled with schemes as to how he may rid himself of me, and bring home a younger and a grander wife."

The heart of the honest weaver seemed to be turned to stone as he listened to this dreadful confession, and he at once said,

"Poor woman, then you are far more deserving of pity than myself; but then the proud, haughty, thankless villain, shall not be allowed to enjoy his undeserved good fortune. I will not leave him in peaceable possession of his plunder. As he has shown himself in every respect to be so unjust and so unworthy, I will incessantly follow—incessantly thunder in his ears my cries for him to perform his duty. I will make bitter every morsel he swallows, and poison every happiness he enjoys at the expense of another. All I ask of you, is to bear testimony with my neighbours, that it was I who saved the Prince from the fire; as to the rest, let Buddha in his wisdom direct it as he may."

With these words he quitted her, and ever afterwards, true to his resolution, he came daily again, intercepted the Master of the Exchequer wherever he went, shouted after him whenever he saw him, that he should think of bestowing on him the reward due to him for saving his life, and at last, learning that the man was at home, he rushed into the garden, where he found the Master of the Exchequer amusing himself in the company of his newly chosen bride; for he had upon one pretence or another, broken the bond of marriage between himself and her who was the mother of seven of his children. Haga-Zembo took advantage of this circumstance to reproach him anew with his baseness and ingratitude, and then declared he would not quit the place until he had re-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ceived the full value for his house, his furniture, his weaving apparatus, his clothes, and all the other articles which he had lost, but that he might have saved, if like his neighbour, he had looked to their preservation rather than resuming others from a dreadful death.

The Master of the Exchequer, who had already contrived a scheme for the destruction of the fearless weaver, listened patiently to his complaints, smiled at his passion, and then in a friendly manner, invited him to take a seat in one of the bowers of the garden, whilst he went to his treasure, for the purpose of taking from it such a sum in gold as he promised would more than indemnify him for the losses he had sustained.

The honest, unsuspecting Haga-Zembo accepted the invitation. He entered a bower, but he was not long seated there, when a most beautiful young female slave approached. She brought with her tobacco, tea, coffee, and honey-bread, and blushing deeply, she said she was desired by her master to invite him to partake of these refreshments, as he found that orders from the palace would delay him for some time before he could return to the garden.

Haga Zembo was utterly confounded by the amazing beauty of the slave, and begging her to seat herself by his side, he assured her he had much rather be permitted to kiss her hand, than to taste the food she had brought. The slave seemed to be greatly affected by the honest manners and the kindly countenance of the generous weaver; and perceiving that as they spoke together he stretched out his hand towards one of the salvers on which the food was placed, she caught fast hold of him, and exclaimed with terror,

"For your life, do not taste any one thing I have brought. Spill the cup of coffee into that flower-bed, for all that there is here is impregnated with opium; and I, oh! noble, generous man, have been sent that I might entice you into the snares of destruction. Are you not aware of that strict decree of the Boa, by which it is declared, that in consequence of the many frightful occurrences that have ensued from the use of opium, that any one found to be intoxicated by it, shall be brought outside the barriers of the town, and there thrown to the alligators, in order that they may be devoured."

The weaver, when he heard these words, started up with horror, as if he were awaking from a fearful dream; and then, deeply affected, nay, influenced with love for the beautiful, kindly slave, he seized her hand; pressed it to his lips, and then to his heart.

CHAPTER III.

The female slave continued:—"My former mistress, the innocent and the good creature to whom I am both heart and soul devoted, informed me of your righteous claims, and of the miserable condition to which you were reduced. She, moreover, besought me for her sake, as well as your own, to warn you, and to assist you, wherever it might be possible for me to do so. And yet my master, that shameless villain, selected me as the instrument suited to destroy you, in order, as he ex-

pressed it, that he might at once get rid of for ever his unfortunate creditor."

"In that base attempt he shall never be able to succeed," replied the now greatly excited, and deeply enamoured Haga-Zembo; "for with Buddha's help, I shall be able to entrap the villain, even in the same snare which he had set for my ruin. Fear nought then for me, noble and lovely maiden, but support me in the part which I am now about to play, and you will see me, with the aid of Heaven, successfully carry it on to a happy issue."

Instantly did he begin to assume the airs of a person who had been intoxicated, and acted the part in such a manner, that he seemed to be born for a mimic. The maiden called two slaves, who but waited for her command, and then sticking two flasks of opium into the pocket of the seemingly drunken man, they drove him into the streets, and there instantly laid hold of him, and brought him before the criminal judges as one who had been found in the very act of infringing the law.

As soon as those magistrates, who had the power of life and death in their hands, had gathered around the wretch that appeared to be drunk, and had from inspection ascertained his condition, they delivered their judgment—that he should be at once hurried off to the place of execution.

The moment the sentence was pronounced, Haga-Zembo, perfectly sober as he really was, stood before the judges, and thus addressed them:—

"Most worshipful masters, I trust that you will pardon my boldness, in thus playing the drunken man before you; but necessity compelled me to assume the disgusting disguise, in order that I might unmask one who may be compared to the serpent, for he is outside fair and brilliant, but within filled with deadly poison. Now, my good masters, you are aware that as the law justly punishes with death those who will make themselves drunk with the accursed opium, so does it with equal justice condemn to a like punishment those who mix the poison, and who maliciously seek to intoxicate another. This is what the Master of the Exchequer has done with me—that is the dire purpose that he had in view for my destruction. His female slave, Lallopin, my brave-hearted protectress from his villainy will freely testify this to you; and these other male slaves of his—these very men who, as witnesses against me, have dragged me here before you—I have little doubt will confirm my statement, if once exposed to the torture. But then look to the villain, himself—he, through my deserts, has been elevated to the rank of a Master of the Treasury, because he falsely has taken to himself the merit of saving the imperial prince from the conflagration, when the fact is, that not only he himself, but the prince also, were torn by me from the devouring flames, and now he would reward that act of humanity by ingratitude, by disgrace, and even a dreadful death! Yes, mighty sirs, and just judges, doubt not for a moment the truths I tell you: let my witnesses be fetched. First, my neighbour, the potter, who will prove to you that I even abandoned the care of my house, which I might have preserved from fire, for the purpose of carry-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ing the fainting prince and his helpless tutor from the advancing flames; and next, call his repudiated, but innocent wife, who will prove to you, by the most solemn oaths, that she saw me bring the Prince and his attendant safe to the Palace."

The circumstance naturally excited the greatest attention, and was, on account of its importance, immediately brought before the Boa himself. A rigid examination into all the facts was instituted by him. The witnesses mentioned by Haga-Zembo were summoned instantly, and heard by the Emperor himself. Several others voluntarily came forward—some to give testimony in favour of the brave weaver, and others to prove additional crimes against the detested Master of the Exchequer. The result was, that the Emperor, with his Court, felt compelled to pass sentence of death upon the wretched minister. He was the self-same day flung from the battlements of Ara into the frightful morass, that swarmed with alligators, and he was instantly torn into a thousand pieces—such is the usual punishment inflicted upon those convicted of what are considered the most atrocious crimes.

Haga-Zembo obtained from the Imperial family presents of enormous value, along with ten lacs of rupees in money, and the office of supreme director of the imperial menagerie was conferred upon him. Influenced by affection not less than gratitude, he married the charming Lalopin, and thus did he raise from the dust, in which it lay obscured, a pearl of great value, and set it in gold; whilst he took to his home the honest spouse of the condemned criminal, and ever after treated her as his sister.

M.

THE LOVERS.

'Twas the waning eve of a summer's day,
The western sky glow'd with a golden hue,
Lit by the sun's expiring ray,
Which o'er the scene a soft refulgence threw.

I love that still, that gentle hour,
After the sunset, at the glow,
As twilight falls o'er hill and tow'r,
Shading the vale below.

My fav'rite haunt a river's side,
Under a willow tree,
Whose branches kiss'd the silv'ry tide,
As it roll'd to meet the sea.

Lingering long I musingly stood,
And calm the scene survey'd,
Like some lone watcher in mournful mood,
Waiting for one lov'd maid.

And there was one, a lovely maid,
Who hither chanced to stray;
She to the spot her homage paid,
Ever at the close of day.

One summer's eve, I do remember well
As though 'twere but yesternight,
The moon arose o'er yonder hill,
Shedding a soft and pensive light.

She with the stars a vigil kept,
In her robe of light arrayed,
For half the world, as it tranquilly slept,
While we two lovers strayed.

We watched each wave, as it gamboll'd by,
Bounding the pebbles o'er;
And the stars that studded the ether sky,
Its glassy bosom bore.

So from that dark o'ershadowed seat,
We marked the waters glide;
And listened as they passed our feet,
To the ripple of the tide.

We met full oft, till in each breast
A gentle passion grew;
Each deem'd their lot supremely blest,
For a trouble neither knew.

She heard my tale with a gentle grace,
So meekly bending low;
As a modest blush suffused her face,
I marked the tear drop flow.

I marked the tear—I saw it start,
Flooding her lovely eye;
I clasped her sobbing to my heart,
And caught her gentle sigh.

She read in each glance, I could not speak,
A soul reflected there;
For a host of words had proved more weak
Than one impassioned tear.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Upon the solitary bridge the light
Shone dim;—the wind swept howling on its way,
And tower and spire stood hidden in the grey
Half-darkness of the raw and rainy night;
When one, still young and fair, with eyes mad-bright,
Paced up and down, and with a look of woe,
Gazed on the waters gliding black below,
Or the dull houses looming on her sight;
And said within herself—"Can I endure
Longer this weight of misery and scorn?
Ah, no! love-blighted—sick at heart—and poor—
Deceived—undone—and utterly forlorn!—
Why should I live? Forgive me, Lord!" she cried,
Sprang sudden to the brink—dash'd headlong down—and
died!

CHARLES MACKAY.

247

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE BLANKENBERG FISHERMAN.

By Octave Delepierre.

The Fisherman Karl, and his wife Margaret, dwelt, in the beginning of the twelfth century, on the Flemish coast, about nine miles from the City of Bruges. Their trawls and their tackle were all they possessed; but he was bold and skilful, and his wife honest and industrious. Therefore they were happy, and two children added to their little peaceful family.

One evening in the month of March (so noted for storms and tempests on that coast), Karl returned to his hut earlier than usual, foreseeing a bad night from the cries of the sea birds, fatal messengers of shipwreck and disaster, and before he had reached his home black clouds were gathered heavily over the horizon; and as soon as he was safely seated by his hearth, his honest young wife and himself recommended to the care of St. Nicholas all who might be exposed at sea to the threatened tempest. Through the rudely joined planks, and ill contrived door, the wind whistled shrilly. And as they were listening to it with anxious thoughts, they heard hasty footsteps, and immediately there was a knock at the door.

The fisherman demanded "Who was there?"

"Open the door to a poor traveller," answered the stranger. "I have walked many a mile along this bleak coast, without finding any shelter."

Instantly the door was opened by Karl, for fishermen, and, indeed, seamen of all classes, are seldom mistrustful, and generally kind.

"Heaven bless you and your family," said the traveller, "you have saved my life."

The fisherman, seeing that he was wet through, gave him a place near the fire, and invited him to eat and drink.

"Stranger," said Karl, "what misfortune brings you upon this coast in such weather, and at this hour? Never do many pass this way but fishermen, or those who are driven on shore by distress. Our little village is not far from here, where you might find a more comfortable lodging."

"Honest man," replied the stranger, "how I envy you the peaceful ignorance of the troubles of the times in which you live. The most wild and unfrequented places are the most safe for me now. Your honest face assures me that I may safely trust you with my situation; and you may render me the greatest service possible. Can you be ignorant of what has happened some few miles off?"

"What? what?" said the astonished Karl.

"The civil war," said the stranger. "Proscription is everywhere, and I am threatened by it; and thus stands the case. Our excellent Count Charles (God avenge his murder!) has been assassinated only a few days ago in St. Douat's Church, at Bruges; and the traitors are yet glorying in the deed, but that will soon end."

"Mercy on us, what a misfortune," said Margaret. "That Prince, so gentle, so benevolent, whom I have so

often seen bestowing charity! Have they murdered him?"

"Yes, my good woman, and in the most horrible manner. As he went to church, the wretches followed him with swords concealed under their cloaks, and at the moment he was saying the Lord's Prayer, which he always said aloud, they fell upon him, and covered him with wounds. With his last breath he implored pardon for his murderers, who after this crime dispersed themselves through the town, carrying with them terror and devastation. That traitor, Bertolph, encourages them, and led them on to pillage the houses of all who did not join their party, seeking like famished tigers all the faithful servants and friends of the good Charles. I am called Wilfred; I had the honour to be one of his counsellors; and after this murder (committed during prayers), I remained two days concealed behind the altar piece, from whence I became witness of the sacrilege committed in that holy place. Repeatedly they came quite near to the spot where I was, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, and threats of what tortures they would inflict upon me when they should find me. I endured, indeed, torture from the sight of their deeds, and afterwards from thirst and hunger. I saw the murder of the Chatelain of Bradberg, whom they dragged by the feet, and hewed in pieces; and I also beheld the cruel death of Walter de Locres. One of the organists had concealed him behind the organ, and thrown a cloak over him. But when he heard the threats and imprecations of the traitors in search of him, he madly resolved to attempt an escape through the midst of them, and he sprang down from the gallery into the body of the church. The wretch, Borsland, one of the chief conspirators, and Isaac, one of the Count's chamberlains, seized him, each armed with a bloody sword, and Borsland holding him by the hair, was going to strike off his head, but the canons entreated that he might not be immolated in the church. They, therefore, dragged him by his hair to the square of the Bourg, where he was given up by the rebellious mob, and battered to death. For myself, finding that I must die of hunger if I remained in my hiding place, or be murdered if I should go forth by day, I went out at midnight, and got clear of the town, without having any idea which would be the safest place to go to; but I soon found that I was pursued, and crouched down amidst the flags and reeds of a muddy ditch, and there remained for above two hours. Then taking an opposite direction from that of my enemies, I bent my course northward, hoping to reach the coast, which happily brought me here. Now, my kind host, I conjure you by all that is dearest to you, complete your generous hospitality, by taking me over to the English coast. To-morrow it will probably be too late."

"The weather threatens a storm," replied Karl, "but to save your life I will brave it. Do not be alarmed, wife, if my return should be delayed, for in case of bad weather I shall remain on the other side of the water till it changes."

As he spoke he opened the door, and looked out to be sure that there was no one about the hut. But the threat-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ening sky had driven every one from the coast, and the sea groaning like some furious volcano, was the only voice to be heard.

"Let us be gone," said Karl; "God will protect us, and the storm may subside, by day-break you may be almost over the water."

The good and bold Karl got out his little boat, and helped his guest to enter it; then embracing his wife and children, bountifully rewarded by the traveller, who knew not how sufficiently to show his gratitude, he put out to sea.

"They are gone," said Margaret, sitting down in sad dismay at the terrible appearance of the sky, for as far as she could see, black clouds drove wildly about like huge masses of rocks shaken from their foundation.

The poor woman had listened with foreboding to the project of embarking at such a time, but felt it would be useless to oppose her husband's generous intention, for she knew he would not break his word once given, nor abandon a fellow creature whom he could assist. She thus waited with anxiety and alarm the coming day. The tempest raged and roared throughout the night, and it was noon before the sky became clear; but Karl came not back either on that or the four succeeding days; however, his wife remembered his words that he might stay for fair weather, and she would not yield to apprehension.

The sea was now calm, and yet no Karl returned. Margaret quits her hut, and with her little son Arnold climbs the sand hills.

"Go, my child," she said, "climb yonder steep bank, and see if you can discover a sail."

The child obeys in sorrow, yet not fully aware of his mother's fears, but still alarmed at the unusual absence of his father. But from the highest hill he could discover nothing. He then knelt down.

"Oh, Holy Virgin," he said, "guardian of the wandering sailor, protect the vessel of my father. I have read in the book where are written the miracles of thy Son our Lord, the agonies thou endured when he yielded up his life on the cross, have pity, then, for my mother's despair and our grief. Two nights have I prayed under the cross, watching the lights we would have kept up to guide my poor father, but all in vain—the wind and rain destroyed our beacon. But, notwithstanding this unlucky sign, if thou watched over our dear father, he is safe."

Thus this sensible child continued to pray, and his grief rendered him eloquent.

"Come down, Arnold," said his mother; "make haste, your father's boat was seen yesterday off Wendeme Point."

"Coming—coming mother," said the nimble boy; and down he sprang from the sand-hill, trembling with cold.

His mother kissed him, and rubbed his little hands in hers, then leading his younger sister and himself, she hastened along the beach to the spot.

After two hours walk they reached the point described, which still is the name of the village; there was every

sign that the storm had wreaked its utmost fury on that spot. Sea-weeds, shells, and fish, were lying in heaps. A broken rudder and shivered mast was here; there a cask, further on an oar—too fatal indications that the tempest had done more than force from the beacon its weeds and shells, but as yet there was nothing to tell her whose were the broken fragments, but turning round a sharp point, Arnold first saw a mast struck deep in a bank of sand, on which still fluttered a torn sail.

"Look, mother, look, can that be our boat?"

"No!—no!" she wildly said; "why should it be ours?—was there no other boat than ours?"

Half frantic with apprehension, and denying the conviction of her heart, she hastened towards the fatal spot. A boat appeared half buried in the sands, and a sail was fluttering over it. The unhappy wife stood as one rooted to the ground, for her husband's name was on the plank by her feet.

"Mother," said Arnold, "I see a shoe beneath the sail;" and he sprang forward and tore up the sail, which was fixed down by a bed of sand. "I see a leg!" said Arnold.

Pale and trembling she yet cherished a wild and absurd hope, which gave her courage to kneel and lift away the sail. The body of a man lay beneath it (but the dress of a fisherman is always alike). She drew the veil from the face. There was no further hope.

"My Karl!—my husband!" and down she fell with her face upon his.

"Mother! mother! get up!" No answer. "Oh, mother, father is not dead! his foot moves. Get up, mother, and help our father!" they scream—they weep—they kneel! They call again—"Oh, mother, the tide is coming up! you will be drowned!"

The poor children wasted their little strength, and the last moments of their innocent life, in calling to those who heard them no more.

Arnold now begins to fear the truth; he puts his hand upon his mother's; it is stiff—it moves not—he turns to guide his little sister from the dangerous spot. But a swift rolling wave throws him down. Another, and another follows; he clings to the body of his mother; and the next day search being made for them, they were found covered with the still fluttering sail—but immovably fixed in death.

CHARADE.

What gives us water sweet and pure,
The poor man's joy, the sick man's cure;
What makes a part of traffic's links,
What saves us when a shipment sinks;
Will give when joined, what's seldom found,
When fortune's bark has been aground,
And sorrow comes to tell a tale,
Which good and kind alone bewail.

M.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

Methought I was exploring the hidden recesses of an extensive cave, whose winding passages had never before echoed to the tread of human foot. With ever fresh admiration and delight, I was gazing at the thousand wonders which the flashing torch-light revealed on every side, at each step of my progress, when a strange sound, as of the hum of many voices, fell upon my ear. What such a sound could mean in such a place was more than I could divine.

Curiosity led me on in the direction whence it came. The buzz of conversation, cheerful as it would seem from the occasional bursts of merriment that were heard, grew more and more distinct, until the dark and narrow passage I had been following, suddenly opened upon one of those magnificent rock-parlours, of whose grandeur and beauty description can convey but a faint idea. A flood of light illuminated the arching roof with the vast columns of stalactite sparkling with crystals that supported it, and was reflected with imposing effect from the huge sheets of the same material, of the purest white, that hung from the ceiling in graceful but substantial drapery. I stood in one of nature's noblest halls—but not alone.

A strange company had gathered there. "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," were before me. A festive occasion had assembled in joyous mood and in holiday attire the first-born of creation, the Elements of things.

In dreams nothing ever surprises us. It seemed perfectly natural to see these fairy forms in that strange grotto; so, accosting without hesitation the one nearest to me, I apologized for my intrusion, and was about to withdraw. From my new acquaintance, however, I received so cordial a welcome, and so earnest an invitation to become a partaker in their festivities, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of accepting the hospitality so kindly proffered.

I was soon informed that some of the leading characters among the Elements had resolved some weeks before upon having a general pic-nic dinner party. Fifty-six family invitations had accordingly been sent out, one to each of the brotherhood; and preparations for the feast made upon a most extensive scale. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and every thing was put in requisition that could minister to the splendour of the entertainment, or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the hour I so unexpectedly came upon them, nearly all the guests with their families had assembled in the strange drawing room I have described, awaiting the summons to the banquet. Spacious as that drawing-room was, it was nearly filled with these interesting children of Nature.

And here they were; seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons; or peering out of gas holders and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty; each free as air, and acting as impulse prompted.

There were those present of every hue, every style of dress, every variety of appearance. The Metals, the Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Oxides, the Alkalies—all were there. From the mine, from the shop of the artizan, from the mint, from the depths of the ocean even, they had come; and a gayer assemblage, a more animating scene, my eyes had never beheld.

Many of the ladies of the party were most tastefully attired. Chlorine wore a beautiful greenish-yellow robe, that displayed her queen-like form to good advantage. The fair daughters of Chromium particularly attracted my attention, with their gay dresses of the liveliest golden yellow and orange-red. Iodine was but just arrived, and was not yet disencumbered of an unpretending outer garment of steel grey that enveloped her person; but the warmth of the apartment soon compelled her to throw this aside, when she appeared arrayed in a vesture of thin gauze, of the most splendid violet colour imaginable. Carbonic Acid was there, but not clad in the airy robes in which I expected to see her. The pressure of the iron hand of adversity had been upon her, and now her attire was plain; simply a dress of snowy white; the best which the straightened circumstances to which she had been reduced allowed her to assume.

Quite a contrast to her was her mother Carbon, whom you would have supposed to be a widow in deep mourning, or a nun who had taken the black veil, so sable were her garments, so gloomy her countenance, had not her ear-rings of polished jet, and a circlet of diamonds that glittered on her brow, evinced that she had not yet altogether renounced the vanities of the world.

The *belle* of the room appeared to be Nitrous Acid, the graceful daughter of Nitrogen; airy in all her movements, and with dress of deepest crimson, that corresponded well with a lip and cheek rivaling the ruby in their redness.

Among the lady Metals, too, there were many of bright faces and resplendent charms; but I must pass on to a description of the gentlemen of the party.

Sulphur wore a suit of modest yellow-plush, while Phosphorus quite disconcerted some of the more decorous of the matrons present, by making his appearance in a pair of flesh-coloured tights.

Phosphuretted Hydrogen, or as he is nick-named "Will of the Wisp," startled me by flitting by in a robe of living flame, the dress in which the graceless youngster is said to haunt church-yards and maraby places, playing his pranks upon poor benighted travelers.

The King of the Metals, Gold, was arrayed in truly gorgeous apparel; though it must be confessed there was a glitter, and an air of haughtiness about him, from which you would turn with pleasure to the mild sweet face of his most royal sister, Silver, who leaned upon his arm; a bright-eyed, unassuming creature, of sterling worth.

Mercury was there, as lively and as versatile as ever; a most restless being; now by the thermometer, noting the subterranean temperature; now by the barometer, pre-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

dicting a storm in the regions overhead ; now arm-in-arm with this metal, then with that ; and they all, by the way, save stern old Iron, had hard work to shake him off. A strange character surely was he ; a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection ; the veriest busy-body in the world ; well versed in the art of healing ; a practical amalgamationist ; in short, a complete factotum. Potassium, though a decidedly brilliant looking fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity Platinum surpassed all the company ; in natural brightness Tin was outshone by few.

When Oxygen arrived, and his light, elastic tread was heard, and his clear transparent countenance was seen among them, a murmur of congratulation ran round the drawing-room, and involuntarily all assembled arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch indeed among them ; literally a father to many of the younger guests. His arrival was the signal for adjournment to the banquetting-room, where of right he took his seat at the head of the table.

Touching the apartment we had now entered, I can only say that it was grand beyond description ! It was lighted up with the radiance of noon-day, by an arch of flame intensely dazzling, produced by a curious apparatus which Galvanism, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, out of some materials with which his friends Zinc and Copper had furnished him. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses encircled the alabaster columns, and made the whole look like a hall in Fairy Land.

But I must describe the table and its paraphernalia. The preparation of the viands—I mean the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing, and the like—had been committed to Caloric, who has had long experience in that department. The nobler of the Metals had generously lent their costly services of plate, while Carbon united with Iron to furnish the elegant steel cutlery used on the occasion. Alumina provided the fine set of china that graced the table ; and Silix and Potash, without solicitation, sent as their joint contribution, cut glass pitchers and tumblers, of superior pattern and transparency.

As among these sons of Nature there is no craving for artificial excitement, Oxygen and Hydrogen, (who by the way have done more for the Cold Water Societies than Delavan or Father Matthew,) were commissioned to provide the drinkables : and what beverage they furnished may easily be conjectured. Carbon, with Oxygen and Hydrogen, found most of the vegetables ; and Nitrogen, whose assistance as commissary here was indispensable, joined them in procuring the meats, under which the table groaned. No taste but would be satisfied with the variety ; no appetite but would be cloyed with the profusion of good things.

Though the liberality of the four who have been named left but little for their associates to contribute, still some individual offerings to the feast deserve to be noticed. Thus the oysters, Carbonate of Lime had sent in the shell ; the pyramids of ice cream for the dessert were pro-

vided by the daughter of Chlorine and Hydrogen, the bride of Sodium, who was out several hours in the snow, engaged in freezing them ; and the almonds and peaches came from the conservatory of Hydrocyanic Acid, the druggist.

After grice had been said by Affinity, who is a sort of chaplain to the Elements, having officiated at the weddings of all married ones of the company, a vigorous onset was made upon the good things before them. At first all were too much engaged for conversation, but the dessert appearing at last, as they cracked the nuts the jest too was cracked ; toast and song were called for, and wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even Oxygen, who had presided with such an air of dignity, relaxed from his sternness, and entertained the younger ones at the table with many a tale of his mischievous pranks in the days of Old Father Chaos, when Time and himself were young. Strange tales they were, too, of earthquakes with which Hydrogen and he would now and then frighten the Ichthyosauri and Megatheria of the ancient world ; and of conflagrations comical, as of Old Vulcan's tongs and anvil, kindling them before his eyes with the very bolt he was forging. 'This, however,' he added, with a sly glance at his staid partner Nitrogen, who sat near, 'was before Marriage had sobered down his spirits, and tamed his impetuosity.'

I have no space to chronicle more of these freaks of Oxygen's early youth, nor any of the saying and doings of others of the party on this memorable night. Else would I give the marvellous story Nickel had to relate, of a *falling out* he once had with the Man in the Moon, and of a journey he was consequently under the necessity of making in haste to the earth for refuge.

I would tell too of the drolleries of Nitrous Oxyde, that funniest, queerest, craziest of youngsters ; and how Phosphorus made a flaming speech, and Potash a caustic one ; and how Mercury proposed as a toast, 'The Medical Profession : to whom we say, "Use us, but do not abuse us."'

I must speak, however, of a curious little by-scene I chanced to witness : it was a flirtation that Platinum was carrying on with Hydrogen, whom, much to my surprise, I found seated among the Metals, and quite at home among them too.

There was quite a contrast between Platinum, grey, heavy, and dull as he was, and the light and buoyant creature by his side ; but there soon seemed to be evidence of some mutual attraction. Platinum grew warm in his attentions, and ere long quite a flame was kindled between them.

So passed the evening ; 'all went merry as a marriage-bell,' with nothing to mar the good humour that prevailed ; till, in an evil hour, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, a disagreeable fellow, against whose appearance at the banquet most of the company had protested, entered the apartment with a very offensive air. In an instant, the whole family of Metals, to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed colour ; Lead fairly grew black in the face with indignation ; Arsenic and Antimony seemed

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

to be jaundiced with rage; Ammonia, to whom his presence recalled very unpleasant associations, in trying to avoid him, precipitated several Metallic Oxides to the floor; while Chlorine, with more self-command than the rest, advanced with a firm step to expel the intruder, looking as if she were about to annihilate him on the spot.

How the scene might have terminated I know not; for just at that moment a strange sound of awful import, like the trampling of a mighty host, came to my ears. I felt sure it was 'an earthquake's voice,' and that now my fate was sealed! My knees tottered under me; the arching grotto and the festive board gradually vanished from before my eyes, which—*opened* upon the class, as they were leaving the laboratory of our worthy professor of Chemistry, where, it seemed, much to my confusion, I had fallen asleep during lecture, and

'Dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers.'

S. R. H.

A LOVER'S LOGIC.

I am skilled in magic lore,

And can tell the dearest maiden
What the winds at evening say,
As amid the boughs they play;
What the river to its store
Softly whispers evermore,
From its heart o'erladen.

I can tell thee how the moon
Breathes persuasion to the billows;
What discourse the mountain makes
To its overshadowing lakes;
And concealed in lonely nooks,
What the little devious brooks
Murmur to the willows.

"Love thou me—for I love thee?"
Is the song they sing for ever;
At this moment I can hear,
The responses ringing clear,
And the very stars repeat,
To the moon an answer sweet—
"Love shall perish never."

And if thus earth, sea, and sky,
Find a voice to sing their passion;
Should we fail my dearest maid,
Wandering in this greenwood shade,
To repeat the same sweet song,
We should do their music wrong,
And be out of fashion.

C. M.

STANZAS TO —.

When the snowy arms of Death,
Like a shroud encircle thee,
And his cold benumbing breath,
Stills thy pulse's melody;
Then beside thee, lowly bending,
Fondest friends shall seek to trace,
In this blow our bosoms rending,
Tokens of Almighty grace.

Daily as we see thee fade,
Like a blossom on the bough,
Chilling in the wintry shade,
Frosted dews upon its brow;
How we turn aside in anguish,
Chiding tears that flow too free,
Lest thy loving heart should languish,
Witnessing our grief for thee.

Thus to see the vital spark,
Trembling on its wasted frame,
Waiting, longing to embark,
For the haven whence it came;
Who could blame our sad concealings,
From thy meek and watchful eyes,
Of the dark and troubled feelings,
Which within our bosoms rise?

Daily strive our lips to say—
"Father! let thy will be done,"
Nightly kneeling do we pray—
"Father! spare our gentle one!"
Thus from death we seek to shield thee,
Hoping, where no hope avails,
Knowing that his hand hath sealed thee—
That his arrow never fails.

When we fold thee on earth's breast,
Greenest turf we'll gather there;
Sweetest dews shall lightly rest
On that bosom once so fair.
Yes! for thee the tears of Heaven
From the concave's deepest blue,
Noiselessly shall flow each even
In the droppings of the dew.

There the tender buds of Spring
First shall open to the day;
Light their little bells shall ring,
To the Robin's roundelay;
And a breezy voice, while straying
Through the narrow vaulted aisles,
Sad shall sigh, like mourner's praying
God's forgiveness and his smiles.

Lo! across thy path of life,
Death's white shadow's stealing now;
Let me not behold the strife—
Let me still in meekness bow.
God be with thee, gentle spirit!
When his angel fondly calls;
Yielding life, thou wilt inherit
Life within our Father's halls.

R. S. N.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THE SUCCESSFUL PLEADER.

"It is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full Of ambition, an envious emulator of every Man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver Against me, his natural brother."

SHAKESPEARE.—*As You Like It.*

A short time after the death of Louis XV, the Princess of Gueménée held one of her ordinary *sorées*, at which the young Queen, Marie Antoinette, was present. It was upon a cold December night, when all was harsh and gloomy outside, that the Queen gave herself up to her favourite amusement of gaming; she played high, and generally lost, but endeavoured to hide from the King her love for, and her consequent losses at, this dangerous recreation of hers.

Louis XVI. abhorred play of all description, and most particularly discountenanced this vice in the young Queen. Upon this evening, Marie Antoinette congratulated herself on the King's absence, in order that she might unreservedly indulge in play. She played and lost, and played again, her bad luck still continuing, when, at the conclusion of the evening, the King, whose presence was neither expected nor desired, suddenly made his appearance. The conversation, which, before his entrance, had been upon the subject of the night's game, the sums lost, and those gained, immediately took another turn upon his entrance, and the Queen whispered in the ear of the Princess de Gueménée.

"Engage the attention of the King in conversation, in order that he may not think of asking me how I have fared in the night's game, as I should not dare tell him the considerable sum I have lost."

"There is a petition," said the Princess, without the least embarrassment, "that I am most anxious to present to the King; but I almost fear to do so."

Thus saying, she drew from her pocket a veritable petition.

"Fear not," said the Queen, aloud. "I do not understand your hesitation; but if you are alarmed, give it to me, and I shall take charge of it."

"Your Majesty will permit me for once to disobey you, as it is not the presentation of the petition alone that alarms me, but it is the history with which I shall be obliged to accompany that document, that I am fearful his Majesty will not have patience to listen to; and yet I shall be obliged to trespass thus far on his attention, in order to seek favour for a brave man, in whose welfare I am deeply interested."

The King advanced with courteous gallantry towards the Princess, received the petition, and placed it in his pocket; then turning his back to the card tables, he seated himself in an arm chair opposite the fire, motioning to the Princess to seat herself beside him, infinitely to the satisfaction of the Queen, who repaid her friend by a look that spoke deep thankfulness.

"How will she manage," thought Marie Antoinette, "to spin out a story that will divert the King's attention until the hour for retiring?"

VOL. XXII.—No. 260.

"My dear lady," said the King, graciously, "you did me injustice in doubting my readiness to listen to you. It will give me but too much pleasure to hear your recital."

By these words the Queen, as well as the guests assembled, saw that his Majesty was in one of his most amiable moods, and the cloud which had since his entrance wrapped the company in gloom, the sunlight of his smile soon dissipated. The Princess, re-assured and happy, immediately commenced.

"Your Majesty must know that the gentleman, whose pardon I am about suing for, is a near relative of my own."

"Pardon," said the King. "Then he has committed a crime."

"No, Sire; but he has fought a duel."

"And do you not call that a crime," said the King.

"Upon our ascending the throne, we solemnly swore before God to punish those who engaged themselves in so unholy a warfare; and we have further promised to restore all the ordonnances of our respected ancestor, Louis XIV. And we assure you we shall keep our oath."

"I know, Sire, the noble resolves of your Majesty; and I also know that when you are in possession of all the circumstances of the unhappy affair, you will look with more clemency upon my unfortunate relative, peculiarly unfortunate in having deprived his adversary of that which he is unable to restore to him—his life. It was for this reason that I declined forwarding to your Majesty the petition, because I wished to accompany that document with a detail of the circumstances that led to this melancholy affair. One fact will, however, enable your Majesty to grant his pardon, without compromising your royal vow, and that is, that the event which I have alluded to, and which obliged my relative to quit France, occurred during the reign of the late King."

"Speak, madame," said Louis XVI. "I shall listen to you."

"It is now two years," said the Princess, "since my relation, the Count D'Esperville, an officer in the body guard of his late Majesty, Louis XV., left Paris for Grenoble, in order to see one of his friends, who commanded the garrison in that city. When he was half way on his road, his horse lost the shoe of one of its fore feet. The Count alighted, and picking up the shoe, put it into his pocket. Then inspecting the feet of the animal, saw that he would not be able to go very far without the assistance of a farrier."

"He was alone, and without attendants, in a mountainous country, and deserted road. He evidently saw there was a thunder storm approaching, and no means of accomplishing the seven or eight leagues which he still had to journey before he could reach Grenoble. Already the large drops of rain pattered upon his cloak; he looked around for a wanderer like himself, and seeing a peasant, questioned him with regard to finding an asylum from the coming storm. The peasant offered to be his guide, and taking a narrow road to the left, he said that in about half an hour they would arrive at a Castle, where the Count would be sure to meet with hospitality."

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"The Count inquired who was the owner of the Castle, and on being informed that it belonged to the Count de Beaubourg, my relative felt an impatience to reach it, as both the Count and his brother were brought up at the same college with D'Esparville."

"The Count de Beaubourg," interrupted the Queen, "that name is certainly familiar to me."

"It is the name," replied the Princess, "of one of his Majesty's body guards. The Count D'Esparville took the road that he was informed would lead to the Castle, and after a weary march of two hours, completely soaked with rain, deafened by the roaring thunder, and half blinded by the vivid lightning, the Count at length arrived at the Castle de Beaubourg, leading his disabled horse by the bridle, if possible in a worse condition than he was himself. He was received by an old porter, who informed him that the Count de Beaubourg had been for the last month in Paris, and that the Chevalier, the youngest of the two brothers, had been dead for nearly two months."

"Dead! my dear friend, the Chevalier, dead," exclaimed D'Esparville, joining his hands in grieved surprise.

"He shed a tear to the memory of his early friend, taken away in the blossom of his life, and recalling to mind all his good and amiable qualities, his sweet and docile temper, particularly when contrasted with the haughty and overbearing character of his elder brother, the present Count, he felt that the Chevalier merited his deepest regret. The servants of the Castle offered the stranger hospitality in the name of their absent master, which D'Esparville gladly accepted. One went in search of a farrier, in order that the poor lame horse might be shod. Another lighted a fire; whilst a third served, in the shortest possible time for such a process, a most excellent supper, and after partaking plentifully of the meal, and was thinking of retiring for the night, the Count heard the servants disputing most warmly with each other, what apartment the stranger should occupy."

"We shall put the gentleman," said one, "in the green chamber."

"No, no," said another, "let us show him to the yellow chamber, or the one beside the chapel."

"Come, come, my friends," said the Count, "allow me to finish this debate for you; put me exactly where your hospitality will least inconvenience you; the least comfortable will be perfectly good enough for one night."

"John wishes to put you, sir," said a lively maid servant, "into the green chamber, because he knows you would be sure to dream there of ghosts."

"The Count knowing perfectly well what was meant by ghost dreaming, and being extremely fatigued, wet, and weary, was anxious for a good night's rest, and therefore did not much like the notion of being made the dupe of some amorous lackey, or systematic rogue. He therefore said,

"Pray do not put me to sleep in the green chamber."

"He directly perceived that this entreaty excited the ridicule of the servants, and as he did not choose that the courage of an officer in his Majesty's service, should be

doubted by the veritable inhabitants of this world, he suddenly changed his mind, and taking a light, said,

"My friends, I wish particularly to sleep in the green chamber, will you have the goodness to conduct me there, as I am desirous of rest after my wearisome journey."

"He was immediately conducted there, and without seeking any further explanation, he closed the door, for the purpose of avoiding being accused of weakness in the Castle de Beaubourg."

"Well, never mind," thought the Count, "even a bad night is soon passed."

"He opened the trunks and cabinet that the room contained, in order to assure himself that he was alone in the apartment, and was about preparing to lie down, when he was startled by a heavy noise, apparently proceeding from behind the head of his bed. The troubled spirit had not waited for the hour of midnight to disturb the slumbers of the new guest of the green chamber. The Count listened for some time with breathless attention; then he directed his footsteps towards the wall, from whence the noise appeared to come, and raising the green hangings that ornamented this portion of the room, he clearly saw a door, barred with iron, and bolted on the inside of the apartment. The noise was at the other side of the door, and appeared to be caused by some one not being able to discover the door, endeavouring to demolish the wall, in order to gain admittance to the green chamber. The Count hesitated not for a moment, but withdrawing the bolt, opened the door. A spectre, with dishevelled hair, attenuated, and half naked, rushed into the chamber. It was the Chevalier."

"The Chevalier de Beaubourg," said the Queen. "Is in the King's body guard?"

"The same," replied the Princess, "and the one who has the honour of guarding his Majesty this evening."

"The Chevalier at once recognised the Count D'Esparville, and throwing himself into his arms, cried,

"Oh! my friend, save me, save me."

"The Count, motionless with astonishment, gazed for awhile, not knowing what to think, but observing the dreadful state of agitation of his friend, he endeavoured to re-assure him; and then making him put on some of the clothes, which the Count took out of his portmanteau, besought him to be calm, and feel assured of his safety, and to inform him how, or by what mystery he had found him in the deplorable state in which he now was."

"For, my dear Chevalier, he continued, "you have been mourned for as dead, and your people still weep for you."

"My brother," cried the Chevalier, "My brother is a fratricide."

"The Chevalier became more calm, and related that three months before he was in Paris, full of health, happiness, and wealth. He had formed an acquaintance with a young lady of exquisite beauty, had become enamoured of her, and was fortunate enough in return to possess the lady's affections. But unhappily he had a rival, and that rival was his own brother, the Count de Beaubourg. Fortunately for the aspirings of the Chevalier, he had equal,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

or, perhaps, greater wealth than his elder brother; for a rich uncle had made him his heir. Otherwise, Monsieur de Lussan might have preferred the Count as a husband for his beautiful daughter, but knowing the wealth, and seeing the devotion of the Chevalier, he willingly received him as his future son-in-law.

"The Count warmly pleaded his suit, representing the advantages of his title and high birth, but Monsieur Lussan pleaded in return the unchanging love of his daughter for the Chevalier, and his brother's priority, as an acquaintance of longer standing.

"Take care," said the Count, "how you refuse me the hand of your daughter, for this I promise you, that the Chevalier shall never have her. A fearful malady will soon draw him away from her society, for painful as it is to me to acknowledge the fact, yet in justice to the young lady, I am bound to avow that he labours under severe and periodical attacks of insanity."

"A few days after this strange communication, the Chevalier was seized by four men as he was coming out of the Opera, bound, gagged, and placed in a chaise, which conveyed him rapidly to his brother's chateau. They placed him in a turret, where they kept him closely confined, and spread around the neighbourhood the report of his fearful malady.

"After enduring for forty days a treatment that was likely to render insane the most philosophically-minded man, the Chevalier found himself in a dungeon, where he was destined to languish, and perhaps to die, if some lucky chance, or his own courage, could not extricate him. There was a supply of provisions left beside him, enough for some months to come. It became very evident to him, that his brother did not wish positively to shed his blood, but he had deliberately buried him alive, in order that he might unmolested woo, and perhaps win, the object of his heart's adoration.

"This was, in point of fact, exactly the case. The Count delayed not to return to Paris, where he announced to the family of De Lussan, the death of the Chevalier, and he besought the heart-stricken girl to transfer to himself a portion of the love with which his unhappy brother had inspired her.

"What would have been his conduct after espousing Mademoiselle De Lussan, we know not, but it is to be hoped, for the honour of humanity, that his first act would have been to liberate the unfortunate prisoner, and have endeavoured to extenuate his conduct, by pleading as its cause the excess of his affection, and the fury of his passion.

"But the Chevalier lost not, for a moment, the hope of escaping from this living tomb; he searched and rummaged from one end of his dungeon to the other, and at length found a rusty old nail, with which he contrived to loosen the hinges of the door, which enabled him to leave his dungeon, which was known alone to the masters of the Chateau, and which place had doubtlessly served them in the feudal times, to exercise with impunity, their private and demoniacal vengeance.

"After some time he found himself on a staircase, which

led to the Green Chamber, and for fifteen days had he laboured with his liberating nail to detach portions of the wall, in order to gain an entrance; this was the noise which had so much alarmed the inmates of the Castle.

"Well, my dear friend," said D'Esparville, "your brother has endeavoured to murder you, but I have luckily come to the rescue, and now, being alive and frisky, what shall we do?"

"The first thing you must do is to remove me from this place," said the Chevalier.

"I shall do more, my friend, I shall conduct you to Paris, and if Mademoiselle Lussan is still free, I shall not leave you until I see you wedded to her."

"The Chevalier grasped D'Esparville's hand, and looked his thanks. They waited until the inmates of the Castle were buried in profound repose, and before day-break they left the Green Chamber, and directed their steps towards the stable, where luckily D'Esparville's horse was fresh shod, and ready for the road. The Chevalier and his liberator opened a side entrance of the Castle, and both mounting on the same horse, arrived in a few hours at Grenoble, from which place they hired a post-chaise, and started for Paris.

"What if my beloved be already married," said the Chevalier, with a groan.

"And what will you do," replied D'Esparville, "if she is?"

"I know her heart too well to fear," said the Chevalier smiling; "she is still mine."

"Yes, but hearing that you are dead, she might espouse your brother, and not betray her trust to you. You would never think of revenging yourself on a rival by assassination, besides, your rival is your own brother. You would not be able to find either seconds or witnesses who could possibly countenance a duel between you and him. What plan will you pursue?"

"I shall run away with her," said the Chevalier. "I am rich, and can live where I please. She loves me, and her hatred for my brother will increase when she learns the guilty means by which he has obtained her. I know she will fly with me."

"Run away with your sister-in-law," said D'Esparville, "that would be a serious case, yet I fear if I were in your place, I should just do the same thing."

"They paid the postilions like Princes, and travelled night and day until they reached Paris. The Chevalier had apartments in that city, to which they both drove, where they descended, entered, and dressed.

"The Count D'Esparville, without delay, rushed to the hotel of Monsieur de Lussan, where he learnt that on the following day the Count de Beaubourg was to be married to the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lussan, and that in a few hours the contract was to be signed in presence of the two assembled families.

"Upon this intelligence he speeded back to his friend, and both dressed in gala attire, ornamented with gold and a superfluity of lace, betook themselves in a splendid equipage to the residence of Monsieur de Lussan.

"The Marquis D'Esparville left the Chevalier in the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

carriage, as he wished to make his appearance for a short time before him. The doors flew open, and to the two attendants he gave his card, and they immediately announced,

"The Marquis D'Esperville."

"My relative," continued the Princess, "was still young at the time at which I have the honour to speak of him to your Majesty, his bearing was majestic, his countenance noble, yet proud; in fact, he was considered under the reign of the late king, one of the handsomest men in the service. His unexpected appearance was a matter of astonishment, inasmuch as, except to the Count de Beaubourg, he was completely unknown to the assembled company."

"He hesitated not, nevertheless, to advance towards Mademoiselle de Lussan, whom he at once recognized by her bridal robes, and her sad and grief-stricken countenance."

"Mademoiselle," said he, bowing respectfully, "I come to dry your tears—I come to restore him whom you love. My friend the Chevalier is full of life and health, which has never for a moment deserted him. And still more joyous words remain for me to repeat, that he loves you, his first, his only love, with, if possible, increased intensity of affection."

"These words caused a lively sensation in the company; the ladies arose, and the Count advanced towards D'Esperville."

"Yes, my dear Count," said the Marquis, "your brother lives, lay aside this mourning, which does you honour, and prepare to embrace the Chevalier."

"At the same moment the doors again opened, and the Chevalier entered, his eyes sparkling with brilliancy, and bearing upon his countenance the evidence of perfect health, and dressed with that distinguished elegance in which he has doubtless been in the habit of appearing before your Majesty."

"At his appearance the astonishment was redoubled; it would be difficult to paint the curiosity of the men, and the terror of the women, to whom the Chevalier seemed like an apparition—a man who had been dead for two whole months, that some unknown magician had perhaps enabled to leave his shroud and winding-sheet, in order to conduct him to, and confront him with, his unfaithful betrothed bride."

"Mademoiselle de Lussan, alone appeared not to lose her presence of mind. She displayed neither fear nor weakness, but rushing towards the Chevalier, threw herself in his arms."

"When they saw that she had not embraced an evaporating spirit, but the Chevalier himself in flesh and blood, they approached him—they gathered round him; he was caressed, welcomed, and interrogated."

"M. de Lussan advanced to the Marquis D'Esperville, and demanded an explanation of what had occurred."

"All eyes now sought the Count. He had profited by the first moment of tumult, and hastily disappeared. Then the Marquis commenced the recital which I have

had the honour of relating to your Majesty, and each congratulated him on the miraculous service he had rendered to his friend."

"The contract was soon signed afresh, arrangements made, and the marriage concluded upon."

"They sat down a happy and a joyous throng at table, and many were the jokes passed on the life-like appetites of the deceased, and the warm and impassioned love of the spectre bridegroom."

"The next day they started for the seat of the bride's father, which was not more than six leagues from Paris, and the two lovers were united in wedlock's holy bonds."

"One would imagine that the adventure would terminate here, but it was not thus with the Marquis D'Esperville. In a few days after he received a challenge from the Count de Beaubourg."

"Why this is strange," said the Marquis, "what has the Count to reproach me with. I have spared him the commission of a fearful crime, and I have relieved him from marrying a woman who loves him not. What more can he require?"

"He might have added that a man who had conducted himself as the Count had done, had tarnished his escutcheon, and rendered himself unworthy to become the adversary of a brave and honourable man. In France they will not condescend to meet a man of despicable character, or who has rendered himself liable to the tribunal. The Count de Beaubourg failed not to attribute D'Esperville's refusal to fight, to a want of courage, and he threatened him with indignities that no honourable man could submit to even in thought."

"However embarrassing as was the position of a gentleman under such circumstances, yet I hesitate not to blame the Marquis for the part he took, for he accepted the challenge. You already know the issue, sire, and I crave your mercy for the survivor. Heaven declared itself for the honest man, for him whose happy intervention had saved the life of the Chevalier, and prevented the Count from consummating his intended crime."

"The Count de Beaubourg fell by the fire of his adversary, and the Marquis was obliged to quit France, because his victim (if that name is in the present case applicable to the slain man) had a powerful friend, the Count de Barry, who had sufficient interest to prevent the clemency of the late king. But now, sire, your Majesty will not permit that the Marquis should be any longer exiled, but you will mercifully take into consideration that for two years a brave and distinguished officer has been far from his own loved country, separated from his family, and deprived of the companionship of his friends, by an affair which he could not guard against, and in which he had not been the aggressor, but the consequences of which he had drawn upon himself by his endeavour to do a good action. Dare I hope, sire —"

The Princess would have continued to plead warmly the cause of her injured relative, had she not perceived that the King slept, or perhaps he only feigned repose, she therefore ceased speaking, and like a child who opens

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

its eyes when the lullaby of its nurse no longer sounds in its ears, so it was with the king the moment the Princess ceased speaking, his Majesty ceased sleeping.

"Madame," said he, extending his hand towards the easy chair of the Queen; "there is my purse, pay your debts, but you will ruin me, Madame, as my private purse is now completely empty."

The Queen, embarrassed and agitated, took the purse, paid her debts, and their Majesties retired.

That night Marie Antoinette solemnly promised her royal spouse never again to play out of her own palace, and she kept her word.

The Marquis D'Esparville was soon recalled to France by royal command.

The Princess, who on this occasion had the cleverness to please the Queen, and at the same time obtain a favour that she had long feared and hesitated to ask, did not display the same skill in the government of her house, for in a short time the bankruptcy of the Prince, her husband, scandalized France, and proved how wise Louis was in interdicting the Queen from so dangerous an intimacy.

BELINDA.

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES.—Our readers are doubtless aware that an enterprising English traveller has rescued from impending destruction those beautiful productions of classic art, which were discovered by him in Asia Minor, at a place which occupies the site of the ancient Halicarnassus—the whole being now deposited in the British Museum. They have been found on inspection to rival the most splendid efforts of the best periods of ancient sculpture, and to vie with the celebrated Elgin marbles in beauty and perfection. They present, amid a variety of objects, statues of sea-nymphs and deities, of the most perfect design and execution, and we understand they have already furnished our English artists with many models for the exercise of their skill. Among other instances, we have been much struck with an exquisite group of the Graces, executed as an engraving on steel by Messrs. Perkins and Bacon, as a label for an article of deserved fame and reputation, which has but too often been imitated and counterfeited by unprincipled empirics. We allude to ROWLAND's celebrated KALYDOR for beautifying and preserving the Complexion! Further particulars of which appear in the Advertisement on our Wrapper.

CHARADE.

The top of a mountain, the side of a well,
The toils of a lover whilst weaving his spell;
With the half of a mermaid if parted in two,
Will explain the true reason of my loving you.

B.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The new opera of the *Fairy Oat* has not met with very decided success. The music is by Mr. FORBES, the conductor of the Societa Armonica Concerts, and displays some occasional prettinesses, but it wants the master mind to grapple with the ideas; the *motivi* being devoid of character, and the instrumentation by no means of a high order. As a spectacle, it is very well brought out: and Miss RAINFORTH and ALLEN, in the chief parts, are deserving of high praise.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The most amusing and fashionable performances are announced to commence in a few days, and Mr. MITCHELL has used every exertion to make the present season one of the most attractive in point of excellence that we have yet had. The theatre has been entirely new decorated, nearly two thousand pounds having been expended in the decorations: the house being restored to all its pristine splendour, than which nothing can be more beautiful or elegant. The roof, one of the most exquisite that has ever been modelled, being a *fac simile* of the celebrated Sorbonne, is faultless in point of taste, and stands out now in all its original beauty and splendour. The whole of the house corresponds, and a new and far more elegant glass chandelier has been placed in lieu of the heavy looking wooden one formerly there. The company will be unusually strong. The following are already engaged:—Mdlle. Marteleur, M. M. Lemaitre, Dumery, Cartigny, Lafont, Laferriere, and Ravel. Mesdames Rose Cheri, Dejazet, Rachel, and Saint Marc. Mdlle. Rachel is engaged for two months. Mr. MITCHELL is also in treaty with several others of the *celebrités* of Paris, whose names will appear as soon as the period of their respective *congés* can be obtained. The subscription list is the best, both numerically, and in point of fashion, that Mr. MITCHELL has yet had; and from the *distinguée* subscribers, the beauty of the new decorations of the theatre, and the excellence of the company engaged, we can imagine nothing more attractive than this theatre will be during the season. The subscription nights will be the same as last season, Mondays and Fridays, with the option of changing to the Wednesdays, and will consist of the same number of subscription nights.

HAYMARKET.—The good old stock comedies, interspersed with DOUGLAS JERROLD's *Time Works Wonders*, and cast with a strength and excellence that no Theatre can at all compete with, have been so attractive as to render novelty unnecessary: though a new comedy, by a son of SHERIDAN KNOWLES's, has been accepted, and will be speedily produced. The new farce of the *Cabinet Question* is a most laughable affair, and BUCKSTONE is irresistibly droll in it. We have seldom seen an audience enter with so much spirit into the humour of a farce, as they do with this excellent little piece.

ADELPHI.—The revival of *Green Bushes* has been attended with as much success as marked its original production. It is a really excellent drama, and the acting of CELESTE as the Indian *Miami*, is one of the most beautiful pieces of acting on the stage; it is a finely con-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ceived character, worked out by her with consummate ability, every attitude is a perfect study, and in her hands *Miami* is one of those admirably portrayed picturesque bits of acting, that dwells in the memory for years after the piece itself has perhaps been forgotten. We are sorry *Clarisse* is not continued, as the acting of WEBSTER in it is so excellent, as to ensure the drama a much longer run; his ease and *nonchalance* as the Parisian *Voleur*, is quite a perfect specimen of this class of acting. The new ballet burlesque of *Taming a Tartar*, has proved highly successful. It is founded on the celebrated French ballet, *Le Diable à quatre*, and has been produced most brilliantly. CELESTE is admirable in it; her *Mazourka* is as *piquante* and charming as anything can possibly be, whilst Miss WOOLGAR has a part quite in her line. WRIGHT is full of humour, and PAUL BEDFORD, as usual, a mountain of mirth. It is certain to be one of the most popular pieces that has yet been done at this theatre, being gay, brilliant, and altogether highly effective.

LYCEUM.—Two new farces, *Peter Jenkins*, and *The Last of the Bravoes*, both written by Mr. OXFORD, have been produced with much success, KEELEY enacting the chief parts in each, with much humour. *Aladdin*, with all its former splendour and humorous dialogue, has been revived here, and done good service to the theatre.

PRINCESS'S.—MACREADY has proved immensely attractive here, his *Hamlet* having drawn overflowing houses every night. The other parts are fairly, but not particularly well cast, but as the public go only to see MACREADY, and he is as excellent as ever, they care but little for the others.

LOVE AWEARY OF THE WORLD.

Oh! my love is very lovely,
In her mind all beauties dwell;
She is robed in living splendour,
Grace and modesty attend her,
And I love her passing well.
But I'm weary, weary, weary,
In despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary:
I am weary of the world!

She is kind to all about her,
For her heart is pity's theme;
She has smiles for all men's gladness,
She has tears for every sadness;
She is hard to me alone.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
From a love-lit summit hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

When my words are words of wisdom,
All her spirit I can move;
At my wit her eyes will glisten,
But she flies, and will not listen,
If I dare to speak of love.
Oh! I'm weary, weary, weary,
By a storm of passion whirl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

I rue that there are others fairer—
Fairer? no, that cannot be;
Yet some maids of equal beauty,
High in soul and firm in duty,
May have kinder hearts than she.
Why, my heart, so weary, weary,
To and fro by passions whirl'd?
Why so weary, weary, weary,
Why so weary of the world?

Were my love but passing fancy,
To another I might turn;
But I'm doom'd to love unduly,
One who will not answer truly,
And who freezes when I burn.
And I'm weary, weary, weary,
To despair my soul is hurl'd;
I am weary, weary, weary,
I am weary of the world!

C. M.

LOVE.

To hear thy gentle voice, and dream of thee is bliss,
To see thee fondly smile—what joy can equal this?
When thou art in my sight,
In every vein I feel,
A burning vapour steal,
Of rapture and delight.
A mist spreads round my brain,
With languid breath I sigh,
Trembling with hope—I feign
Would look on thee—and die.

K.

CHARADE.

I exist in the summer, but bloom in the spring;
And yet I am deemed but a worthless bad thing.
I never am tired, and move like a snake;
Now of my dimensions pray something do make.

The summer's sun shows off my first,
My second through the snow-storms burst,
And my *tout* is close beside you.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress made perfectly plain and full on the skirt, composed of a pale dove-coloured *poult de soie*; high close fitting corsage and plain sleeves, long, and having broad lace ruffles attached round the wrists. Mantelet of *eiseau* and pale sea-green Italian silk, formed round over the back, which is rather deep; a narrow piece of the same is put on just over the arms, giving it the appearance of an under-sleeve; long ends descending nearly to the edge of the dress, and rounded; small cape pelerine as far as the waist, where it is attached; the whole encircled with a handsome broad fringe having a twisted heading, and made in the same two colours as the material of which the mantelet is composed. Bonnet of pale blue *velours épinglé*; the crown decorated with a pretty amber-coloured ribbon, and a small tuft of marabouts drooping from the left side; loops of the same coloured ribbon decorating the interior; a flat fulling of blue *crêpe* surrounds the edge of the brim, both in the interior and exterior.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress made in the pelisse form, and of a rich shot violet and green silk; the skirt is made extremely wide, and rather long, sitting in full dress folds over the hips; *corsage à basque*, fitting close to the figure, and high up to the throat; the entire centre of the pelisse is closed with a narrow *biais* of black velvet, upon which are placed at regular distances large round gold frosted buttons; a *biais* of velvet encircling also the lower part of the body, and *jockeys* which are round; the wrists of the long plain sleeves are decorated with a trimming similar to that up the centre of the dress, finished by a row of lace of a moderate width; lace collar *à la puritan*. Bonnet of a rich pink satin; the exterior of the front is nearly concealed by a double row of rich white *appliqué* lace, divided by a twist of pink satin ribbon, which is finished on each side by two reversed ends of the same, separated by a small knot; the interior being without any trimming.

AFTERNOON COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A costume of a magnificent pale sea-green satin; the skirt made very full and long, and decorated with a splendid trimming of embroidery, which ascends up each side of the front, continuing upon the corsage, and gradually widening towards the shoulders, where it finishes; the lower ends upon the skirt are slightly rounded; high plain corsage, headed with a narrow fulling of fine white muslin; rounded waist; plain long sleeves, edged at the wrist with a cross piece of fine muslin put on nearly plain, forming a kind of double fold. Drawn capote of white silk; the crown decorated on the left side with a splendid blue and white drooping feather, having a perfect *neige* like effect, being extremely light in its appearance: the interior of the brim decorated with

loops of pale blue velvet ribbon formed rather longer on the left side of the face; the right side is made more in the form of a *naud*.

PLATE THE THIRD.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress consisting of a rich satin, of a very dark colour, the skirt made perfectly plain, with high body and tight sleeves, which are finished round the wrists with manchettes of white lace; *pardessus* of a beautiful shot Italian silk in two colours, plum colour and light blue; the *jupon* made immensely full, and reaching to a little above the ankle, open up the front, and decorated with a deep cape, of a round form at the back, and trimmed with three rows of fringe rather deep, of a blue shade, each row being headed with a double stripe of narrow black ribbon velvet, put on at equal distances, and having a very rich and pretty effect. Bonnet of a light purple *velours épinglé*, the brim rather close, and bound at the edge as well as round the top of the crown, which is rather deep, and decorated on the right side with loops of ribbon, confined in the centre with a piece of the same, and on the left side with a long ostrich feather.

HOME DRESS.

FIG. 2.—This elegant costume is made of a shot Italian silk, pale lavender and a light fawn *glacé*, the skirt made *en train*, and very full, high corsage, fastened round the throat with a small square collar of the same material as the dress, bound with a French piping all round, the centre part of the corsage opening a little apart, and confined across with narrow bands of the same material, attached at each end with round silver frosted buttons, the same kind of trimming being repeated upon the *jockeys* and cuffs of the plain loose sleeve, which is sufficiently short to show the under sleeve of fulled white muslin, edged with a row of lace, the waist of the corsage is extremely long, and edged all round with rather a broad binding. Coiffure composed of a narrow strip of light green velvet, forming rather a broad end on either side, and edged with a splendid deep fringe of green and gold silk.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a light fawn-coloured satin, made perfectly plain, with high body and tight sleeves; manchettes of white lace; *pardessus* of black satin, elegantly trimmed with black fringe and ribbon velvet, and being the front view of the one in Fig. 1 of this plate, the upper row of fringe forming a kind of small round cape, the larger one finished just over the arms, and a double row of velvet descending down each side of the opening in the front, a little above the edge of the skirt. Capote of white *velours épinglé*, edged all round the front with a row of white lace, put on flat, and rounded at the ears, where it is allowed to be a little full, the crown tastefully trimmed on the right side with flat *nauds* of white satin

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

ribbon, having a narrow velvet edge, and on the left with an elegant long drooping white ostrich feather, formed very taper at the end.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a pretty lilac coloured shot Italian silk *glacé*; the skirt made very full, and trimmed down the front on each side with double facings of the same, slightly waved at the edge, which are bordered with a very *petit* edging; these facings are continued up each side of the high open corsage, finishing upon the shoulders; under chemisette high up to the throat, and composed of bands of worked muslin inlet, divided with fullings of narrow muslin; plain elbow sleeves; the top decorated with round *jockeys*, and the lower part with a small piping forming two lozenges, and a double plain row round the wrists, edged with a narrow row of white lace round the hand. Capote of a deep *velours épinglé*; the form of the brim is very much rounded at the ears, and small in the front, which is edged with a very small *tire bouchon* trimming of the same material as the bonnet; the crown decorated with an immense flat ostrich feather, cut square at the end.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of rich embroidered India muslin, forming a double skirt; the under having about the depth of a broad hem, formed by a row of dots, then a row of eyelet holes, through which is passed a narrow blue satin ribbon, and then a wreath of light embroidery encircling the dress; this is continued upon the second skirt, with the addition of the middle breadth being likewise embroidered, so as to form a kind of short robe, with the addition of ribbon passing through holes like that on the lower part of the *gympe*; the facing upon the half-high corsage is similarly ornamented and edged with a double row of broad English point lace, which also ornaments the short plain sleeve; *gympe* of rich point lace. Coiffure composed of lappets of white lace, forming a kind of rounded half-handkerchief on the top of the head, and attached on each side with a large pink shaded rose, with green velvet leaves.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a pale green *poult de soie*; the skirt made of an immense length and fullness, sitting over the hips in deep folds or plaits: *corsage à l'amazon*; the waist is extremely long, reaching to a little above the hips, and high up to the throat, the entire front of the dress being ornamented on each side with a fold of the same material as the dress, upon which are placed small round silk buttons at regular distances; these folds meet at the waist, and gradually widen as they ascend upon each side of the corsage, finishing in the seam upon the shoulder; elbow sleeves perfectly plain, and merely decorated with broad lace *manchettes*. Capote of drawn amber silk; form *à la Clarisse*; the point of the brim edged with a small cork-screw trimming of *areophane*; the crown ornamented with a red rose shaded white, and confining a wreath of narrow green leaves, which pass over the top of the crown.

260

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A silk morning dress; the body plain and high; the sleeves are plain, and rather tight; they have a broad open cuff, turned back and laced in the front of the arm; the sleeve is sufficiently short to shew the full under-sleeve of cambric; the skirt is very long, and exceedingly full; two rows of black lace *gympe* are placed on the front of the skirt, meeting at the waist, from thence they are carried to the neck of the dress; the space between the *gympe* being laced across with a rich fancy trimming, fastened by gold buttons. Mantelet of black velvet, lined and quilted with satin *couleur de rose*; it is bordered by two bands of black satin *en biais*; it has three fastenings composed of loops of satin and large oval satin buttons. Bonnet of satin *couleur de rose*; the front being covered by folds of the same; the form is small, and short at the ears; the flowers with which it is trimmed are without foliage.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of richly shaded silk; the body nearly high, and fitting tight; the waist is long and pointed both in the front and at the back; the sleeves are plain, and open at the back of the arm, being trimmed with black lace; the skirt is long, and immensely full; three deep flounces of black lace set on very full, and at equal distances, surround the bottom of the dress. Bonnet of white satin; the shape open, but falling back at the ears; it is trimmed across the crown with white lace; at the left side are three small bows of the same, in the front of which is placed a full blown rose, and long ends of lace, richly worked, droop below the curtain of the bonnet; the interior of the brim has two fullings of tulle, but there are no flowers in the cap; the strings are placed very forward, and are of plain satin ribbon.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of green plaided silk; the corsage plain and nearly high; the waist long and pointed; a small cape is attached to this dress, falling round the shoulders in the form of a *berthe*, and trimmed with two rows of fringe; the sleeves are plain, and rather large; a deep cuff is turned back from the wrist edged with fringe; the skirt has two flounces, the most prominent stripe going round the dress; each flounce is trimmed with a broad fringe. Bonnet of rich lavender satin; the brim open, and falling low at the ears; two rather broad fullings of satin surround the outer edge of the bonnet, and a double row of small puffs of satin are placed at the bottom of the crown; the interior is ornamented with small dark velvet flowers.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—The Duchess of Kent is here represented attired in a high dress of cachemire cloth, the corsage plain and fitting tight, the waist *à pointe*, the sleeves are plain, and have a plain broad cuff, below which falls a lace ruffle, the skirt is made exceedingly full and very long. Mantelet of black velvet, cut deep and round at the

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

bonnet, the favourite material being satin, and in colours of rather a lighter hue than those made of velvet. For instance, one composed of pink satin, having a broad fall of blonde falling back upon the front, and attached on each side with roses, forming upon the top of the *bavolet* a small wreath, or those à la *Clarisse* made of myrtle green satin lined with a violet velvet; and upon the front of the brim are placed four ribbons, two of which are composed of violet velvet, and two of green satin intermixed in a rectangular form, and having a very novel effect. The flowers which will be worn this season will be very nearly the same colour as the bonnets, dark shaded feathers being adopted for afternoon dress, and velvet and satin ribbons for *negligés* trimmed in the following way: on one side is a simple *nœud* of very broad satin ribbon, and on the other one in velvet. Capotes of satin are decorated with velvet; the *garniture* and material being of the same colour.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—Those most in vogue are made in the pelisse form, and of a charming French blue material, having broad facings of the *dentelle velours* in the same colour forming points, each extremity being fastened and finished by a *bouton Marquisé* in *passementerie*, and encircled with a steel rim; the corsage being made high, and in the amazonian form, with elbow sleeves à *deux coutures*, ornamented with facings à la *Louis XV.*, similar to those on the skirt. Several very elegant ones have also appeared of a form perfectly simple and plain, and made of violet coloured poplin (which is now in great favour) divided by squares marked out with a small silver thread. Pelisses of Pekin silk, which are now so much worn, are almost universally decorated with steel buttons, of which there are a great variety; some being formed square, others oval, whilst the greater number are made perfectly round, and as finely worked as the *Marcassites*. We have also remarked that small steel buckles being introduced, and placed so as to divide two coques of ribbon velvet.

FURS.—Ermine and sable are still considered as by far the richest and most *recherché* looking furs; but there is also another which classes with these, and which last year was in great favour with our *elegantés*. We are now speaking of the *grêbe* fur, which is a kind of greyish steel colour *doré*, something like the effect produced by the rays of the sun. No toilette will be considered perfect this season which is not decorated with fur. Broad volants of *martre* serves to ornament those comfortable and elegant looking *douillettes*. We may also mention that *les caprices* are entirely encircled with *grêbe* or ermine.

MANTEAUX will not certainly be the only envelope adopted still for a carriage costume. Nothing can be more convenient or comfortable. We may cite as an elegant model those made of satin or levantine, having broad *revers* or facings of velvet rounded upon the shoulders so as to form a pretty pelerine. *Les pelerines russes* is another kind of outer garment which will be very generally adopted, the lower corners of the skirt being rounded; full back; floating or loose fronts, and small square turn-over collars. We have also been shewn some very splendid

ones composed of a rich French blue velvet encircled with a splendid *sibeline* fur, and lined white satin most beautifully quilted.

LES ECHARPES ALBANAISES are still much worn striped crossways, and composed of a kind of ribbed worsted material, having somewhat the appearance of needle work. Some very elegant scarfs of velvet are also about to appear; they are embroidered, and have sleeves and small hoods, being intended for evening wear, theatres, &c. Also the *petit dolman*, which is made in pink or white satin embroidered with braid fastened at the throat with a beautiful cord and tassels, and lined throughout with splendid ermine.

PARDESSUS à la Catherine II., are now in great favour, and are particularly pretty when made of myrtle green satin, reaching as low as the top of the leg, and opening in the front on the *veste à la Louis XVI.* The present style of *petit pelisse* is also very pretty, composed of Italian silk, simply fullled all round, a plain piece surrounding the shoulders, and covered with a small turnover collar; this collar, as well as the opening of the sleeves, and the *tour* of the pelisse being encircled with a trimming about a hand's width, cut on the *biais* and fullled, whilst others are ornamented with a fringe having a plain heading, or what is still prettier, three narrow *garnitures* ascending one upon another, and edged with a very narrow fringe. The most predominant colours for this style of dress are dark blue or green, or a darkish shade of blue lilac. *Le gris feutre*, (or felt) is a colour that will also be much in vogue this winter. We must also cite those made in the *Louis Quatorze* style in satin à la *reine*; the skirt made of moderate width, and descending only as low as the knee, allowing of the front of the under-dress to be seen, and bordered all round with a broad black velvet; close fitting body, open up the front, edged with velvet, and attached by three bands of velvet, put on crossways; long sleeves, tight at the top, and rather wide at the lower part, similarly trimmed with velvet; the whole having a very elegant effect.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BURCH's lines on the Retirement of the late Duke of Sussex from the Freemasons, are not applicable, as the subject of them is no longer of this world. We therefore decline them.

"B. D." received.

"HERMAN, THE TYLER," certainly in our next.

"SOPHIA," under revision.

"CATO," shall be attended to.

"G. P." shall be gratified in our next.

"FANNY," declined with thanks.

BOOKS and MUSIC cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "WORLD OF FASHION" for that purpose.

LONDON:

J. D. BELL, PRINTER, 299, STRAND.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

put on about the width of the hem from the latter, and divided by a wreath of embroidery and a blue silk ribbon, forming a *coulisse*; the same style of embroidery is repeated upon the fold, ascending upon the seam on each side of the front, as well as the ribbon; the corsage is made half-high upon the shoulders, and very open in the front, turned back with a narrow piece, which is trimmed with a *coulisse*, or drawing, of narrow ribbon, the same colour as is on the skirt, and two rows of white lace; chemisette of embroidered *batiste*, with short sleeves, similarly decorated with lace; there are, also, an innumerable number made in pink, sky blue, and *gris glacé taffetas*, some trimmed with a delicate *passenterie*, whilst others are decorated with rich *volants* of lace, disposed *en spirales* all round the *jupe*. We must mention, in particular, one made of a *jaune d'Asie* colour, the garniture of which is not only simple, but has a very elegant effect, having seven rows of *chicorée*, cut of the same material as the dress, and which as it ascends, diminishes in thickness, and is divided with a *torsade* of satin. Those dresses composed of Indian muslin, have the corsages mostly formed *à la Grecque*, and lined with a light *transparent*; broad facings *doublées*, with a ribbon, terminated upon each side with a *naud* of silk, and long floating ends. Another elegant style are those made of *crêpe cachemire*, of a light green, ornamented with an *échelle* of velvet, confined at regular distances with amythist buttons, which also serves to attach the draperies on the corsage, that is upon the chest and sleeves.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are now mostly of a sombre hue, as well as those shot silks which produce all the colours of the rainbow! *glacé* silks are gradually disappearing, and giving place to plain colours; they are greatly preferred by our most distinguished *élégantes*. The only material which allows of a mixture of colours being the *Pékin damas*, which has a broad black stripe, upon a ground of maroon, blue and green; sometimes, indeed, the ground is of a lighter colour, such as pink or sky blue, the stripe being then of white *Pékinée*.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

This may be said with truth to be the commencement of the winter campaign, and a very brilliant one it promises to be. Our plates will testify that, early as it is in the season, the winter fashions have made some progress. Certainly the variety and richness of new materials increase with each successive year, as well as the style of the dresses, which are rendered every year more becoming to the figure, and elegant to the eye. We shall commence by citing those which appear most worthy of our fair readers' notice.

COIFFURES.—An elegant small kind of scarf, in shaded open-worked silk, ornamented with long tassels, has lately appeared destined for the forming of a pretty style of winter head-dress; they are twisted round the head, and have a very light and graceful effect; they are also ren-

dered more magnificent by being intermixed with gold, and trimmed with broad fringe, which floats gracefully over each side by the ears, having somewhat the appearance of a small turban. A very new style of *coiffure* are those made in light coloured silks, intermixed with steel and gold, and formed into *toques chefs*; the crowns of small caps finished with a roll of velvet, and other fancy head dresses. For full dress, turbans will be much worn, composed of Persian stuffs *lamée*, as well as the *colotte grecques*, and the Egyptian head-dress, the style and taste of which are so truly royal, and recalls the splendour of the middle ages; lastly, the *coiffure Isabelle* is in great favour, made in velvet or satin, and ornamented with beautiful embroideries and rich broad fringes.

LINGERIE has acquired within the last few years an importance *très particulière*. The latest novelty of which we have occasion to speak, is a *canezout* of muslin embroidered all round and upon the two sides of the front with small bunches of flowers placed a little apart, and ornamented with a blue silk ribbon, passing beneath each bouquet by means of small loops or holes, and forming a pretty *transparent* to the embroidery, trimmed all round with a lace slightly full; a small collar similarly embroidered is also decorated with a ribbon, and trimmed with lace. Another pretty style of *canezout* are those made of plain muslin, and decorated all round with a fulling of muslin *festonnée* upon each side, and *posée* upon a narrow ribbon of lilac silk.

TOILETTES DE VISITE.—We may venture to cite, as being by far the most *recherché* and distinguished looking, those made in *scabieuse* velvet, *à corsage Isabelle*, that is the lower part of the body is rounded upon the hips, and trimmed with a rouleau of *marbre* fur, which is also repeated upon the facings of the sleeves, two rows of the same rich fur decorating the lower part of the skirt. The *L'Alancon* lace is also used for the trimming of velvet dresses.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE are at this season of the year in greater request than at any other, and are without number, being made for all hours, to suit all tastes, both as regards health or imagination; from the white flannel, encircled with a plaiting of pink or blue ribbon all round, just like those in white cachemire lined with blue satin, or those in levantine of a pearl grey *doublée* with pink *florence*, and encircled with a broad plain *galon*. Several extremely pretty ones are now made of myrtle green cachemire, and trimmed with *revers* or facings of emerald green velvet, lined with white *moire*; the alcoves of these *robes de chambre* are very various, some being made to open up the side, and fastened with a double row of buttons, leaving sufficient space to allow of the under-alcove showing, whilst others are made quite straight *à revers*, and others *à la religieuse*.

LES COIFFURES EN CHEVEUX will still be worn low at the back of the head, and the fashion of ornamented combs being about to be revived, they will doubtless be very general this winter. The most elegant are decorated with diamonds, cameos, Marcassite, &c.

CAPOTES.—Nothing is more elegant than this style of

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

MORNING CAPS are principally decorated with a pretty English lace, put on in the form of a *colimaçon*, each row being separated by means of small *coques* of pink ribbon. Another pretty style of cap, is one composed of tulle, trimmed upon the front with two rows of broad lace, which entirely conceals the foundation, and is ornamented upon the centre of the head with a *demi-wreath* of *petits choux* of red velvet, and terminated upon each side over the ears with a bunch or *chou* rather larger than the rest, having long ends depending from it. Then, again, there are those formed without any trimming, being simply composed of a foundation of *guipure*, bordered with a broad ribbon of pink silk, and decorated over the ears with a bouquet of pink daisies. One particularly elegant is made of *guipure royale*, lined with a double gauze of two colours, namely, orange and citron, and trimmed with *choux* formed of velvet leaves, intermixed in these two colours. The bonnet *catalan* is another very elegant style of cap, formed of two English lace lappets, having a small square piece in the same light texture; it is supported by the back plat of hair, and which is surrounded with the narrow plate of gold sustaining the veil worn with the *catalan* cap.

NEW MATERIALS are of such infinite variety, that it is quite impossible to make a catalogue of them, and as we only wish to give those of the most elegant description, we must content ourselves with selecting the following, namely:—*Les Pékins brochés*, *les gros de tours Pompadour*, *les satins d'Orient*, with their rich patterns in *reliefs* of all colours, *les damas aux dessins veloutés*, *les tissus d'Alhambra*, *les satins de Chine*, *les Memphis*, and those enchanting *alcayones* in shot colours, the ground work being in a thousand charming patterns. We must not forget to mention, also, those worsted stuffs which are in request for *negligé* costume, particularly those in pearl grey upon a silver grey, diversified with satin stripes, being by far the prettiest thing new worn. Then, again, those in plain colours, à *rayures*, formed by *câblés brochés*, or those having the stripes running crossways. Some very pretty stuffs intended for *petites toilettes*, are also much in request, called the *grenadine cachemire*; also satins, *levantines*, *Pékins*, upon which are disposed shaded patterns; they are considered in very good taste for *négligés* and visiting costumes.

DRESSES.—Those composed of *poult de soie* are most in vogue for the moment; they are principally decorated round the lower part of the skirt with six rows of narrow lilac fringe, the bodies formed half-high, and frilled into the waist, having a *demi-pelerine* fastening at the back, and edged top and bottom with a similar fringe; plain sleeves, decorated with six rows of fringe, put on at equal distances up the whole length of the sleeve; *guimpe* of plaited muslin, edged with an embroidered inlet all round the neck; mantelet of black lace. Another very elegant style of dress is made in blue Italian silk, trimmed with a broad flounce *dentelé*, and surmounted by a second one very narrow, similarly *dentelé*, and forming a heading to the broad one; plain body, made high upon the shoulders, and forming two deep points upon the front, which

are also decorated with facings *dentelés*; plain sleeves and round *jockeys*, likewise *dentelés*. Those composed of *foulard*, are mostly in plain colours, the front of the skirt ornamented with a double row of *Marquises* buttons put on upon a double *revers*, bordered with a very narrow lilac fringe; half-high corsage, fastened half way up the front with buttons, and ornamented with facings, joining those on the skirt plain.

REDINGOTES for a *negligé toilette*, we know of no form so suitable as those made in the *pelisse* fashion. We cannot do better than select the following model, it being intended to be worn by our young Sovereign, made in *Pékin* silk, of a dark blue, and trimmed in triple rows of narrow black lace, put on plain on the two sides of the front, and which also serves to decorate the body, facings, and sleeves. Another very elegant one is composed of broad stripes, the one being a shaded dark lilac, the other stripe black satin, worked over with a pearl-lace pattern. The corsage is full into the waist in folds, which forms a kind of fan upon the chest, and ascends a little less high than the throat, so as to allow of a little of the under *guimpe* showing, which is decorated with a magnificent light-looking lace fulling, so as to touch the top of the dress, the lower part of the skirt being ornamented with four rows of double folds of velvet, alternate black and lilac, the lowest fold being considerably wider than the rest; folds of the same description, but quite straight, are placed upon the sleeves as far as the bend of the arm, where it terminates in a rounded form on each side, allowing the sleeve to be a little open towards the lower part; sleeves with broad facings, edged with fringe; *guimpe* of muslin. Another very elegant costume is composed of *moire*, in satin stripes, the colour *gris d'acier*, trimmed with broad fringes, composed of a mixture of silk and steel; the corsage is made high and open upon the front of the chest, accompanied by a small *rabat*, forming a kind of half-handkerchief, descending as low as the waist, and edged with a similar fringe; short sleeves, similarly decorated with two rows of fringe; long sleeves may be attached, the lower part being made rather wide and open, so as to allow of the under white lace sleeve showing. Lastly, a dress of plain dark blue *grenadine*, lined with silk of the same colour, and trimmed with five broad flounces, entirely covered with narrow ribbon velvet, a little wider than a flat boot lace, and of the same colour as the dress; this velvet is also placed upon the top of the body, and likewise serves to ornament the sleeves, reaching from the epaulet to the wristband; these sleeves are formed *demi-larges*, and are loose at the lower part, the underneath ones being composed of English point lace, like the chemisette.

MATERIALS FOR EVENING DRESS.—The most elegant are those made in a beautiful black lace, and which may be worn with either a high or low body, if the former, they are lined with black satin, and if the latter, with pink satin. For trimmings or head-dress, pink and black velvet ribbons are considered the most elegant. Another and a lighter style of evening dress are those made of *Tarlatane*, the skirt trimmed with a broad fold,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

back, the ends in the front falling nearly to the bottom of the dress, are left square at the corners, and trimmed with folds of satin *en biais*, the opening at the front of the arm has a facing of velvet, edged with a fold of satin, the corners finished by two satin buttons; a small velvet collar is turned back, open a little on the shoulders, the fronts taking the form of small lappels, the corners having a button to correspond with those at the arm, and is also edged with a fold or band of satin. Bonnet of blue satin, the shape open and short at the ears; loops of satin ribbon, of the same colour, are placed on the right side of the crown, and a splendid feather droops over the front of the bonnet, falling low at the left side.

AUTUMN COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—The Princess Royal is here represented attired in a dress of blue twilled cachemire, the skirt having a deep hem and two tucks, each headed by a narrow silk embroidery; the body and sleeves are plain, the latter having a narrow cuff edged as the tucks, and two rows of embroidery round the top of the arm; a deep *berthe* cape is round the neck of the frock, also embroidered; a large cape of the same material, lined with blue satin and worked to correspond, completes the costume for promenade. Bonnet of pink velvet, approaching to the gypsy form, is simply trimmed with ribbon of black velvet.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Her Majesty Queen Victoria is here represented attired in a dress of green satin, the body nearly high, and fitting tight to the figure; the waist long and pointed; the sleeves are plain, deep cuffs of rich Honiton lace being worn with them; the skirt is perfectly plain, but immensely full and very long. Black satin cloak, the fullness set into a gusset or plain piece; a deep fall of satin, the edge indented or scalloped, and trimmed with a narrow but rich fancy silk trimming, is placed at the bottom of the gusset at the back, and terminates at the front of the shoulder; a collar trimmed to correspond, falls over and covers the gusset; the cloak is lined throughout with pink satin quilted; it is simply hemmed at the bottom; the fronts are finished by a piece *en biais*, turned back, the edge indented and trimmed to correspond with the frills; large open sleeves, lined and frilled, add to the ease and elegance of this splendid carriage costume. Bonnet of pink satin, the shape open, and falling low at the ears; the trimming is composed of pale roses, without foliage, those of the interior to correspond. A magnificent Honiton veil is thrown over the front of the bonnet.

YOUNG LADY'S MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 4.—A dress of white *poult de soie*; the skirt perfectly plain, but very long and full; the body fitting tight, is half-high, and finished round the top of the corsage by a fulling or reverse plaiting of the same material, edged with narrow corded bands; beautifully worked chemisette, finished at the throat by a *râche* of net. *Tablier* of pale pink *taffetas*, made exceedingly full, the corners of each breadth is turned back a little; the body fastens behind, the backs being of the same form as the fronts, with the exception of the four narrow bands, which form a *stomacher*; the epaulettes are very large.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

The moment is at hand when all our *modistes* are on the alert after the winter fashions, and as we are in duty bound both to assist and instruct them, our researches have been more than ever deep and universal. The richness and good taste which they display, amply indemnify us for any trouble or anxiety we may have had in the selection of them, and we trust upon looking over our plates for the present month, they will be such as will meet the tastes of those kind friends whom we so much wish to please. We will commence by giving the latest fashions in

BONNETS.—Some of our leading fashionables have been most anxious to know if bonnets of the *Pamela* form will continue to be worn this winter. We can now answer them decidedly, that it will be, and moreover, that it has been unanimously proclaimed as being by far the prettiest and most graceful style that can be adopted. Still there is another form talked of as being more suitable for morning wear, and which is called the *Clarisse Harlowe*, being perfectly English in its cut, and so prettily decorated by our first-rate milliners, as to give it a most charming and distinguished effect, differing from the *Pamela* in this, that although it is equally shallow at the ears, and raised in the front, it is not closed so much at the cheeks. They are generally made of black velvet, and in capotes of dark-coloured satin. Those of the *Pamela* form, vary both as to material and trimmings. We may, however, cite as being the most general, those made in green velvet, and decorated with a green ribbon, bordered with black velvet, a plain feather shaded green and black, and a magnificent fall of black Chantilly lace, put on round the edge of the front, and also the curtain, the top of the *brides* in the interior being ornamented with roses, shaded *cerise* and white encircling the face. We may here mention also, that *demi-veils*, or rather falls, some in English *alemon*, *maline*, or Chantilly laces and blondes, will be much worn, being perfectly adapted for the present style of bonnets. It is the same also with flowers, which are replacing those ribbons decorating each side of the temples under the *Pamela* form of bonnet. We may also remark that the small roses are most worn, as being the freshest and most natural looking flowers. A very elegant kind of bonnet are those made of velvet, in the colour *feutre* (or felt), lined with blue velvet, and decorated with a plain feather, in the same two colours, the under part ornamented with roses similar to those we have mentioned above. Also a *chapeau* of dark blue velvet, the left side being trimmed with leaves of velvet, put on and attached, and intermixed with black lace, a pretty *nœud* of velvet ornamenting the opposite side of the crown. It is worthy of remark that the present style of decorating the bonnets is richer than in any preceding season; *les plumes quadrillées*, shaded in Indian pink, *les panaches brillantés colibre* being the newest and most charming novelties in feathers used for ornamenting *les chapeaux*.



Illustrations of the Dress of the 17th Century









The Duchess of Kent. The Princess Royal. The Queen.
The Last & Newest London & Paris Fashions 1853 Morning Dresses

THE WORLD OF FASHION

Monthly Magazine,

OF THE COURTS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

FASHIONS, LITERATURE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, AND THE THEATRES.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1845.

T H E R E S E ;
OR, THE ORATOR'S PROGRESS.

" As when of old, some orator renowned
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute ! to some great cause addressed,
Stood in himself collected ; while each part
Motion, each act won audience." MILTON.

CHAPTER I.

In a city to the south of France, which we shall not name, fearful that our readers might seek and find in substantial flesh and bone, the hero of our present tale. This hero was named Demosthenes—fatal name—which in infancy consigned him to the artificial eloquence of a distinguished barrister. But how had he received the grand name of Demosthenes ? Very simply, because he chanced to come into the world in the glorious years of the French republic, when every male infant was destined to be called Brutus, Themistocles, Aristides, Numa, or Demosthenes.

Demosthenes was the son of a provincial advocate, who by dint of talking, incessant arguing, and blustering affectation, had usurped a species of reputation in his department, for which neither his education nor genius fitted him to hold.

Ambitious of seeing his own eloquence perpetuated in his race, he prepared his son for it, first by naming him Demosthenes ; and afterwards, when he had gone through the country school, or college, as he pompously called it, by sending him to Paris to study the law.

" Go, my son," said he, with a studied self-sufficient air and attitude, which he conceived to be irresistible, " Go, and return to me at a future day worthy of the great name that I have given to you."

The worthy father allowed this distinguished scion two thousand francs a year, which, in plain English, amounted to eighty pounds per annum ; and his mother added to this sum the fruit of her economical scrapings for the years that had gone by.

This mother was a simple, well-meaning, and excellent woman, who as firmly believed in the future glory of her son, as she did in the actual superiority of her husband
VOL. XXII.—No. 261.

over all the rest of mankind. She was full of weakness towards her son, as the generality of mothers are who inhabit that part of the country ; they become the flatterers of their children, and in return receive insolence and disrespect.

Furnished with a good round sum, and provided with a yearly allowance, more than sufficient for his wants, Demosthenes was scarcely installed in Paris till he gave himself, unreservedly to the delights of the capital. He frequented the theatres and other places of pastime ; but even in these amusements he constantly recollected, that as he was destined to eclipse all the advocates that had ever reigned before him on the throne of popularity, so he must prepare himself for the brilliant position he was to hold, by preparing his intelligent mind for so glorious a future.

Now the dramatic art appeared to him a powerful auxiliary to the art of oratory. Two unhappy passions simultaneously developed themselves in him—eloquence and poetry—not that he made verses, even of the most contemptible character, for his mind was even beneath that power ; but he loved the sing-song rhyming of poetry, without feeling one of its charms. And this reminds me that I have forgotten to give even a glance at the portrait of Demosthenes. Behold him then, at the interesting age of twenty, extremely low in stature, with a figure lank, mean-looking, and awkward ; hands white and bony ; his head thickly covered with brown hair, closely cut ; his forehead slightly elevated ; his black eyes bright and lively, as are in general the eyes of the Southerns, even the least intelligent ; but his aquiline nose gave to his countenance an air of distinction. In mind, he was low, envious, and ambitious, wishing to make the world believe that he possessed all the capabilities of a great orator. Notwithstanding his mediocrity, he had, by a species of self-sufficiency, (a quality, which with vulgar minds takes the place of genius and intelligence,) acquired a sort of scientific and literary gloss, which, in a provincial town would draw down upon him the admiration of the ignorant and uninitiated.

He followed the courses of the most skillful professors of the day : and without either comprehending their

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

philosophical or political import, he retained like an echo their high sounding sentences, the judicious application of which would, at a later period, be the foundation of his popularity.

But there was one great defect in the organization of Demosthenes, which he lamented exceedingly himself, and that was, that his voice, like his illustrious patron of antiquity, was feeble, and that he stammered considerably; but he hoped that as exercise developed and strengthened the bodily functions, so would habitual declamation produce the same result upon his voice and utterance. From thence his passion for declamation knew no bounds, and he was wonderfully aided in his dramatic studies by one of those chances which so often occur in Paris.

In the hotel where he lodged, and on the same floor on which he was located, dwelt a figurante of one of the Parisian theatres, a tall, large woman of five feet several inches in height, brown and fresh, although she had passed her thirtieth year, shewing somewhat unsparingly fine broad shoulders and brawny arms. Demosthenes naturally made the acquaintance, and more than the acquaintance of Leocadie. The beautiful widow (for ladies in her position are always widows) was married to a rich merchant in Havre, who, in the summing up of his affairs, died in debt, leaving to Leocadie nought but a cultivated mind, and literary taste, which led her instinctively to the stage for support.

Demosthenes believed the woman's tale, as if it were a veritable history. He had a theatrical mind himself, which habituated him to make a parade of fictitious sentiments, and rendered him incapable of detecting in others the absence of truth.

Leocadie took lessons in elocution, and practised the dramatic art as a figurante at one of the minor theatres, a position which she never would have condescended to hold, she assured Demosthenes, but for the purpose of surmounting by degrees the terror the boards inspired in one of her timid and retiring nature.

The intimacy between Demosthenes and Leocadie soon assumed a most intimate and inseparable appearance. The love of art had united them, as they had pompously described their intimacy at a later period. Gifted with a clear voice, and correct pronunciation, the figurante took upon herself the dramatic education of the future advocate, and commenced by endeavouring to teach him the art of modulating and strengthening his voice. Demosthenes adored her through mere gratitude. What an advantage to find in the lady of his love a clever and intelligent instructress. And then, again, these love lessons cost him nothing, which gave them a great charm in his mind, for already had the germs of instinctive avarice been imbedded in his nature.

Demosthenes forgot himself for a long time in the double intoxication which he found in his new attachment. In vain his father recalled him to sustain his drooping eloquence, but Demosthenes urged in his refusal that there were some years of study yet wanting to render him perfect in his profession. But all temporal matters must have a termination. Demosthenes felt that he was now per-

fect in declamation; and the figurante told him he was beyond her instruction. And the world assured him of the same, for he had made his theatrical *débüt* before an admiring audience; but how was he to leave his loved instructress—how burst the attachment that had existed triumphantly for ten years—how abandon to despair, perhaps suicide, this attached woman? But the death of his father, and his consequent recall to his home, left him no option. Fortune and fame recalled him from his dream of bliss, and he felt it as a duty he owed his country to allow that overflow of eloquence with which he was gifted, to plead for their use and benefit.

He left Paris the same day that Leocadie was to make her *débüt* in a melodramatic piece, and ere he started forwarded to her the following note:—

"I leave you with less regret, in consequence of seeing you about to emerge from a position in which your talents were completely obscured. Your *débüt* will be a brilliant one, and the Theatre Français will soon invite you to distinction. Oh! my Semiramide, will you remember me in your glory?"

Unfortunately for Leocadie, she was most unmercifully hissed at her *débüt* on that night; and to console herself, she could think of no better expedient than to go in pursuit of her runaway lover. The very next day she mounted the diligence, and followed the route that her lover had passed but twelve hours before.

CHAPTER II.

After an absence of ten years, Demosthenes arrived in his native town. Now he now longer stuttered, but was superb in his imperturbable calmness, and irresistible eloquence. True he had become both thinner and paler than when he left, and his hair began to have a greyish tinge, although he was but thirty: but an observer would have thought at least that he was ten years older.

The mother of Demosthenes passed the first months of her widowhood in a beautiful bathing lodge which her husband had purchased, on the banks of the sea, in order that he might repose quietly from the fatigues of his profession. It was here, surrounded by her family, that she awaited the arrival of her son.

Demosthenes had but one sister, who had married, during his absence, a rich merchant named Armand, who had been left an orphan in early life, with the care and responsibility of two sisters younger than himself. Madame Delvil, his eldest sister, who had already passed her thirtieth year, was solicitous of concealing her age. Married to an old man, who left her at perfect liberty to act the well bred coquette, she saw with envy and dislike her beautiful sister growing into womanhood. This charming girl had just attained her eighteenth year, with an open and noble expression of countenance, and endowed with mind and intellect of a superior order, which had only been half aroused by its contact with the vulgar and jealous world. Therese Armand was to her sister an object of fearful rivalry; whilst the graces of the young girl were daily developing themselves, the mature charms of her sister were becoming hourly less attractive, and at times

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

threatened to be obscured for ever. This is a period in the life of a woman devoted to the world and its vanities, full of bitterness and regret. With this feeling Madame Delvil resolutely combatted, but still it dwelt within her, and caused her to exhibit not very amiable feelings towards the calm and joyous Therese, who was becoming every day more lovely. With the mother of Demosthenes this lively girl was a great favourite.

As to Therese, herself, she felt truly delighted to pass some months with the good widow, in her beautiful retreat upon the borders of the sea, far from the worldly and vulgar *ménage* of her sister. She had gained more in mind and imagination during these weeks of solitude, than she had acquired in the preceding years of her dreamy existence. The father of Demosthenes, wishing to impose himself upon the world as an erudite and highly gifted man, furnished himself with two libraries—one in the country, and the other in town; and his widow, who was sinless of ever having perused a complete work in her life, never suspected that the least danger could accrue to a young girl, by reading all the literary works so indiscriminately mingled together, from Ovid's art of love to the newest code of laws.

Therese, by this means, read the poets, the historians, and the romancists. Clarissa Harlowe filled her with tearful sympathy—Coruma exalted her imagination. The new *Héloïse* was read by her without danger; Julia seemed to her spiritless and pedantic; and St. Preux but a sorrowful personification. Shut up in the library of the deceased advocate, this young girl devoured volume after volume, whilst the good widow was looking after her poultry and rabbits, and her kitchen garden.

Thus she employed the burning hours of the day, when exercise was impossible from the heat, and when the evening breeze came fresh and invigorating from the sea, she would seat herself under a foliage of pine trees, which looked upon the river, and dream of future days, her heart dilating as she viewed the matchless scene nature had placed before her.

Sometimes the good widow would accompany her, then the young girl was distracted from her accustomed reveries by the conversation of her companion, whose constant theme was the praises of her son, the greatness of his mind, and superiority of his genius, which would shed a lustre upon his house, and a glory upon his name.

Insensibly the thoughts of the young girl were drawn towards the image of the young Parisian, whose mind was represented to her as being so refined, intellectual, and amiable; and at times, in her reveries, when the setting sun presented so entrancing a picture in the calm clear water, an ideal, but dear portrait, would present itself in her solitude, and that was the exalted likeness which she had drawn of Demosthenes, from his mother's colouring. She was in this disposition of mind, when a letter from the hero of her dreams, announced to the happy widow the day on which she might expect her beloved son, and that it was his intention, before he showed himself in the town, to go at once and embrace his mother in the country, where he would remain a week or ten days, in

order to repose himself from the fatigues caused by his journey.

The day so ardently desired by the mother, and so anxiously expected by Therese, at length arrived. From the morning Mr. and Mrs. Armand, together with Mrs. Delvil, were dressed in their most becoming attire, and seated anxiously at the open casement.

As the precise hour of his arrival was not known, the good mother kept constantly running to and fro, giving orders about the dinner, and assisting the cook, in order that the first repast she should offer her son, might be exquisite in all its minutest points. Mr. Armand walked with his wife in the little garden, conversing like a skillful advocate on matters of business.

"I hope your brother will behave towards us with justice and generosity; and that although the unjust will of your father has given him power, that he will use it with liberality."

Madame Delvil passed the hours of expectation in her chamber, walking from her mirror to the window, and from the window to her mirror again, watching the most indistinct sound, and arranging with better effect the little knots of ribbon by which her dress was adorned, and thinking that the amiable Parisian advocate would form a most happy accession to their monotonous circle.

As to Therese, seated under a waving acacia tree, she was entranced in the perusal of a work, the burning and poetic language of which was fast initiating her soul. The image of Demosthenes floated in her ardent vision, when suddenly she heard a noise—she remained immovable, her heart palpitated audibly, a tear escaped her eyelids, and fell upon the open leaf of the book she had been reading; but by a sudden effort she arrested her emotion, gave an infantine and merry laugh, her mind revolted against her heart, and she willingly yielded to the opposition. Notwithstanding the seductions with which she adorned the adored phantom of her mind, yet the name of Demosthenes always appeared to her supremely ridiculous; and she thought that, as a man of mind and sense, he would rid himself as quickly as possible of such an appellative.

With this idea she arose, and with alow steps proceeded to the saloon. Demosthenes had not yet arrived. All the family had been drawn thither, as well as Therese, by a false alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Armand were calmly awaiting the arrival; the mother was anxious and troubled, fearing that her beloved son might have met with some accident on the road. Madame Delvil, seated beside a little glass window, which opened upon the balcony, played with a beautiful fan, or coquettishly arranged the strings of a charming cap, that set off her very pretty face to the greatest advantage; sometimes her attention was fixed upon the folds of her black satin dress, which made her still graceful figure appear to the greatest perfection.

To see Madame Delvil *alone*, she would certainly attract admiration and attention; but by the side of her youthful and blooming sister, she was a mere wreck. She felt this, and involuntarily from time to time she cast looks of envy upon the beautiful and serene girl who was seated beside her, with her elbow leaning upon the table,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

upon which reposed the book, which she still continued to read. Her fair hair in clustering ringlets concealed her sweet face, as well as her snowy neck and marble shoulders. A simple robe of white muslin, trimmed with lace, displayed to perfection her fine and elastic figure; the sleeves were short, and left to view an arm which was a fit model for a Grecian statuary.

This was she, incomparable in her exquisite beauty, and her envious sister, in endeavouring to discover a defect in her charms, was obliged to admit that it was not without ample reason she was called "the Pearl of the Province."

Whilst they were thus given up to their various occupations, the shades of evening approached.

All at once the crack of a postilion's whip was heard.

"Well, this must be him," cried the anxious mother; and finding her legs suddenly grow young, she flew down the passage where she knew her son would arrive.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand followed her, though with a more moderate step. Madame Delvil prepared her sweetest smile, and most seducing look, and descended from the balcony.

Therese remained alone, standing upon the threshold of the door, to all appearance perfectly indifferent to what was passing around, but in reality internally excited; for at the moment she saw the young man, whose features she could not distinguish, pressed in the arms of his mother, she gave to the shadow before her all the irresistible seductions with which she had clothed the hero of her dreams, and abandoning herself anew to the feelings of her heart, she cried mentally,

"Oh! my God, can I have deceived myself. Will it be as I have hoped? Shall I obtain his fondest love?"

CHAPTER III.

After having embraced his mother, his sister, and his brother-in-law, and gallantly kissed the white hand extended to him by Madame Delvil, Demosthenes entered the saloon which was but faintly lighted, and perceiving Therese, he with the most unembarrassed air kissed her forehead, looking upon her as an amiable child, whom his mother had so often spoken of in her letters. The young girl trembled at this first kiss so coldly given, but which was received by her with an emotion ardent and profound. She remained for some moments standing with her eyes cast down, as if she was afraid that a single look would destroy the ineffable happiness she felt; at last she determined to look at Demosthenes.

This first look perfectly disenchanted her; she saw that he was old and ugly; but he spoke, and the sound of his voice charmed her. His Parisian accent, so sweet, so correct, was a striking contrast to the inharmonious jargon she was daily in the habit of hearing, and sounded in her ear like harmonious music. He spoke of Paris, of the magnificence of its monuments, of the eloquence of its orators, of the perfection of its artists, and of the power and celebrity of its writers. He recited verses from the most distinguished poets, with all of whose works he said he was conversant. He boasted, he exaggerated, and he

produced a grand effect. Therese listened to him delighted, although he expressed himself in an ordinary manner. Yet the subjects were novel, and attracted the curiosity of the artless girl. Madame Delvil smirked and smiled, and questioned, and complimented Demosthenes, devoting herself altogether to him, and forcing from him all his attention. For the first time, Therese suffered from the irritating coquetry of her sister. Her candid mind revolted against it; she asked herself what could be Madame Delvil's object in exciting his attention, or provoking his gallantry, and she felt a sort of contempt for her sister during the remainder of the evening. Demosthenes had scarcely looked at Therese; but few as were his glances, he saw that she was extremely beautiful. But he imagined that she was not one burdened with mind, because she occupied herself more in listening, than in showing off her own powers, and therefore had kept a strict silence. When Therese retired to her chamber, she wept. "He is noble, well informed, and distinguished," thought she; I love him, but he loves me not—he loves my sister." And, for the first time in her life, she felt a sensation of jealousy.

CHAPTER IV.

Having passed a restless and unhappy night, Therese arose early the next morning, and entering the library, took from it a volume, and seated herself in her favourite spot on the banks of the sea. Engrossed in the subject, which spoke of love—love, deep and impassioned, she read aloud. The noise of a footstep interrupted her, and turning her head, she perceived Demosthenes, and became visibly agitated.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I have been indiscreet in thus intruding upon you, when you are most likely engaged in your morning devotions. But no," he continued, with astonishment, "you are reading a work of Lamartine's—and my favourite one, too. Oh! how many times have I declaimed that very passage." And taking the book from the hand of Therese, he commenced reciting in his most insinuating voice and attitude, which at this very early hour in the morning appeared still more captivating to the entranced soul of the beautiful girl. It was the language of the poet that captivated her, but she involuntarily attributed this charm to the voice and manners of Demosthenes. Soon she imagined that those beautiful verses were a translation of his own feelings. At this thought, tears started into the eyes of Therese, and trickled down her cheeks. Demosthenes delighted with the effect he had produced, exclaimed,

"Is it not beautiful? And now I shall read Racine for you, and you shall listen to the declaration of Neron to Jupia. You have often heard of Talma." And he at once commenced declaiming with a skillfulness of imitation which quite entranced her.

They walked for some time on the banks of the river and in the pine wood. At the breakfast hour the uproarious voice of Mr. Armand warned them that they had outstaid their time, and that the family awaited breakfast for their return. Therese, annoyed at this interruption,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

passed her brother without speaking, and rejoined the ladies, who were already assembled in the breakfast parlour.

"What a charming girl your sister is," said Demosthenes, with the patronizing air of a connoisseur.

"Yes, indeed she is," simply replied the honest merchant; "she is esteemed the most beautiful girl in the province, without speaking of her mind, which astonishes us all, as we know not where she got such exalted intellect."

"Yes, in truth, her mind is surprising," replied Demosthenes.

"Several rich suitors have already presented themselves," said the brother, "but she will only marry a man well brought up, and with a mind of more than ordinary cultivation."

At this moment they entered the breakfast parlour.

"What, monsieur," said Madame Delvil, assuming a coy air, "is it the fashion in Paris, for gentlemen to keep the ladies waiting?"

"It is entirely the fault of your captivating sister," said Demosthenes, with a bow of gallantry to Therese.

"Indeed!" drily replied Madame Delvil.

"Yes, madame, I forgot the time in reading some beautiful verses, and your sister understood them so well, that she encouraged my feeble talent."

"I have all along predicted," said the good mother, with perfect *naïveté*, "that you would be very good friends, as you have both the same tastes."

"And do you, sir," demanded Madame Delvil, with a supercilious sneer, "approve of a young girl devoting her time to the reading of romances and love poems?"

"Oh!" said her brother, "the love we contract by books, does not carry us to such extremes as other species of attachments."

Madame Delvil cast a glance of sovereign contempt at her brother, and continued addressing Demosthenes.

"At Paris, are fools of my sister's description tolerated in society?"

"In Paris, madam," said Demosthenes, "women are highly appreciated for having sufficient intelligence to devote themselves to the beauties of literature."

"Thank you for that reply," thought Therese.

Madame Delvil was disconcerted, and, in order to relieve her embarrassment, she assumed an engaging and amiable smile, and addressed the young girl.

Demosthenes, after hearing of the numerous sieges that had been made on Therese's heart without success, began to think that the conquest was reserved for himself. The evening before, on his arrival, the coquetry of Madame Delvil had attracted him; but when he saw in the clear light of day the graces of thirty beside the fresh bloom of eighteen, he accused himself of want of taste in not at once bowing to the incomparable beauty of the modest Therese.

The remembrance of the superannuated charms of Leocadie, only rendered him more amenable to the seductions of the youthful Therese. In this disposition of mind, he thought of nought but the charms of the young

girl. Madame Delvil, after dinner, retired to her apartment in order to try the charms of a fresh toilet, concluding that the dress she had worn in the morning had failed in its effect. Therese withdrew to the little library, and Demosthenes directly followed. They conversed together of Paris, the conversation of Demosthenes borrowing a lively interest from the remembrance of all he had seen. That of the young girl was naturally joyous, dignified, and intellectual, but they were suddenly interrupted by the noise of a carriage driving up the approach to the house. Demosthenes ran towards the window, and an exclamation of surprise and terror escaped him. In the carriage that was now stopping at the door, he recognized Leocadie.

CHAPTER V.

Demosthenes, with the rapidity of lightning, closed the window, and rushing towards the door, locked it; then approaching Therese, he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Therese," said he, with peculiar emphasis, "in the name of Heaven I conjure you to give me a proof of your affection!"

Terrified by his strange position and solemn tone, Therese instantly arose and approached the door, which she was about opening, when Demosthenes cried in an entreating tone of voice,

"Oh! Therese, fear me not I beseech of you, but listen to me!"

"And what is it I am to listen to," said Therese, trembling perceptibly, and her face covered with blushes.

"You have inspired me with an attachment, respectful as it is sincere; and in exchange for my heart's best feelings, will you not deign to give me your confidence—your friendship?"

"In what way?" demanded Therese.

"In believing what I shall tell you, rather than what you yourself may hear, and in not seeking to penetrate beyond the limits of my confidence."

"And what shall I hear," asked Therese, with a presentiment of coming evil?"

"You shall soon know," said Demosthenes, "but consent not to witness the scene, but remain here one-quarter of an hour, and I shall return to you."

"These conditions are easily complied with," said Therese, smiling; "for I have often remained hours together shut up here of my own free will."

"Oh, thanks," cried Demosthenes, taking this reply for a perfect consent to his wishes, and opening the door he took out the key and locked it on the outside.

"What, a prisoner!" exclaimed Therese; "this I shall certainly not consent to; open the door, I desire, sir."

Demosthenes heard her not, the uproarious voice of Leocadie alone fell upon his ear at this moment, and he rushed forward to encounter the storm.

Therese approached the window, and saw the carriage draw up to the entrance. A female descended from it. Therese could alone distinguish a black mantilla and a

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

green veil. Was this lady, she thought, young and beautiful, or old and ugly. The young girl gave herself up to conjecture. But it mattered not now, as she was sure from his declaration that morning, that she herself was the sole object of his love. It therefore was a subject of little consequence who this female was, as she was certain Demosthenes loved her not. This thought was sweet to her, and she resigned herself to its indulgence. Thus calm and contented, she seated herself on the shelf of the window.

CHAPTER VI.

"Demosthenes! Demosthenes!" cried Leocadie, frantically, as she cleared the door of the saloon, where the widowed mother, her daughter, and her son-in-law were seated.

"What is your pleasure, madame?" said Mr. Armand, rising in amazement.

"What is my pleasure?" replied the figurante, "is not the ingrate here then?" and she commenced acting from real life a scene of the abandoned Ariadne.

At this moment Demosthenes entered. Indignation yielded to love in the heart of Leocadie, and rushing towards the unfaithful swain, she caught him in her muscular arms, and nearly suffocated him with her embraces. After several unsuccessful efforts, our hero at length disengaged himself.

"Madam!" said he, in a cold grave tone, "the strongest proof you can now give me of your tenderness, is to remount your vehicle, and I solemnly promise that I will rejoin you in a few minutes, when I will conduct you to the town. You understand well," added he, "that there is some explanation necessary to give to my mother and sister," and in speaking thus he led the figurante towards the door.

"I consent," she murmured; "but if you do not join me in ten minutes, I shall return."

Scarcely had she disappeared, ere the mother, the sister, and the brother-in-law, cried out with one voice,

"Who is this woman, and what does she want here?"

"The fact is," said Demosthenes, "this woman is passionately attached to me, and cannot live without me."

"Why this is overstepping the bounds of all prudence," cried the astonished mother.

"But what an extremely ugly woman she is," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Armand.

"She has been very beautiful," said Demosthenes, and is now one of our first tragedians."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the scandalized mother, "I always feared Paris would be your ruin."

"Make your mind easy, mother, for I shall never marry that woman; but I owe her some gratitude for her devotion, her misfortunes, and her talent. I shall return with her to the town, make her understand her position, and I shall see you directly."

At these words he disappeared, and directing his steps towards the window of the library, he perceived Therese, and approaching her, said:—

"I have come to deliver you," and putting the key in the door, he unlocked it; "and many thanks," he continued, "for your condescension; and now give me another proof of your kindness, by not accusing me during my short absence, and at my return I will tell you all. That woman who has followed me here has been very beautiful, very seductive, and has loved me very much. As to me, Therese, I knew not what love was until I saw you."

And without waiting for a reply, he disappeared; then rejoining Leocadie, he felicitated himself upon her having escaped the scrutiny of Madame Delvil, and above all, of Therese. If, unfortunately, Therese had seen her, such an heroine would have rendered him very ridiculous; but whilst she remained unseen, her image would agitate the heart of the girl, and turn it with greater intensity towards himself; and in thinking thus, he congratulated himself on his skillfulness.

CHAPTER VII.

"Madam," said Demosthenes, in a rude voice and manner, "I do not understand this prank of yours. I left you in Paris in a most advantageous position, and —"

"Very advantageous, indeed," interrupted Leocadie, in a tone of voice soured by the rude words of Demosthenes; "for the very first evening I was received with hisses, and in order to pay my place in the diligence to follow you, I was forced to sell the little furniture I had."

"What folly," exclaimed Demosthenes. "And now what do you want, or what do you hope to do here?"

"To quit you no more; and if you repulse me, I shall expose and post you, in order that the people may know your ingratitude throughout the country, and if you still refuse me your support, I shall make my *débüt*, in order to gain a livelihood, upon the stage of this town."

This last menace terrified Demosthenes; he had no longer an illusive notion of the talent of the figurante, and he knew that if she appeared upon the local boards, she would be unquestionably hissed. Then how could he henceforth aspire to the character of an honourable man, which his ambition led him to acquire in his province. Seen and judged by all the town, Leocadie would become not a heroine, but a grotesque Dulcinea. In order to rid himself of this fearful alternative, Demosthenes decided upon assuming a softer tone and manner.

"Leocadie," said he, feigning to be suddenly softened, "I should be the most ungrateful of men, if I were not profoundly moved by the proof of love which you have given me, but this love would make me an object of envy if it were to be known. In mercy, Leocadie, consent to lead here a life of strict seclusion. I shall see you often. My heart and mind shall be alone occupied by you, but I wish the world to be ignorant of our attachment. In the provinces, the manners and habits of the people are not the same as in Paris, and your arrival, which has already compromised me with my family, would destroy me if it were publicly known. Be happy, but be

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

secret;" and in speaking thus he assumed a supplicatory air, that quite vanquished Leocadie, and having arrived in the town, he installed her in a quiet lodging, when he hastened to take leave of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

His prompt return to the house interrupted the various conjectures that were made by the ladies and Mr. Armand. The fear which took possession of the good mother was, that her son, infatuated by the stranger, would fly with her and return no more.

"And is this Parisian beautiful?" demanded Madame Delvil with bitterness, who was listening, as well as Therese, to the recital of the adventure.

"Quite the contrary," replied Mr. and Mrs. Armand.

"But the lady might have the seductions of the mind," timidly murmured Therese; and in venturing to say thus much, she blushed scarlet.

"Yes, without doubt," said the terrified mother, "she has the devil's seductions; she is one of those women that exhibit themselves in theatres."

At these words Therese cast down her eyes, and felt sadder than before.

"Then Demosthenes," thought she, "could not be the studious and distinguished man she at first thought him. He could not have a natural love for literature and poetry, or his mind would be more elevated, and his tastes more refined, than to form an attachment with a woman brought up on a stage." This reflection was the first step to disenchant her.

On arriving home, Demosthenes had studied well his part. He warmly embraced his mother, shook with affection the hand of his sister, bowed graciously to Madame Delvil, and gave a melancholy smile at Therese.

"Let us forget what has passed," said he, in a serious tone. "This woman has committed a most extravagant action in coming hither, but an irresistible feeling impelled her, and the same feeling has induced her to consent to quit France for ever in a few days."

"Poor victim," sneered Madame Delvil.

"Poor unhappy creature," thought Therese, with deep sympathy; "she loves him, but he loves her no longer."

Demosthenes did not yet appear ridiculous in her eyes, but she began to suspect that he was selfish.

Demosthenes, anxious to retain the place which he felt he had in her esteem, whispered to her in a low voice,

"Forgive me for having imagined that I loved before I saw you. It was but an illusion, for never have I known what love was until yesterday."

At these words, which Therese heard as a formal avowal of love, she became confused and abashed, and as soon as possible retired to her own room. She loved Demosthenes, yes! in purity and truth she loved him. She had long since enshrined in her mind an ideal hero of superior mind and cultivated understanding, and imagined that he was the personification of her youthful dream, instead of being, as he really was, a ridiculous parody.

As we had foreseen, the sudden arrival of Leocadie had fanned into a flame the dormant spark of love which lay in Therese's breast. Curiosity, jealousy, love, and disdain, struggled in her heart, and represented Demosthenes to her as a veritable hero of romance.

Demosthenes remained with his mother transacting some family matters; he wrote constantly the most tender letters to Leocadie, by which he gained some days of liberty, which he employed in increasing with Therese the feelings with which he had already inspired her, solitude and poetry being his most powerful auxiliaries. He occupied himself in arranging with his mother and sister, the portions of the property allotted to them, and sometimes he displayed to the penetrating intelligence of Therese a heart selfish, interested, and vulgar. Often and often the power he had over her mind was about vanishing, but then, again, he would read for her verses of impassioned poetry, and again enchain her heart.

The time had now arrived when Demosthenes was to astound the world with his eloquence, at that bar where his deceased parent had so often pleaded. He was expected in the town, where he removed with his mother, whilst his sister and Therese remained at the cottage to finish the autumnal season. This removal delighted the young girl, for she wished for solitude to analyse her mind and heart. In bidding adieu, Demosthenes formally avowed his love, promising a speedy return, and then an eternal re-union. Therese quickly interrupted him by saying,

"Before we engage ourselves, it is necessary that we should mutually know each other well."

One month was sufficient for Demosthenes to eclipse all the pleaders of the province. He soon became the fashionable man in his department. His self-love was gratified, but amidst all his triumphs, the sweetest and the most complete, was the fact of his having inspired the love of the beautiful, the most admired, and the most intelligent girl in the province. Besides, in a pecuniary point of view, it was a matter of congratulation, as Therese had a large fortune.

In order to crown his destiny by this marriage, it would be necessary for him to disembarass himself for ever of the figurante.

An occasion presented itself; he seized it with avidity. The manager of an American theatre was recruiting for tragedians, and to oblige Demosthenes he consented to incorporate Leocadie into the company. At first she resisted, then wept, then became indignant, but at last signed her engagement, and willing or not willing, was placed on board a vessel, which unfurled its canvass to the wind.

Upon the same element that wafted her afar, glided another vessel, the bearer of another fortune. To explain this metaphor, Mr. Armand, the brother of Therese, had entered into a commercial speculation with the fortune of his sister, to whom he was left guardian. The vessel was shipwrecked, and the entire fortune of Therese was lost.

Whilst this catastrophe occurred on the wide ocean,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Therese, ignorant of facts, and heedless of fortune, passed her days in the country, occasionally a prey to hopes and fears. She often saw Demosthenes; he appeared to her affectionate, generous, and eloquent on the subject of love, and being now more often absent than present, the ideal being of her imagination's conjuring, took the place of the unprepossessing reality. If by chance Demosthenes failed in his promised visit, Therese felt overpowered by disappointment and sadness. She ascribed his absence to the attraction of the female who had followed him from Paris. Thus the exiled figurante had become an object of jealousy and anxiety to this young and pure-minded creature.

One day Demosthenes was expected, but he came not. Her brother, who returned every evening to the cottage to sleep, absented himself also. The anxiety of Therese was extreme, and she dared not acknowledge her uneasiness to her sister-in-law, for fear of alarming her. The next day the brother arrived according to custom, but he was alone, and considerably agitated. On seeing this, Therese, who thought only of Demosthenes, exclaimed with eagerness,

"Has any misfortune happened to him?"

"It is to me—it is to us, my dear sister, that an irreparable misfortune has occurred," and overcome by his feelings, Mr. Armand burst into tears.

"What has occurred?" said Therese, with increased alarm.

"Your fortune and mine is lost. I speculated with your money and I have lost it. I have ruined you my beloved sister."

The features of Mr. Armand expressed profound despair. Therese fondly took the hand of her brother, and said to him, whilst a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance,

"I feared a much greater misfortune. I dreaded the death of a near relative, or of a beloved friend. Our fortune is lost, you say, at least this tranquil home remains to your wife, and I shall pass my life happily with you."

"And with another, I hope," said Madame Armand, completely overcome by the resignation of the young girl.

"But if that other comes not!" murmured Mr. Armand, with an air of melancholy.

"He will come," cried Therese, joyously throwing her arms around her brother's neck; "he will come—he is too proud, too generous, besides, he loves me too much not to come," and in repeating these words, which betrayed the extent of her own love, she became radiant with beauty.

Eight days passed on, and Demosthenes appeared not; he wrote a hurried note to his sister, excusing his absence on the plea of important business keeping him in town, and concluded by requesting a cold remembrance to be presented to Therese.

At first she thought she was under the influence of a disagreeable dream, but fifteen days passed, and he came not, nor did he write.

One day a letter was handed in and handed to Madame

272

Armand. Therese at once recognized the writing of Demosthenes.

"Will you give me that letter?" said she, with quickness.

Madame Armand handed her the letter without perusing it. Therese became pale as death as her eyes ran over the contents, and without uttering a word she left the room.

In this letter Demosthenes announced his intended marriage to his sister. He was about being married, he said, to a rich heiress of Belgian origin, not handsome, but sufficiently agreeable, with an ordinary mind, but with great good sense, that quality which told best in matrimony. Then he added, in allusion to Therese—a hope more brilliant and more dear had for an instant seduced him, but he thought wisely on duty, and made the sacrifice, which cost him many pangs.

"Miserable wretch!" exclaimed Mr. Armand, on perusing the letter.

As to Therese, she had disappeared—where was she? He sought her in the garden, and found her not; he then directed his steps towards the bank of the river, and perceived her standing upright upon the very brink, pale, immovable, her face covered with tears. A horrible thought struck him, and he rushed forward and seized Therese by her dress.

"If I wish to die," said she, with proud dignity, and a wild glare in her eyes, "have you the right to prevent me?"

Although profoundly afflicted, the brother thought that an appearance of mirth would do more towards arousing her than any show of grief would be able to accomplish, and assuming a gaiety that he did not feel, he burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh! brother, you insult me," said the young girl, with an explosion of heartfelt sobs.

"No, my beloved sister, it is the conduct of that pitiful wretch that excites my merriment. Yesterday he adored you, and to-day he marries another, because your fortune is lost. Does such conduct merit any other feeling but derision and contempt?"

At these words the film appeared to fall from the eyes of the hapless girl. She felt ashamed of her love, and the cure was rapid and complete.

"To prove to you my strength of mind," said she, "I wish particularly to be present at this marriage, to annoy him with my presence, and to insult him with my gaiety."

Eight days after, the joyous and happy Therese assisted at the marriage of Demosthenes. The bride was, indeed, ugly enough for any heiress, whilst the portionless Therese attracted the admiration of all, but particularly of a gentleman of high station and distinguished mind, who was, in reality, the *beau ideal* of her imaginary hero.

He saw Therese and loved her, and after a short but indefatigable courtship, obtained her hand as well as her heart, and started for Paris the day of her marriage.

Before leaving her native village, Therese had, by a singular species of *clairvoyance*, been able perfectly to

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

discover the poverty of heart, and wretchedness of mind, of her quondam lover, and therefore considered it a matter of peculiar thankfulness, having escaped so pitiful a partner.

BELINDA.

THE LOVER'S SECOND THOUGHTS ON WORLD WEARINESS.

HEART ! take courage ! 'tis not worthy
For a woman's scorn to pine ;
If her cold indifference wound thee,
There are remedies around thee,
For such malady as thine.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thy love-lit summits hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world.

If thou must be loved by woman,
Seek again—the world is wide ;
It is full of loving creatures,
Fair in form, and mind, and feature,
Choose among them for thy bride.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To and fro by passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Or, if love should lose thy favour,
Try the paths of honest fame ;
Climb Parnassus' summit hoary,
Carve thy way by deeds of glory ;
Write on history's page thy name.
Be no longer weary, weary,
To the depths of sorrow hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Or, if these shall fail to move thee,
Be the phantoms unpursued ;
Try a charm that will not fail thee,
When old age and grief assail thee :
Try the charm of doing good.
Be no longer weak and weary,
By the storms of passion whirl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

Love is fleeting and uncertain,
And can hate where it adored ;
Chase of glory wears the spirit :
Fame not always follows merit,
Goodness is its own reward.
Be no longer weary, weary,
From thine happy summit hurl'd ;
Be no longer weary, weary,
Weary, weary of the world !

C. M.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE WATER-LILY.

From the clear water springeth,
A white and lovely flower,
Beholds the sun and bringeth,
Its homage to its power.

At once its eye it turneth,
Aloft in truth and love ;
An offering pure it burneth,
To its high God above.

Over the deep it hovers,
Like angels prayers so sweet ;
No restless wish discovers,
Love is its bliss complete.

When howl the tempest's chill,
And heavy drench the rains,
Still calmly waves the lily,
Upon the billowy plains.

Nor from the station flieth,
Where God its head did raise ;
Heaven patiently it eyeth,
And hopes for better days.

Away the storms are winging,
The purple evening round
Sheds pearls, and softly singing,
The harps of Oceans sound.

In the sea's silver dwelling,
The Neck his song doth raise
Unto the lily, telling
Of love which ne'er decays.

" Come and behold all wonder,
Which fill the deep, deep sea ;
In meads of rose far under,
I'll sing alone to thee.

Come down to the woodland's dreamy,
To the house with its pearly dome,
Come with the sun rays beamy,
Love calls thee to thy home."

But the snow-pure lily, throwing
Its glance to Heaven high ;
In the world of light yet glowing,
Gives the sinner this reply.

" He who for my love pineth,
Must haste aloft to me ;
Alone where God's sun shineth,
Can I belong to thee.

Come poet, prince of ocean,
Here all is warm and bright ;
View Heaven with deep devotion,
And sing of love and light."

F. B.

273

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

HERMAN THE TILER.

By OCTAVE DELEPIERRE.

CHAPTER I.

Under the tower of the church of Notre Dame at Antwerp, on the eastern side facing the tomb of Quinten Metsu, the celebrated smith, turned artist by the power of love, is a blue stone, about two feet square; it is humbly placed between the brown stones of the paving of the cathedral, and would certainly never be noticed, if it were not for its most strange and extraordinary appearance. A thousand little pieces of copper, placed without any regard to order or symmetry, are incrustated on it, and as soon as the morning sun shines, they glitter and attract the notice of every stranger who may chance to pass that way.

Antiquarians and travellers who have been attracted by the singularity of this stone, have endeavoured to make out some inscription in every known language and character, without ever being able to discover a single letter amongst all the labyrinths of copper points. But yet, this stone is not silent to the aged citizen, who passes by with tottering steps, and bending towards the tomb which he must soon fill; nor to the young girl gaily tripping along with her thoughts full of love and lovers! To these the little blue stone speaks more eloquently than all the fine marble slabs and carved monuments, with their gilded letters of vain and gaudy praise.

This is the event that is commemorated on that square blue stone.

The twentieth of October, 1520, was a day of rejoicing to a large portion of Europe, but more especially to Flanders, for one of her nobles was that day crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle—Charles Quint, of high and memorable renown.

The city of Antwerp celebrated that event with great splendour, and at that period was perhaps as rich and prosperous as Venice and London. The streets were richly decorated with flowers and draperies of silk, and coloured cloth, which passed from house to house, and from window to window, in elegant festoons, whilst the road and the pavement were strewn with white sand, on which were scattered rare and sweet smelling flowers, disposed in various parterres, and appearing like a wilderness of sweets.

Through these streets passed a sumptuous procession of clergy, drest in their richest robes, their sacred banners and most costly ornaments carried before them, and followed in regular order by the magistrates and corporations of the town, all arrayed in new and rich liveries, and bearing the banners of their several trades and companies, and perfumed candles. This solemn procession was followed by joyful acclamations throughout the town.

Before the Town-Hall and each public building, were placed large barrels of hychromel and of cervoise, which were continually surrounded by the workmen of the city, who at each copious libation, made the walls ring with the loud cries of "Long live the Emperor Charles Quint!"

and with chorusses and martial songs in praise of his valour.

Yet every family of this city did not enjoy this feast and merriment. In a small apartment, the windows of which looked into a street called Zurich, were two men, whose dress and appearance, though not belonging to the upper class of citizens, denoted that they were able to gain a decent livelihood. The youngest of these men was about twenty, he was of a fine and robust figure, and his handsome and regular features expressed generally intelligence and resolution, but they were at the present time clouded by grief and despair. The elder was a man advanced in years, but still vigorous, and it was plain to discover in his countenance, that he was affecting a hope and confidence upon some subject of discussion, which were far from his real sentiments.

"In truth, my child, I know not what has become of thy courage and energy. We have often been in more difficult circumstances than the present, and I never saw in you any symptoms of weakness; on the contrary, you always seemed to keep a good heart, and was ready to face misfortune boldly."

"And I am still, father; my misfortune is but that of seeing Ciska become the wife of a man that I detest; but—" said the young man, striking the table with his fist.

"But," interrupted the old man, "all is not yet decided, and your fears are perhaps unfounded."

"No—no, father, I can indulge hope no longer, for Master Rudolf has positively declared to me that unless I am established as master, and able to get into business in one month, that he will give his daughter in marriage to Bruggeman, the locksmith, and you know, my father, whether he is a man to go from his word and purpose."

"But who knows if some lucky event may not procure for us the money that our relations and friends refuse us?"

"Oh, I know very well that the sum required we could not earn under three months, and one only is the time given."

"But Ciska will persuade her father, and he will relent, Herman."

"Ah! she will try, but she will never succeed, I feel convinced; besides, she was to try this very day, and if she had any good news, she would have been here by this time."

As he spoke there was a loud knock at the door; the father quickly opened it, and joy lit up the countenance of the young man, for he thought that his dear Ciska came thus hastily to announce good news.

A young girl came in, she was one of those rare beauties which are seldom seen but in imagination; her fresh soft cheek, her perfect features, and the angelic expression of her countenance, were assisted in their power of charming by the brightest blue eyes, now, alas! bearing evident signs of weeping. This was the young girl whom Herman expected, but she brought ill news. She had scarcely passed the threshold of the house, ere Herman sprang to meet her.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"Ah! my sweet one," he said, "you have been weeping; have your tears and my entreaties softened the heart of your father?"

"He leaves us nothing to hope," replied Ciska.

The young lovers looked at each other without speaking. The young man shed tears of anger—the gentle Ciska wept in sorrow. The old man's heart ached to witness the despair of his beloved son, and he could not find a word of consolation. Herman was the first to speak.

"Are you quite sure, Ciska, that your father is inexorable?"

"I am but too sure, for my father has told me I must either marry Brëggeman, or become a nun in the convent of the Ursulines."

Herman's whole soul was in the enquiring look that he fixed upon Ciska. She answered that look.

"I shall become a nun!"

"Then all hope is not lost," said the father. "You must be two years' a novice, and in two years we may be worth the required sum."

Frail as this hope was, the two lovers yielded to its influence, and their hearts throbbed with the mere idea held out to them of future happiness. Like shipwrecked mariners, they hailed with rapture the first foot of dry land that snatched them from death, although on a wild and inhospitable shore. Both with one voice thanked the old man for his encouragement.

"Oh! my father," said Herman, "you have restored hope to my breaking heart, and I will preserve it."

"May Heaven reward you for the hope you have given us, father," said Ciska.

They embraced the kind old man, who felt relieved, though he could not so far flatter himself as to think there was much reality in the prospect he held out, rather than see the young couple abandoned to sorrow.

All now began to converse of their future prospects—to relate one to the other their plans for realising their schemes of happiness. From speech to speech the imagination of these hopeful lovers overlooked every obstacle that a few hours before had driven them to despair. Their spirits rose like that of some wild antelope, kept for a long time encaged, and suddenly escaping to its native woods, which scorns every obstacle, leaps fences, swims rivers, bounds over precipices, and revels in the feeling of freedom; but now the great clock of St. Walburghe struck three, and summoned each to duty. Ciska turned towards her home, which she had hastily quitted during her father's absence, and Herman, in her absence, began again to ponder upon the many probabilities against his success.

What was the vain illusion that the charm of Ciska's presence had created? How was he to earn sufficient to become his own master, in the short period of two years, and was it certain that Master Rudolf would allow his daughter to leave the convent, a thing considered almost sacrilegious?

Then to pass two years without seeing Ciska, without knowing if he were labouring for her or not—was she

rich, or well—living or dead. Was not that an insupportable torment, which her sweet discourse had lured him for a time into considering as some degree of happiness.

These thoughts ill accorded with the joyful shouts of the populace, which reverberated from street to street. But the rejoicings and the shouting continued, for upon such occasions whoever thinks of the wretched inmates of every street, who are incapable of sharing in the public pleasures! who ever remembers the sick, or the prisoner! though to many such days recall past happiness, and present a frightful contrast to the present hour.

Such was the effect these acclamations had upon Herman; and night came, and found him still solitary and unhappy. The lamps had just been lighted, when Herman went forth to join the crowd: to seek, by witnessing their mirth, to dissipate the sad ideas that he could not of himself overcome. But he had only proceeded a few steps, when he met crowds of people screaming and hastening homeward. It was not the people rushing thus headlong from their sports, nor yet some fantastic spectacle. No! an invisible but terrible foe, whose voice made every heart tremble—an autumnal tempest roared over the city, and bounded upon the waters. At first it came gently, in the precious semblance of a cool breeze, to refresh the crowded streets, and to play amid the silken banners, the wreathed flowers, the graceful ribbons of the ladies, and the still more graceful ringleads of the young beauties of the assembled inhabitants.

Hardly did a dense cloud, or flash upon the horizon, warn the experienced seamen, whose vessels were anchored in the harbour; but quickly the clouds darkened, and became tinged with a blood-red hue, and hoarse sighs rushed from the bottom of the deep. The gaily trimmed boats which crowded the Scheldt, rowed with all speed to shelter, but ere they reached the quay, the broad winged tempest had spread over the waters, and with sharp cries, and hoarse groans, threatened devastation. It was a chorus of demons! beautiful from its terrors! Whoever has witnessed one of these storms of the north—whoever has been exposed to those sudden tempests, that in a moment sweep across the mighty rivers at their union with the ocean, by those, and those only, can a just idea be formed of the storm which terrified the whole city of Antwerp, on the 22d of October, in the year 1520. The foam of the waters rose like snow, and the sharp waves struggled together, driven in contrary directions. A torrent of rain poured from the frowning clouds, split by the forked lightning, which was followed by tremendous claps of thunder. Soon the river rose, and nearly the whole town was flooded.

Many masts were split, and fell with terrible crashing; boats were sunk, and houses were unroofed, and the beams and tiles fell about in every direction. Not a vestige of the festive ornaments was to be seen, for the wind had driven everything before it.

The citizens stood trembling, shivering, and praying, and many considered this event as a bad omen of the reign of Charles Quint. Herman returned to his house at the beginning of the storm, and leaning his elbows on his oaken

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

table, and bowing down his head, remained wrapt in thought, without paying attention to the affrighted exclamations which his father from time to time uttered.

CHAPTER II.

A few days after the *fête* and the storm, the streets of Antwerp became dry and passable, and the indefatigable labour of the city workmen had freed it from the waters of the deluge; the mud left by the flood was hardened by a bright and unclouded sun, but the populous city had not regained its accustomed air of busy, happy animation, except in the harbour, and on the quay, where a few workmen were repairing the damage done by the storm. Every one seemed going the same way, all towards Notre Dame, to give a sorrowful look at the cross on the tower, which was bent by the storm. In those days of superstition, and strong attachment to things and places of familiar habits, each town had some superior buildings, to which the pride of the populace was directed as the crown of the bride. Brussels had her court and palace of Princes, Ghent its ancient belfrey, with its Green Dragon, brought from the Crusades of Louvain, its university, and its gothic Town Hall, well carved in delicate forms, and with its Moorish minarets; Bruges its Town Hall, built in 1377, by Count Louis de Mache, and her covered harbour, wherein vessels cannot unlade their rich cargoes. The pride of Antwerp was her gigantic Cathedral, only completed two years before, by Adam Appetman's, who did not arrogate to himself the modern title of *architect*, but merely of master mason, which our very *plasterers* of the present day would scorn to be called. It was certainly the largest and most beautiful Gothic edifice in Europe, and was proudly shown to all strangers, and regarded with zealous affection.

When, after this storm, it was observed that the spire was bent, they regretted it as a disfigurement that was without remedy; to straighten it, it must be heated, and the person who would dare to attempt such a thing, would at every exertion risk his life.

Hardy sailors, accustomed to go up the masts in the worst weather, and there to remain working at the ropes, and singing like birds, felt their blood run cold at the mention of so dangerous a labour.

However great the love of the people of Antwerp for the work of Adam Appetmans—however large the reward held out to the courageous workman who would hazard his life in the attempt, nobody had yet come forward to accept the offer.

The citizens who were looking up at this defect with sorrowful countenances, exchanged from time to time a few words upon the difficulty, nay, almost impossibility of a remedy, when the heralds of the town appeared in the churchyard. They had proclaimed the offered reward to any person who should venture upon the enterprise, in all the courts and squares of the town, and now were giving out their last proclamation under the tower of the church. The four heralds sounded their trumpets, to which were suspended the colours of the city, and the king, or chief herald, taking off his velvet cap, thus cried out,

"To all fellow citizens and nobles, and to every individual of this powerful city of Antwerp, be it known that the magistrates and authorities of the town declare and make known by this edict, that they, the said magistrates, will give a reward of 500 pieces of gold—that is gold Carlos—to him who shall repair the spire of the cross of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, bent and twisted by the storm which occurred on the day when we celebrated the crowning of our gracious sovereign, Charles, Count of Flanders, Duke of Brabant, King of Spain, and Bohemia, and Emperor of Austria, and the new world."

But none came forward to answer this appeal. Then the herald again cried out,

"Citizens, and all inhabitants of this noble city, if any amongst you desire to obtain the reward of the 500 pieces of gold, let him now come forward, and be presented to the chief magistrate holding court at the Hotel de Ville."

Then a young man, who had not been remarked amidst the assembled group, having been concealed in the porch of the door, presented himself to the heralds. Every eye was quickly turned to him, but none thought he was going to speak for himself, since his dress was not either that of a blacksmith, or of a sailor: he wore a long coat of brown cloth, and a small beaver hat, which thrown back in front, discovered a youthful handsome face, brightened with courage, intelligence, and resolution. He appeared not more than twenty years old, as with a firm step, and decided manner, he walked up to the king of the heralds, and requested to be led to the magistrates.

"Are you not aware that in what you propose attempting, you are probably rushing on your death?"

"I thank you, my friends," replied the young man, "but I have well considered the difficulty of the attempt; and when I am determined on any matter, it is not easy to make me change my mind; but I take your warning kindly, and I thank you for it."

"If that be the case," said the king of the heralds, "I must comply with your demand."

They then went together into the street called Mael-dery, and stopped at the Hotel de Ville, which was not then the heavy square building it now is, but an elegant edifice of the Gothic order, each angle flanked by a small turret with winding stairs, leading to the upper halls of the building. By one of these the youth and the herald ascended to the hall where the magistrates were seated. Many followed them, and waited at the foot of the stairs in anxious curiosity for the result of the young man's offer.

Half an hour afterwards the heralds came out, and having three times summoned the public attention by sounding the trumpet, the chief herald made this proclamation:—

"To all citizens and inhabitants of every degree, of this noble town of Antwerp, the Burgomaster and magistrates make it publicly known, that Herman the Tiler has engaged himself with us to straighten the spire of the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and that he has promised to begin the work to-morrow, at noon. We charge and warn everybody not to disturb or interrupt the said Her-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

man, by shouting, calling, advice, or discouragement of any kind ; but, on the contrary, to be ready to yield him any service or assistance that he may require.

CHAPTER III.

The news that Herman the Tiler had offered the magistrates to repair the cross of Notre Dame, like all news, quickly spread through the town, and the sadness of the aspect of the inhabitants, was changed to the most eager curiosity. Long before noon an immense crowd surrounded every avenue to the Cathedral. One might have thought that the tide which had just retreated, was suddenly rushing back, for the voice of the multitude was like the ocean when it flows rapidly along—now loud, now still. But it was not in the neighbourhood of the church that the crowd was most agitated. The most anxious were in the street and before the door of Herman the Tiler, and it was curious to hear the different opinions upon the rash attempt, and upon the supposed motives which could induce the young man to undertake the adventure, for the true motives were entirely unknown—Herman's love for Ciska, the daughter of Master Rudolf.

But whilst these scenes of tumult and folly were going on in the street, a more serious tragedy was acting in the house of Herman ; three actors here only were deeply affected—Herman, his father, and the young girl Ciska. The youth was glowing with hope and resolution, every feature swelled by the violence of his emotion, though one deep wrinkle on his brow, showed an internal struggle. The maiden and the father were so wholly wrapped up in sorrow, as to be almost deaf and blind to what passed around them. Their eyes were fixed—their lips firmly closed—their hands clasped as in death agonies, for to them all seemed an awful and a hopeless wonder. The father first moved, and clasping his hands together, approached his son.

"Oh, Herman, is your rash scheme so irrevocably fixed in your mind, that neither the prayers of your fond old father, nor the affecting tears of that loving creature, can move you ? Only think upon our wretched and forlorn state, should you perish in your attempt ?"

"You will not go, Herman ? you will not, my dearest ? Oh, no ; you will not thus afflict us ! I prayed even now to my patron saint, and I rose up more unhappy, more desponding than ever. That fatal tower will be the destruction of us both. But you will not, I am sure you will not go ?"

Herman made no reply either to his father or his beloved ; determined to preserve his firmness, he would not speak, to be in danger of giving way to his tenderness. The young girl once more spoke :—

"If you have no pity for yourself, have pity on me, who love you beyond all things in life. And think, oh think, Herman, what will be my fate, if you find your death where you seek our happiness."

"To-morrow, Ciska, I shall be thy affianced husband, and what you suffer this day, will be amply repaid to-morrow by our mutual congratulations. To-morrow you shall be proud and happy, my Ciska," said Herman, as

he clasped to his breast the weeping girl, who was unable to sustain the weight of her distress.

Thus leaning on her lover's breast, she was more touchingly graceful than ever, and Herman thus beholding her, felt his fearful purpose almost shaken ; but when his father spoke to him and said,

"Go, Herman, to the Town-hall, and tell them to choose another to fulfil thy imprudent engagement."

The courageous youth dashed off the tears that swam in his bright black eyes, and collecting himself more firmly determined than ever, ere this incautious sentence had met his ear.

"When I accepted the enterprize, my dear father, it was prompted by my love to Ciska, and through love and duty to you, whom I saw labouring daily, at an age when you required repose. These reasons would still urge me, even though I did not hear a thousand voices proclaiming my cowardice should I retract my promise—even though the whole populace were not waiting for me ; listen to their voices calling for me !"

The father bowed down his face, but the daughter of Master Rudolf made one last effort to shake her lover from his desperate purpose.

"What are the people to us, my Herman ? What is it to us that they praise or condemn you ? Our happiness is in ourselves, not in their power. If thou art spared, the praise of the people can add nothing to my happiness. And if you die, shall I be less wretched because the people say you died bravely ? No—no, my Herman, my beloved !"

Here the maiden ceased speaking, collecting every energy for a last effort that might, as she thought, save her lover. Then throwing herself on her knees, she gave full vent to her tears. Thus she seemed a Magdalen at the foot of the cross, and with broken sobs she thus implored him :—

"Oh ! my best beloved, you will not go ! Oh ! say you will not expose your life for the applause of the public—nor for a miserable young girl, not worth one hair of your head ! No, no ! you will not go ! Think you, my Herman, that I would survive you ! Oh ! I will so entreat my father, that he will give me to you in marriage. Oh ! he will not, he cannot be dead to my prayers. He will not be as inexorable as you ! But no—not for heaven's sake hear me ! Oh ! hear me, Herman—you will not go ! for should you be killed, my heart would break. I should think I caused your death ; my best affections would be crushed !—dead ! You will not go, Herman !"

Herman felt that if he would not listen to Ciska, he must tear himself away. He felt weak before that trembling creature. He wept, and hardly could his fixed resolve carry him on against his love and his pity. He wished to give some consolation, but was only able to pronounce,

"It is noon, Ciska. My duty calls me !"

Then placing his lips on the young girl's forehead, he imprinted a parting kiss, and tore himself away. Ciska sunk fainting in the arms of the old man, whose tender care soon revived her.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

More happy for her had she never recovered her sense of misery. Soon both followed the venturesome youth, a vague and indistinct feeling of hope and triumph, of terror and despair, urging them on to be witnesses of the act of their ruin or happiness!

CHAPTER IV.

When Herman appeared in the little street of Zierieb, loud acclamations greeted him, for few had believed he would actually dare attempt what he had engaged to do. All these shouts and praises were far from encouraging him—he was quite stunned by them; and, as the crowd opened to give him passage, and closed behind him, still shouting and clapping, they seemed like an army of demons driving him forward to destruction.

When he had a little got rid of them, and found himself more quiet and unmolested, he began to consider what he had so hastily engaged to perform. The weeping scene he had quitted within his own house came before him, but not with any doubt or despair—on the contrary, with a confidence of success. Then, on a sudden, a burst of shouts from behind him, seemed like a welcome herald of success.

His courage and his strength of nerve returned: he walked quickly on, passed over the grand square, and arrived at the churchyard of the Cathedral. There he found the Burgomaster, and the magistrates, and all the members of the council awaiting his arrival, which was hailed by one unanimous hurrah from an immense crowd. But the town herald, who was on horseback in the middle of the court, sounded his trumpet, and in the name of the magistrates commanded silence, and the gate of the tower was opened for Herman, who soon appeared at the first gallery.

He looked around, but did not see his father, and his beloved Ciska, who, pale and trembling, were in the crowd. He passed rapidly as a vision from gallery to gallery, nor stopped till panting and breathless he reached the top of the last stairs, where his arduous task was to begin. Here he rested to take breath, to rid himself of his coat, and to fasten one end of a strong hempen cord, to which was attached two large iron plates, hollow in the middle, a light pair of bellows, a forge hammer, and some charcoal; the other end of the rope was tied firmly round his waist. The people, who had every eye fixed upon him, then beheld him seize hold of one of the many projections of the carved work of the tower, cling firmly to it, and raising himself as gently as he could, fix one foot after the other on some head of sphinx, or outstanding cornice; or, if he found that he could place it firmly, in the centre of a hollow rosette of the ornamental work.

Every eye was fixed, every tongue mute, every heart beat with terror and anxiety at watching the perilous climbing of the intrepid Tiler. But he reached the pinnacle of the tower, he stood on that platform of six feet square, two of which the cross filled.

"Then he is safe!" cried out, with one voice, the almost breathless spectators.

But the father and the maiden, unseen by Herman,

278

spoke not; they scarcely breathed—their blood freezing in their veins. Their eyes were still fixed, watching every movement, their tongues cleaved to their mouths, for they did not think the danger was over. Herman had now drawn up his tools, and was perched upon one of the bars of the cross, looking like one of those large eagles that the wintry storms drive for refuge to our high buildings. His eye measured without giddiness or fear the immense distance between himself and the abode of men. Having so far succeeded, all doubt, all fear was at an end.

He looked for his father and his mistress. He did not, however, distinguish them, since they had mingled with the crowd at the first appearance of Herman on the gallery of the tower. Soon red hot coals were seen at the foot of the cross, whilst a figure like a spirit of the upper regions, kept close to the fire, which he continually brightened till the stem of the cross became red hot. Then strong, steady, loud strokes of the forge hammer were distinctly heard, and fearfully repeated by the echoing vaults.

It might have formed a picture, to represent some evil spirit warring against the emblem of christianity. At every blow the cross moved a little, and the crowd applauded.

These plaudits came like the dashing of a tide to the ears of the adventurer, but did he know how every blow throbbed on the hearts of his beloved friends?

Full of joyous hope, he laboured still cautiously, judiciously, and vigorously. Surely the soul of Quinten Metsys, the artisan who framed the cross, was at this stupendous task assisting to restore to his native city his grand work.

One more, only one more stroke, and the cross stood erect! the proud summit was in its due place, and proportionate shouts of admiration filled the place, and reached the ears of the half stunned workman.

Then did the father, for the first time, turn his eyes towards those of Ciska—both were full of tears, but tears of joy, which relieved their agitated hearts, whilst the continued plaudits of the gathered multitude were welcome, for they were now consolation for the past horrible suspense.

Before he began to descend, Herman stretched forward to look if his father and his beloved were witnesses of his success. Oh, horror! his foot slipped upon the iron plate, and over the hot burning charcoal he fell from the platform, bounding violently against the angles of the building.

The cord which was fixed round his waist, and the other end of which he had fastened firmly to a ledge of the tower, held him up for a moment over the dreadful height.

What a moment! Numbers of active spectators rushed up the stairs, and thence to the first gallery, with a blind hope of being of some use, but ere the swiftest, the most active, the most zealous foot attained even the first gallery, the red hot cinders had caught the cord, and quickly it blazed and crackled, and gave way!

Herman bounded off from angle to angle. Now his head struck one sharp point, now another. Now balanced an instant on some broad ledge, then plunged downward,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

till broken, twisted, and crushed, over and over he fell head foremost on the stone pavement, and was dashed to a thousand pieces.

When men, all trembling, gave way to those who dared pick up the body, and examine the fractured head, two other dead bodies were stretched near it! Herman's father, and Herman's beloved expired on the spot.

They were all three buried there, and over their tomb was placed a blue slab, on which was beaten as many pieces of copper as there had been found fragments of the skull of Herman.

Thus is the awful event commemorated by that blue slab, understood as well by the aged inhabitants of Antwerp, as the young hopeful girl, who has heard the tale, but nevertheless passes lightly by it, full of hope for her own fate, and her own love.

JULIAD OF ALBA.

I saw her first in Alba's towers,
Amid the fresh and fragrant flowers;
Sporting like some young fairy thing,
Chasing the bee on honied wing,
Gath'ring each plant of varied hue,
All spangled with the morning dew;
Twining a wreath of roses fair,
And placing it in her raven hair;
Then speeding on from plain to plain,
Across that rich and wide domain,
She bounded o'er with infant grace,
The heiress of that noble place.
* * * * *

I saw her next in Alba's halls,
And years had lingered on those walls,
And time with giant steps had pass'd,
Since I beheld that Castle last;
Yet not a stone had fallen away,
No sign appear'd of grim decay;
There grew the ivy as before,
Mantling around the ancient door;
There stood the trees in lofty pride,
As if their leaves had never died;
There rushed the stream in grandeur wild,
Yet murmuring like some gentle child;
'Twas there again I saw that maid,
In costliest robes of silk arrayed;
She wore no wreath of simple flowers,
As graced her form in Alba's towers,
But diamonds glittered on her brow,
And sparkled in her tresses now;
Princes and barons sought to share,
The smile of one so rich and fair;
They knelt to seek her youthful hand,
The sweetest lady in their land;
For she of all that ancient race,
Lived the sole heiress of that place.
* * * * *

I saw her next at Cuthbert's shrine,
Bending before the cross divine;
The vestal garments of the nun,
Now clothed this young and lovely one;
And as she raised the sable veil,
I gazed upon her features pale;
Her eye once sparkling with delight,
Had lost its pure and brilliant light,
And bitter tears of sorrow flow'd,
Upon the cheek where roses glow'd,
And shivering sighs of anguish tore,
The breast which one short year before,
Had beat with rapture, joy, and love,
Holy as angels from above;
The dewy flower and jewell'd band,
Which graced her brow in Alba's land,
Was laid aside, and in their place
Her hair was braided o'er her face.
Thou beauteous one, alas! for thee,
No belted knight now bends the knee;
No warrior from the battle plain
Seek thy affections to obtain;
For in thy home in Alba's towers,
"Amid the fresh and fragrant flowers,"
As thou wer't wont in days gone by,
Beneath the calm and azure sky,
Sported a boy scarce three years old,
And formed in beauty's choicest mould;
Whose noble form, and raven hair,
Alone bespoke him Alba's heir.
Unnumbered serfs around him bend,
And slaves and vassals on him tend;
The hope, the pride, the joy of all,
He reigned the chief of Alba's Hall.
* * * * *

Yet once again I saw her, ere the tomb
Had hid her beauty in its mystic gloom;
She sat within St. Cuthbert's cloistered gate,
A willing victim to her lonely fate.
Yet on her knee, and nestling in her arms,
Clung a sweet boy, in all his youthful charms.
"Why wear this veil?" he cried; "my sister come,
Bright joys await thee 'neath dear Alba's home."
"I dare not, love; that home is no more mine,
Its halls, its towers, all—all alike are thine.
Go, then, and claim the power they give to thee,
And happy Conrad—happy may'st thou be."
* * * * *

In Alba's spacious vaults there rest
The cold remains of one now blest;
A costly tablet marks the place,
Which covers beauty, worth, and grace,
A daughter of that noble race.
Beside the tomb, and wrapped in grief,
Stood Alba's mighty lord and chief;
While from his flashing eye the tear
Dropped slowly on that splendid bier.
He wept the fair and gentle maid
Who dwelt beneath St. Cuthbert's shade;

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

That calm and tender much loved one,
That pure and holy sainted nun ;
The sister, whose melodious voice,
Had bid the infant heir rejoice,
As lord of all the wide domain
To which her hand had once laid claim ;
As master of the numerous band,
The serfs and vassals of the land,
Who once to her in fear had bowed—
A humble and submissive crowd.

M. A. COLYER.

THE FLIRT.

Miss Asheton was the eldest daughter of a gentleman of small income, living in a country town in the north of England. Captain Asheton had in early youth served in the Army, in which he had distinguished himself for bravery and honour ; but on his marriage with a beautiful woman, without fortune, but the object of his devoted affection, he had retired to more peaceable pursuits. His family being large, Captain Asheton could not afford to place his daughter in so high a situation as her birth and beauty deserved. She was universally acknowledged to be the *belle* in her native town, a title certainly deserved by Fanny Asheton, for without being in figure or feature strictly beautiful, there was that in her air and manners, which could not be overlooked. Though under the middle height, she could not be called little ; her figure was full and well formed ; her auburn hair hung in rich abundance round a face full of expression ; her eyes were grey, almost blue, large and brilliant ; her whole appearance, in fact, fully entitled her to the term of lovely.

And yet it is of this beautiful creature, that I must tell a tale of heartless cruelty ; and yet I firmly believe that at the time at which my story commences, Fanny Asheton never meant to trifle with the feelings of Clarence Stavelly. I sincerely think that she must, at first, have meant to be true to him, and that vanity, the besetting sin of thousands, led her, when from under the influence of the pure feelings of Clarence Stavelly, to acts which embittered her life, and was the means of shortening his.

Clarence Stavelly was like Fanny, of good birth, but had his way to work in the world ; he was intended for one of the learned professions, and his great abilities gave reason to his friends to hope for great things, if his health, at all times delicate, would bear him through years of study, previous to his being launched upon the uncertain waves of the world.

He had long been a secret admirer of Fanny Asheton, and an intimate friend of Gerald, her brother. When the time for his departure for the city where he was to pursue his studies drew near, he ventured to unfold to Fanny the secret of his heart.

She smiled upon his suit, and he was happy ; no formal consent was asked of her parents, nor was it needful, as they were aware of the feeling which subsisted between

the young couple, and having a high opinion of the character of Clarence, they did not object to his intimacy with their daughter.

It was with heavy hearts they parted ; one bright hope alone seemed to comfort them—that after two years of separation, they should be re-united, and never again to be parted. And what were two years in young lives like theirs ?

Clarence had been gone about three months, and Fanny was beginning to be a little more reconciled to their separation, when some disturbance in the country caused a regiment to be stationed in the quiet little town where Fanny resided.

Among the officers of this regiment there was one who soon became Fanny's declared admirer ; he was a young man of large fortune, but dissipated habits, one who in former days Fanny would have shrunk from with loathing ; but, alas ! a few short months had sadly altered her disposition. Clarence Stavelly was almost forgotten. Fanny had grown ambitious ; she no longer wished for a competence with Stavelly, but she foolishly imagined that riches would bring happiness, even with one so dissipated as Herbert Mollin.

When her parents were consulted on the subject, they made no hesitation in saying, that if Fanny wished it, they were quite willing to receive Captain Mollin as their son-in-law, overlooking the many faults in Mollin's character, in their anxiety for so brilliant an establishment for their daughter.

When Gerald Asheton found his sister seriously determined in her intentions, he remonstrated with her upon her cruel treatment of his friend.

"Why should I not do the best I can for myself," was her answer ; "Clarence will soon forget his boyish fancy."

But did he forget his boyish fancy ? no ! Ill news travels fast, and soon he heard the name of him who had usurped the place in the affections of his mistress. Mad with fury and disappointment, he immediately started for his native town.

When about twenty miles from the place, the coach in which he travelled broke down, and Stavelly, furious at the delay, walked to the nearest posting-house, and hiring a horse, proceeded on his journey as rapidly as he could.

When within a short distance of his destination, he overtook a gentleman riding slowly along, who called to him, asking him the nearest way to ——. Stavelly answered that he himself was going there, and should be happy to have his company. On their way, the stranger told Clarence the object of his present visit to ——, was to act as groomsmen to a brother-officer of his, who was to be married the next morning.

Clarence, in as calm a voice as he could command, asked the name of his friend. The stranger answered, "Captain Mollin. Do you know him ?" on perceiving the face of his companion assume a deadly hue.

Stavelly recovered himself, and answered as composedly as he could,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

"No; but the object of my present visit to ———, is to seek him; can you tell me where I shall be able to find him?"

The stranger gave Clarence the address of Captain Mollin.

That very night Stavelay sought Herbert Mollin, and compelled him by grossly insulting him, to meet him the next morning early.

They met. I will pass over the detail of a duel, as all such meetings are arranged in a similar way. It is sufficient to say, that Herbert Mollin fell mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. Clarence Stavelay fled to the Continent where in a short time he ended his miserable days.

Who can paint the agony of Fanny Asheton on this day, which was to have made her the wife of Herbert Mollin? For weeks her life was despaired of, and for months reason left its seat. Years have now rolled by, and though young in years, Fanny Asheton is looked upon as an *old maid*.

She is pointed out to young ladies beginning their career in life, as a warning to them to shun the nearest approach to the character of a Flirt.

F. F.

STANZAS.

I seek not glory, praise, or power,
That blooms and dies within an hour;
Where envy with her poison'd light and loom,
Would decorate the statue on my tomb.

Rather let me brave the mountain breeze,
Or hide beneath the stately forest trees;
The turf below, the smiling Heaven above,
And gentle commune with a soul I love.

Yea, rather would I dream my life away,
With one sweet spirit on a desert plain,
Than bow submissive to the sons of clay,
Or mingle with the heartless world again.

CHARADES.

Take from the Alphabet seven straight letters,
Which place right behind the high chair of your betters;
You will then surely see, what no man yet hath seen,
Yet what will stand still while the world has been.

A maiden's laugh—an old man's tear,
The heart of a youth, if contracted with fear;
The image of goodness, if placed in your view,
Will represent fairly the picture of you.

M.

THE DRAMA.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The success of these performances in the early commencement of the season, seem to have answered exceedingly well, as the performances afford at the present dull period of the year, an agreeable amusement for those of the aristocracy who may be in town, and there are always sufficient of the *corps diplomatique*, and persons of rank in London, to fill this charming little theatre. The decorations of the house have been the theme of general admiration with the subscribers; its exceeding elegance, combined with the chasteness of the decorations, render it by far the most elegant theatre in town, whilst the new chandelier that has been added, is unquestionably the richest and most beautiful that we have ever seen, the soft'ened effect of the light enhancing much the good looks of the fair occupiers of the boxes. The subscription list is very strong, and embraces the greater part of the leading aristocracy, more persons of rank being subscribers this year than during any previous season. With regard to the company, Mr. MITCHELL seems to have selected it with excellent judgment for the style of pieces he has to play. We have LAFONT as light, gay, and full of spirits as ever, his *Captain Roquesnnette* being one of those excellent artistic representations, that appear occasionally, and delight us by its truthful and *piquante* delineation of a soldier of fortune of the period of Louis XIV.; whilst the new *debutante*, Madlle. EUGENIE ST. MARC, is a lively and versatile actress, understanding well the art of stage effect, and playing very agreeably in all her range of characters. Madlle. MARTELEUR is somewhat in the FLESSY school, having much of the formality of the Theatre Français, but easy and natural, and making her points quietly yet effectively. Then we have CARTIGNY, richly humorous in all he does, and NARCISSE an excellent and clever comedian, who will become much of a favourite with the subscribers. We have so much novelty in the continued round of new pieces, that it would be a difficult task to follow them so fast as they are produced, Mr. MITCHELL seeming determined that the subscribers shall have no cause to complain of want of novelty in the pieces brought forward. LAFONT and Madlle. ST. MARC, we are glad to find, remain until nearly Christmas, so that the light *riant* pieces of their *repertoire*, will afford to the subscribers a most welcome fund of amusement at this otherwise very dull period of the year.

DRURY LANE.—MR. WALLACE's new opera of *Mari-tana* has met with much success, and for a new composer, a success that augurs extremely well, as the opera abounds in charmingly phrased melodies, and with scoring that displays considerable ability; the *motivi* may not be strikingly original, but they are always pleasing, and have much character about them. There is, perhaps, too much of a martial character throughout the whole opera, as if the composer fancied the subject always required a chivalric feeling to pervade it, and the consequence is, that the solos, duets, trios, concerted pieces, and chorusses, are all tinged with this feeling. It is, however,

281

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

a composition of great merit, being more than usually prolific in melodies, and some really admirable harmonics, and the effect of the whole opera is very agreeable, if we abate something for its inconceivable length, but which the pruning knife may soon remedy. The plot is exactly that of *Don César de Bazan*, and is well adapted for the purpose of an opera. HARRISON was the *Don César*, and sang very agreeably, and would do more so, if he could infuse less monotony into his style. H. PHILLIPS was the *Don Jose*, and sang very charmingly, except an aria in the third act, in which he got altogether wrong, and made sad work of it. Miss ROMER, as *Maritana*, was better than she usually is, and if she could indulge more in the *portamento* in her singing, and less in the *staccato*, she would be infinitely better. Miss POOLE acquitted herself very well, and obtained much deserved applause. The airs that are most likely to become popular in the opera, are, a Romance, "I hear it again," sung by Miss ROMER, in E flat; an aria by Miss POOLE, in A, "Alas! those Chimes;" a ballad by H. PHILLIPS, "In happy moments day by day;" a ballad by HARRISON, in B flat, "There is a flower that bloometh;" and a trio, "Oh, shame and despair." These are all very effective compositions, being full of melody and character, and well adapted for popularity.

HAYMARKET.—The new comedy of *The Maiden Aunt* is the production of Mr. R. B. KNOWLES, a son of SHERRIDAN KNOWLES, and, like its title, is a maiden effort; and, as such, is deserving of much commendation. It is not a comedy destined to remain permanently on the stage, but there is so much merit in it, the dialogue is so neat and well finished, and some of the characters so ably drawn, that it may still be listened to with much gratification, and afford great pleasure, from the many marks of genius that are to be found in it. Its greatest drawback is, that in working out the plot, he has run too much into dialogue, and too little into incident; consequently, the frequent talking of two persons on the stage becomes monotonous after a time. The plot is simple in its construction. An elderly beau, gallant and gay, *Sir Percy Sage* (FARREN), wishes his nephew *Percy* (HUDSON) to marry a daughter of his old friend *Wilmot* (TILBURY), and also to commit matrimony himself with *Wilmot's* sister, *Mistress Sarah* (Mrs. GLOVER); *Percy*, however, like most dramatic heroes, is in love with *Catherine Wilmot* (Mrs. SKYMOUR), without knowing she is the bride destined for him by his uncle, and ignorant of his uncle's object, he refuses the proposed match, being in consequence turned out of doors by his uncle for his disobedience. *Sir Simon* then breaks off the match with the maiden aunt, and determines to marry the younger lady himself. The latter, however, returns the love of *Percy*, and draws out the old gallant, changing him from a timid, retired person, into a dashing, antiquated specimen of truculent beaumont; in the end, however, she contents herself by appearing in a suit of sable hue at the nuptial feast, and frightening him to death by her menaces, until he is glad to give her up to his nephew *Percy*. The characters were, throughout, very well supported. FAR-

REN was excellent as the old beau, though he dressed the part much too old; whilst the maiden aunt of Mrs. GLOVER was as clever as all this actress's impersonations are; and Mrs. SKYMOUR and HUDSON are both deserving of high praise. WEBSTER has brought the comedy out in excellent style; he never spares any expense to make his performances as brilliant as possible.

TO ———.

I used to ask the boon of Heaven,
That with thy lot mine should be joined;
That if by sorrow's tempest driven,
I might have power to soothe thy mind.

That every care I might allay,
And all thy wants and pleasures tend;
In health to be thy greatest joy,
In sickness thy untiring friend.

When they my fond affection saw,
Their bitter taunts were nought to me;
No smile could please—no frown could awe;
I heeded none—my world was thee.

Thou wer't my all; nor with thee shared
A thought of Heaven, ah! no, nor God:
Yet he in tender mercy spared,
And turned my idol to a rod.

Thy frowns, oh, how they pierced my heart,
Until I heard that still small voice,
Which made me from my idol part,
Then bade me in my God rejoice.

I gave thee up and am resigned,
Awaiting my heav'nly father's will,
Who'll sweetly soothe my troubled mind,
And bid my weary soul be still.

Yet still thou hast my fervent prayer,
May every blessing to thee be given;
Whoe'er thy earthly lot may share,
I care not so we meet in Heaven.

MIRIAM.

CHARADE.

The lover's web, the soldier's sword,
The maid who sacred keeps her word;
These join'd together will soon prove,
How very much, dear girl, I love.

M.

THE NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—A dress of a deep violet *poult de soie*, the skirt made immensely full and rather long, trimmed down each side of the front with three flat folds or *biais*, gradually widening towards the lower part of the *jupe*, and caught or fastened down at regular distances with a double row of very *petit* gimp, placed cross-ways; this style of trimming is continued all round the high open close fitting corsage, which also shows the under plain chemisette of embroidered cambric; tight sleeves *à conde*, the top part ornamented with a deep *jockey*, trimmed round to match the corsage, and with turn-over plain cuffs round the lower part, finished with a deep falling of white lace, falling over the hands. Bonnet of straw-coloured *velours épinglé*, tastefully decorated with two white ostrich feathers, the lower one being placed very low, and twisted at the tip.

CARRIAGE AFTERNOON DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of shot fawn-coloured satin and pink, richly trimmed with facings of black lace up the front of the skirt, the centre being ornamented with a rather large sized silver button, perfectly round, each button being connected by a twist of black silk, small round cord, or piping, forming a kind of loop to the button, the lower buttons being much larger than those on the top; high open corsage, surmounted with a small collar, and faced down the front with lappels, which turn back so as to leave the front partly open, showing the under high chemisette of white cambric, let in round the top with rows of narrow inlet, the lappels and collar surrounded with a row of black lace, and the former decorated with small round silver buttons; plain long sleeves, rather loose towards the wrist, and encircled with three rows of black lace of the same description as that on the corsage; capote of white *velours épinglé*, lined and trimmed with dark blue velvet, the feathers which decorate the exterior being shaded with the same colour.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—Plain under-dress of French grey satin; *paletot* of sea-green cachmeire, drawn in at the waist with green silk cord and tassels; the pelerine loose, hanging sleeve, and skirt entirely encircled with a very light kind of *guipure* lace trimmings, having a very rich effect, the back of the *paletot* fitting perfectly close to the figure, as well as the fronts. Capote of pink *velours épinglé*, prettily trimmed on each side with loops of pink ribbon, confined and divided by a twist of the same, which passes over the front of the crown, and have a very youthful effect.

PLATE THE THIRD.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—Under-dress made perfectly plain, of a rich lavender *moire*, high up to the throat, and with flat sleeves. Pardessus of a light brown cachmeire, encircled with a very large silk twisted cord, closed the whole way up the front, and confined across the chest with fastenings composed of silk cord and velvet buttons, the top surmounted with a small square collar, an immense round cape forming a drapery to the back and over the arms, finishing just upon the top, and in front of the arm-hole; loose long straight sleeves, decorated round the lower part to match the front of the cloak. Bonnet of pale lavender *velours épinglé*, the edge of the brim encircled with a falling of the same material, showing both inside and on the exterior, which is also decorated on the right side with two small roses also of the same *tissu*; brides of white satin ribbon.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A short dress of striped shot blue Pekin silk; the skirt made *en biais* (upon the cross), the lower part being finished with a simple broad hem, the upper part being set into the rounded waist in large full gathers; low corsage, made perfectly plain, and on the straight way of the stuff, headed with a small round cape *en biais*, joining in the centre of the front, and forming a *berthe*; short sleeves, formed of a deep fold of the same material; under chemisette and full sleeves of plain muslin, let into narrow bands of the same, and finished with a single row of lace. Pantaloon of white cambric, embroidered round the lower part. Boots of green Morocco leather and cachmeire. Young lady's walking dress of jonquil silk; made high up to the throat; plain long sleeves. *Paletot* of peach-coloured cachmeire; made rather shorter than the dress, and encircled with a French binding of the same, which also borders the small square collar and sleeves; the latter being wide, and gathered up slightly upon the front of the arm by a rather broad strap of the same material, ornamented with three small round fancy silk buttons, like those which close the *paletot* upon the front of the chest; this strap forms a continuation to the one on the top of the shoulders. Muff of ermine, lined with pink satin, and decorated upon the centre of the front part of the muff with a *nœud* of satin ribbon of the same hue as the lining. Capote of pink *velours* of the *Pamela* form; trimmed with a *velours épinglé* ribbon put straight over the front of the crown, and attached upon each side with large roses of the same. Cambric embroidered pantaloon; and violet velvet boots.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a bright emerald green satin; half-high corsage, and straight sleeve, sufficiently short to allow

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

of the under full sleeve of white cambric showing, which is also finished round the wrist with a plain row of rich lace falling over the hand, the lower part of the satin sleeve being trimmed with a plaiting of the same material, confined in the centre with a small silk cord. Manteau of pale lavender *poult de soie*, the fronts slightly rounded, and decorated upon each side with narrow folds of the same, put on slantways, and close to each other, meeting in points down the front; round deep cape, encircled with a double frilling of the same, put on in large flutes, and sufficiently close to touch each other, the arm-holes decorated with a trimming similar to that on the fronts of the manteau. Bonnet of white *velours épinglé*, the exterior of the edge encircled with a narrow flat fulling of the same, placed the width of the binding from the edge, the crown tastefully decorated with a wreath of narrow green velvet leaves, confined upon each side with pale pink roses, half wreaths of the same decorating the interior upon each side.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

WALKING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—An under plain dress of a rich Esterbazy watered silk, made half high, with plain straight sleeves reaching to a little below the elbow, and shewing the under full muslin sleeve, confined at equal distances with bands of inlet, and edged with lace round the wrists. *Pardessus* of rich black velvet, with *demi-longue* Persian sleeves bordered, as well as down each side of the fronts, and round the small square collars with a rich gypm lace trimming; this *pardessus* is confined at the back, but not in the front of the waist, and is considerably shorter than the under-dress. We must not forget mentioning the small slanting pocket holes on each side of the front also decorated with a row of gypm. Bonnet of a deep Albert blue velvet; extremely shallow and round at the ears; and the crown decorated with a small plume composed of tips of the ostrich feather, and on the right side with *œuds* of velvet, which are placed tastefully upon the side of the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a splendid shaded peach-coloured satin, trimmed with two immense flounces slightly waved at the lower edge, and finished with a narrow *bouillon* fringe of the same hue. *Visite* of shot purple velvet; richly decorated with a fancy trimming or *passementerie*, completely encircling the cape, the lower part of the long plain sleeves, and the small round collar; the front ends of the cape being rounded, and confined round the throat with a splendid cord and tassels. Bonnet of dark green velvet; the form open, and rounded at the ears; decorated in the interior with half-wreaths of small white daisies; the exterior ornamented with an elegant shaded white and green ostrich feather, tipped with a spotted marabout; *brides* of green velvet.

284

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FIG. 3.—A dress of a rich blue *poult de soie*; the skirt trimmed with rows of ribbon velvet the same colour as the dress, placed at regular distances; half high body and sleeves, with under full muslin ones. *Pardessus* of dark green velvet; half-long sleeves; round collar and backs formed with a rich fancy gypm trimming, adding much to the magnificence of the *pardessus*; the waist confined with a small green silk cord; double vandyked *riche* round the neck. Bonnet of violet velvet; the crown round, and covered with velvet drawn upon one side, where it forms a kind of fulling confined by a small *œud* of ribbon, and decorated with three ostrich feathers *étagés* of spotted light violet colour; the tip of the lower one finished by the tip of another description of feathers falling low.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—A *Pardessus* of black satin; the body is perfectly plain and high, fastening to the throat; a large cape is attached, which reaches to the waist; the corners are rounded in the front; a small collar falls over the cape, and each are trimmed with black velvet *en biais*; the sleeves are cut straight and wide, not quite reaching to the wrist; they are also finished by a black velvet cuff; the skirt is short, very full, and faced with velvet *en biais*; the pockets are placed crosswise in the front of the skirt, finished by a velvet band. Plain high dress of *poult de soie*; the sleeve plain and tight; the skirt is very long, extremely full, and without trimming. Bonnet of lavender satin; open shape, falling low at the ears; the trimming is composed of satin, and a magnificent feather, which adds greatly to its appearance, droops low at the left ear.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—A dress of a rich white satin; the skirt made very long, and immensely full; it has three very deep volants of splendid lace set on full; the corsage is low; the waist long and *à pointe*; a deep fall of lace surrounds the corsage; the sleeves are very short, and perfectly plain; they are finished by a lace ruffle. *Petit sortie de Bal* of dark green velvet, lined throughout with pink satin; it has large loose sleeves, and a hood which forms at once a warm and elegant covering for the head; it is trimmed with beautiful ermine.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of striped figured cachemire, the corsage high and plain; the sleeves are half-long, not very wide, and are trimmed with fringe at the bottom; the skirt is long and full, has two deep scalloped flounces *en biais*, set on full; they are trimmed with a rich *bouillon*

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

fringe. Mantelet of rich velvet, falling round and low at the back, the ends in front being left square, and reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress; it has large loose sleeves, and small collar; the trimming is a deep fringe, headed by two rows of rich silk fancy trimming; the fringe on the collar is narrow, and there is but one row of gyp on it; the sleeves have two rows of gyp, and no fringe. Bonnet of white chip; short at the ears, and ornamented with two full ostrich feathers drooping on the left side.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

FIG. 1.—The Duchess of Kent is here represented attired in a dress of black velvet, the corsage half-high, and opening in the front, the waist long and pointed, the sleeves are tight and plain, finished at the wrist by a double ruffle of lace; the skirt is long and full, and has three rows of deep fringe, that at the bottom being the deepest. Cloak of magnificent cachmeire, it is short and full, and has a deep cape, falling low at the back, but which in the front of the arm takes the form of a sleeve. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, of a small form, and short at the ears; it is ornamented by three splendid feathers on the right side, and on the left is a simple *nœud* of velvet.

MORNING COSTUME.

FIG. 2.—Dress of deep rose-coloured satin, the corsage half-high; the sleeves, which are *деми-лонгве*, are large and wide, and have a deep cuff of rich *guipure* lace, a large cape of the same is attached to the neck of the corsage, forming a point at the waist; the skirt is long, exceedingly full, and *à la robe*, the corners being rounded; this also is surrounded by a deep *guipure*, narrowing towards the waist. Under dress of India muslin, having at the bottom three rows of fulling, divided by insertion, the body and under sleeves to correspond. Head-dress of lace, the lappet falling low at the right side, on the left it is caught back by a *nœud* of rose-coloured velvet.

EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 3.—A dress of pale primrose-coloured satin, the corsage low and fitting tight; the waist and point long; the sleeves are tight, and finished by a deep double ruffle of lace, looped up in the front of the arm; a deep *berthe* is worn over the corsage, concealing the sleeve, leaving only the ruffle visible. The skirt is very long and full; it has four deep flounces of lace, which are set on *à la robe*, meeting at the point of the waist; they are gradually narrowed from the part where they turn to join the robe. This is a very elegant evening costume, and the style is likely to be adopted for both dinner and evening dresses.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute.
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

From the splendid preparations now making to usher in the winter season, we predict it will prove a most brilliant one; the number of foreigners of high rank now on a visit to our Court, rendering it one of the most brilliant re-unions in the world; besides adding much to the gaiety and splendour of the fashionable world—the splendour of evening costume vying with the richness of those splendid envelopes, that will be so much worn both for carriage and promenade dress, and of which there is so great a variety. We will, therefore, commence by taking a glance at

CLOAKS.—Pelisses, &c., are now a question of so much importance with every lady, that we cannot reply with too scrupulous an exactitude. The task of doing this is much lightened this winter, as the forms are of a style combining at once elegance and comfort, and of which we may judge by the following models:—The forms are of an infinite variety, and present in general a width which is considered necessary to render them becoming and graceful; the way in which the folds are arranged and attached, being the principal thing which evinces the taste and ingenuity of the *modiste*. We may cite the *Manteau Athénien* as being of this description; the sleeves of which are caught up with cords and tassels, or attached with velvet; the collar being cut sloping, so as to throw back the folds upon the side, and leave the chest free. These cloaks are made in velvet, and trimmed with very beautiful fancy ornaments, or in cachmeire, decorated with Grecian designs *brodés* all round in twisted silk, or figures composed of *points de chaînette appliqués*; then there is the *manteau loway*, the cut and form of which is so remarkable for its ample and graceful appearance, being richly ornamented with furs, and beautiful fancy trimmings. In another style, we have the *manteau Agnès*, which droops in a kind of cloak at the back, yet forms in front a perfect corsage,

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

having half-long wide sleeves, attached on each side. We have also seen a cloak, called most aptly *grande dame*; the entire form of it being at once noble looking and graceful; it falls as low nearly as the edge of the skirt, the fronts having a kind of *revers* or facing, which is cut deep over the shoulders and arms, allowing of the latter passing through a kind of slit or arm-hole in the cape, the back forming a vast *pelerine*; this cloak is composed of Indian cashmere lined with a satin of the same shade and colour.

BALL DRESSES.—Most of our *modistes* are at the present moment busy preparing toilettes for the forthcoming season; that style of dress allowing of greater novelty and variety than any other at this *triste saison*. We will select the following, as those of the latest fashion:—A robe of Indian muslin, having a broad hem, through which is passed, *à transparent*, a pink ribbon; over this is worn a pink tunic of Italian silk, open the whole way up each side, edged with a narrow fancy gyp, and attached together with *nœuds à longs bouts* (long streamers) of pink silk ribbon; plain corsage *à point*, opening up the entire front, and attached, similar to the skirt, with *nœuds* of pink silk; short open sleeves, also decorated with *nœuds*; secondly, a dress of Tarlatane *à deux jupes*; the under one bordered with an embroidery as deep as to reach to the top of the knee, where it is met by the upper skirt, similarly embroidered; plain low body and *berthe* of embroidered muslin; thirdly, a dress of *moire bleu Marie*, trimmed with two broad flat flounces *en guipure*, headed with two narrow rows of satin ribbon; low corsage, and *berthe en guipure*; fourthly a tunic of pink silk gauze, opening the whole way up the front, with four satin rouleaux of the same hue; corsage *à la grecque*, also bordered with a satin rouleaux; short sleeves, trimmed to match; lastly, a robe of pink Italian silk, ornamented all round the lower part of the skirt with a broad silver *passementerie*; over this is worn a second skirt of pink *crêpe lisse*, descending as low as the edge of the silver trimming, and raised upon each side just upon the top of the knee, with a silver *passementerie* reaching to the waist; plain corsage *à pointe*, ornamented with a narrow *passementerie posée* upon the seam of the front, and round the *demoiselle*.

BONNETS.—Velvet ones have already appeared; they are mostly, however, lined with satin of a different colour, and always of the *Pamela* form; some are ornamented with flowers; whilst others are more simply trimmed with *torsades* of fancy gyp, and a great number with elegant feathers. But the most decidedly fashionable are those hats made in the *velours épinglé*, so pretty, fresh looking, and elegant; some ladies prefer them to velvet until the winter is more advanced; they are principally decorated with feathers, and also ribbons put on and arranged with great taste; they may be trimmed with black velvet. We have been much charmed, also, with the sight of a most elegant bonnet of *velours gris castor*; the interior is lined with pink or blue, and the exterior decorated with three ostrich tips *étagées*, and shaded *en gris*, mixed with the colour of the lining of the bonnet.

DRESSES.—There is no question but that the sleeves *à la musquetaire* will be brought into fashion, recalling those famous gauntlets that used to be worn by ancient chevaliers; they consist of a kind of *manchette* composed of velvet, made tight round the wrist, and wide over the sleeve, which it nearly conceals; the bodies of these dresses are of dark blue satin, myrtle, green, or maroon, with facings of black velvet put on so as to form a kind of breast piece or *plastron* upon the chest, rounding upon the hips, *en basque*, to the width of eighteen inches at least. This is the newest style, and will, we have no doubt, be very generally adopted by our noble dames. We may cite the three following, as of a more simple style of costume:—A robe of satin *écru*; the skirt decorated with five folds of velvet, put on at the distance of double the width of each *biais*; plain corsage; the point of the waist rounded, opening half way up the front, and finished with broad *revers* of velvet; plain sleeves, rounded towards the wrists, and similarly decorated with *parements* in velvet. A dress of dark blue velvet, trimmed upon the front of the skirt with a row of large engraved steel buttons; plain high corsage, fastened up the front with a row of the same kind of buttons; plain sleeves, with facings decorated with three buttons; lastly, a robe of green satin, trimmed with four flounces of a rich black lace put on quite plain, and headed with a black ribbon velvet; plain corsage, made quite high to the throat, *à point arrondie*, and ornamented with five rows of lace put on across the front; the upper row forming a kind of full round the neck; plain sleeves, having *jockeys* trimmed with lace. We may see, by this latter costume, that lace trimmings are still pre-eminent for a certain style of costume.

DRESS HATS.—The favourite style are those of the *demi-Pamela* form, pink and white; the brim small and open, and quite adapted for a theatre toilette; whilst others are made in *crêpe*—light, and young-looking—decorated solely with a large feather, shaded and composed of the marabout. Several have lately appeared in black and white lace; the form *petit*, and perfectly round, supporting beneath the brim all kinds of ornaments, such as ribbons, flowers, *bouillonnées*, lappets, &c., the outer part being decorated with a feather, an *esprit*, a drooping marabout, or three small tips of feathers *étagées*. We have remarked several very elegant spotted feathers used for the decorating of this style of coiffure, as well as various splendid *rubans d'or à zig-zig*, and marabouts *mouchetés d'or*, white ostrich feathers *à quadrilles*, &c. Velvet hats are sometimes decorated with Eastern birds, or black lace interspersed with pink *nœuds* of ribbon.

VISITING MANTEAUX.—A new style has just been introduced, made in velvet, and trimmed with broad lace attached at equal distances with *agrofes* of satin; or composed of satin *rattachée*, with fastenings of velvet; others are decorated with fancy velvet trimmings, or *guipure* fringes, *d'effilés à la reine*, &c.; these trimmings, however, will soon give place to rich furs, as the cold increases.

CAPUCHONS.—For *sorties de spectacle*, these very con-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

venient hoods are now becoming in great request, being so extremely convenient; they combine the advantage of not interfering with the head-dress, and forming a sort of cap, having a garniture of lace, which is most elegant and becoming to the countenance.

VELVETS will this season be more adopted for trimmings, both for morning and evening dress, than for entire dresses; *corsages à basquines*, indeed, are principally made of velvet, but otherwise, it will serve only to ornament in the shape of bands, embroideries, lozenges, and a hundred different forms.

PALETOTS will be very much in vogue this winter; they are extremely elegant, made in cachemire of a chocolate colour, fastened the whole way up the front without being drawn in at the waist; a small pelerine, or cape, surrounds the top of the shoulders, but does not reach lower than the waist, being rounded over the arms, and finishing upon each side just in front of the sleeves, edged with a narrow *passementerie*, which also surrounds the lower part of the *paleot*, and ascends up the front as far as the neck, which is also encircled with a small half-high collar; the fancy trimmings being repeated across the front, upon the chest, and fastened with elegant buttons, which close the corsage just to the waist.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS are now principally of a dark hue; indeed, nothing is more fashionable than black; still we see many such colours as maroon, violet, green, different shades of grey, *l'ecru*, and flame colour.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Late as it is in the season, the mildness of the atmosphere induces our fair *élégantes* to delay their winter toilettes as long as possible; still we see that furs are beginning to be considered an indispensable appendage to an out-door toilette.

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—We may cite as the most elegant those made in *Pekin-velours*, striped cross-ways in black and a kind of steel grey, and arranged in such a manner upon the skirt and corsage, as to form a kind of triangle, which has each point supported by a rich steel button. For *grande visite*, dresses made of rich damasks are most in request, of a beautiful sea-green, diversified with large bunches or clusters of roses and jonquils; they are trimmed *en tablier* upon the front of the skirts, with *quilles of point d'Alençon* lace, and two *rûches* of satin ribbon, green, pink, and jonquil. We may cite the following materials as those most in request for these style of dresses:—the *Pekins damasses*, and the *damas Pekinés*, the shades and colours of which are so softly intermixed; the real Louis the XV. damask, the ground of which is plain and soft, or may be varied with bunches of Indian roses; violet heart's-ease, and the blue convolvulus strewn over a ground of jonquil or grey; satins of a greyish black, those à la *reine Joinville*, velvets, and *moires*,

all of which are now in vogue, but which are too various for us to name.

FURS are now becoming indispensable, particularly for out-door costume, both as regards *toilettes de ville*, and those comfortable *douillettes*, which are so entirely ornamented with sable as to be much in favour with our great ladies. When that attractive novelty called *le caprice* is worn, small muffs are absolutely requisite, the linings of which are either of *vert de cour*, *gris acier*, or *Joinville* blue. Ermine is still considered the richest and most aristocratic of all kinds of furs, although it is a little counterbalanced by the soft looking grey furs, and the *doré du grèbe*.

COIFFURES offer greater variety than we ever remember. We will begin by mentioning those which have created the greatest sensation, composed of velvet and *torsades* of gold, which entirely encircle the head, and the elegant appearance of which is added to by a white feather, spangled with gold, falling over the ear, and touching the tip of the shoulder. This head-dress is denominated *la couquète*, and richly it deserves that name, as it is most becoming to ladies of a majestic appearance. *La sévigné* is another most elegant head-dress, being a mixture of blonde, and clusters of roses, which encircle the face and is extremely pretty. *La Sultane* is an extremely light and rich looking coiffure, being made of tulle, spangled in gold, and a mixture of white and black. *La Victoria* is an head-dress which has been named after our young Queen, it is truly royal, being formed entirely of feathers, which wave gracefully amidst the hair, to which they are attached by clusters of ribbons. Then there is that truly Eastern looking head-dress *la Sarra-sine*; imagine a kind of turban, *broché* in a thousand different colours, upon which are absolutely thrown here and there, light looking glittering tassels, having a very pretty and original effect. And then, again, *La Duchesse*, composed of a simple net-work *tournée*, in the most tasteful and surprising manner, and decorated with tassels made entirely of marabouts, tipped and spotted with gold, these tassels being as light as a cloud or a breath, and the elegance of which is scarcely to be surpassed. *La coiffure Abyssinienne* is also very charming, with its long green and gold leaves so beautifully intermixed, and drooping like long streamers of ribbon over each side of the neck. For *costumes de bal* we cannot speak too highly of that ravishing *Peri* wreath, formed of *petit stars d'acier*, which glitter amidst its leaves, and has so splendid an effect by candle light.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—What can be simpler or more elegant than the present style of *negligé* costume, the choice of the different kind of materials being so well chosen and adapted to the different fancy trimmings with which they are ornamented, and according to the style of the dresses, that is, either Oriental or Parisian? The sleeves *tombent*, somewhat smaller than of late, though of sufficient width to show the arm, which is left uncovered, in order to allow of the plain white sleeve being visible. The *passementeries* with which they are decorated, are remarkably handsome, particularly those de-

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

nominated *Albanaise*, being extremely tasty and original, particularly when the material of the dress is a plain cachmeire, lined with satin; such as the following, made in plain white cachmeire, beautifully braided and embroidered with a flat silk braid, and decorated with gold buttons, the lining is lightly wadded and quilted in gold coloured satin, and has a truly regal effect.

LES PETITES VISITES.—This small round kind of mantle, is made either of satin, velvet, or fur, and fastened over the chest with rich buttons, composed partly of velvet; a very elegant one is made of velvet, trimmed round with ermine, being at once graceful and royal looking; some name them *le caprice*, whilst in a short time we shall hear them named *dolman*; they are made in black velvet for out-door costume, and blue or green for theatre toilette, and may be decorated with fancy gimp trimmings of lace or fur. Then we have the *mantel à la Lavallière*, of a most charming and elegant appearance, the model of which may be seen in some of those beautiful portraits of the noble and repentant lady of that name, when seeking for a refuge in the Carmelite convent; they are mostly composed of black velvet, trimmed with a black lace of an immense width.

CAPOTES.—Several very elegant ones have lately appeared of *satin-feutre*, the interior of the front being lined with pink, having a very *distingué* effect, or, what is quite as pretty, a *Napoléon* blue, the exterior of a different shade of blue in velvet, with trimmings of lemon colour under the brim. Velvet capotes, however, are principally ornamented with flowers, half velvet, of a brown kind of foliage. We have also remarked some very elegant ones made of silk or satin, and richly quilted, of the *Pamelas* form. These bonnets are extremely light-looking, and have a very distinguished effect, with *coques* of ribbon drooping upon each side *en spirales*. Several very pretty looking ones are composed of the *écru* satin, green, or *Napoléon* blue, and decorated with ribbons of cerise, purple, or violet, those of blue satin *à la reine*, are extremely elegant looking when trimmed with velvet and black lace.

PARDESSUS.—We may cite the following as one of the most graceful that has ushered in the winter season. The body is made plain, high upon the shoulders, and opening *en cœur*, plain sleeves and round *jockeys*, which are mostly ornamented as well as the front of the skirt, with *biais* or folds of the same material, fastened at equal distances with fancy silk ornaments. Another very youthful style of over-all, are those made of grey cachmeire, in the form of a deep *crispin*, edged all round with green velvet, straight sleeves, rather wide, and raised with a *patte* of the same material, attaching also the small collar, and finishing upon the edge of the velvet which encircles the sleeve. Then we have another made of green moire, the skirt long, opening up the front, but without any plaits round the waist; high plain corsage, fastened the whole way up the front, and headed with a *petit* collar of green velvet, forming two points in the front, and terminated with silk tassels; very wide sleeves, open and lined with white satin.

288

TO THE LONELY HEART.

BY WARBURTON BURCH.

To cheer the lone heart when its energies droop,
A beneficent Saviour has given,
A ray of that light which man has call'd hope,
And sent as a foretaste of Heaven.

The evils of life may fret and perplex,
The day be o'erclouded with sorrow;
The pangs of the moment may rankle and vex,
But a hope yet remains for the morrow.

I'll never despair while my bosom is glowing,
With a feeling near kindred to bliss;
The rarest of gifts of fortune's bestowing,
I deem not so precious as this.

Go, ask the captive lonely pining,
Dawns a hope within his soul;
When on his stony couch reclining,
He marks the darkling hours roll.

Breaks the light of heaven there,
On his dark, benighted way;
Chasing thence the fiend despair
From his empire's tyrant away.

Unmindful of his coming doom,
Fancy shapes a pleasing theme;
Lighting up his prison's gloom
With a momentary gleam.

Now his breast with rapture glowing,
Feels no more his hapless lot;
All his soul with pleasure flowing,
All his woes forgot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Learned Sergeant" shall certainly appear in our next.

The poetical "*Farewell*," as well as the lines on "*Regret*," are accepted.

"B. G."—Received, and under revision.

"B. F."—Declined.

"The Dream"—Received.

Communications to be inserted, should be forwarded by the 10th of the month.

Books and Music cannot be reviewed, unless copies are forwarded to the Editress of the "*World of Fashion*" for that purpose.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. B. BELL, 299, STRAND.













